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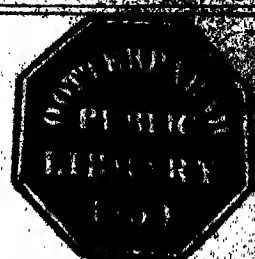
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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

POETIC genius is that power which translates the essential life of humanity into the most graphic and appropriate forms. As the greater includes the less, the faculty which best embodies the life of general man is that also which best embodies the life of nations: hence the fitness, we think, of assigning to a poet the first pages in a National Magazine.

Never did singer more belong to this land than he of whom we now write. Take him first on his most obvious ground of nationality—the power to individualise English scenes. Who that loves our pastoral landscapes will not at once recall from his pages the coming spring, when

"The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;"

—and the "long gray fields" of June nights,

"When from the dry dark wold the summer-airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool;"

—or the features of three seasons caught in one verse:

"Summer on the steaming floods,
And spring that swells the narrow brooks;
And autumn with a noise of rooks
That gather in the waning woods;"

—or, summed up in another, the peaceful animation of our rural life:

"The market-boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village-hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team."

Nor is Mr. Tennyson English only on the Saxon side of his genius. With the force and simplicity which flow from this source he combines a love of symbol drawn from the mixed Norse and Norman elements of our race. He paints equally facts and truths—the inner and the outer life of man—and discerns their correspondences. He is a master both of epithets which depict what is seen, and of types which convey what is signified. We will not now pause to instance his power of reproducing the actual. It is not the less actual with him because so often suffused by the glow of his own mind. The deep of nature, ever the same in itself, changes with the tints of the heavens above it, takes from them its divinest beauty, and mirrors on its bosom, else cold and dim,

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

This faculty at once to portray and to ennoble reality, is one, however, which the present poet shares with all poets. A gift more special to himself is that of presenting the truths of our spiritual life in types. As an illustration, we may cite the "Morte d'Arthur," wherein, as in a parable, the vanishing of old legendary romance, with all its poetic train, is set forth; while the bells of the Christmas-morn, to which the sleeper wakes, intimate that Christian civilisation which is indeed the re-appearance of the romances in a fuller and holier development. "Ulysses" is another example. In the restless desire of the Ithacan king

"To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars"

are unfolded the aspirations of the soul which the things of sense cannot content, and which still yearns for a world beyond.

Whether, then, we regard, on the one hand, that love for reality, or, on the other, that love for type, which mark our complex race, we find Alfred Tennyson admirably fitted to represent it. A sense equally keen of material things, and of their inner suggestions, enables him with uncommon felicity to blend fact with imagination. He never shuns what is plain or familiar, but raises it either by its direct connection with the heart and mind, or by the pervading spirit of his design. Sometimes an object, prosaic in itself, gains value from its mere position, as a stunted tree becomes weird and significant when backed by a lurid sunset. He fears not to break ground on the homeliest surface of life, knowing that every atom of it coheres by virtue of a Divine law beneath. A few bars of the simplest and most familiar music often prelude and flow into his noblest strains: Take, for example, the introductory lines of "Godiva:"

"I waited for the train at Ceventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The poem, thus ushered in by a literal description of the life of to-day, is one of the writer's most heroic pictures; yet so skillfully is the transition managed from the actual to the ideal that each enhances the other. We live all the more in the remote because we behold it from the present. The effect is like that of looking upon the sea from a window. Now and then in a line the legendary past is brought strikingly home to us by an epithet or allusion which applies equally to our own times. How fine is the line in "Ulysses!"

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

Windy Troy, swept by the same gusts that drive to-day over an English wold! Again, in the same poem—

"It may be we shall touch the happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

If in many of these ideal pieces we thus find realising touches of homely fact, their author gives us, on the other hand, a few genial sketches which, having a matter-of-fact basis, are nevertheless touched with the warm lights of ima-

gination. "Wall Waterproof's Monologue" is exactly a case in point, but it must be read as a whole. Meanwhile, what strikes the reader of that glorious pasty commemorated in "Audley Court,"—

A pasty costly made,
Which quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like meals of the rook, with golden yolks
Embodied and injelled?"

The dish should by all means be served up at a picnic of the Muses. Seriously, this interplay of fact and fancy is one of the poet's most wholesome attributes. It makes poetry practical, and subtracts nothing from its dignity. The brightest planets are not those that need the telescope. Men will all the more accord genius its place on high when they find its rays streaming through the chinks of their dwellings, and gilding the habitual circumstances of their lives.

We might multiply instances of Tennyson's power to harmonise the romantic with the familiar. His usual art in this respect has, however, scarcely been true to him in the "Princess." In spite of its delicious lyrics, its noble passages of description, and its fine lesson, we have never been able to forget how thoroughly the poem merits its author's definition, "A Medley." That he avows it to be one is a proof of his design, not a justification of it. Ancient battlefields and modern lecture-rooms, the war-cry of the mailed warrior and the pretty chatter of the blue-stocking, are not incongruous. Touches of even poetic comedy will not blend with epic narrative. The exquisite skill which enables the writer to rise from the common to the ideal will not avail him also for his descent: the elevation once won must be maintained. Transition from the familiar to the heroic is possible; but not alternation between them.

Another national characteristic of Mr. Tennyson,—one which springs, too, from our passion for the real,—is that precise and illustrative style which in his most metaphysical or impassioned moods preserves him from vagueness and rhapsody. No one better than he understands the distinction between the poet and the philosopher. His reasonings, however close, seldom involve abstract propositions, but are drawn from emotions common to all men, and conveyed in examples that appeal to the senses. Thus, in the "Two Voices," when he records the argument of the sceptic, he trusts to no mere statement, however eloquent, of the transitoriness of human hopes and feelings, but embodies it in images profoundly pathetic and solemn:

"Consider well," the voice replied,
'His face that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"

His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking a last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race;

His sons grow up that bear his name;
Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
But he is still to praise or blame.

He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household-shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

High up the vapours fold and swim;
Around him broods the twilight dim;
The place he know forgetteth him."

In the same way, when the better will returns (and the poet at the close makes us fully understand that the argument, either for good or for evil, derives its force from the will), he takes care to depict reviving faith in forms that go straight to the eye and heart. We have pictures of the Sabbath-morn, of worship, of family groups; a line or two of naked thought is quickly illustrated by a page of example. One more instance of emotion rendered into circumstance tempts us by its very winning pathos:

"Took of the willow when he sees
A long lost form that sleep reveals,
And lifts his waking arms, and feels
Her place is empty—fall like those."

Such a poem as the "Two Voices" at once reveals the kind of moral influence exerted by the writer. He rarely preaches, rarely draws direct lessons from objects or events, in the manner of Wordsworth. He seldom writes a poem for the sake even of developing a simple truth in action, as in the grand instance of the latter poet's "Laodamia." The mode of Tennyson is rather to surround you with all the associations of a feeling, to steep you in its atmosphere, and to let it suggest its own morals. He knows well that to stir the dormant life of the heart, to make us conscious of our inmost sympathies and yearnings, is so surely a moral work, that all kinds of particular morals must flow out of it. Even in the "In Memoriam" we do not trace any ethical design in particular. It is the general influence of love superior to change and death, rather than any special lesson, of which we are conscious. We stand in the presence of a grief, and suffer; the intensity of that suffering makes us aware of the grandeur of our being, and awakens in us the instinct of immortality—an instinct never absent when emotion is most vital. Thus from what we can endure we learn to what we may aspire.

Throughout Mr. Tennyson's poems the same law is evinced. His moral power consists in his way over the emotions. The sweet sad retrospect of youthful love, as in the "Gardener's Daughter;" the pathos of an early death, as in the "May Queen;" the resuscitation of old-world forms, ranged in the hall of memory like statues,—their grief, their pride, their passion still there, but softened into monumental calm;—these are the spells by which, rather than by express appeals to conscience, this poet teaches and purifies. Sometimes he clothes a moral in allegory, as in "The Palace of Art;" sometimes, as in "Locksley Hall" and in "Maud," social wrongs and conventions rouse him to invective; but these are exceptions to his general method.

Of all the poems now touched upon, "Maud" is perhaps the one most open to objection. The heartlessness which often underlies the smooth forms of civilisation is no doubt a fit theme for poetic anathema; and the stern ministry of war may have its uses in rousing the dormant humanities of a nation. But it must ever be deplored that such a ministry should be needful. War, whether viewed physically or morally, can only rightly exist for ends of peace and brotherhood; and it is because the poet of "Maud" fails to insist upon this truth, that, whatever the beauty of his lay in parts, its general tone wins no hearty and lasting echoes.

Reverting from the moral to the imaginative qualities of Mr. Tennyson, we must not omit to notice a power of characterisation almost dramatic, except that it deals with classes rather than with individuals. His "Ænone" is as truly Greek as his "Gardener's Daughter" is English. Take, again, from the "Vision of Fair Woman," Cleopatra, the crowned "Egypt," exclaiming of herself and Mark Antony,

"We redo sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as god by god;
The Nile would have risen before his time,
And flooded, at our nod."

and contrast her with "The Daughter of the Warrior Gileadite," who in her filial sacrifice

"Went omitted of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,
Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of her bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower."

How perfect a transition from the prodigal outpouring of voluptuous life, the quick tide of African blood, to the scriptural lament and Judean imagery of the Hebrew maid!

The most of the lines just quoted upbraids us. We ought before to have noticed a charm in Tennyson so special as this. Perhaps no poet has equalled him in his sense of rhythm and the fitness of verbal sounds to ideas and emotions. In the following lines who does not hear as well as see

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The morn of doves in fragrant mortal clime,
And murmuring of innumerable bees,"

or catch the boom of artillery in such a repetition as this:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them—volley'd and thunder'd!"

But enough; to his power of conveying feeling and sensation by rhythm every page of the writer bears witness.

We must now take leave of a poet than whom we have had none more thoroughly English; few with a wider range of power, abler to seize the traits of outward life, or to clothe human truths with material beauty. Our universal impulses, our subtlest intuitions alike acknowledge him. He can rivet by images of the heroic and enduring, or surprise to tears by a remembered odour. He knocks at the secret chambers of the emotions, and they come forth at his signal. In his verse, as in a procession, the most varied forms of heart-experience pass before us,—feelings made palpable to sight—real, but refined from the accidents of reality—no toil in their aspects, no dust on their garments. On they come—bright, eager, mournful, or august, but all immortal—all born of the soul, and bearing her anamorphosis. Thus they march by, —and they march to music.

Of a writer so endowed it is no accusation to say that he seldom reaches the sublime. Grandeur and solemnity he has; but not often combined with them that suddenness which electrifies, and of which his *Balaclava* lyric is an example. A taste perhaps too exquisite restrains him for the most part from that abandonment to impulse which is the condition of pure sublimity. Under this head he has little that can be ranked with the colossal forms of Keats' "Hyperion," with terrible glimpses of the soul in Shelley's tragedy, with the anthem of Coleridge in the *Valley of Chamouni*, or with the trance in which Wordsworth described the intimations of immortality. With Tennyson we walk as over a table-land of poetry, with hamlets in the vale, and spacious stretches of view across a varied country to the ocean-line beyond. He rarely scales the heights revealed only by lightnings, or gazes down upon the boiling surges.

Already the poet's fame stands serene on its column: we lay our garland at its base.

BIARRITZ.

Some two or three hundred whitewashed houses,—houses which are offensively white, and whose arrogant affectation of cleanliness is almost felt as a personal affront,—with outer wooden shutters, painted green or yellow, standing irregularly on the cliffs and higher ground, and crowded together in a most disorderly manner in the low part of the town, so as to form one long irregular street; such is the seaside-village of Biarritz, or, as it is called by its inhabitants, Biarrits, the favourite resort of Spanish grandees, and of the Empress Eugénie. Just now the little village teems with life; for the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Impérial are there. After them throngs half Paris; Spain, as we have said, is largely represented; and there are English, Russians, and Germans in such large numbers, that every possible accommodation Biarrits can offer seems insufficient even for them. Only walk from the "Place" down to the "Vieux Port," from thence up the cliff to the *Atalaya*, then down the cliff and along the sands to the "Château de l'Empereur," and you will no longer wonder to hear that fabulous sums are paid for a bed, even in a stable, and that food is at famine price. "Biarrits is full," "Biarrits is crowded," "Biarrits is overflowing," give you no idea of the numbers it can in some mysterious manner be made to contain. Under ordinary circumstances it would be almost an explanation to say that sitting-rooms are unknown or unappreciated at Biarrits, that every room is a bedroom, and nearly every bedroom has two beds in it; but even that fact

does not account for the numbers one sees now. Even supposing it possible to imagine all the humanity stowed safely away for the night, who shall say what becomes of the ladies' apparel? Where vanish those marvellous fabrics of whalebone, crinoline, silk, lace, gauze, muslin, and all the other mysteries of female dress which encircle and simplify some diminutive form? It is sheer nonsense to talk of folding and putting away. Why, the "blanchisseuse" cannot do that to the petticoats even! She ties them, two together, to the end of a long pole, and carries them through the streets like a banner; and they not only *will* but *must* "stand alone." One can fancy the whole vast fabric, with the superincumbent lighter draperies, set up at night like a warrior's tent, under which the owner is stretched in graceful repose.

Indeed, from the middle of July to the end of September Biarrits is a mystery, a marvel—almost an impossibility. All the fashionable world of the courts of France and Spain crowded into small comfortless lodgings, and caught up by fleas! some of the wealthiest people in Europe having their dinners sent in from a "restaurant" or "traiteur," and consuming it in their bedrooms, or having the use of a dining-room conjointly with eight or ten other families; the most lavish expenditure with the smallest possible return in any thing and every thing: such is the rule of existence during those two months.

Before or after them you must go, if you wish really to enjoy Biarrits, which has, indeed, a quite peculiar fascination; one that arises more from what it has not than from what it has. It has no trees, no shade, no hill and dale, no grassy slopes; there is one glare of sunshine on a sandy shore, and nothing more inland. But the one beauty, the one charm of Biarrits, is the sea, the vast expanse of the Bay of Biscay; a beauty to be felt and not described, and for the due appreciation of which the reader had better go and see it.

Closely connected with this is a pleasure of a more material nature, namely, the bathing. Come with me, dear reader, to the "Vieux Port," and we will see it. We follow the narrow irregular street, already spoken of, which leads down to the favourite bathing-place. A neck of land, a high cliff, stretches into the sea on each side of us, and between these two promontories is the "Vieux Port,"—the small bay whose water is nearly always smooth.

We pass the twenty cabins for bathers, which form a semicircle at the head of the bay, and take our seat on the white sands which lie between these cabins—"baragues," as they are called—and the sea. And now, I do assure you, that if all you know of sea-bathing is, that you have been rattled into a few feet of salt-water in some crazy old machine, and have there plunged solemnly into a dark hole, to be soled during your stay by the affrighted screams of children, and the shrieks of women undergoing the same dread ordeal, but with less fortitude and less forbearance than yourself,—if this is all you know, you will be astonished at the scene in the midst of which you find yourself. From one of the "baragues" behind you comes a lady in what might have been the model Bloomer costume; long trousers of black woollen serge and a frock of the same, full and short, reaching the knees, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, and fitting close to the throat.

This is the costume "de rigueur," without which no creature of woman-kind may go into the sea. Of course it is open to additions and improvements. Of the former class are list shoes, almost essential in walking over the sands to and from the "baraque" to the sea; and there is the little oilskin cap, trimmed with quillings of scarlet or blue worsted-braid, and of very bewitching effect; and the large oilskin cape, reaching to the knees, which is taken off at the water's edge, and put on as soon as the bather leaves the sea.

Among the improvements we may class the trimming of dress, &c., with some bright-coloured worsted-braid. But what excuse can be offered for the adoption of lace sleeves and collars and coral bracelets in the sea, and the like pretty imbecilities?

Let fathers, brothers, and husbands should here unduly exult, let me give notice that the man's costume is more susceptible of ornament than that of the woman; a fact which has not been lost sight of by the "lords of the creation," as we shall see. At present we will accompany our young lady to the bath. As soon as she leaves the "bataque," she is joined by a "baigneur" or "baigneuse," holding in his or her hand a pair of gourds; they walk over the sands together, and if she does not know how to swim, the gourds are tied round her waist before she steps into the sea. Be sure, that if she dips her head or takes three or four plunges, she is an Englishwoman; the French do not think this at all essential; and a Frenchwoman walks into the water, lies down on her back, and floats out to the rope stretched across the mouth of the bay, or strikes out to swim, taking the greatest possible care to keep her head out of the water. The number of good swimmers—men, women, and children—whom you will see in one day will astonish you; and all those who cannot swim and float are learning to do so: very easy with the help of gourds, and very pleasant in this deliciously warm water.

The costume for mankind—also "de rigueur"—is a pair of loose cotton or woollen trousers and a tunic fastened round the waist by a band, and mostly with very short sleeves. But whereas the woman's dress is invariably black, that of the man may be chosen of any colour or shade of colour. Light blue, pink, lilac, red, &c. are in great vogue, and being in cotton, are worn without ornament. But the "great swells" have costumes of dark woollen stuff, purple or crimson; and these are trimmed with large pearl buttons, each as big as a half-crown, placed in a row down the outside of the trousers, and the tunic in a like manner elaborately ornamented. It is, however, less amusing to watch these people than to take your seat on the cliff or the sand some fine morning in June, and watch some of the Biarrots, as the inhabitants of Biarritz call themselves, take their first bath in the season. There are men and women bathing, quite a troop of them; each one stops at the water's edge, wets his or her finger, and makes the sign of the cross, and then splash, splash, splash—they are all in, diving, floating, swimming, moving with as much ease and freedom in the water as on land. Their first bath is always what they call a "bain Anglais," or "bain de santé;" for the two are synonyms, and mean a good vigorous swim straight out and straight home again. Or go, if you will, to the beach, after the diligence from Bayonne has come in on a Sunday morning, and watch those nine or ten youths who raced together from the "bureau" to the "Vieux Port," and who, after a few minutes in the "bataques," have re-appeared in pink, sky-blue, and lilac. Ten chances to one they have a preliminary game at leap-frog on the hot sand; after which, shouting and laughing like so many schoolboys, they throw themselves into the water, and swim to that bit of rock that stands up alone in the bay, and is never quite covered at high water. They stand and sit there, a picturesque group, with their bright-coloured dress and rapid vehement gesticulations. At a given signal they are all off; some, with outstretched arms and stiff body, have dropped into the water like a stone—will dive and re-appear at any distance, where you least expect to see them; others have turned a summerset, sometimes two, in the air, disappear for an instant, and then rise with a spring, and throw another summerset; whilst the remainder, who have simply plunged in, swim one after another, and continue the game of leap-frog begun on the shore.

One thing worthy of note is, that they enjoy themselves and annoy no others. Girls, women, and children are bathing near them; but no one will have reason to resent any word or action of theirs.

Here come a husband and wife, also from Bayonne, which is five or six miles distant. The Bayonnaises are famed for beauty, and justly;—is she not pretty, with those black eyes, the clear brown skin, and folds of glossy hair? Husband and wife swim out together; then she returns,

and a maid appears at the edge of the water with a small child wrapped in a shawl. They have two children, one about four, the other some two years old; and no one but papa must give them their first bath. We will watch the youngest, who springs into its father's wet arms, and, being in mortal dread of the water, seizes his black beard with both tiny hands, and presses its small soft face against that hairy shrine. And here I must say, that whatever opinion we may hold of the French as a nation or as individuals, there is no man or woman, more especially the latter, who can see a Frenchman and his child without admiration.

Our bearded friend, with many caresses, strokes the small arms, loosens their hold, and, considerably to his comfort, succeeds in placing one round his neck and holds the other. You can see, as he stands there, that he is pointing out those boys swimming so fearlessly, the men jumping from the rock, the ladies floating with their gourds. Then he calls one of the boys, who comes leaping towards him to make baby laugh,—for any French boy seems at any time ready to play with any baby; and soon we have baby stretching out its arms to the boy in the water. Meanwhile papa himself will wash the wee face, rub the little limbs as he walks slowly on: baby is soon in the water, and the first bath is taken in the most satisfactory manner. This gentleman came with carriage and servants to give his children their first bath; but Jean Baptiste and Lecomte—"baigneur" and "baigneuse"—are every whit as tender and as careful that their boy Arthur shall not contract any dread of the water, and that his first bath at three years old shall not frighten him. Ask them how it is that they can swim and float and dive and progress in that very extraordinary manner, coming towards you like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers*,—treading the water I think they call it,—they will say that the key to the whole affair is, "ne pas avoir peur,"—have faith, and you are buoyant.

The children of the bathers have never known what it is to be afraid of the water, as you will agree when you see what must be called "a shoal" of them, from five to ten or twelve years old, disporting themselves. The younger ones have on small gourds: little tadpoles, how they get on! They have reached that boat anchored in the bay, and are crawling in and seated all round the edge of it. Soon they jump in again; and now they have past the mouth of the bay, and are in the open sea; but the guard of the "Société de Sauvetage"—the Humane Society—stationed on the rock projecting into the sea, has seen them, and with an "Allons! allons! hu-up!" by way of warning, recalls them. They come back, and find sport in the bay; for there is an Englishman swimming out slowly and laboriously. Two or three of them are acquaintances of his; so they form themselves into a body-guard of the most tantalising description, and swim against him, and before him, and round him, and dive under him; whilst he, progressing slowly and surely, looks about him with a broad good-natured smile.

How do we English figure in this strange scene? We are, as usual, distinct, and often peculiar; a certain directness of purpose distinguishes us any where and every where, in the water as on land. An Englishman intends to take a bath, and he takes it; swims a certain distance and returns, dresses himself, puts his hat firmly on his head, and retires conscious of having done the business, and of course deriving a certain gratification from that fact. He takes a "bain Anglais," which, as every body knows, is a bath for the sake of his health; he has some object in view, and cannot bathe three or four times a-day in an aimless, purposeless way as the French and Spaniards do, merely to enjoy themselves, luxuriate in the water, and pass away the time. Of course wherever there are English people there are queer people,—people who consciously or unconsciously offer themselves as objects of ridicule to every one about them. See, here is a lady in bathing costume who has on a large straw hat. The hats are commonly worn in the morning and afternoon, when the sun is hot; but why has she a long white veil tied round it which reaches her waist? and why does

she carry her dog with gourds round its neck, and keep the poor struggling animal in her arms while she floats about the bay? It is afternoon; there are many bathers, and numerous are the inquiries made about this lady in the white veil. The invariable answer is, "An Englishwoman, of course,"—"bien sûr elle est Anglaise." Indignant remonstrances on the part of some Englishmen, who will hear of no such libel on their countrywomen, produces in a doubtful and apologetic tone, "Oh—then she must be a Pole." Be sure, too, that you gentleman, who has walked down with a woman's waterproof cape over his shoulders, and, having ventured in almost knee-deep, sits wrapped in the cloak and waiting for a wave, is an Englishman. Here comes another in a scarlet cloak,—the cloaks seem to take their fancy,—gigantic in size when compared to these Spaniards and Frenchmen of the south. He is accompanied by the bather Million, who carries a small tub in his hand; and he sits down on the sands while Million fills the tub, and, returning with it, pours a little salt-water over our friend's bald head, which he rubs vigorously; then a little more water, then another rub, and so on till the tub is empty; after which the gentleman walks deliberately into about three feet of water, where he remains and disports himself awkwardly. We must excuse him that rubbing of the bald head, though I fear it is useless; for at his age the hair will never grow again. But he is just married to a very young and very pretty Spanish girl, and will not neglect a last chance of making the difference in their ages less apparent.

And now we will leave the "Vieux Port," first telling the reader that it was the favourite bathing-place of the Empress when she used to be Mademoiselle Eugénie, and the best swimmer in Biarritz.

Ascending the cliff to the left of the "Vieux Port," we find four or five houses—favourite resort of the English—to whom, especially to residents or visitors of Pau, Biarritz has long been well known. Here you escape the noise and heat of the crowded little village, feel the pure breeze, and watch the sun sink down into the sea. On this cliff is a house with the ambitious name of California. It was built by a gentleman of Bayonne, who is reported not only to have found gold, but to have brought it away from the gold-country. On his return he constructed this house on the model of those in California; but the Biarrots look at it with contempt: "Nothing but a ground-floor and attics," they say. On the other side of this cliff is the "Côte des Basques," with its bathing-cabins, supposed to be only used, as the houses of that quarter are only inhabited, by the "petit monde." Instead of the calm bay in which to float and swim without fear, you have here a long line of high cliff, a fine expanse of level yellow sands, exquisitely smooth and firm, and the waves breaking in long lines of foam. The bathers stand where their feet are only just covered with water, and wait for the great waves to wash over them, and none except strong swimmers venture out of their depth. The sands here are finer than at any part of Biarritz, and one might walk many miles along the coast were it not for the difficulty of getting down the cliff in the first place.

On this side, namely, south of Biarritz, lies Spain. We see the outline of the Pyrenees, and look towards the ground trodden by our armies under Wellington.

Once more we will return to the "Vieux Port," this time to ascend the cliff on the right of it. Here is the fashionable promenade—the Atalaja. This, they say, is a Moorish word, meaning a place of look-out. The Atalaja is a broad sandy walk, which might be made clean and agreeable to the walkers, but is in itself neither one nor the other. But then there is the wide expanse of water stretching out before you, changing its hues with every cloud that fleets over it; the fantastic forms of masses of rock, which from time to time have been undermined by the waves, separated from the cliff, and left at some distance from the shore; high-arched bridges leading no-whither; huge caverns and mimic towers, against which the waves thunder with a great hol-

low booming, and there being broken, rise in fountains of white glittering spray.

From the Atalaja you descend to the "Roche-Percée," a wall of rock in which there is a square aperture like a window; and this is a fine place from which to view the adjacent rocks when the sea is rough and the waves dash over them.

Beyond this is the "Côte du Moulin," to which you descend by a winding path on the face of the cliff. Then again we see the white sands and a long row of "barraques"—upwards of thirty. The waves break here as they do on the "Côte des Basques," the only difference being that this side is used by the "grand monde," and the other, as we have said, by the "petit monde."

There is always a possibility of danger, as the sea here is somewhat treacherous in its advances; but it is very seldom that any accident occurs.

A little further on, and so close to the sea that the wall of the garden is washed by the high tide, stands a square building of red brick,—the "Villa Eugénie," or "Château de l'Empereur," as it is more commonly called. Neither shrubs nor trees will grow on the barren and sandy soil which surrounds it; not even the tamarisk, which almost flourishes in some parts of Biarritz. Nevertheless one part of the sands possesses the ambitious title of "Jardin de l'Impératrice," and here some few inches of good soil had been spread over the surface, and a coarse reedy kind of grass and a few rushes did last year almost give promise of growing. But during the winter months the high tide and the rain washed all bare again.

And now, dear reader, we have seen all that is most worthy of note in Biarritz. Let us make our way, if possible, to the diligence. What a crowded street! what a confusion of tongues! what picturesque peasant costumes—Basque, Béarnais, and Spanish! Only look at those baskets of black grapes! what profusion, and what magnificent bunches! They are from Spain; and for a few sous you may have almost any quantity you please. These delicious green ones are Anglet grapes, and grow in the sandy soil of Anglet, near Bayonne. Better still are the Malaga, each grape as large as a plum. Those birds are turtle-doves? Yes, they will be eaten, roasted in vine-leaves, and are very good.

The National Magazine.

[As many of our readers may not have seen the Prospectus of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we here republish its principal portions.]

THE Conductors seek to establish, with the aid of the best minds, and at the cheapest rate, a Journal devoted to Literature and Art, and equally an organ of both,—an Art-Paper, but not one to which Literature is merely incidental; a Literary Paper, but not one to which Art is a mere adjunct.

Making no claim to the peculiarities of a professed review, they purpose to examine systematically the chief current events in these two great departments of intellectual endeavour, with a view to point out in them whatever may be most worthy and characteristic. Within the bounds allotted, they will strive to emulate their most generous contemporaries; to recognise excellence at once, though unheralded by a name; and to shun that critical commonplace which affects to deliberate because it cannot decide—cold to genius while it needs encouragement, blind to its faults when it has achieved success.

The tone of the Paper, it is hoped, will be at once liberal and reverential. While leaving to more appropriate spheres of discussion all doctrinal differences in theology, while avoiding all party and class aims in politics, it will by no means exclude the religious spirit that lies at the root of all

noble action and life, nor ignore those broad questions of policy which vitally affect social well-being.

Attractiveness of subject and of treatment will be studied in every department. Tales will occupy considerable space; as the names in the published list of Contributors will readily suggest. Essays, varieties of Travel and Adventure, humorous Sketches, and occasional reports of Public Amusements, will find due place. In a word, the Conductors hold that through amusement to instruction is the law of success, and that Wisdom and Mirth are not necessarily unmarriageable personages.

The features thus indicated will show that great variety is aimed at. But this variety, the Conductors trust, will be pervaded by oneness of design, giving to each detail its appropriate place, and its due bearing upon a general result. They would have their mental edifice resemble a spacious, well-built, and richly-furnished Palace, where one passes from the grave council-chamber to the social banquetting-hall, not by a step, but by gradual approaches; where even the pleasant chat of the ante-room touches at times upon august themes; where terrace and balcony not only adorn but dignify; and where from some grand commanding site the horizon lies open like a noble future.

THE SALUTATION.

BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"THE SALUTATION" is one of the most characteristic works which we could have selected to exemplify the qualities of Sir Charles Eastlake's style. As, however, we purpose hereafter to present our readers with a Portrait of Sir Charles, accompanied by a full account and estimate of his works, we shall say little in the way of criticism here.

The scene of "The Salutation" is just such as might be witnessed in any rural spot near the great towns of Italy, where the humbler class of the priesthood—accomplished, devoted, content to be the pastors of a simple peasantry—are regarded with a filial affection nearly unknown to our colder manners. It is, as usual, the young and the women who are the chief depositaries of the simple piety of their race, and the artist has rightly chosen them as its fittest representatives. None but a man familiar with Italy could have so accurately portrayed the people of a land where, as Alfieri says, "the plant man" grows in its most perfect proportions. The group is one that the photograph itself might bring from the neighbourhood of Florence or Rome. The action of the boy, his simple advance, the loving pout of his lips, exactly typify the relations of the people to their pastors,—and these too the photograph might give us; but it could not catch all the passing traits of animation and feeling which grace this picture of Catholic Italy in its best aspect.

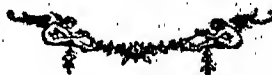
WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S.

So the proposed monument to Wellington in St. Paul's is to be thrown open to the competition of artists of all countries.

This is a sort of liberality against which we must enter our protest. If the principle of encouragement to national art is to be acted upon at all, a monument to Wellington is precisely the case that demands such fosterage. It is well, indeed, to be cosmopolitan in our sympathies; but it is a still more urgent duty to be patriotic. But genius is of no country. True, and the recognition of its various developments is the necessary result of a cultivated and liberal taste. Nevertheless, in an appreciation of foreign art, we must not forget that we have schools of art at home which invite a reciprocal interest. These schools can only be cherished by home patronage.

We grant that where a selection depends upon local partiality errors will sometimes be committed. But, in a

matter of national magnitude, care may surely be taken to select umpires so qualified as to guard against the chance of mistake. It is a libel upon British sculptors, some of whom have a European fame, to suppose that foreign succours are required, in the case before us, to avert an art-defeat. With respect to Wellington, his birth was British, his history is British; his tomb is in the mausoleum of our empire. Let his monument be the work of British hands.



THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.T., F.R.S., &c.

1. History.

The name *Stereoscope*, from the Greek words *stereós* solid, and *skopein* to see, has been given to an instrument of recent invention, for exhibiting in true relief and apparent solidity all objects, or groups of objects, by combining into one picture two representations of these objects on a plane, as seen separately by each eye.

If we hold up a thin book between our two eyes, with its back towards us, and at the distance of about a foot, we shall see the back and the two sides of the book when both eyes are open; but if we shut the *right* eye, we shall see with the *left* eye only the back and the *left* side of the book; and if we shut the *left* eye, we shall see only the back and the *right* side of it. Or, to use a more homely illustration, when we shut the *left* eye, we see only the *right* side of our nose with the *right* eye; and when we shut the *right* eye, we see only the *left* side of our nose with the *left* eye. And, in general, when we look at any solid object whatever, the right eye sees parts of it towards the right hand not seen by the left eye, and the left eye sees parts of it towards the left hand not seen by the right eye. Hence we arrive at the first and fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend, viz.: 1. When we look with two eyes upon any solid body or object whose parts are at different distances from us, the picture of it which we see with the right eye, or the image of it which is formed on the retina of the right eye, is different from the picture of it which we see with the left eye, or from the image of it which is formed on the retina of the left eye.

This important fact was known to Euclid more than 2000 years ago, and was illustrated by him in the case of a sphere, the pictures of which as seen by each eye he proved to be dissimilar. Upwards of 1500 years ago, Galen described the different pictures formed on each eye in the vision of a column. Baptista Porta, in 1593, repeats the proposition of Euclid on the vision of a sphere with one and both eyes; and he quotes the experiments of Galen on the vision of a column with both eyes, and with each eye separately. Leonardo da Vinci was well acquainted with the same facts; and Aguilonius,* in 1613, wrote a whole book on the vision of solids (*de corpibus, et stereis*) with one and both eyes, and explained the dissimilarity of the pictures thus seen by the observer.

Optical writers of more recent times, such as Dr. Smith of Cambridge, Mr. Harris, and Dr. Porterfield, were all acquainted with the dissimilarity of the pictures of solids as seen by each eye separately; and hence we see the extreme injustice of the claim made by Mr. Wheatstone to be the discoverer of this truth. In quoting the experiments of Leonardo da Vinci, Mr. Wheatstone maintains that he was not aware "that the object (a sphere) presented a different appearance to each eye;" and he adds, "he failed to observe

* *Opticorum libri sex, Philosophiæ juxta ac Mathematicæ utiles*. Folio. Antwerp, 1613.



PAINTING BY HENRY EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. 1.

THE SALUTATION.

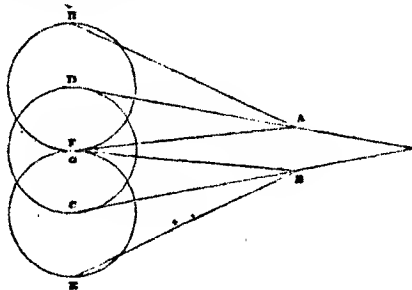
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this; and no subsequent writer, to my knowledge, has supplied the omission. The projection of two obviously dissimilar pictures on the two retina, when a single object is viewed, while the optic axes converge, must therefore be regarded as a new fact in the theory of vision." This claim to a discovery made 2000 years ago by Euclid, and explained and illustrated by so many of his distinguished successors, is the more remarkable, as Mr. Wheatstone, though he may have never seen the writings of Euclid or Galen, makes repeated reference to the observations of Porta and Aguilonius, in which the discovery is distinctly described.

The second fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend is: 2. When the two dissimilar pictures of any solid body, as seen by each eye separately, are superimposed, or laid the one above the other by the convergency of the axes of the two eyes, the object which those pictures represent is seen in relief, or as a solid body, with its different parts at different distances from the observer.

Although this truth is not distinctly stated either by Euclid or Galen, we can hardly suppose that they were ignorant of it, as it is a necessary result of their observations. Since we do see an object in true relief by both eyes, and since the picture of the object which we see is formed by the superposition of the one dissimilar picture above the other, the vision in relief is the necessary result of the combination of the pictures. They must have known it simply as a fact, though they did not know its cause.

Baptista Porta and Aguilonius, however, were well acquainted with this second truth. In explaining the experiments of Galen on the dissimilarity of the pictures of an object as seen by each eye and by both, Porta employs the annexed diagram, which is much more distinct than that



which is given by the Greek physician. "Let A," he says, "be the pupil of the right eye, n that of the left, and n c the body to be seen. When we look at the body with both eyes, we see n o, while with the left eye we see n r, and with the right eye c n. But if it is seen with one eye, it will be seen otherwise; for when the left eye is shut, the body c n, on the left side, will be seen in n e; but when the right eye is shut, the body c n will be seen in r e; whereas when both eyes are opened at the same time it will be seen in c n." Porta then proceeds to explain these results by quoting the passage from Galen in which he supposes the observer to repeat these experiments when he is looking at a solid column. In the preceding diagram we see not only the principle but the construction of the Ocular Stereoscope, or the method by which we combine the two pictures by looking at a point between them and the observer, or beyond the pictures. The two dissimilar pictures are represented by n n; the picture as seen by one eye by n e; the picture as seen by the other by r e; and the picture of the solid column in full relief by c n, as produced midway between the two dissimilar pictures n e and r e by their union, precisely as in the Stereoscope.

The important subject of which we are treating has been discussed by Aguilonius with singular ingenuity; and his observations are so interesting, that we shall give them in his own words. "When one object," he says, "is seen with

two eyes, the angles at the vertices of the optical pyramids (viz. n a r, c n e) are not always equal;* for beside the direct view, in which the pyramids ought to be equal, into whatever directions both eyes are turned they receive pictures of the objects under unequal angles, the greater of which is that which is terminated at the nearer eye, and the lesser that which regards the remoter eye. This, I think, is perfectly evident; but I consider it as worthy of admiration, how it happens that bodies seen by both eyes are not all confused and shapeless, though we view them by the optical axes fixed on the bodies themselves. For greater bodies seen under greater angles appear lesser bodies under lesser angles. If, therefore, one and the same body which is in reality greater with one eye, is seen less on account of the inequality of the angles in which the pyramids are terminated, the body itself must assuredly be seen greater or less at the same time, and to the same person that views it; and therefore, since the images in each eye are dissimilar (*minime sibi congruunt*), the representation of the object must appear confused and disturbed (*confusa ac perturbata*) to the primary sense." In order to understand this passage, we may state, as a well-known fact, that in binocular portraits the distance between the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear is greater in the one picture than in the other, and consequently the line joining these points subtends a greater angle in the one than in the other. When these two lines, therefore, are combined, Aguilonius concludes that the vision of the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear must be confused, as the ends of the lines cannot be united.

"This view of the subject," he continues, "is certainly consistent with reason; but what is truly wonderful is, that it is not correct, for bodies are seen clearly and distinctly with both eyes when the optic axes are converged upon them. The reason of this, I think, is, that the bodies do not appear to be single because the apparent images which are formed from each of them in separate eyes exactly coalesce (*sibi mutuo exacte congruunt*), but because the common sense imparts its aid equally to each eye, exerting its own power equally in the same manner as the eyes are converged by means of their optical axes. Whatever body, therefore, each eye sees with the eyes conjoined, the common sense makes a single notion, not composed of the two which belong to each eye, but belonging and accommodated to the imaginative faculty to which it (the common sense) assigns it."

Now though the explanation here given of the distinct appearance of the solid composed of two dissimilar pictures is not correct, yet Aguilonius clearly asserts the second truth, that though the unequal lines and angles do not coalesce, yet the body is seen distinctly and in its true solidity, in consequence of the combination of the two pictures of it as seen by each eye.

From these details it is manifest that the two fundamental truths on which the Stereoscope depends were well known to Aguilonius and others; and that nothing more was wanted than a method of forming two dissimilar pictures of objects, and a method of uniting them when formed.

Upwards of thirty years ago, Mr. Elliot, now a teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, was led to study the subject of binocular vision, in consequence of having written an essay in 1823, for the Logic Class, "On the means by which we obtain our knowledge of distances by the eye." From that time he was familiar with the idea that the relief of solid bodies when seen with both eyes was produced by the union of the two dissimilar pictures of them as seen by each eye, which he believed was known to every student of vision. During the year 1834, or previous to it, he had resolved to make an instrument for uniting two dissimilar pictures, or of constructing a stereoscope. But though he had invented the instrument, he delayed its construction till 1839, when he was asked to write a paper for the Polytechnic Society in Liverpool. The instrument was exhibited to Mr. Richard Adie, optician, and Mr. G. Hamilton,

* They are equal in the vision of a sphere and a cylinder.

lectures on chemistry; but owing to the difficulty of obtaining binocular pictures for it, he proceeded no further with his invention.

In order, however, to show the effect of the instrument to his friends, he constructed a rude picture of a landscape, as seen by each eye separately; and when those two pictures were placed in his instrument, the parts of the landscape appeared at different distances from the eye, or, in their true relief. As this was undoubtedly the first landscape constructed for, and seen in relief through, the Stereoscope, it possesses much interest; and we have given an accurate copy of the dissimilar pictures in the annexed diagram, as they



were placed by Mr. Elliot, at the farther end of a box 18 inches long, 7 broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ deep. In their present position they will appear in relief when united by the Stereoscope, or by converging the optic axes to a point at a proper distance beyond them. Had photography been in existence, to enable Mr. Elliot to obtain binocular pictures of landscapes and other objects, the application of the Stereoscope to natural scenery and to portraiture would not have been so long delayed.

In the month of August 1838 Mr. Wheatstone exhibited an instrument, under the name of the Reflecting Stereoscope, to the British Association which met at Newcastle; and an account of it was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The merit of this invention belongs exclusively to Mr. Wheatstone, and nobody has either directly or indirectly laid claim to it. Although it answers the purpose for which it was contrived, it is a clumsy and bulky apparatus, unnecessarily expensive, and now seldom seen. The binocular representations which it raised into relief were chiefly those of geometrical solids; but the idea of applying it to landscapes or portraits is never once mentioned in his paper. The theory of the instrument, as given by Mr. Wheatstone, was shown to be incorrect by the writer of this article, who first gave the true theory in the *Edinburgh Transactions* for 1843; and in the experiments which he made on the subject, he was led to the construction of several new stereoscopes, but particularly to the *Lenticular Stereoscope*, now in universal use.

"The Reflecting Stereoscope of Mr. Wheatstone was" at this time, as the Abbé Moigno remarks,* "almost completely forgotten." Its merits had never been sufficiently understood; and even the Lenticular Stereoscope, after photography had supplied it with binocular portraits, excited a very limited interest. I offered it gratuitously to opticians in London and Birmingham; but it was not till the year 1850, when I took one to Paris, and showed it to the Abbé Moigno and M. Duboscq, that it was appreciated and brought into notice. Having executed a number of binocular pictures of statues and bas-reliefs, and portraits of celebrated individuals, M. Duboscq, to use the words of the Abbé Moigno, "showed the wonderful effects of the instrument to natural philosophers and amateurs, who flocked to him in crowds, and from whom they elicited a spontaneous and unanimous cry of admiration."

In the noble collection of philosophical instruments displayed by M. Duboscq in the Great Exhibition of 1851, he

placed a Lenticular Stereoscope, with a set of binocular pictures in daguerreotype. The instrument attracted the particular attention of the Queen, and in a short time M. Duboscq received many orders for stereoscopes from England.

Such is a brief history of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and of its introduction into Paris and London. It is now in general use over the whole world, and it has been estimated that more than half a million of the Lenticular Stereoscopes have been sold. A company, under the name of "The London Stereoscopic Company," has been established for the manufacture and sale of the instrument, and for the



production of binocular pictures for educational and other purposes; and the stranger in London will find a visit to their establishment at 54 Cheapside, or 313 Oxford Street, one of the most interesting sights in the metropolis. Photographers are employed in every part of the globe in taking binocular pictures for the instrument,—among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum—on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland—among the public monuments in the Old and New World—in the museums of ancient and modern life—and in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle. A list of upwards of two thousand binocular pictures, embracing every variety of subject, has been issued by the Stereoscope Company, and will be found in my treatise on the Stereoscope, just published, entitled, *The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction; with its application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education.*

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "AFTER DARK," "DAMI," &C.

Was it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in the cupboard; and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country-town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding, or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles, and aunts, all declared that she was a heartless deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family: the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life;

he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarsely face, his hesitating awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get any body else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshipped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to express their unfavourable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of every body, undertook the defence of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with un concealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work fell to George's share: the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine with the county gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or his sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the oldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her pas-

sionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty, I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence towards me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterwards. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either towards my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim wandering gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her!—and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the seaside; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window—I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home

travelled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit; now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something!" A fearful awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlour on the ground-floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down terrified into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. "He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it's happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more sorely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said, No, in a strange stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out towards evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded

the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the sea-beach, telling her as we went every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach; and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, "Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can." The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me: a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help, I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual with her, "Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear—forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerably shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us, but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery-door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room: it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret-bedroom—he was not there; his cheap hair-brush and old cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bedroom? I went out on the landing, and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, "Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret-stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again! Never."—She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said: I brushed past her, down the stairs—my heart was bursting—my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears—"Is Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to any body in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again—mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled—and, oh, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. "Uncle George is gone—I am never to see him any more—I am never to speak of him again!"—those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt—all appeared to be separated from me now by some impassable barrier. Home seemed home no longer with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's, which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience), I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us—and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question. My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance, in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home, I was sent to sea in the merchant navy by my own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to stay with my aunt at the seaside—and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognise the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage to England.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to

say no more. It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted towards me; he had not authorised her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George. My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers; and he had not improved his position in the family by his warm advocacy of his brother's cause at the time of my father's marriage. I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. He had been traced to London, where he had sold out of the funds the small share of money which he had inherited after his father's death, and he had been seen on the deck of a packet bound for France, later on the same day. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behaviour had consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterwards whenever the subject was mentioned. George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind, they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery. That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet, there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the

power of speech. She died soon afterwards in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clue to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I travelled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavoured to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hill-side sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *cure* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was, that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes—a nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed colour also, for the *cure* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced him to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was

free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *cure*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away towards the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. O Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate! Why leave him to find you here!

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlour, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorised to tell you—but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear"—he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me;—"as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about, what you term, the Family Mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only knew what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumour in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumour in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumour," said the priest in low tones. "And the operator was your Uncle George."

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests: he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he

consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumour, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand which had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at the worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I knew the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that before he left England, he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart

to quit his country and his friends for ever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student-friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the *Hôtel Dieu*. And to this place he returned to hide, to suffer, and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out of doors towards evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking towards England. That place secured a favourite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there."

The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned towards England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.



INTRODUCTORY.

We propose to ourselves, not without diffidence, to be in some sort the historians of the inner world of Home,—that beating heart of the great framework of existence, whose more or less healthiness of action most surely, if not always immediately, influences the head that plans and the hands that execute the great things of life; a wide subject, whether viewed practically or ethically,—whether we regard the dwelling itself, or consider the characters, the habits, the shortcomings, or the excellencies of the in-dwellers. It will be our province to touch upon both, with their underlying philosophy and their subtle connection.

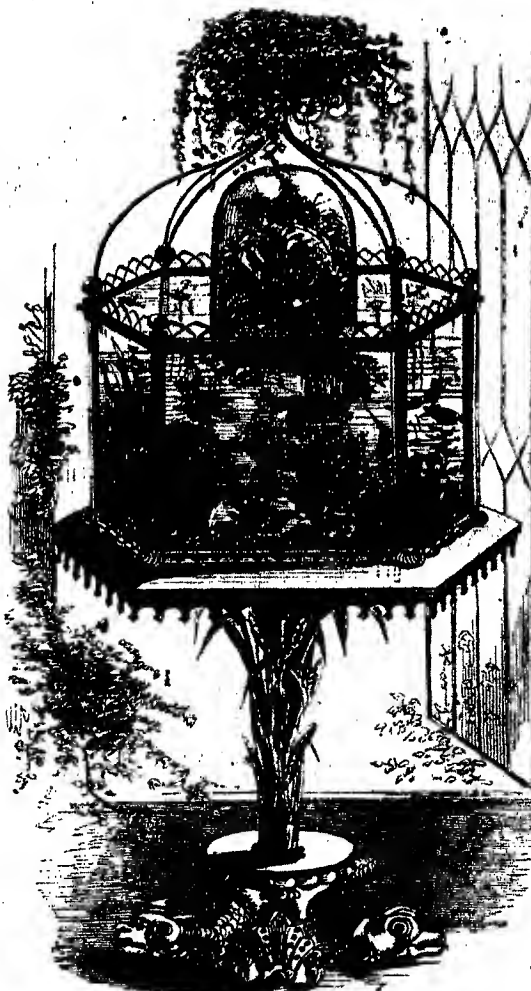
Such a many-sided topic can only be worthily approached by a many-sided experience; and to the end that we may attain this, we cordially invite co-operation from earnest-hearted women in many nooks and corners of our land, who feel deep interest in the question of Home, have thought much, seen much of its trials and triumphs, and who have borne their part in either; but whose influence has perhaps as yet been confessed only by the comparatively limited circle which immediately surrounds them. In their several relations of mother, wife, sister, and daughter, it is women who are regnant over this world we write of; and it is they who can best speak, because they best know, of its physical and moral history. The narrative of its progress, its failings and falterings, its strivings and its aspirations, is one that can only be told by them,—by women collectively, not by a woman. For it is from varieties of experience that we gather instruction, rather than from a repetition of one in-

sulated instance. More is learned from difference than from similarity of temperament and character, both in the way of warning and example; and this, which is so true of personal histories, is equally applicable to the one of which we treat. Thus, it would be of little service to point out one system of Home-management which worked ill, and another that worked well; but it is from setting down the varieties and gradations of good and ill resulting from different "ways"—different internal economies and theories of life—that we hope to deduce widely useful lessons, both practical and moral. And it is to secure this, in the only available manner, that we offer a glad welcome to communications from all those who have a novel fact to impart, or an individual experience to record.*

From more public quarters we shall also seek to gather information and suggestions. "The ministrations of science to the Home," all new inventions, and discoveries tending to increase the comfort, the completeness, or yet more important, the healthfulness of our habitations, will be duly dwelt upon. "Art in the dwelling," on the other hand, will lead us to the consideration of that most comprehensive subject, the uses of the beautiful, the beneficial influence of beauty, both of form and colour, upon common life, and the intangible but inevitable sympathy that

exists by nature between the eye and the mind, but which we are only beginning to see the necessity of cultivating and educating. This department we shall endeavour to make rich in instances and illustrations of those things wherein art has already been so worthily busied in decorating and adorning, not only the Home itself, but the appointments of the household. We shall try to bring home to every comprehension the fact, daily making itself more evident, that it could be only a barbarous and ignorant tyranny which, while it made common and useful things cheap, made them also ugly. We do not fear being called unreasonable or quixotic in announcing our persuasion that the fair proportions, the harmonious tints which we see and love in nature, need not necessarily be oxiled from the interior even of the poorest homes. A cup of delf may be as finely formed as one of porcelain, a wall may be as cheaply and as serviceably stained with a colour grateful to the eye as with one offensive and revolting to it, and a dress but of cotton or of velvet costs no more if of tasteful and becoming pattern or colour than when it is gaudy, glaring, and most unsuited in all respects to the wearer.

These truths, theoretically insisted on though they have



DESIGN FOR AN AQUARIUM.

fort. In fine, our aim will be to make this equally a chronicle of Home progress, aims, and duties, Home chit-chat, and Home interests of all kinds; and likewise an impartial meeting-place for thoughtful and earnest opinion on the same points.

In conclusion, shall we try to say what is the goal towards which it is our ambition to progress?

Briefly, then, we would desire to have about this Home something of the atmosphere, fresh, loving, and cheerful, of a Home that is happy in the best sense of the word;—where the mirth is not utterly unmingled with seriousness, nor the "common sense" quite unchastened by guity; where, even when inevitable sorrow enters, it is met with sympathy, and sweetened by gentleness and patience; where, when Earnest comes in with a grave face, he is made to smile, perforce, and look pleasant; and where Jest, in deference to the same way, doffs his cap and bells, and listens to reason.

In such a Home debate never becomes disputatious; but is always gentle when most full of conviction, and each opponent cares more for truth than for individual triumph. Its laws are those of love, mutual forbearance, and mutual assistance; its aspirations are towards truth, goodness, beauty,—the forms several, yet the same, of the one Divine Presence which is among all, and around all, and above all. Such should surely be the characteristics of a worthy Home.

Can we desire higher or better things for ours?

been at intervals during many years past, are even yet only partially acknowledged, and to a still more limited extent acted upon by those who acknowledge. In this, as in other cases, example effects more by its units than precept with its thousands. It will be our object to aid in the onward march as much as may be by a copious use of the one means, not forgetting a more sparing recurrence to the other.

These, and many other "Home" subjects, not necessary to recapitulate in this place, will form our stores of material, to increase, no doubt, in scope as well as quantity, as we go on. And in order to bring them all successively before the reader, with as much pleasant variety and as little didactic dullness as possible, we propose by no means to confine ourselves to one arbitrary form of communication between writer and reader, but to avail ourselves of many differing ones: as occasion may require and opportunity serve, the several styles of narrative, essay, epistle, and dialogue may be employed. Books bearing on the question of Home, either directly or indirectly, will be occasionally discussed and quoted. Correspondence, as we have already intimated, will have its own due share of attention. Brief notices will be given of novelties in the construction or manufacture of all articles essential or conducive to household com-

* All such communications to be addressed (free) to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Office, 25 Essex Street, Strand, London, and marked on the envelope "The Home." They must be authenticated by the writer's name and address, which, however, will be received in strict confidence.



THE JEALOUS EYE.

THE JEALOUS EYE.

THIS scene of Mr. Horsley's, like all good pictures of character, tells its story at once. If we add a line or two of comment, it is by no means to explain the artist's design, but rather for the pleasure of telling him how thoroughly we perceive it. We are quite in his secret. We have read off his telegraph. We like to give him back in words the meanings that he has given to us in forms.

In the female figure we see youthful beauty conscious of her power and willing to take out her full rights in the receipt of admiration. She sits full in the sun; and beside her in the shadow stands the jealous cavalier,—perhaps the suitor to whom some "flinty-hearted" father, for considerations of family or fortune, has assigned her. The sense of property over the reluctant damsel, rather than in her, is capably given in the dogged attitude and apprehensive look of the aged lover. He guards her like a sentinel; nor can any nearness of position bring him one whit closer to her fancy. See how it strives, through her downcast shrouded glance, to evade the consciousness of his presence. The half-averted head, the suspended action of the hand, well convey the feeling that the suspicious knight, so far from being the companion of her ordinary moods, is but the interruption to them. Let him but pass from her side, and in her first sense of relief she may even welcome the magnificent lady-killer who advances from the terrace. See with what easy assurance he lounges forward,—the head jauntily thrown back, the hand dallying with his frill! He may have some slight tribute of admiration to offer; but it is evidently a mere nothing compared with that which he expects to receive. His nonchalance is effectively contrasted with the vigilance of the anxious custodian,—ready as the latter is to detect, to resent, to do whatever is dignified and desperate. The costume and the accessories of the picture mark its date,—that of Charles II. The whole tone of the work is that of comedy,—of the comedy which suggests without obtruding a moral. How interest can warp the natural tendencies of life, and how those thwarted tendencies are prone to waste themselves upon emptiness and vanity, may be plainly read in this piquant delineation. As we have said, it depicts the life of a past period. We should be glad to think its lesson was no longer applicable.

THE LONDON OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WHAT is nationality? Something belonging to a nation. What is a nation? In the common acceptation of the word, all the people or peoples gathered together under one government, and tolerably content with that government. In this sense England and all her colonies and dependencies form a nation; the United States is a nation; and so is Russia. But there are stronger nationalities than these, not in more force, but in national instinct. France is one great example, and this island of Great Britain is another. Spain is not properly a nation, but an agglomeration of disunited provinces; and America bids fair to lose her nationality in mere aggregated increase of size.

A nation, in the best sense of the word, means a mass of people of the same race, possessing the same qualities and instincts, and developing faculties and institutions by virtue of the peculiarities of soil and climate on and in which they are born and bred; and to which certain aggregated immigrants assimilate themselves, and others do not, but die off if retained by circumstances in an unnatural state. Thus Englishmen, whoever may have been their ancestors, have a national character, and so, too, have the inhabitants of the northern states of America; yet so distinct, though both from the same stock, that few mistake them, though the Englishman takes up American characteristics, and the American English characteristics, by residing long in each other's

countries. Thus the Greeks of old and of modern times were and are a nation, and so also the Persians and Hindoos. Greeks might grow into Persians by long residence, and *vice versa*; but the soil of Greece could only grow Greeks spontaneously, and assimilate what other blood might be current from the stranger into Greek likeness.

But more than mere soil and climate, more than mere instincts, go to the building up of a really great nation. As enclosures are necessary in agriculture to get good crops by division of the soil, so political divisions are essential to induce wholesome competitive manhood with its many shades of difference. The United States would be far inferior to what they are, were they not divided into states; and it was the rivalry of the states—cities—of elder Greece that brought forth in full lustre the especial qualities of their people, that generated patriotism with all its concomitant good and evil, and amidst much rivalry of an unworthy kind could yet unite the chief municipalities in a national resistance to a foreign despot.

Patriotism is a virtue chiefly of small communities. Where those communities have no intercourse with others, they degenerate into mere instinctive tribes; when they have free and frequent intercourse with others, they may grow morally great, if they possess a natural aptitude for greatness.

It has become a fashion of late to cry down municipalities, and advocate the reference of all things to a central body. It is very true that many of our municipalities are foci of evil and absurd practices; but, on the other hand, we have the reverse in some instances. And although it is possible that at the outset we might obtain a great central perfection, its infallible tendency would be to become effete; and it might become a great central nuisance, with no power of remedy, and no example of any other kind to hold up to it. But in the number of municipalities all would not be bad. Pride, ambition, and better qualities would stir the denizens up to be doing; and, as in the example of Manchester, a healthy rivalry would stir others to excel. A system of despotic central farming would be about as natural as a system of central governing for all localities. When we have arrived at that point in socialism that we cut up all our enclosures and throw our farms into common stock, we may begin to centralise in all processes of governing. Meanwhile the field is open for wholesome competition; and it is a high and praiseworthy object of ambition to centre our patriotism in our immediate towns, and hold them forth as examples of excellence in all things appertaining to human progress,—true progress, never satisfied with what it gains so long as the powers and the means of improvement may exist.

We are proud of the name of Englishmen, as embodying certain qualities which all the world agrees to respect. Why should not a section amongst us be proud of the name of Londoners, striving, like the Athenians of old, to embody in their city all that is beautiful in physics and in more than the moral health of old, now that steam has proclaimed the extinction of human slavery, direct and indirect,—now that no women or slaves are needed to grind at the mill? For London is growing fast to be a nation in itself, a nation-city numerically larger than many countries—a nation-city whose race of men is drawn from the best blood of all the earth. Wherever human intellect has arisen and been persecuted, the best of the people, when hopeless of success, have become denizens of London. Look at the names in commerce which proclaim the fact.

Let us understand the truth, that London does not belong to the imperial government any more than Manchester. The imperial government takes up its quarters, has its *habitat* amongst us as a convenient spot wherein to transact its business; but London belongs to its own people, and not to the Parliament. The people of London, did they only possess expounders of their true interests to unite them into a patriotic body, would become an aristocracy in the best sense of the word,—an aristocracy of the international city,

the metropolis of the universe, setting forth an example of laws, customs, habits, morals, health, art, and beauty, that would exercise its influence over the whole earth's surface, —a city that, casting off its plague-spots and deformities, moral and physical, would shanno other cities into doing likewise.

Too long have great cities been the haunts of vice—of luxurious sense and squalid poverty; too long the abodes of perennial disease. From the aggregation of men in cities civilisation has arisen, but still an imperfect civilisation. In the pursuit of wealth health has been neglected, cultivation of the poor has been forgotten. We have palaces; but we have also hovels. Having hovels, as a consequence we have the diseases of hovels,—humanity stunted of its full growth, in body and mind. This is not a necessity, but a result of wilfulness and neglect.

Fairer site for city never existed than this of our London. Margins of hills and rising grounds, with a magnificent river rolling through them; Middlesex on the one side, Surrey on the other; and around the river-bottom belts of meadow land, once gardens and orchards and pastures, as the fragmentary remnants still show, but now desecrated with thousands of unwholesome dwellings, where water rises within a foot of the surface. The true sites of southern London are the rising slopes of the Surrey hills; and no city could well be imagined more beautiful than a north and south London, with the clear bright river, and orchards, gardens, and meadows between, nourished by the organic detritus that now pollutes the stream. The time will come, when the denizens of London fitly govern themselves, that owners of land will not be permitted to do as they will with their own, by erecting inefficient buildings on unwholesome soil, to produce a deterioration of humanity; and when we better understand the possibilities of transit, and all people shall understand the conditions of health, the unwholesome dwellings on the low ground will be abandoned for better erections on the higher sites. The thoughts of the philosopher will become the text-books of the legislator when London shall possess a legislature of its own; prescriptions will exist conformable to reason; and the standard of humanity being prohibited from sinking below the condition of the climate and soil, and with all the aids of art to boot, we may hope to rear up a race of men with unmistakable attributes, God's images upon earth, of whom it shall be said as they pass, "There goes a Londoner," as of old the Greeks said, "There goes a Spartan or an Athenian;" a race of men upon whose type others shall model themselves. To be a citizen of London then, when London ceases to be hedged in by a narrow ancient boundary, will be a prouder boast than that of ancient Rome. It is our national boast that the sun never sets on our bounds, and beholds no slave therein. Let it be our London boast that within our boundary there exists no dwelling in which the highest and richest might not exist in comfort, and no human being who could degrade the proudest dwelling by his presence therein. It is the boast of England that she has quelled all human foes by the valour of her sons; let it be our London boast that we have chased disease and premature death beyond our boundaries, and that the standard of human life has grown with us to its highest pitch; that, leaving to others the improvement of the races of the lower animals, we have devoted ourselves to show what humanity may become in its highest phase; that those privileged to be born and bred in improved London can preserve and transmit health of body and mind of a more vigorous kind—a health more full of life—than the vaunted country races who it has been held supply the waste of life which in indigent Londoners at present is said not to exceed three generations.

Narrow streets, ignorant dealing with detritus, insufficient light, imperfect ventilation, dirty dwellings, smoky atmosphere, impure foods, and stimulants to quicken jaded life, are all artificial causes of disease, and all within the scope of human remedy. Naturally, supposing the marshes removed—the marshes which disgrace us in our boundaries

—there is no healthier climate existing; and London may become in time one long city, crowning the rising grounds on either side the Thames valley, from Richmond to the sea, with the meadows for a garden and pleasure.

Not in our time! No, perhaps not; but at least we may sow the seeds in our time, and our born children may reap the fruit. And, after all, our enjoyment may be as great, though of a different kind. The magnitude of a grand exploit has a chivalrous beauty of aspect in it which the achievement does not always excel. The thought of heroism gives also heroic pleasure. And we stand on a magnificent vantage-ground to contemplate the "to come." All nations are our tributaries. They toil and spin, and grow corn and rear beasts and catch game; and the spoils of art and nature and industry come to London. Food and clothing are provided for us in return for the use of our capital and our brains. Let us use these brains fairly, understanding that there are uses for our wealth higher than mere luxury and ostentation, and we shall at no distant period reform all that is faulty in clothing, food, fuel, and shelter. Within the reach of art are many things desirable, easily to be procured, but not yet accomplished. We have our river and our atmosphere to purify, and our transit to improve. But we are thwarted at every step; we are at the mercy of irresponsible people in the government, and other irresponsible people in what is called the City, who squabble together in the imperial parliament, ignoring altogether the fact that London of right belongs to Londoners, just as much as Manchester belongs to her own citizens.

Some half-dozen people, drinking tea together, once determined that we ought to have free trade; and they then and there, in Manchester, organised a league, which grew into such proportions, that soon the whole empire recognised the truth of their doctrines. Are there six good men and true to be found in London, who would meet together to expound the telling truth, that London should be governed by Londoners in all matters not concerning imperial government, and that London shall be considered as a city of growth, taking in its suburbs as fast as they join it? That London shall be governed by a legislative parliament of its own, elected by the suffrages of all qualified citizens who have attained the age of thirty years, an age at which few people do wild things, and few are become bigoted? That this parliament shall make its own laws, appoint its own police, determine its own municipal regulations, collect its own taxes for its own public purposes, make its own building-act, settle the question of its own sewers and paving, and the railroad and other roads and streets in its domain? Surely a league and an agitation might be brought to bear to win the local management of London wholly from the imperial parliament, leaving to the parliament only its own imperial business and precincts and public offices. The imperial parliament has quite enough to do without interfering with municipal business, and a city parliament would certainly not make worse mishaps with the bridges than government officers have done. There is no reason why the provinces should be taxed for the embellishment of the capital city, and such a course would produce the effect of preventing emulation. If a city parliament were established, one of the most useful things it could do would be to call for reports from all able men as to systematic plans, embracing every thing connected with laying out streets, building, draining, paving, open spaces, gardens, public edifices, covered spaces, planting, river-management, water supplies, supply and quality of food, baths, gymnastics, and sites for educational purposes. There is existing knowledge enough on all these subjects—knowledge which only needs collecting. The result would be the first blue-book of the parliament of the international city; and a very valuable one it would be, forming a basis for municipal laws of national character, and of probable imitation by many other cities. The heart leaps at the human possibilities embodied in these matters; and earnestly is it to be wished that the six men may be found with hearts to conceive and heads to

contrive and hands to execute the inaugurating act that shall win London entirely and for ever as an arena for international regeneration.

Food, clothing, fuel, shelter, warmth, light, exercise, pure air, material beauty of form and colour, avoidance of mere drudgery, and a wholesome amount of leisure and recreation,—give us these, and the artificial will grow out of the natural in books, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and all the sciences and elegances of life. As yet we possess these things as samples only, for the masses to look up to in the possession of the few. Palaces have we for the few—for the wealthy—but for the many we simply mock them by a glimpse of a Palace of Crystal to gaze on, but not to inhabit. Yet, if we went rightly about it, we might cover acres of land with better shelter than the Crystal Palace at small cost; winter-gardens for the multitude, wherein they might learn gentleness and elegance away from the loathsome dens to which rough weather now condemns them. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; and if we condemn men to abodes fit only for vermin, we must expect that they will become imbued with some of the attributes of vermin, and be governed by the love of prey.

And so we wait for the men who shall begin the movement of "London for the Londoners"—meaning by Londoners all they who dwell therein, come they from whence they may. London for the Londoners, and not for a mere section of Londoners; neither as a mere *appanage* of the imperial government with the title of the capital. Not an empire city, but emphatically the international city, the normal school and type for all the cities of the universe, showing how Nature, working through Art, may best be made to subserve the processes of man's progress in the rising scale of humanity.

At a future time I will endeavour to indicate the specific paths in which progress may be made as connected with the arts of life.

A VALLEY IN THE PYRENEES.

Well, I am sure we have had enough of the diligence for one day! From Biarritz to Bayonne, from Bayonne to Oleron, and from Oleron to Bédous. We have made good progress, and are in the heart of the mountains, and on the high-road to Spain. Look at those Spaniards, stretched out on the sweet new hay that is piled up on the road. They are mountaineers, and have just come in with twenty or thirty mules in light trappings carrying wine. And those peasant-women, with the enormous bundles on their heads. They are carrying the hay; it is tied up in great coarse homespun sheets, and they have brought it thus on their heads any number of miles. They add the contents of their sheets to the heap on which the Spaniards are sitting; while other women carry it by armfuls into the lower part of the opposite house, half of which serves as a stable, and the other half as a barn, the family living in the upper rooms.

One glance shows us this as the diligence stops at the dirty inn with the ambitious title of Hôtel de Franco. We are received by Madame Bonza, the hostess,—the two demoiselles Bonza modestly shrinking behind their mother, whose large form is a sufficient screen even for their ample development,—and M. Bonza, madame's son, who comes forward with many bows to welcome us to the Vallée d'Aspe. Did you ever see such a family? M. Bonza—his is about as high as your walking-stick, and as round as an apple. His mother falls considerably short of his height, but so far exceeds him in bulk, that, unattractive as she is, you are in a manner fascinated by her, and cannot help calculating the number of yards required in any girdle to encompass her, and in any dress to cover her. The daughters have not yet got beyond the stage "enormously fat," and therefore, by the side of their mother, attract little attention.

The Hôtel de Franco is decidedly not attractive; very dirty, with bare floors unwashed (that is a matter of course), but also unswept, unpolished, and thick with dirt and dust; food insufficient in quantity, indifferent as to quality, and very dear. And then the beds! Of course one becomes resigned to fleas in the south of Franco and the close vicinity of Spain; they are a necessary and inevitable evil, which no one thinks of grumbling about much—after the first. But there are other unnamable, nauseous vermin, from which English hearts revolt, and it is, you will agree, impossible to stay another night at the Hôtel de Franco; better look about us a little, and try to find lodgings in the village.

It is not very easy to look; for a dull heavy mist hangs like a fog just over our heads, and until the sun is high we shall see nothing. We are, however, as you know, in the Vallée d'Aspe, one of those numerous valleys of the Pyrenees which lie at right angles to the great dorsal ridge, and descend on the French side into the plain in a series of basins and gorges all more or less beautiful. The average length of these valleys is thirty-six miles, the actual length of the Vallée d'Aspe about twenty-six. The stream or "gave," as all the mountain-torrents are called, which flows through it takes its rise in the lofty Pic d'Aspe, and is therefore named the Gave d'Aspe; while the vallée again, taking its name from the "gave," is called the Vallée d'Aspe.

Bédous is the first village in the "véritable vallon," the largest basin of the valley, from the entrance to which it is distant about eight miles. On all sides this "véritable vallon," of which the Aspois—inhabitants of Aspe—are so proud, is surrounded by lofty hills; and beyond them, to the east, west, and south, appear the snow-covered mountains. The bottom of the basin is a level plain some six miles in length and three or four in breadth, and is mapped out in fields of highly-cultivated and very fertile land. Seven villages dot this plain, through the centre of which flows the "gave;" and on the right bank, and at some little distance from the noisy rushing stream, is the good straight French road, with the never-failing poplars on each side of it, leading on towards the fort of Urdes and the Spanish frontier.

We proceed to look for "country lodgings" in the Pyrenees. Any one and every one is willing to let rooms, on the principle universally recognised in this part of the French dominions,—get as much and give as little as you can. But there is nothing but dirt and vermin, noisy inquisitive men and women, and half the parish at our heels wherever we go. It will never do; besides the mist does not rise, and the place is emphatically "stuffy." We wander along a road that leads to the "gave," pass the fine wooden bridge that crosses it, and soon find ourselves in sight of another village, which proves to be Osse. In this village there is a small Protestant community—from three to four hundred men, women, and children—who have kept their faith since the Reformation in France, and now live in peace with more than the same number of Roman Catholics. M. Gerber, the worthy Protestant pastor, and madame his wife, are very glad to see any strangers, more especially English; and there is no fear of intrusion if we pay them a visit even without a letter of introduction.

The house of the pastor is no whit better than that of his flock. Yes it is, for there is no stable on the ground-floor; apparently, therefore, M. Gerber keeps neither a pig, nor a mule, nor a donkey, nor fowls. We enter, mount the stairs before us, and stand at the door of the sitting-room—a rough unpainted door, of which an "Entrez" from within bids us lift the latch—and we find ourselves in a low dark room, with bare wooden walls innocent alike of paint, paper, carpet, and plaster (ceilings also are unknown in the vallée, with one or two exceptions); and overhead there are the rough rafters that support the flooring of the room above you. M. Gerber, Madame, Mademoiselle Lydie, and the little Rachel are there, and give you such a warm greeting, and are so full of interest in you and anxiety to serve you, that the bare little room, with its coarse chairs and tables, seems to have changed into a snug and comfortable home. And then

M. Gerber, glowing with pride and emotion, leads you to the window, which opens on a small wooden balcony, and stretching out his arm, says, "This we have to compensate for all that we want within." And as you look over the beautiful valley, flourishing as a garden, and on to the grassy slopes and the grand outline of the mountains beyond, you feel that it is a compensation. Afterwards M. Gerber points out the lane by the side of his garden: there in the dead of winter-nights you may hear the wolves howling as they hurry by; and little Rachel warns "papa," that when he gets up so early to study, and goes out to the cave for wood, the wolves will eat him. Now the possibility of some great catastrophe happening to any of us—supposing it not to be too imminent—is mostly received with a kind of satisfaction, and the pastor turns to his little daughter with a look that says, "I have courage to face a greater danger than that, my child."

What a picture he is, this worthy pastor! a man so short, that you would measure him by inches and not by feet; not fat, but square-looking, like a robust child. He wears sabots,—they keep the feet so warm, he tells you,—and a long coat that reaches his heels and is buttoned up to the throat, above which a very yellow—originally white—cambric neckerchief makes its appearance. Then on his head a gray felt-hat, broad-brimmed, and tied under the chin with strings of narrow ribbon. You cannot help thinking of the child as you see him, and watch the blue eyes, eager intelligent look, and slight quiver of the upper lip, as he tells you marvellous tales of the valley and its inhabitants.

Good M. Gerber, we certainly hope to meet you again; but if it is possible, (as madame has been telling us, all the while you were explaining how Julius Cæsar and his lieutenant P. Crassus burned their way through the valley, then a forest, to make their way into Spain,)—if, as she says, we may find habitable rooms at the Maison Tourré in this same village, we had better go at once to seek them. M. Tourré's house stands alone, neither in one of the irregular streets nor out of it, and is close to a brawling streamlet that rushes down impetuously to join the "gave."

We find Michelle, the only child, at home; she is a lame girl, not strong enough for field-work, and has a small fair face that would be pretty were it not rather pinched and sharp-looking. She informs us that "papa" is a mule-dealer, and that he has gone to a fair at Zacca—in Spain—with his mules; "maman" is at work in the fields, and will not be home until quite dark, for they are very busy. The spring has been so wet, that they have only just got in the hay, and the ground has to be ploughed and manured for the maize and haricot beans: these are planted together, three grains of maize and two haricots in every hole; and from this time, early in July, until they are gathered in the beginning of October, will receive constant care.

Michelle shows us the house; it belonged formerly to M. le curé, but was taken from him during the first revolution. On the right as you enter is the kitchen,—dirty enough, you may be sure,—a small fire of box-wood burning on the hearth, and the onion-soup simmering in an earthen pot; the cat very intently watching the fire and the soup, and a hen and her chickens at roost in the corner.

That door on the left as you enter is the door of the *salle à manger*. Michelle is proud of it, and tells you that no doubt M. le curé preferred it so, and liked his stable under the bedrooms at the back; and theirs is the only house in the village which has a kitchen and *salle à manger* on that floor. The two best bedrooms above are large and airy, with a recess in each, in which the bed stands; and one has actually a whitewashed ceiling and paper on the walls. How is this, Michelle? surely *messieurs les curés* did not do this? No; it was "mon oncle," the brother of "maman." He is "médecin,"—one of our family has always been the doctor of the valley; and "mon oncle," as he had been educated in Paris, would not marry a "paysanne," but took a charming lady from a great town; and as she did not find herself comfortable at Osse, so "mon oncle," after he had in vain orna-

mented this room, took a house at Bédous, which "ma tante" finds more gay; and "maman" came to live here.

Michelle is leaning against the wall to rest her lame foot, the toes of which only just reach the ground. She has neither shoes nor stockings, and her stuff gown is old and very dirty; so is the cotton handkerchief which, in Béarnais fashion, is wound round her head.

She sighs, and goes on to say how "mon oncle" had no boys, and so it was for her brother to go to Paris and be educated to succeed him; and how he went, and worked so hard there because he would not return until he was "médecin," and yet he longed very much to see the "vallée," and his father and mother and Michelle. And then he had a long illness in Paris, and set out for home, travelling very slowly, and ten days after he had reached home he died. "We have had a sad loss in him!" is all that Michelle says; and afterwards, when you see M. and Madame Tourré, they will tell you the mournful tale, always ending with the same words, "a sad loss, a sad loss to us." The rooms at the back are occupied by Michelle and her mother; through them you pass to the wooden balcony, and down steps to the garden beneath. In making arrangements with Michelle for our stay, we shall find that there is no fear of her losing sight of the interest of the family; and "maman" and "papa" may leave her at home with the certainty that if any thing is to be got out of any body Michelle will get it.

As we sit in the kitchen talking a Spanish girl enters; she has walked over the mountains from Campfranc. M. Tourré, in passing, told her how busy madame was with the maize; so, as they are friends, she has come over to help for a few days. She is only sixteen, though she looks much older; tall and straight, with bare feet and legs; her long black hair hanging down her back in two plaits, and large gold earrings in her small prettily-shaped ears. She rests an hour or two, has a plate of soup, which she eats on her knee, and then walks briskly off to the fields to meet madame, who will be returning.

Now it is not to be expected that strangers, above all, foreigners, can take up their abode in the village without exciting a considerable degree of curiosity. We are decidedly the lions of the place; and as such, the children come to see us feed, climbing the lime-trees that grow in front of the house,—a commanding position both for upper and lower rooms,—and standing thickly along the low wall between us and the road.

The appearance of plates and dishes is hailed with a shout, and loud and noisy are the exclamations when we begin to eat. The sympathies of Michelle are entirely enlisted on the side of the rising generation, and an appeal to her is useless; "they are the children of the neighbours, and must amuse themselves somewhere." We rise and close the outer shutters, and are greeted by the children with a howl of indignation. After a long whispered consultation, one boy bolder than the rest seizes the shutters, and throws them wide open again, to the great satisfaction of his companions. From first to last the children take the liveliest interest in our doings, and will follow and watch us for hours that they may return and tell the neighbours every thing they have seen. The interest excited is not always, unfortunately, favourable to strangers, and reminds one of *Punch's* dialogue in the mining districts: "Who's 'im, Bill?" "A stranger." "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" for three or four children will race down a hill-side to the road for the chance of pelting you with stones.

The grown people are inquisitive to a degree that is at first very amusing; but after the first week one begins to think it troublesome. They will not only stop you in the streets and lanes and on the high-road, but a man or woman working on the opposite side of a field near which you may be passing; or on the top of a hill, will shout for you to stop, and come hurrying to ask you who you are, and where you are lodging; how many rooms you have, and what you pay for them; whose horse you are riding, and what it costs you; and wouldn't you like a nice strong donkey, which

the person in question would let you have for the same price. The questioner always doubts the truth of the answers given, and cross-examines you with the greatest cunning.

Our first visit the next morning will naturally be to the churches, Catholic and Protestant, of Osse. We enter the Catholic, and are conducted to the sacristy. A young monk with much bustle opens drawers and wardrobes; and M. le curé arrays himself, one after the other, in the dresses appointed for the different festivals of the Church, explaining how and when and why they are to be worn, and the symbolic meaning of the different parts; pointing with pride to the beauty of the material and the richness of the embroidery in gold and silver, interspersed with numerous questions about the English Church, chiefly as to the dress of the ministers and the manner of performing the different ceremonies. At every point of resemblance to those in his own Church he turns triumphantly to the young monk: "I told you so; we are all brothers. We are brothers," he continues to us. "Formerly we used to worship together in this church; we had two services in the day, and the Protestants had two; and our mass was no sooner ended than their psalms began." This was actually the case for more than a hundred years, as persecutions and excesses committed by either party have always originated from without, never from the inhabitants of Osse themselves. They would have lived, as they tell you, like brothers. "We know no difference of Catholic and Protestant," they say: "when my neighbour wants help in his fields, or with the flax, I help him. We each worship God in our own way; but we can be good neighbours and good friends all the same."

It is difficult to imagine greater harmony than that which exists between all the members of this community, and yet they are most entirely distinct one from the other.

Conversion, changes of religion, are almost unknown among them. The Protestant families have been Protestant for long generations, through all the persecutions, dangers, and difficulties they have encountered; and the bones of their forefathers, which rest under the same roof that shelters these more favoured descendants, are a proof of their steadfast faith. For whilst the Protestant religion was forbidden by the state these men had no church, no pastor, no burying-place even; and as they dared not assemble to worship together, each head of a family taught and prayed with his own children in the large common room, which, as we have said, serves as stable and storehouse. In this same place too, when he died, his grave was dug; and the children who had knelt round him as he prayed for them now knelt over this grave, which was not only his, but that of many who had preceded him, and which they knew would be their own.

M. Gerber will tell us, that among the alterations which were to change the stable of his house to a study and a small kitchen was the putting down of a boarded floor. Some of the old earth-floor was removed for this purpose; and very close to the surface they found the skeleton of one of the early Protestants who had been buried there.

M. Gerber would keep us for hours to tell of their endurance and faith, and would speak in the most glowing terms of their noble republican virtues; for all these valleys of the Pyrenees were republics, and governed themselves wisely and well. But let us go with M. Gerber to the "temple," as they call their church, a simple square building without ornament of any kind. Facing us as we enter is the pulpit, just a plain wooden box against the wall; in front of it a small circular space is enclosed with rails, and there the elders of the church sit. There are, as you see, neither pews nor benches, but chairs, each with a name or initials painted on it. A space up the middle divides the chairs on the right from those on the left; on the right sit the men and boys, and on the left the women. When the Sacrament is administered, all the men receive it first, and after them their wives and daughters. You would imagine that to be a low bench all round the walls of the temple; but

it is in reality the remains of the ancient "temple," the first erected by the Protestants, and which was destroyed during the dragonnades by the intervention of a Catholic curé of Oleron.

The "dragons" galloped through the valley to Osse, putting to the sword men, women, and children whom they could ascertain to be Huguenots, and demolishing the temple. But they left about two feet of the walls standing; and a hundred and thirty years later, and some forty years ago, the Protestants rebuilt their temple on the same foundation with the ruins and material, which had never been touched; and as the new walls are not one half the thickness of the old ones, that which remains of the latter forms a bench, looked at and spoken of with veneration by the small band of worshippers.

M. Gerber tells us that twice the roof has fallen in: it was built of pine, which abounds in the district, to save expence; but this wood is generally so much eaten by the worm that the use of it is not without danger. So, after two very narrow escapes of the congregation, they have put up oak rafters.

With what pride these villagers look at their temple! and well they may; for here are no wealthy people to build and endow and beautify, but a simple peasantry, the richest of whom have no wealth, at the same time that the poorest never know want. "We help each other," they say, "as the 'bon Dieu' helps us all."

The National Magazine.

HOW TO SEE PICTURES.

WHAT is meant by the phrase, "A sound taste in matters of art?" How may the faculty so designated be acquired? The solution of these questions might well occupy volumes, and our space is meted out by lines. We disclaim, then, the attempt to compress the inquiry into a nutshell, and only offer hints which may be useful for guidance.

We assume it to be a self-evident truth that every man of healthy constitution, physical and mental, possesses a capacity for studying and enjoying works of art. What, then, if any, are the natural, what the artificial impediments which obstruct his perception and enjoyment when he first confronts art, even in its best and simplest works?

There is a little instrument called the pseudoscope, which, by a peculiar arrangement of lenses, so alters the aspect of any object viewed through it, that the convex appears concave and *vice versa*. Yet the instrument has this further peculiarity, that its ordinary effect fails when you first look through it; the cup into which you are peering still seems concave, and so it will do until you have persevered for a few moments. Then by a flash of light, as though you had grown wiser under a miracle, you see the object convex, the hollow of the cup bulging outwards. It has been necessary for the eye to accustom itself to the instrument before it can perceive the peculiar effect to be produced. After that is accomplished the sight is entirely deceived, and it requires a strong effort of reasoning to persuade yourself that the spherical object before you is in fact a hollow cup.

An effect very similar is produced on first entering a panorama. You find yourself surrounded by a wall of an opaque surface at no great distance from you. When you have been in the place a few moments,—when your eyesight has become subdued to the character of the light,—when you have looked for the buildings, the mountains, the receding plains, the distant clouds,—you find them gradually expanding before you; and the same picture that a few seconds earlier was nothing but a dim opaque, hanging almost within reach of the hand, is now a scene of boundless expanse, filled with light and animation. Two changes appear to

have taken place in the spectator. In the first place, the eye, which naturally converged upon the close object, has altered its focus to look for the more distant and scattered objects; and then it perceives the painting, which has been constructed to meet the sight under that action of the eye. The mind has at the same time undergone a corresponding change. It has forgotten the object which was thrust upon it at the first encounter, and is now roving over the wide and varied scene, discovering objects which were in the artist's mind, and which he has placed there in characters intended to fit the eyesight when duly enlarged.

The change which takes place in the eye of the spectator on first looking through the pseudoscope, the change both in eye and mind during the first few moments of becoming accustomed to a panorama, are exactly analogous to the change which takes place in the perception of a man in the interval after he has made some acquaintance with objects of art, and before he has become familiarised with any new school. It is scarcely possible for the visitor unfamiliar with art, on entering a gallery of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture, to perceive at the first encounter more than something which is strange—something which impresses him as outlandish, strained, unnatural, because in real life he never sees objects separate from the many circumstances of daily use, or from incidents which appeal to other senses besides sight. Action without sound perplexes the beholder unconsciously to himself. He cannot at first reconcile the repose to the commotion, and a feeling of the unnatural takes possession of his mind even when he has endeavoured to school himself into perceiving nature and beauty. With many, especially those who have not had the advantages of education, other difficulties present themselves on the first visit to a gallery of art. In all our experience of the actions and emotions of life we have become accustomed to see persons in one particular style of dress, one arrangement of the hair, and so forth. Action and expression, when clothed in that fashion, become familiar to us; but when we see men in coats or wigs unfamiliar, or without any coats at all, there is not the same ready translation of the action or the countenance. A story has more than once been told of persons escaping in the disguise of simple nakedness; the man who has been seen always in clothing having so different an aspect when he is entirely stripped.

The difficulty presented by the diversity of costume is increased by a diversity of nationality. For example, the English visitor of a picture-gallery, who has been taught that Raphael is the finest of all painters, and who is anxious to find that his own sense of what is admirable is up to the average, feels a natural disappointment when he cannot perfectly reconcile himself to the naturalness or the grace of Raphael. He has been accustomed to associate grace with a certain lightness of figure; and here he sees massive forms, features the reverse of sharp, and a certain weight throughout the whole grouping,—characteristics of the Florentine school, and generally of the central Italian race. It is impossible not to perceive the animation, the distinct expression, for example, in the Europeans and the negroes in one of Biard's slave-ships. The English spectator is sufficiently familiar with the negro countenance and complexion to make allowance for the grotesque in that form; but he does not perfectly perceive the necessity for a certain sallow tone which he discerns in the skin of all the Europeans, and which extends itself even to the inanimate objects and to the atmosphere. It is part and parcel of the same national characteristic which makes the Frenchman sallow, and which inclines him to paint every thing of his own colour; just as John Bull is also disposed, in the eyes of foreign countries, to impart to all objects he paints something of the colour of an English girl's complexion, or of similar combinations of red and white.

Personal feeling increases the number of these specialities. Every artist views objects according to his own genius. Titian, a nobleman fond of magnificence of colour, living under a bright sun, becomes the master of colouring

in picture. Michael Angelo, a robust wiry man of violent temper, places his figures, even when they should be in repose, in positions implying strong action, or the capacity for strong action. Caravaggio, a headlong ruffian, paints pictures with little sentiment, but animated with brilliant lights and dark shadows. Fra Angelico can scarcely reach any expression but that of unalloyed dulcet piety. Hogarth, the satirist, brings out the grotesque of a character, and by the help of character can mould the features and limbs of all his persons; although he is incapable of drawing a beautiful or a correct figure when he attempts to do so apart from the purposes of satirical painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose ambition haunted the drawing-room, perfectly succeeds in painting men and women in their drawing-room aspect. It is so through the whole catalogue of painters in all countries; and any man must have seen the works of several painters before he can in any degree account for the influence of personal style upon the ultimate appearance of the work.

In the present day a further difficulty impedes the development of even the strongest natural taste; and consists in a certain artificial ignorance that is thrown upon us by the state of society. Generally speaking, the world is so quiet that we witness few of the scenes which art most delights to paint. Our passions are subdued; and until we inquire somewhat further into the real working of the natural emotions, we inevitably imagine that there is something overstrained and exaggerated in their most natural delineations. Yet there are few who cannot soon free themselves from such restraints of habit. It is much quicker work to learn a familiarity with nature than with the artificial manners and customs of a strange country. When Solomon was told to judge between the real flowers and the artificial, he contrived that a bee should be let into the room, and the wise man was content to let his judgment follow the instinct of the little insect. We too have our instincts by which, if we do them justice, we may discriminate between natural passions and artificial manners. It is some evidence of this unextinguished instinct, that the very greatest of all actors, and those who are most popular with the largest number, are also those who give us in their strongest and least adulterated form just the natural passions that sway the least artificial of our race. At the present day, in spite of declining powers, in spite of addressing the public through a foreign tongue, there is no artist more esteemed, as there is none more natural, than Grisi. The same rule holds good with Ristori, with Rachel, with all great actors who are followed by multitudes.

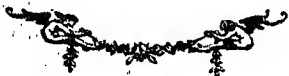
Perhaps the greatest of all obstacles to the natural development of taste, is a certain timidity of judgment which besets us all on entering any new region of experience. It is not only that we find the elements of a correct judgment to be wanting, but that we suppose ourselves to be called upon to deliver a judgment offhand, when, in fact, in most cases there is no such necessity. In art particularly we need receive no oracular dogma, and we need not be in a hurry to form one for ourselves. The man who desires to begin forming for himself a correct taste may lay down this fundamental maxim, that in art all rules which are of any validity, whether for the artist or spectator, are resolvable into matters of fact. Painting, sculpture, or architecture, is not to be estimated on the Dr. Fell principle, that it is liked or disliked you cannot tell why. There is not an action of the face or the frame which is beautiful, expressive, or powerful, that cannot be explained on the strictest principles of anatomy and physiology. If an expression in a certain situation is beautiful or striking, it is because in that situation a well-shaped countenance or frame would arrange itself in such forms and would assume such colours. If you find that painters have through a long series of years been admired for the grace or the expression of their works, you will on inquiry find out the hard matter-of-fact reasons why, which are to be tested by the matter-of-fact sciences—*anatomy, physiology, mathematics, optics, perspective,*



DIANA AND ENDYMION. BAS-RELIEVO, BY E. DAVIS.

the science of colour. Some of these sciences can be tested in their application by photography; but all questions about the technicalities of art, all questions about the physical means through which art works out its spiritual ends, can be reduced to *fact*; and the student who will be patient, who will not be hurried, and who will wait to consider what facts prove, will soon teach himself to observe and to enjoy.

But a habit of observation and of conscious enjoyment in art has important effects on the student's mind in other matters. It develops insight into evidences of character, gives him new and matter-of-fact standards by which to judge of healthiness in form, and even healthiness in mind. It increases the perception of nature, and enlarges for him the language of expression,—that unspoken tongue in which man holds so much intercourse with his kind. A living poet once pointed to the different conditions of the animals and of men during an eclipse of the sun: the human beings were all intent upon the phenomenon with uplifted countenances; the beasts were prone, intent only on the mouthful of the moment. To man it is given to share a consciousness of the creation beyond the narrow range of his own immediate wants and their satisfaction; and as a child is suffered to hold the driver's reins, man is allowed to enlarge and direct the working of the natural laws on his own little spot of earth. But science could never have conquered its domain if uninspired by the joyful pride arising from a conscious insight into the powers and beauties of the creation; and it is art which directly brings the simplest nature and the highest culture into complete union. For the function of art is higher than that claimed for it by the Committees of Taste, or other police authorities of Parnassus.



A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS. ROCHDALE stood a good while talking at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village schoolmistress, was bemoaning over her lad George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, poor body, "that no one could understand her feelings but a mother—a mother with an only son."

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of one who has bought peace through the "constant anguish of patience"—a look which I can still trace in her face at times, and which I suppose will never wholly vanish thence. We changed the conversation, and she shortly afterwards departed.

—A mother with an only son. All the neighbourhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and *her* son. But it had long ceased to be discussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer I used to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping from over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Rochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to know, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good—if I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even yet seems to me the fairest woman I ever knew. And why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because the beauty that lasts till then,—and it can last, for I have seen it,—must be of the noblest and most satisfying kind, wholly independent of form or colouring;—a beauty such as a young woman can by no art attain, but which, once attained, no woman need ever fear

to lose, till the coffin-lid, closing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it "a joy for ever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but your well-statured women have decidedly the advantage after forty. Her features, more soft than strong-looking—~~after~~ still under the smooth-banded gray hair—might have been good: I am no artist; I do not know. But it was not that; it was the intangible nameless grace which surrounded her as with an atmosphere, making her presence in a room like light, and her absence like its loss; her soft but stately courtesy of mien, in word and action alike harmonious. Silent, her gentle ease of manner made every one else at ease. Speaking, though she was by no means a great talker, she always seemed instinctively to say just the right thing, to the right person, at the right moment, in the right way. She stood out distinct from all your "charming creatures," "most lady-like persons," "very talented women," as that rarest species of the whole race—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's wife; at twenty-five his widow. From that time her whole life was devoted to the son who, at a twelvemonth old, was already Samuel Rochdale, Esquire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stretton-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in the county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever saw, I have heard my mother say; but he grew up into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not unlike Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain hereditary pride of manner, which in her was almost beautiful,—if any pride can be beautiful,—was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughtiness. He was the principal person in the establishment while he yet trundled hoops; and long before he discarded jackets had assumed his position as sole master of the manor-house—allowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think—better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulousness. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them—at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale," and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by implication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sundays, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy schoolboy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's proud arm,—every body said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" passionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house, and invited all the country round. The morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball.

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur milliner and lady's-maid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and reverence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And since love begets love, and we always feel kindly to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bailiff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet gown, she never wore any thing but black; with sometimes a ray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long-worn family-jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Rochdale—"

"No," (smiling) "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, saying with some little severity:

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be altogether glad, even if such a chance were to happen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mother of an only son "altogether glad" when first startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange woman had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be understood at first by the mothers.

It afterwards struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might happen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our county families,—among which alone it was probable or permissible that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief,"—was Miss Celandine Childe, niece and heiress of Sir John Childe. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name,—after Wordsworth's flower,—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ballroom-door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye lights upon a celandine in a spring meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humour the fancy, or else Nature herself did so by making that colour most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gauzy stuff, of a soft pale-green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look at her without wishing to take her up in your bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after midnight, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly, not a belle in the ballroom could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the compliment, "Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to-night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great attention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added, with some hauteur, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourtous as to pay exclusive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighbourhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the

servants at the manor-house and all the villagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and discussed incessantly in butler's pantries and kitchens, over pots of ale and by cottage-doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his courting, and “went a-courting” sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale.

Meanwhile Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an interval of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the “rest-day, the pressed-day,” and the day of departure.

I was at the door when she came home. Her usually bright and healthy cheeks were somewhat pale, and her eyes glittered; but her eyelids were heavy, as with long pressing back of tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked “it” all over with the servants who had stayed at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled, down to the bride's fortune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and winning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imaginable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe stayed behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when “evenings” begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about “primroses in the woods”—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

“Look here, Martha.”

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people sauntering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low, to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest for ever.

“Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?”

“Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?”

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

“Are you satisfied, madam?”

“Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world—for him. They will be married at Christmas.”

“And you—?”

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling, “Plenty of time to think of that—plenty of time.”

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter-closet very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both “my children.”

For Celandine, who had never known a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible possibility bade fair to be realised, of a mother and daughter-in-law as united as if they were of the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, “It wouldn't last.” I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love any thing he loved—to renounce any thing to make him happy. In him, the lover and son, was their meeting-point, in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women cannot always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves—the woman who has borne him, nursed him, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature can suffer, excepting—ay, sometimes not even excepting—his wife. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to any thing her boy cared for,—his horse or his dog,—should not, above all, love the creature he loves best in the world, on whom his happiness, honour, and peace, are staked for a lifetime. Alas, that a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impossible—even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives,—whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other,—one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity—that “it is more blessed to give than to receive”? Perhaps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law,—to an unloving one, nothing.

And now, from this long digression,—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem,—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a conquered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was “very hard.” The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went travelling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

But I myself watched her about the manor-house the last few days before she went away. O Lemuel Rochdale, what had you deserved, that heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued,—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremarked; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother, that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting,

still saying—if she ever said any thing—that it was quite “natural” her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, “Where he had been to-night?”

He hesitated; then said, “Up the village, mother.”

“What, again? How fond you are of moonlight-walks up the village!”

“Am I?” whipping his boots with his cane. “Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long.”

“True.” His mother half sighed. “But soon, you know, Celandine will be back.”

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

“How sensitive those lovers are!” said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. “He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married.”

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound together firm and sure, in good and ill, for a life-time. Nay, did she not from the very day of betrothal feel herself Emanuel’s faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognised such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of her letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say that it was “very hard.” Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his property as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight-walks up the village with creditable persistency. Once or twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighbourhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honoured his mother, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Rochdale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choice bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbours. She was standing in the vinery when I came. One moment’s glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

“No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold.”

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone-floor. I picked them up,—she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. “I am tired. We will do this another day.”

I followed her across the garden to the hall-door. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

“I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village.”

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house,—a mere cluster of cottages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher’s, the baker’s, and the schoolhouse. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe,—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the school-house. Then, addressing the coachman,—

“Drive on to the baker’s shop.”

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

“The baker’s, Mrs. Rochdale?—Cannot I call?—Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble.”

She looked me full in the face;—I felt myself turn crimson.

“Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go myself.”

I coaxed. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood; and Mrs. Rochdale was staunchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scandal-mongers, that the lady of the manor drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

“He is a decent man, I believe,—Hino the baker?”

“Yes, madam.”

“He has—a daughter, who—waits in the shop?”

“Yes, madam.”

She pulled the cheek-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm, stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—handsome Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker’s daughter and the mother of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale’s eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was “clever”—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage, I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-children. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and refined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Celandine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a common village-girl, handsome; indeed, but with the coarse blousy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was impossible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before this incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; not even when, by some whim of the old baronet’s, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashon Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all, going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the greenhouse, driving and walking, laughing their well-known merry laugh when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—baker’s daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale looking happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe’s coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it generally did, but with omi-

nously thundering wheels. Ho and Mrs. Rochdale wore shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Child, who was reading in the summer-house. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!" Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is any thing the matter?" and, turning pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not I. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not but be." Her tone, warm with excitement, had nevertheless more anger in it than fear. Celandine's colour returned.

"If it be false, mamma, never mind it," she said in her fondling way. "But what is this news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Something he insists upon telling you. Let him. It cannot matter either to you or to me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library of course never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in, with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Rochdale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed carelessness, a letter newly written, which Miss Child brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoulder.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—*that I don't believe*—"

"Hush!" and the trembling lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No; not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at the moment seem to me almost sickening that this pure fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Child, but the whole neighbourhood, now accused her lover: and which, as I afterwards learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engagement must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her own sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand and a fixed smile—half-contemptuous as it were—she was sealing and directing.

"Martha, put this into the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Child's maid her mistress will remain another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large arm-chair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft small figure on her lap, like a child, and fold her up close, in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four-days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with those two poor women, whose all was staked upon him—upon his one little "yes" or "no."

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner-time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down, and take her seat at the foot of the long dreary dining-table, placing Miss Child on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked towards the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters. The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's

chamber to be got ready, as it was "not improbable" he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Child.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation—for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now—I saw them both sitting at the window, waiting for the post.

Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and distributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. Lord bless us, what a big un!"

"Let me take it upstairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Child.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rested on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large careless hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bearing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal—his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knocked at the dressing-room door.

Miss Child opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for me, for me!" And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lenuel Rochdale, Esq."

She stood looking down at them with a bewildered air; then searched through the envelope. It was blank—quite blank.

"What does he mean, mamma? I—don't—understand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did. "Go away, Martha," she said hoarsely, shutting me out at the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor like a stone.

ENGLISH QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY DR. DOKAN.

WHEN Stanislaus Leckzinski was consoling himself for the loss of his throne in Poland, by inventing pleasant little dishes in Lorraine, he one day, after perusing a letter which he had just received, took off his apron, entered the room of his daughter, and exclaimed joyfully, "My child, you are queen of France!" Marie Leckzinski listened to the announcement with pleasure; and in a note which she soon after despatched to her dear friend the "grande maréchale," she registered the sentiment that "it was mercy in kings to render justice, and that it was justice in queens to exercise mercy." The sentiment was better than the spelling by which it was expressed; and the sentiment was a plagiarism. It belonged to Bathilde.

Who, then, was Bathilde?

She was the English housekeeper of a French noble, and consort of Clovis II., king of France.

Bathilde, when a child, was picking up shells on the southern coast of England. She was described by a French pirate, who, knowing her market value, lauded, seized her, and with his prize set sail for St. Valery. As he carried her ashore, he tried to comfort the weeping captive by telling her that she should serve none but a noble. The girl looked up smilingly through her tears, and remarked:

"I have had a dream. The ever-fasting St. Gildas has told me that I shall live in a house where nobles shall serve me."

"Why, little Saxon," said the free-trader, "you would then be a queen——"

"Whose justice it is to execute mercy, while it is the mercy of kings to render justice."

The mayor of the palace of Clovis II., an official whose name is written in such various ways that it is easier to give him none than pause to make a choice, heard the words of the little maiden, and purchased her of her owner, for a couple of handfuls of gold and a front-tooth of St. Apollonia.

The pirate sold the tooth at Bonn for as much gold as he had already received. It was purchased by a wicked lord of Kreuzburg, who presented it to the church there, and became easy in his mind for ever after.

To this day it is resorted to by Rhinelanders suffering from anguish of any sort in the jaws. It cures all who do not go away unrelieved.

Clovis II. saw the youthful Bathilde grow up in the house of his great officer. He admired the prudence with which so young a manager presided over the servile household; and the self-denial with which the beautiful Saxon slave would sometimes wait on her companions in bondage. He thought of her when she was absent till he grew perplexed. To relieve him from his perplexity he summoned a council, announced to the members his determination to marry the beautiful girl from England, and finally asked their advice.

That they agreed readily to all he proposed is clear, from the fact that Clovis espoused her within a week. The first act of the young English queen of the Franks was to manumit all Christian slaves in France, and to enact that none but infidels should ever again be in bonds to another within her and her husband's land.

"Within my land," suggested Clovis; "and, moreover, queens are incapable of enacting."

What the laughing Saxon answered is not known. That she did not yield, yet may have compromised, is most certain. From that day forth, down to the last of the Valois (and possibly old Marolles may carry down the fashion even later), it was the established custom for each married king in France to commence business with the royal council by assuring them that he had previously "thought it over" with the queen. "Il s'était avisé avec la reine."

Nothing could possibly be more gallant, nor, generally speaking, more untrue.

If Clovis II. had a fault to find with his Saxon consort, it was, perhaps, that she was too regardless of expense in founding monasteries and endowing churches; too prodigal of attendance at religious revivals in old convents; and a little too much addicted to follow the advice of Bishop Eligius rather than his own.

If these were faults, Bathilde would *not* be cured of them. She continued to lavish her revenue upon pious purposes, and erected almost as many magnificent abbeys and cathedrals in France, as under Stephen there were subsequently erected castles in England. The name of this English queen in France was connected with the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the country. She impoverished her husband, but she served the Church. There is very logical proof, for those who will receive it, to show that she was right. The English Bathilde had three sons. They all reigned in succession; and they are the only three brothers who ascended the French throne without a change of dynasty immediately following.

Capet, Valois, and Bourbon,—each of these lines came to an end with three brothers, kings in their turn.

When Bathilde became a widow she exhibited a little inconsistency by wearing superb dresses, decorated with costly gems. Like Queen Charlotte, when the regency was established, and George III. was politically dead, she broke out into a flutter of enjoyment. It did not last long. St. Eligius, then ~~defunct~~, appeared to her in a vision, and placed before her ~~and~~'s eye so startling a picture, representing how frivolous widows in this world were condemned, undraped, to ride ungovernable steeds with red-hot saddles on their backs in the next, that Bathilde sold all her finery, raised a magnificent monument with the proceeds to the

memory of the defunct prelate, and retired for ever into a convent, where the discipline was strict, and the table excruciable.

Bathilde died towards the end of the seventh century; was canonised, and permitted to share the honours of the 30th of January, with two other ladies, St. Martina and St. Aldegenda. The somewhat noble name by which *we* call her was, probably, not her own; for, according to old French authors, the true appellation of the first English queen of Franco was—*BUTTER*!

After all, the name is not ignoble. The Butters have been landowners in Scotland from the days of Kenneth M'Alpine.

It is unnecessary to do more than record the fact that the English princess Ogino shared the throne of the French king, Charles the Simple. This marriage, however, led to the first Anglo-French alliance which ever existed. Louis d'Outre-Mer was the son of Ogine; and her brother Athelstan, king of England, sent a fleet to aid his nephew against his powerful enemies.

The most remarkable of our English princesses who have worn a crown-in-matrimonial in Franco was, without doubt, "Madame Marie," as our neighbours called our Mary Tudor, who married a French king and loved an English noble.

This sister of Henry VIII. was sought by four lovers; Albert of Austria, Charles of Spain, Louis XII., and Charles Brandon, who won his dukedom of Suffolk on the field of Flodden. Of these, she married the French king and the English subject. When her imperious brother "sold" her to Louis XII.,—that Louis who wins our sympathy, as the Duke of Orleans, in *Quentin Durward*, and who was already twice a widower,—Mary appealed to that mercy which in sovereigns is justice; but she appealed in vain. She was placed on board the least lively-looking tub of the royal fleet at Dover; and prayers were piled up to St. Wulfran to carry her safely into his own harbour of Boulogne.

Never was bridal party so tempest-tost as this. The authorities at Boulogne fired away half their ammunition, with the double purpose of signalling and greeting. No power of helm, nor skill of pilot, could persuade any one of the royal tubs to roll into the port where crowds of the French aristocracy were in waiting to welcome the English bride. The whole fleet, bride's own especial tub-yacht and the tubs of convoy, rolled obstinately ashore, three leagues to the east of the harbour they could not make. As long as land was made, the marriage-party cared little how it was effected. In a brief time they were all afoot on the sandy beach. The spot was wild, and the travellers, knights, and ladies looked in woful plight, in dragged silks and well-frenched plumes, dull, dismal, and disgusted;—all save one, a certain Anne Boleyn, who was in attendance on Madame Marie, and whose spirits not even the rough ocean could daunt.

Then came the fishing population, crying *Noël!* and *Dieu Gard!* and then some tents were pitched and pennons displayed; and the dreary locality began to wear an air of gaiety, when in rode the Duke de Longueville and a brilliant train from Boulogne, inquiring for the bride, who was weeping or sleeping within a hut fresh hung with tapestry, and surrounded by a score of tents and chilly knights in damp and rusted armour.

All the accounts of the *upholtery* of the scene and its cost may be found in the French state-paper office. With respect to the actors, the gallant knights of Picardy, when they saw the fair and youthful "Madame Marie"—she was but sixteen—protested that her royal brother was well justified in calling her the "Pearl of England." The dresses of the bride excited as great admiration on the part of the French ladies, who unanimously allowed that the 1,000,000 crowns promised by the king of France to his cousin of England could not be considered an exorbitant price for such a "pearl"—even supposing that his majesty ever paid the money.

Louis was awaiting his bride with impatience at Abbeville. Hearing at length that the princess was fairly on her

way, the infirm king climbed into his saddle, and trotted with as much vigour as his debility would bear, to meet her. They met a mile or two from the albatial city. Louis rode close up to her side, and swore an unsavoury oath that she was even more beautiful than report had made or artist limned her. The ill-assorted pair were received at the gates of the city with a world of medieval pomp, and a dreadful amount of ponderous compliment. The cathedral had never seen such splendour as on the occasion of the dazzling marriage-ceremony, which had not long been concluded when all the young bride's English attendants were dismissed by order of the royal husband. Exception was made of Anne Boleyn and two other ladies, who witnessed with more delight than the bride the never-ending festival which celebrated the event. That event took place on the 9th of October 1514. Three months later Louis was in his tomb at St. Denis; and within another quarter of a year the happy young queen-dowager of France was publicly married at Greenwich to the man of her heart, Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Of the two daughters who survived this union, one, Frances, married Gray marquis of Dorset, and subsequently Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane Grey was one of three daughters, issue of this marriage, and heiress, as her foolish partisans thought, to the crown, by right of her grandmother and her Protestantism.

Finally, the English queen-dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk was at the head of a happy household in the ducal mansion in the Borough. The dust of the last English princess who sat on the French throne lies beneath the altar in the old abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's,—fitting place of rest for queen and duchess.



VILLA AND COTTAGE DESIGNS.

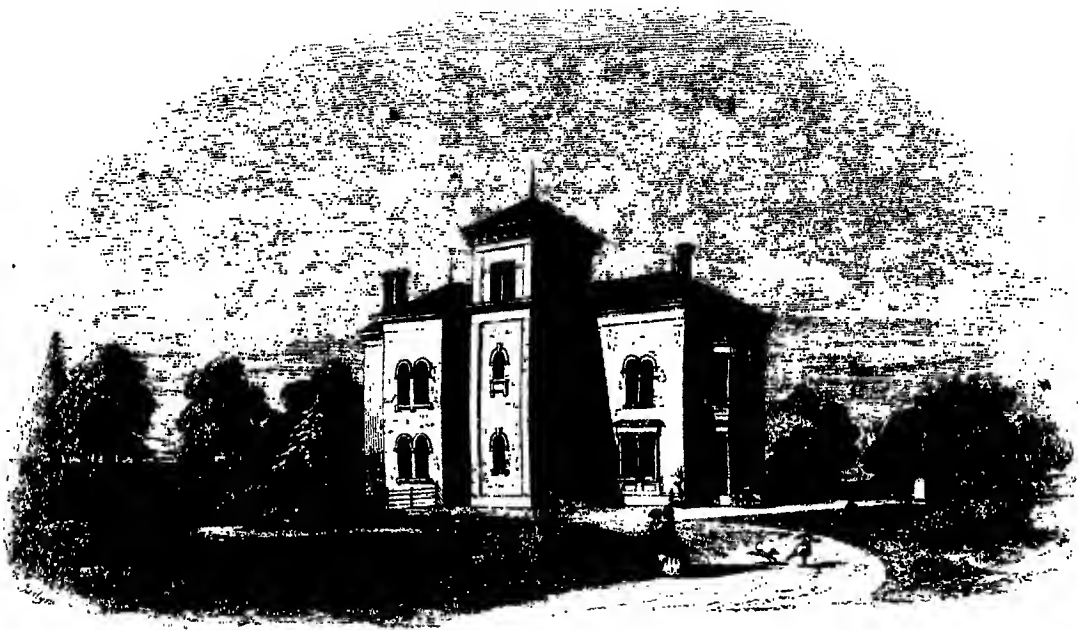
BY E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

Of all the Fine Arts, Architecture is especially that which most closely entwines with home comforts and social joys. The conductors of this periodical have therefore deemed the introduction of designs of the accompanying description peculiarly appropriate to a magazine whose object is to reach many homes, and be thus incidentally suggestive of much that will be found of practical value in enhancing their comfort and attractiveness. It is somewhat remarkable that in the multiplicity of our periodical literature there is to be found no journal which includes the regular introduction of illustrations fulfilling requirements so universally felt as those of convenient and truly habitable dwellings. The importance of the subject hardly admits of exaggeration. Regarding it only with respect to the preservation of health, although it may be urged that happiness is not the invariable consequence of a healthy home, still it can never long continue in one which is positively unhealthy. Great as is the influence on a man's daily comfort, and also on the healthiness and refinement of his mind, of the house in which he lives and its appurtenances, and important as it is that he should possess a certain amount of general information respecting its erection and fittings, the subject is scarcely touched upon in other than professional periodicals, more immediately addressed to those whose business is in some degree connected with building operations. This is the more surprising when we reflect that such matters are really of very considerable interest as well as importance. As Sir Henry Wotton observes,—“Architecture can want no

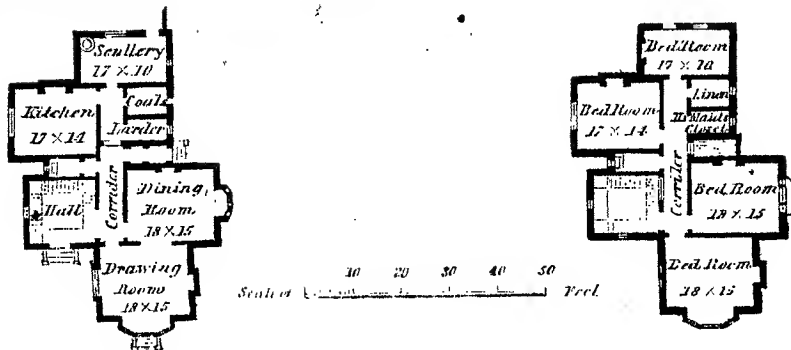
commendation where there are noble men and noble minds;” and its successful cultivation, and the general understanding of it, will be observed always to mark a period of high civilisation and great material comfort.

The rise of freehold land and building societies is indicative of the fact that people are beginning to apply the same principle to architecture which regulates their investments in other objects,—that principle which teaches that the ready-made article, however low-priced and readily obtained, is far less suited to individual requirements than one which is ordered, and made exactly fitted to the purpose. Cheapness and rapidity of possession may be placed in one scale, and durability, appropriateness, and true economy in the other. This is well evidenced in the difficulty in the choice of a dwelling. Multitudinous as are the houses to be let or sold, how rarely is it possible for an adventurer to procure one precisely suited to his requirements! Residences are now built rather for speculative purposes and to make money, than for habitation, durability, and convenience. We do not pretend that the societies mentioned have remedied the evil; but they indicate the existence of a desire in many to live in houses designed expressly for themselves, rather than reside in others in which the aim to meet all tastes often results in a manifest deficiency of real adaptation to any person in particular. It is obvious that no series of designs can meet exactly a universality of requirements. Those about to be submitted are intended to be suggestive of internal arrangements and decorative effects, easily admitting of modification, and which may even indicate to those not versed in architecture their actual wants, vague and undefined prior to looking over a number of examples. So far it will be our effort to suit many tastes and many purses, by ranging from model cottages for labourers and mechanics to country villas and town residences for the middle and higher classes. We shall endeavour to combine structural economy, considering it also with especial reference to health and comfort, with fairness of aspect and picturesque effect. Deformity, indeed, is never cheap, and ugly forms are often far more expensive than those dictated by a truthful and correct taste. To make the exterior of a house in some degree pleasing is a duty which the builder owes to the public at large; for he has no right to put up that which will continue a permanent eyesore in the neighbourhood, and an offence to the passengers in the street. We will take the liberty with Lord Bacon's observation to say that “houses are built to live in and to look on;” and “every man's proper mansion, house, and home, being the theater of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his sonnet's inheritance, a kind of private principedom, nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned.”

The accompanying design is for a small villa, in which the forms of Italian architecture have suggested the production of an economical amount of external effect. The irregularity of the plan assists the attainment of that variety of outline, freedom from formality, and play of light and shade, which are peculiarly appropriate to country residences, surrounded by the scenery of nature. The accommodation comprises, on the ground-floor, hall, drawing, and dining-rooms, kitchen, scullery, and offices; on the chamber-floor are four bedrooms, together with closets; at the upper part of the tower is a smoking or prospect-room. A door effectually separates the kitchen offices from the other part of the house, thus cutting off disagreeable noises and odours. The staircase is a prominent feature, visible, as it should always be, on entering a house, and conveying the idea of space and airiness. Altogether, the arrangements will be found to be compact and convenient; and the villa may be erected of brickwork, with a few stone dressings, zinc roofs, and good internal fittings, for an average sum of 1300*l.*, taking different country districts.



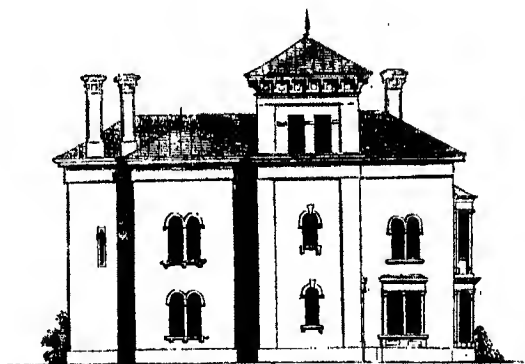
DESIGN FOR A SMALL ITALIAN VILLA.



GROUND PLAN,



FRONT ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.



PAINTED BY HENRY WALLIS.

CHATTERTON.

Out is the branch that might have grown full straight;
And burned it Apollo's laurel-bough.

—SCENES FROM ROCKY EXHIBITIONS. 20.

WALLIS'S CHATTERTON.

ONE of the eminent merits of Hogarth is, that he can tell a story as perfectly by means of pictorial as of written signs. Once give the key-word, and the whole is before us. Mr. Wallis's picture of Chatterton shows the same power; the single word "Chatterton" is a key to the entire tale. The youthful figure of beauty, the tasteful dress, its soiled condition, the beggarly furniture of the attic, the wretched pallet-bed, bring before us the aspirations and the disappointments of the youthful poet. The box of torn papers carries us back to his labours and his letters. The bottle on the ground is evidence as to the mode of death; the candle going out in its socket is a type of the life expired, while at the same time it shows that some hours have elapsed since the act of death. The sickly plant with its leaves turning to the window is another type of the poet's hopes and despairs. The window with its dim glass half-open, and the cheerful sunlight bursting over the roofs of a great city and entering the chamber of death, present another emblem of those contrasts which the short story of the poet comprises. There is not a trait in the most inanimate part of the picture that does not bear upon the story and enforce its moral.

The design complies with other canons of art. When the attention is firmly fixed upon any striking event, the mind naturally becomes so abstracted from other circumstances, that the eye neglects to see them, and the event upon which the mind concentrates itself forms distinctly the centre of a picture. Art is nature taken *e converso*, and when the event has to be presented to the mind in the same forcible manner, it must take the centre of the frame. Nature herself, in the exercise of organic force, tends to the symmetrical; and symmetry is the very vitality of design. The grouping and arrangement of a picture should be perfectly natural; they should be just such as might happen spontaneously, and yet they should also accord with the special requirements of artistic symmetry. We need only point to the woodcut of Mr. Wallis's fine picture for the reader to note how completely this rule is observed. The body forms a curve like an arch of low convexity, above the crown of which the open lattice shows the morning sunshine. The plant is balanced by the curtain, the bed-head and pillow by the table and candlestick, the box by the coat; the poison, lying as the sting of death at the bottom of the picture in the centre, balances the living sunlight above: yet accident could not have arranged all these accessories in a distribution more perfectly natural. Every one of them helps the effect of the story, whilst none of them distract the attention, and their arrangement necessarily leads up the eye to the centre.

THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

2. Theory.

In order to explain how solid bodies are seen in relief by combining two plane pictures in the Stereoscope, we must first explain how the same bodies are seen in relief when we view them with one or with two eyes,—that is, in *monocular* and in *binocular* vision.

When we look at objects with one eye, we feel that some change takes place in the organ in directing it to very near and to very distant objects, just as in using a telescope or opera-glass we pull out the eye-glass when we view near objects, and push it in when we look at distant ones. Philosophers have not determined the exact process by which this is effected in the human eye; but, whatever it is, we feel that in examining near objects we draw down the eyebrows and eyelids,—an action which is accompanied by the contraction of the pupil; whereas in looking at distant objects we open the eye and raise the eyebrows,—an action

which is accompanied by the dilatation of the pupil. In this way we know whether the object is near us or distant from us. In viewing objects of known magnitude, such as men, animals, trees, houses, and the doors and windows of buildings, we estimate their distance by their apparent magnitude. If one man appears to be twice as large as another, we conclude that the smallest is at twice the distance; although if the nearest were a dwarf and the remotest a giant, we should err in our estimate. We judge of distance also from the distinctness or indistinctness of the outline of minute parts of objects, and also from the vivacity of their tints; distinctness and brightness indicating objects that are comparatively near us. We also judge of the distance of any object by the number of objects between ourselves and any other object. A distance at sea, for example, appears always less than the same distance on land; and the sun and moon seem more distant when in the horizon of a flat country covered with a variety of objects than when they are at great altitudes, though in theory they are nearer us. But with all those means of judgment, we err greatly in the estimation of short distances with one eye. Even in a good light, we cannot with one eye snuff a candle or pour wine into a small glass at arm's length. The moment, however, that we open the other eye, we can easily snuff the candle and pour the wine into the glass. For the same reasons the relief of bodies is seen less perfectly with one than with two eyes.

In binocular vision we see two pictures of every object we examine, one being formed by each eye; but the one picture lies above the other, so that they appear to be one—just as two shillings, the one placed above the other, appear to be one. This will be evident if with the finger we push one eyeball a little on one side; the one image will separate from the other, and upon withdrawing the finger the images will return to coincidence and appear single.

In order to see any object single we must direct both eyes to it, so as to lay the image of it given by the left upon the image given by the right eye; but it is only a part of an object that is thus seen single. When we look at the nose of a statue by directing the axes of each eye to it, the ear is seen double; and when we look at the ear and see it single, the nose will appear double. If we place two candles at different distances from the eyes, and nearly in the same line, the nearest will appear double when we see the remotest distinct and single; and when we see the nearest distinct and single, the remotest will appear double. In looking, therefore, at the human face we see no parts of it double, because the two eyes, with inconceivable rapidity, look at every point of it in succession, uniting the optical axes at each point, and seeing it singly and distinctly. When we see the nose distinctly, the optical axes of the eyes are converged upon it, and the distance of the point of convergence from the observer is a measure of its distance. In order to see the ear distinctly, the two axes are converged to a point at a greater distance, and the distance of this point of convergence from the observer is the measure of its distance. When the object is very near, it is a great strain upon the eyes to see it singly and distinctly; whereas, in viewing distant objects, the axes are directed to them without any effort.

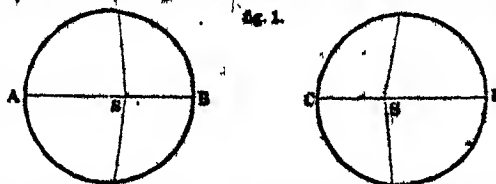
With the aid of these facts we may now understand how, with two eyes, we see the difference between a statue and the most accurate picture of it, and between a scene in nature and the most perfect representation of it. In a picture every part of it is nearly at the same distance from the eye, so that when we look at it we feel that it is upon canvas or paper, because there is no change in the convergency of the optical axes; whereas, in a statue or real landscape, we feel the optical axes converging in rapid succession on the nose, eyes, and ears, or on the objects in the foreground, middle-ground, and background of the landscape, and thus giving us the relative distances of all these points. The relief, therefore, thus obtained by two eyes, which may be called *binocular relief*, is greatly superior to that produced by one eye, which may be called *monocular relief*. If we

place a candlestick or any object upon a table, and look at it with one eye as seen against the opposite wall, without seeing the table between ourselves and the candlestick, it will cover a part of the wall, and it will be difficult to estimate its distance from the wall; but the moment we open the other eye no part of the wall will be hid by the candlestick: its distance will be seen; the two eyes see as it were round it; and this gives us a correct notion of the superiority of binocular to monocular relief.

It is a curious fact, however, that though the relieve of statues and solid bodies is more perfect with two eyes than with one, yet the virtual relieve of a plane picture is much better brought out in monocular than in binocular vision. The two eyes tell us that the picture is on a plane surface, because there is no change in the convergency of their axes; but when we use only one eye we lose this power of ascertaining that there is no relief, and consequently the skill of the artist in giving relief by light and shade is allowed to have its full effect. This fact is finely seen in good photographs, which appear in such excellent relief when seen with one eye that the effect is quite stereoscopic.

In employing these observations to explain the operation of the Stereoscope we must recollect what was stated in the first number, that the pictures of any solid object, as seen by each eye, are dissimilar; and therefore, in order to see objects in relief by combining pictures of them on a plane surface, we must obtain such pictures from the bodies which they represent. Mr. Elliot does not seem to have troubled himself with making dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, such as cones, pyramids, cubes, &c., which as a mathematician he could have easily executed with his own hand. He attacked at once the difficult point of the question, by executing the rude landscape to which we have already referred, and was, beyond all doubt, the first person who united with an instrument two dissimilar landscapes as seen by two eyes. He invented, in short, a landscape in order to put his invention of the Stereoscope to the proof; and he completely succeeded. But as landscapes thus drawn could have neither truth nor beauty, and as photography was not then known, so as to afford him truthful representations of nature as seen with each eye, he prosecuted his invention no further. Mr. Wheatstone, on the other hand, never thought of landscape or portraits, but used dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, which, however striking when raised or sunk into relief, had no permanent interest, and ceased to excite any. After the invention of photography, the first person who proposed to employ it in taking binocular pictures for the Stereoscope was the writer of this paper; and at his suggestion, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrew's, executed

elliptical) base $A B$, with its summit s on the right-hand side of the centre of the circle, so that more of the left-hand side of the cone is seen than of the right-hand side. *Fig. 1.*



we now look at the cone with the right eye, we shall see the summit s on the left-hand side of the base $C D$, so that we now see more of the right-hand side of the cone than of the left-hand side. Now since these two pictures $A B$ and $C D$ of the cone are those which we see by each eye on looking at it, and since, when we combine these pictures by looking at the cone with both eyes, we see it in its own perfect relief, we may reasonably hope, what the experiment confirms, that we shall see a cone in perfect relief when we combine the two pictures $A B$ and $C D$. We must therefore invent some method, either with our own eyes or with an instrument, of uniting the two pictures.

Now there are two methods of doing this with our own eyes. The first is, to place the two dissimilar pictures before the eye, or at the bottom of a box, as Mr. Elliot did, and look at an object farther off than the pictures. Each picture will thus be doubled; and when the right-hand picture of $A B$ comes above the left-hand picture of $C D$, the united pictures will start into perfect relief, and we shall see a raised cone before us like the extinguisher of a candle. But if we double $A B$ and $C D$ by looking at a point between us and the pictures, and combine the two innermost pictures as before, they will form by their union a hollow cone like the inside of the extinguisher. The reverse of this will take place if we place $A B$ where $C D$ is and $C D$ where $A B$ is, the united pictures forming a hollow cone when we converge the axes of our eyes beyond them, and a raised cone when we converge them to a point nearer than the pictures.

This method of uniting the pictures is possessed by very few persons. The first is the most difficult, but the second may be easily acquired. It is therefore of great importance to have an instrument to assist the eyes, and enable them, by looking directly at the pictures themselves, to combine them without any muscular effort.

The Reflecting Stereoscope.

With this view, Mr. Wheatstone proposed the Reflecting

fig. 2.



various portraits, some of which were circulated in England, and sent to Paris.

The method of drawing binocular pictures of solids is very simple, and many curious combinations of cones, pyramids, spheres, &c., may be readily invented and executed. To take the simplest case, let it be required to make dissimilar drawings of a cone as seen by each eye.

Place the solid cone on the table, and looking down upon it, we shall see with the left eye its circular (or slightly

Stereoscope, which is shown in the annexed diagram, where A and B are two pieces of looking-glass about four inches square, so placed as to be inclined 90° to each other.

The binocular pictures are placed at C and D upon upright boards parallel to each other, and inclined 45° to the mirrors or plates of looking-glass $A B$. When the observer stands in front of $A B$, and looks with the left eye into the mirror A , and with the right eye into the mirror B , placing his nose in the hollow X , he will see the two pictures $C D$

erected in front of him by reflection from the mirrors. The instrument shown above was made by Mr. Ross, and is 16 inches long, 6 broad, and 8 high. Besides being a clumsy, expensive, and unmanageable apparatus, it has numerous optical defects. The loss of light by reflection is very great; and indistinctness is produced, as in all glass-mirrors, by the confounding of the image from the quicksilver with the fainter image from the glass. It is also wholly inapplicable to the beautiful binocular pictures now in universal use.

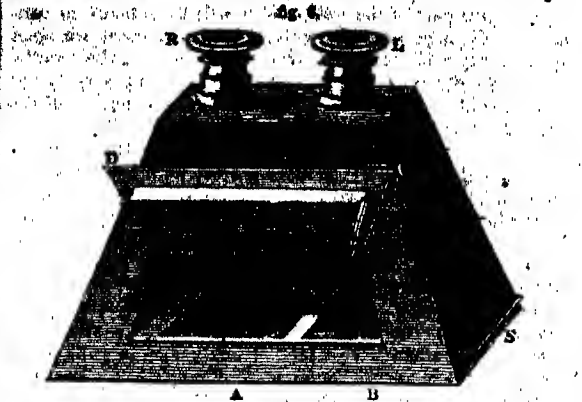
Finding that the Reflecting Stereoscope possessed these and other defects, and was besides ill fitted for general use, the writer contrived the Lenticular Stereoscope,—an instrument which, while it united the two pictures, magnified them at the same time.

The two pictures were placed at the distance of 2½ inches, as shown in the annexed figure, at *a* and *b*; *a* being the portrait of James Watt as seen by the left eye, and *b* the portrait as seen by the right eye.

The method by which these portraits are united in the Lenticular Stereoscope may be thus explained to those who are not acquainted with optics. If we look at fig. 1 with either eye through the centre of a convex glass, with which we see it distinctly at any distance, which is called its focal distance, or focal length, it will be seen in its place and magnified. If we now move the lens from *right* to *left* over *a*, keeping the eye fixed, the portrait *a* will appear to move towards *a*; and when we are looking through the right-hand edge of it, it will have reached the position *c*, half-way between *a* and *b*. If we next place the lens above the portrait *a*, and move it from *left* to *right*, the portrait will appear to move towards *a*; and when we are looking through the left-

hand edge of the lens, the portrait *a* will have reached the position *c*. In these two experiments we have obviously transferred the portrait *a* to *c* by means of the *right-hand* half of the lens, and the portrait *b* to *c* by means of the *left-hand* half of the lens. Hence, if we cut the lens in two, and place the half-lenses, one in front of the portrait *a*, and the other in front of the portrait *b*, at the distance of 2½ inches, the distance between the eyes, which will be the same position in which they were when *a* was transferred

placed by *quarter-lenses* *a* and *b*, which, like semi-lenses, may be cut into a round form and placed in tubes, as shown at *x* and *y* in the next figure, representing the Lenticular Stereoscope.



The Lenticular Stereoscope.

This instrument, shown in fig. 3, consists of a pyramidal box of wood or metal, or any other opaque material, blackened on the inside, and having a lid *c d* for the admission of light when the pictures are opaque. The box is open below, *a* and *b*, in order to let the light pass through the pictures *a* and *b* when they are transparent, in which case the lid *c d* must be shut. Another lid is sometimes added, so as to open externally on the edge opposite to *a* and *b*, for the purpose of exhibiting dissolving views in the Stereoscope. The

fig. 3.



a

b



a

b

bottom of the box is generally covered with ground-glass, the surface of which ought to be very fine, or very fine-grained paper may be used. The top of the box consists of two portions, in one of which is the right-eye tube *x*, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens *e*, fig. 4, and in the other the left-eye tube *y*, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens *u*. These two portions may be advantageously made to approach or recede, in order to suit eyes at different distances from one another; and the tubes containing the lenses should draw out, in order to suit long and short sighted eyes; but they should always be prevented from turning round by means of a fixed brass pin running in a groove cut in the movable tube.

If we now put the binocular picture *a b*, fig. 3, into the aperture at *a*, and place ourselves behind *x* and *y*, we shall, by looking through *a* with the right eye and *y* with the left eye, see the two images *a* and *b* united into one, and in the same perfect relief as the living person whom they represent; surpassing the finest portrait ever painted, and equalling the finest statue ever carved. If we shut either eye, we see only one portrait; but it has now sunk into a flat picture with only monocular relief, but still a relief greater than the best painted pictures can possibly have. Upon opening both eyes, the two portraits will instantly combine and start into the roundness and solidity of life.

to *c* and *a* to *c*, they will stand as in the annexed figure, and we shall see the portraits *a* and *b* united into one at *c*, and standing out in perfect relief. The same effect will be pro-

duced by *quarter-lenses* *a* and *b*, which, like semi-lenses, may be cut into a round form and placed in tubes, as shown at *x* and *y* in the next figure, representing the Lenticular Stereoscope.

THE OPINIONS OF MISS MARTHA TRIMMINS ON FASHIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE,

AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MARRIOTT."

ARE there museums in China?—my reading has not yet certified to me the fact,—are there museums in China? Circumstances have led me to make my abode of late with my uncle, Simon Trimmings, of Crowfleet,—a yeoman-farmer, but an educated man, who is endeavouring to retrieve his losses in recent scientific speculations by the sedulous cultivation of a little farm in the north-west of Yorkshire. His success is very doubtful, for he has private agricultural theories to which this rugged soil does not take kindly; and though his land is worked on the best and newest principles, it yields him but scanty crops, and is not remunerative even to the extent of the labour bestowed upon it.

But what has this to do with museums in China? Much. The question is not mine, but Uncle Simon's. He says it would be a good speculation to take one out, if the opening is not already filled up; and that should his farm answer no better this season than it has done the two last, he shall lay out the wreck of his fortune in the purchase of curiosities for the instruction and delectation of the celestials.

And what, it may be asked, are these curiosities to be?

A judiciously selected series of the raiment of both sexes that has been fashionable during the last half-century. I advise Uncle Simon to go further back, and make a sort of historical thing of it; but men ever dislike a suggestion from a woman, so that my remark, though prompted by none but kind and sagacious motives, has but fixed him in his first design.

His allusion to the antics of fashion has led me to consider the subject,—a fertile and delightful one surely; and causes me to inquire why that arrogant power is suffered to be so imperative as to force upon us garments equally unbecoming and uncomfortable, and which in our souls we loathe while we wear them. Let it be understood, that in using the plural pronoun *we*, I allude to my sex generally: Martha Trimmings *individually* would scorn to be tyrannised over by a bonnet in the nape of her neck, or a gown a foot in the mud.

Not being imaginative, but simply observant, I will describe three rustic belles—our squire's daughters—who visited my uncle's farm in search of silver-pheasants for their poultry-yard soon after I came to Crowfleet. It was in February. I was airing myself in the garden after our midday repast, when I descried the trio in question coming up the road through the cow-pasture. At first I took them for Dutch broom-girls, but they had no organ; then for Newhaven fishwives; but as they approached nearer I perceived they were only ladies in masquerade,—no, not masquerade,—in what they considered an appropriate rural costume. They passed me with a manly majesty of step and gait which confounded all the feminine punctilios that my dear mother had ever instilled into my mind. A second observation, however, somewhat modified the severity of my first opinion; for I saw three bonnie bewitching girlish faces laughing under their ugly head-gear, and ankles, which, if too liberally exposed, were at least well turned and neatly dressed. But there was a Cochin-China-fowliness about the petticoats that I could not admire; the gowns being looped in festoons nearly to the knee, displayed below—not very far below—a margin of skirt striped in black and scarlet, prettily contrasted with a gaiter of brown cloth, which fitted over high-heeled leather-boots, laced up the front through little brass-holes. Short loose shag-jackets, with a pocket at either side for the reception of the hands, the trio wore; and that, by independent taste they seemed to have exercised with their hats. The eldest, a sparkling arch-eyed beauty, wore a wide-awake, ornamented with a little horse-shoe and red feathers; the next, a rosy-cheeked blue-eyed beauty, was almost eclipsed under a huge

brown straw-mushroom; and the youngest and prettiest of the three rejoiced in a pert, turned-up, consequential little hat, like an archdeacon's, with a fierce velvet cockade at one side and a big bow under the chin.

They all walked clear away over the ground, stepping high and dry, like women who have their liberty and know how to use it; but I could not help thinking how much sweeter and how much more fascinating they would have looked, if, in the general and striking effect of their appearance, there had been rather less imitation of the—the other sex (I cannot write the *bolder*, the *nobler*, or the *stranger* sex in this enlightened age). This style of attire was the winter's fashion at Crowfleet, and Uncle Simon intends to have exact copies of these three figures for his oriental museum. Even the representatives of the late Madame Tussaud,—that ingenious and public-spirited woman,—might exhibit them as a novel attraction to sight-seeing Londoners.

Behold this pretty trio of sisters on Sundays and fetid days; they then wear the most ultra-fashionable of bonnets, depending from the backs of their heads upon their necks: in vain they have little curly feathers of blushing rose twirling over the edge, and the most delicate of flowers beneath: the whole face projects out from them, and the eyes, whistled at by rude and inconsiderate Yorkshire breezes, look weeping and uncomfortable; and the accurate little Greek noses sympathise with the tint of the tiny plumes aforementioned, while the general hue of the countenance is pale-bluish lilac. When I see them thus my soul hankers for the cottage-bonnet of my youth, when a pretty face was doubly charming half-hidden under the neat and modest shelter. Who will restore the cottage-bonnet, or, better still, the picturesque gipsy-hat, with blue ribbons or pink? The gipsy-hat, in simple Leghorn or chip, is the most becoming head-tire that can be worn by young maidens: it was some enemy to the sex that introduced the bare-faced wide-awake.

Hear these fair damsels combine with their Abigail for the composition and construction of new dresses. They will have braces! Braces? Frightfully suggestive word to those three young gentlemen who are about to unite their fates to the squire's lovely daughters! Braces!—for what *can* they be a preparation? have they a mysterious significance of that garment which British prejudice forbids her maidens to wear visibly, but which their ambitious little hearts ever desire to assume when they are transferred to the connubial hearth? Martha Trimmings hopes and trusts not; her soul revolts at the suspicion. Much better revert to the days of hoops, powder, and patches, than descend to an ungraceful imitation of the ruder sex. By the by, as we are reverting to those days, what is the name of that unmanageable trellis-work petticoat, hoop above hoop, which never will sit down with propriety? What an absurd invention! O, for the time of short waists and limp robes, when every soft and beautiful undulation of the form was veiled, but not disguised! I saw a lady a day or two ago whom I can compare to nothing but a water-but in tarlatan.

Uncle Simon has another model in view for his projected museum, namely, the young gentleman of the genus "fast," whose dress is "loud." (Allow me to mention parenthetically the necessity that has arisen of late years for a popular dictionary. New meanings have been arbitrarily affixed to the most respectable of old words; and notwithstanding my natural acuteness, I am perpetually at fault in conversation with young people. Nephew John told me yesterday, in a complimentary manner, that I was a "jolly old soul," and a "regular brick;" *jolly* and *brick* were not complimentary in my youth. But I say no more.) This male figure—we have seen the original many times—will wear a shirt-front ornamented with a steeple-chase design, and further garnished with studs of oxidised silver representing impish faces; trousers of the cross-gartered banded or intersected-ladder pattern; a coat with wide sleeves approaching the Turkish style; a tie with crimson ends; and

one of those shiny cylindrical hats which are the chief outward and visible sign of the integrity and respectability of the British gentleman. For how bravely, how self-sacrificingly, how constantly do they adhere to these! enduring the discomfort stoically on all public occasions, though in privacy they yield their brows to a less rigid and more seemly head-gear.

Who would see a physician in a wide-awake? Who would put faith in the doctrine of an archbishop in a Scotch bonnet? What criminal would tremble before a policeman in a straw-bengie? I touch the subject delicately, decorously. I know how valuable in the sight of every well-conditioned Englishman is that venerable institution—The Hat. I have a lurking approval of it myself quite unaccountable, because I have laboured to divest myself of prejudice; yet if Uncle Simon Trimmings were to offer me his arm to church in his every-day straw-hat, I would not take it. No; I hope I know what is due to me better than to allow such disrespect. When the present hat is abolished, and not till then, shall I feel that the British constitution is in danger; for it will show that the nation is becoming forgetful of itself, and declining into Capua luxury. But enough of hats. When the Orientals see those which Uncle Simon will take out, I expect that one will be immediately added to their *répertoire* of instruments of torture, and that rows of criminals in hats will be exposed every sunshiny day as a terror to evil-doers. Should the case prove as I predict, we shall hear of it through the illustrated papers.

When does a girl cease to be a girl?—I ask the question advisedly, for it is immediately connected with the theme of dress,—when does a girl cease to be a girl? A few days since a lady, aged sixty-eight, alluded to her sister, aged sixty-six, in my presence, as a "poor dear girl." They are both unmarried, therefore that might perhaps be the reason; but such loose ways of speaking give rise to mistakes as regards suitable periods of attire: not to any other mistakes—O no!—let a lady of mature years be dressed in the very tenderest lamb-fashion, and nine out of ten in the company will overrate her age.

Than "a certain age" no age is more uncertain; and it has ever been my ambition to fix dates to the various turning-points of life, that this vagueness may be done away with. Coming from one of the sex, herself an independent spinster of forty-six, no offence to the tender susceptibilities of the sisterhood can be intended; and Martha Trimmings, who is above the foolish weakness of trying to appear what she is not, hopes that none will be taken.

The following, then, are my dates: open to correction and discussion certainly; but I think the arrangement perfect. Childhood reaches to the delicious age of sixteen, and then begins the reign of girlish beauty, hope, fancy, and innocent gaiety; a girl, being unmarried at twenty, becomes a woman; at twenty-five she is a woman of experience; at thirty she is an old maid; at thirty-five every symptom of juvenility ought to have given place to a staid useful solidity, which marks the woman of a recognised vocation, who has got into her solitary niche and found plenty to do there; at forty, if she has developed her amiability at every opportunity, she ought to be a "dear old thing," with the warmest interest in the love-affairs of the "young things," a fund of patience, stories, and bonbons for children, sensible talk for her elders, and a well-stored mind for herself. And beyond this women need not count. To the end of their lives they must be "clever old things," "good old things," "dear darling old things," kind and helpful to every body, as if they were universal maiden-aunts. But let them not indulge in balloon-petticoats, in gossamer raiment, in pointed elbows, in denuded shoulders, in artificial garlands amongst hair that time has touched with silver. O my sisters, grow old gracefully; and let the name of Old Maid cease to be a reproach in the land, and the cause of mocking to irreverent youth. I call upon the fashion-books henceforward to publish designs of attire suitable to the seven ages of women; and if the proprietors are at a loss, let them apply

to Martha Trimmings, and she will be proud and happy to help them out of their dilemma.

Uncle Simon is going to have two figures, similarly arrayed, for his Celestial Museum. The one is to be a blooming girl of eighteen, the other an elderly young lady of forty-three. The best artist in wax in Europe will be engaged to model them from nature; and when the time comes, I shall propose that, previous to their being sent out of the country, they make the tour of all the county-balls, and stand in the vestibules, in conspicuous lights, for the inspection of their originals.

Perhaps the idea might be carried out with the other sex; but as their deceptions go no further than wigs and dye for the hair, which deceive nobody but the wearers, the expense would be useless; besides I will leave them to the reformers among themselves, of whom there is generally more than a sufficiency on hand, either of the Trimmings or Cleverboots family.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed and stamped.]

EMERSON ON ENGLAND.

THE test of genius is success: England is the most successful of nations, therefore the nation possessing the greatest genius; but she has reached the culminating point, and henceforth only decline is to be expected. Such is the opinion pronounced by the American sage on our country; and this is the theory of Mr. Emerson's book, entitled *English Traits*,* at present the theme of English criticism and the study of English readers.

This same notion of England's decline is due rather to a phase of the American mind than to any pressing fact demanding general recognition. Mr. Emerson's may be readily accepted as the highest type of that mind. The national intellect itself, however, should not be taken as a simple individuality, representing nothing but its own inner life and character. Such a proposition American literature will not permit us to affirm, indebted as it is to foreign sources for thoughts and images, and hitherto presenting too little that is properly American in its poetry, philosophy, and romance. Mr. Emerson's own mind owes much confessedly to Cousin, Swedenborg, and Carlyle; and the general American himself, as our author is careful to acknowledge, "is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious;" nay, Mr. Emerson gives it as his opinion that the American must continue to be such so long as he refuses to grant copyright to the English author,—for even so long must the Englishman be the teacher of the American. In some sort, however, he contends that the mind of every other country is similarly circumstanced: French, Turk, Chinese, even "the Russian in his snows, is aiming to be English." In a word, "the culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims."

The phase of the American mind to which we have alluded, accordingly, may be that of other countries also; and we think that we have heard of this theory of decline from other quarters: wherefore it behoves us to heed well what truth or error it may contain.

The notion we have cited will, we believe, be generally found coexistent with the writer's ignorance of what is or is not English, and may, indeed, be accepted as a gauge of his want of information. And thus it will happen, that where a foreigner appreciates England, he will in general be found to be tolerably accurate in his detail; where he depreciates, to be largely inaccurate. This is, at any rate,

* Published by G. Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street.

the case with Mr. Emerson: nor is it any depreciation of his merit to state so much. The knowledge of a foreigner regarding another land and people is necessarily imperfect. Added to this, Mr. Emerson has a peculiar source of error. Habitually an idealist, in undertaking to portray our country and manners he has passed out of that inner and individual life in which he has hitherto consented to be (in his own phrase) "imprisoned," and suddenly made acquaintance with unaccustomed objects, relative to some of which his first impressions are necessarily incorrect.

Mr. Emerson may find an excuse in the composite character of the English people, which, as he states, betrays a mixed origin, and which, being contradictory in itself, justifies contradictory opinions in reference to it:

"Every thing English," says our philosopher, "is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the names of men are of different nations,—three languages, three or four nations; the currents of thought are counter: contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise and devoted use and wont; aggressive freedom and hospitable law, with bitter class-legislation; a people scattered by their wars and affairs over the face of the whole earth, and homelick to a man; a country of extremes,—dukes and chartists, Bishops of Durham and naked heathen collars;—nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salves of cordial praise."

There is a difference, according to Mr. Emerson, between "the World's Englishman" and the Englishman of different districts. The world's Englishman, he tells us, is a Londoner; but then London itself, he likewise informs us, is not only an "immense city they have builded," but a "London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town." We may, then, accept it rather as a state than a place. Such a Londoner has Mr. Emerson's good word. He is, indeed, a sort of model man, decidedly a gentleman, and thoroughly trustworthy. Englishmen of the type intended insure the "faithful performance of what is undertaken to be performed; they honour it in themselves, and exact it in others as certificate of equality with themselves. The modern world is theirs; they have made and make it day by day. The commercial relations of the world are so intimately drawn to London, that every dollar on earth contributes to the strength of the English government. And if all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it."

Of our national decline, Mr. Emerson detects the chief symptom in our national literature. Our neglect of the ideal philosophy is his chief complaint; and a grave complaint enough it were, should we be compelled to register the charge. "Coleridge, a catholic mind, with a hunger for ideas, with eyes looking before and after to the highest bards and sages, and who wrote and spoke the only high criticism in his time, is (he says) one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing the capacity to appreciate what rarest wit the island has yielded. Yet even in him the traditional Englishman was too strong for the philosopher, and he fell into accommodations."

Whatever was true in this censure of Mr. Emerson's in 1838, when he first visited England, has long since outgrown its applicability. For several years now has Transcendentalism been well known in England: it has its students at the universities, such as Dr. Whewell; and in our great reviews its principles and terminologies are habitually used as recognised data in all philosophical, or even scientific investigations. The English mind has assimilated the truths contained in the system without parading the system itself; and this, too, is the English manner of acting in such cases. Idealism is quite as vital as ever it was to us; and of idealists we have not a few, perhaps one or two too many.

Mr. Emerson is not always consistent. The tendency of our institutions, he thinks, is to republicanism; and that of the United States to a condition of no-government, in which each man's moral nature will be a sufficient safe-

guard. One should have thought that, on his own principles, Mr. Emerson would not have described such a tendency as a symptom of decline; and, for America, if ever she arrive at the predicated theocratic perfection, and anticipate in it all other nations, her enthusiastic philosopher might well predict that the final "elasticity and hope of the world must remain on the Alleghany ranges;" for a people that had attained to such self-government would easily govern the rest of the race. The only political accusation, however, made by Mr. Emerson in regard to England's decline, is our complicity, contrary to all former wont, with Louis Napoleon. But he forgets that our alliance is in reality with the French people, and that it took its rise in a principle of political justice quite consonant with the genius of this country. England compromised no national idea even for a gain so costly as the French alliance: France recognised English doctrines.

On the whole, Mr. Emerson gives a highly-coloured picture of English excellence, under the various aspects of "race," "ability," "manners," "truth," "character," "wealth," "aristocracy," "religion," "literature," and our education at the universities, which last perhaps he overrates. The traits he most admires in us are those that reflect similar points in American character. But even should the United States, or any of the European nations, win the goal of national perfectibility, and leave England any where behind, still England, according to Mr. Emerson's own showing, might claim the triumph. The result would be only that her Soul had transmigrated, and asserted its immortality in the form of the successful country, since, according to him, it is with her spirit, and hers alone, that every people is at present seeking to be inspired. The Englishman, it should seem, is not confined to a place; but is, *par excellence*, the Citizen of the World.

A SONNET. BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

DIED on the 20th of September 1856, at Morningside, near Edinburgh, Dr. Samuel Brown, well known and dear to the fit and few throughout England and Scotland.

He was struck with mortal illness when on the eve of completing the scientific labours to which his splendid talents had been devoted; and after eight years of patient pain and unconquered hope, was obliged to leave the demonstration of his discoveries to the good fortune of future times.

He came with us to thy great gates, O Thou
Unopened Age. Our noise was like the wind
Chafing the wordy Deep: but broad and blind
They stood unmoved. Then He—we knew not how—
Laid forth his hand upon them. Lo, they grind
Revolving thunders! Lo, on his dark brow
The unknown light! Lo, Azrael came behind,
And touched him! They clanged back, and all was Now.
We wondered and forgot. But he, unbent,
With eye still strained to the forbidden day,
Towered in the likeness of his great intent,
As if his act should be his monument,
Till Azrael pitied such sublime dismay,
And led him onward by another way.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE ladies did not appear at lunch. Word was sent down stairs that Miss Childe was "indisposed." I could not by any means get to see Mrs. Rochdale, though I hung about the house all day. Near dark, I received a message that the mistress wanted me.



REPOSE. STUDY OF A BABE IN MARBLE, BY A MUNRO.

She was sitting in the dining-room, without lights. She sat as quiet, as motionless, as a carved figure. I dared not speak to her; I trembled to catch the first sound of her voice—my friend, my mistress, my dear Mrs. Rochdale!

"Martha!"

"Yes, madam."

"I wish, Martha"—and there the voice stopped.

I hardly know what prevented my saying or doing, on the impulse, things that the commonest instinct told me, the moment afterwards, ought to be said and done by no one—certainly not by me—at this crisis, to Mrs. Rochdale. So, with an effort, I stood silent in the dim light—as silent and motionless as herself.

"I wish, Martha"—and her voice was steady now—"I wish to send you on a message, which requires some one whom I can implicitly trust."

My heart was at my lips; but of course I only said, "Yes, madam."

"I want you to go down to the village, to the—the young person at the baker's shop."

"Nancy Hine."

"Is that her name? Yes, I remember: Nancy Hine. Bring her here—to the manor-house; without observation, if you can."

"To-night, madam?"

"To-night. Make any excuse you choose; or rather, make no excuse at all. Say Mrs. Rochdale wishes to speak to her."

"Any thing more?" I asked softly, after a considerable pause.

"Nothing more. Go at once, Martha."

I obeyed implicitly. Much as this my mission had surprised, nay, startled me, I knew Mrs. Rochdale always

did what was wisest, best to do, under the circumstances. Also, that her combined directness of purpose and strength of character often led her to do things utterly unthought of by a weaker or less single-hearted woman.

Though a misty September moonlight, I walked blindly on in search of Nancy Hine.

She was having a lively gossip at the bakehouse-door. The fire showed her figure plainly. Her large rosy arms, whitened with flour, were crossed over her decent working-gown. People allowed—even the most censorious—that Nancy was, in her own home, an active industrious lass, though too much given to dress of Sundays, and holding herself rather above her station every day.

"Nancy Hine, I want to speak with you a minute."

"O, do you, Martha Stretton? Speak out, then. No secrets here."

Her careless, not to say rude, manner irritated me. I just turned away and walked down the village. I had not gone many yards when Nancy's hand was on my shoulder; and with a loud laugh at my sudden start, she pulled me by a back door into the shop.

"Now then?"

The baker's daughter folded her arms in a rather defiant way. Her eyes were bright and open. There was in her manner some excitement, coarseness, and boldness; but nothing unvirtuous—nothing to mark the fallen girl whom her neighbours were pointing the finger at. I could not loathe her quite as much as I had intended.

"Now then?" she repeated.

I delivered Mrs. Rochdale's message, word for word.

Nancy seemed a good deal surprised—not shocked, or alarmed, or ashamed—merely surprised.

"Wants me, does she? Why?"

"She did not say."

"But you guess, of course. Well, who cares? Not I."

Yet her brown handsome face changed colour. Her hands nervously fidgeted about—taking off her apron, "making herself decent," as she called it. Suddenly she stopped.

"Has there been any letter—any news—from young Mr. Rochdale?"

"I believe there has; but that is no business of—"

"Mine, you mean, oh? Come, don't be so sharp, Martha Stretton. I'll go with you, only let me put on my best bonnet first."

"Nancy Hine," I burst out, "do you think it can matter to Mrs. Rochdale whether you go in a queen's gown or a beggar's rags, except that the rags might suit you best? Come just as you are."

"I will," cried Nancy, glaring in my face; "and you, Martha, keep a civil tongue, will you? My father's daughter is as good as yours, or your mistress's either. Get out of the shop. I'll follow 'so. I hean't afeard."

That broad accent—broadening as she got angry—those abrupt awkward gestures!—what could the young squiro, his mother's son, who had lived with that dear mother all his days, have seen attractive in Nancy Hine?

But similar anomalies of taste have puzzled, and will puzzle, every body—especially women, who in their attachments generally see clearer and deeper than men—to the end of time.

Nancy Hine walked in sullen taciturnity to the manor-house. It was already late—nearly all the household were gone to bed. I left the young woman in the hall, and went up to Mrs. Rochdale.

She was sitting before her dressing-room fire absorbed in thought. In the chamber close by—in the large state-bed which Mrs. Rochdale always occupied, where generations of Rochdales had been born and died—slept the gentle girl whose happiness had been so cruelly betrayed. For that the engagement was broken, and for sufficient cause, Mr. Rochdale's answer, or rather non-answer, to his mother's plain letter made now certain, almost beyond a doubt.

"Hush, don't wake her," whispered Mrs. Rochdale, hurriedly. "Well, Martha?"

"The young woman—shall I bring her, madam?"

"What, here?" Words cannot describe the look of repulsion, hatred, horror, which for a moment darkened Mrs. Rochdale's face. Perhaps the noblest human being, either man or woman, is born, not passionless, but with strong passions to be subjected to firm will. If at that moment—one passing moment—she could have crushed out of existence the girl who had led away her son—for Nancy was older than he, and "no fool")—I think Mrs. Rochdale would have done it.

The next instant she would have done nothing of the kind; nothing that a generous Christian woman might not do.

She rose up, saying quietly, "The young person cannot come here, Martha. Bring her into—let me see—into the drawing-room."

There, entering a few minutes after, we found Mrs. Rochdale seated on one of the velvet couches, just in the light of the chandelier.

I do not suppose Nancy Hine had ever been in such a brilliant, beautiful room before. She was apparently quite stunned and dazzled by it; curtsied humbly, and stood with her arms wrapped up in her shawl, vacantly gazing about her.

Mrs. Rochdale spoke. "Nancy Hine, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, my lady. That is—am—yes, ma'am, my name is Nancy."

She came a little forwarder now, and lifted up her eyes more boldly to the sofa. In fact, they both regarded each other long and long—the lady of the manor and the village girl.

I observed that Mrs. Rochdale had resumed her usual evening-dress, and that no trace of mental disorder was visible in her apparel—scarcely even in her countenance.

"I sent for you, Nancy Hine—(Martha, do not go away, I wish that there should be a witness of all that passes between this young woman and myself)—I sent for you on account of certain reports, more injurious to your character, if possible, than even to that of—the other person. Are you aware what reports I mean?"

"Yes, my lady, I be."

"That is an honest answer, and I like honesty," said Mrs. Rochdale, after a prolonged gaze at the face, now scarlet with wholesome blushes, of the baker's daughter. With a half-sigh of relief, she went on.

"You must be also aware that I, as the mother of—that other person, can have but one motive in sending for you here,—namely, to ask a question which I more than any one else have a right to ask, and to have answered. Do you understand me?"

"Some'at."

"Nancy," she resumed, after another long gaze, as if struck by something in the young woman different from what she had expected, and led thereby to address her differently from what she had at first intended,—“Nancy, I will be plain with you. It is not every lady—every mother, who would have spoken with you as I speak now, without anger or blame—only wishing to get from you the truth. If I believed the worst—if you were a poor girl whom my son had—had wronged, I would still have pitied you. Knowing him and now looking at you, I do not believe it. I believe you may have been foolish, light of conduct; but not guilty. Tell me—do tell me!”—and the mother's agony broke through the lady's calm and dignified demeanour—"one word to assure me it is so!"

But Nancy Hine did not utter that word. She gave a little faint sob, and then dropped her head with a troubled awkward air, as if the presence of Lemuel's mother—speaking so kindly, and looking her through and through—was more than she could bear.

That poor mother, whom this last hope had failed, to whom her only son now appeared not only as a promise-breaker, but the systematic seducer of a girl beneath his own rank—between whom and himself could exist no mental union, no false gloss of sentiment to cover the foulness of mere sensual passion—that poor mother sank back, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain henceforth shut out from her sight the whole world.

After a while, she forced herself to look at the girl once more,—who, now recovering from her momentary remorse, was busy casting admiring glances, accompanied with one or two curious smiles, around the drawing-room.

"From your silence, young woman, I must conclude that I was mistaken; that—but I will spare you. You will have enough to suffer. There now remains only one question which I desire—which I am compelled—to ask: How long has this—this"—she seemed to choke over the unuttered word—"lasted?"

"Dunnot know what you mean."

"I must speak plainer, then. How long, Nancy Hine, have you been my son's—Mr. Rochdale's—mistress?"

"Not a day—not an hour," cried Nancy, violently, coming close to the sofa. "Mind what you say, Mrs. Rochdale. I'm an honest girl. I'm as good as you. I'm Mr. Rochdale's wife!"

Mr. Rochdale's mother sat mute, and watched the girl take from a ribbon round her neck a ring—an unmistakable wedding-ring, and slip it with a determined push on her large working-woman's finger. This done, she thrust it right in the lady's sight.

"Look'ee, what do 'ee say to that? He put it there. All your anger cannot take it off. I am Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, your son's wife."

"Ah!" shrinking from her. But the next minute the true womanly feeling came into the virtuous mother's heart.

"Better this—than—what they said. Better a thousand times. Thank God!"

With a sigh, long and deep, she sat down, and again covered her eyes, as if trying to realize the amazing—impossible truth. Then she said slowly, "Martha, I think this—she hesitated what name to give Nancy; finally gave no name at all—"I think she had better go away."

Nancy, quite awed and moved—all her boldness gone, was creeping out of the room after me, when Mrs. Rochdale called us back.

"Stay; at this hour of the night it is not fitting that—my son's wife—should be out alone. Martha, ask your father to see her safe home."

The baker's daughter turned at the door, and said, "Thank'ee, my lady;" but omitted her curtsy this time. And Mrs. Rochdale had found her daughter-in-law!

Ere we well knew what had happened, the whole dynasty at the manor-house was changed. Mrs. Rochdale was gone; she left before her son returned from Scotland, and did not once see him. Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, late Nancy Hine, was installed as lady of the manor.

Such a theme for gossip had not been vouchsafed our county for a hundred years. Of a surety they canvassed it over—talked it literally threadbare.

Mrs. Rochdale escaped it fortunately. She went abroad with Sir John and Miss Child. All the popular voice was with her and against her son. They said he had killed that pretty gentle creature—who, however, did not die, but lived to suffer—perhaps better still, to overcome suffering; that he had broken his noble mother's heart. Few of his old friends visited him; not one of their wives visited his wife. He had done that which many "respectable" people are more shocked at than at any species of profligacy—he had made a low marriage.

Society was hard upon him, harder than he deserved. At least they despised him and his marriage for the wrong cause. Not because his wife was, when he chose her, a woman thoroughly beneath him in education, tastes, and feelings,—because from this inferiority it was impossible he could have felt for her any save the lowest and most degrading kind of love,—but simply because she was a village girl—a baker's daughter!

Sir John Child said to Lemuel's mother, in a lofty compassion, the only time he was ever known to refer to the humiliating and miserable occurrence, "Madam, whatever herself might have been, the disgrace would have been lightened had your son not married a person of such low origin. Shocking!—a baker's daughter!"

"Sir John," said Mrs. Rochdale with dignity, "if my son had chosen a woman suitable and worthy of being his wife, I would not have minded had she been the daughter of the meanest labourer in the land."

"Miss Martha!" called out our rector's wife to me one day, "is it true, that talk I hear of Mrs. Rochdale's coming home?"

"Quite true, I believe."

"And where will she come to? Not to the manor-house?"

"Certainly not." I fear there was a bitterness in my tone, for the good old lady looked at me reprovingly.

"My dear, the right thing for us in this world is to make the very best of that which, having happened, was consequently ordained by Providence to happen. And we often find the worst things not so bad, after all. I was truly glad to-day to hear that Mrs. Rochdale was coming home."

"But not home to *them*,—not to the manor-house. She will take a house in the village. She will never meet them, any more than when she was abroad."

"But she will hear of them. That does great good sometimes."

"When there is any good to be heard."

"I have told you, Martha, and I hope you have told

Mrs. Rochdale, that there is good. When first I called on Mrs. Lemuel, it was simply in my character as the clergyman's wife, doing what I believed my duty. I found that duty easier than I had expected."

"Because she remembered her position"—("Her former position, my dear," corrected Mrs. Wood)—"because she showed off no airs and graces, but was quiet, humble, and thankful, as became her, for the kindness you thus showed."

"Because of that, and something more. Because the more I have seen of her the more I feel, that though not exactly to be liked, she is to be respected. She has sustained tolerably well a most difficult part,—that of an ignorant person suddenly raised to wealth; envied and abused by her former class, utterly scouted and despised by her present one. She has had to learn to comport herself as mistress where she was once an equal, and as an equal where she used to be an inferior. I can hardly imagine a greater trial, as regards social position."

"Position? She has none. No ladies except yourself will visit her. Why should they?"

"My dear, why should they not? A woman who since her marriage has conducted herself with perfect propriety, befitting the sphere to which she was raised; has lived retired, and forced herself into no one's notice; who is, whatever be her shortcomings in education and refinement of character, a good wife, a kind mistress—"

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because her husband is rarely absent a day from home; because all her servants have remained with her, and spoken well of her, these five years."

I could not deny these facts. They were known to the whole neighbourhood. The proudest of our gentry were not wicked enough to shut their eyes to them, even when they contemptuously stared at Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale driving drearily about in long summer-afternoons in her lonely carriage, with not a single female friend to pay a morning-visit to, or suffer the like infliction from;—not even at church, when quizzing her large-figure and heavy gait,—for she had not become more syphil-like with added years,—they said she was growing "crumbie," like her father's loaves, and wondered she would persist in wearing the finest bonnets of all the congregation.

Nay, even I, bitter as I was, really pitied her, one sacrament-day, when she unwittingly advanced to the first "rail" of communicants; upon which all the other "respectable" Christians hung back till the second. After that the Rochdales were not seen again at the communion. Who could marvel?

It was noticed, by some to his credit, by others as a point for ridicule, that her husband always treated her abroad and at home with respect and consideration. Several times a few hunting neighbours, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress's place at table; in a grave taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the *ci-devant* Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father, he had soon ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly,—in a comfortable and honourable bedroom at the manor-house top,—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honourable head-stone to the memory of "Mr. Daniel Hine;" "baker" was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could "carry nothing" else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs. Rochdale came home,—to the only house in the neighbourhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the county; but she briefly said that she "preferred" living here.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father,—still Mr.

Rochdale's steward,—was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible or probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor-house was at Thorpe church; and she attended a chapel-of-ease in the next parish, which was, as she said, "nearer." She fell into her old habits of charity,—her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one, far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs. Rochdale did not look happy. She had grown much older,—was decidedly "an elderly lady" now. Instead of her fair calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, "he may come to see his mother." But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment towards him. That, I thought, was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him,—most mothers would; but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what? Lemuel's childish muslin-frocks, his boyish cloth-cap, his fishing-rod, and an old book of fies.

After that, who could believe his mother "implacable"?

Yet she certainly was a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgments; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and intrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt Who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing at the schoolhouse-door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

"O mother, the squire's thrown, and killed."

"Killed!" O, that shriek! May I never live to hear such another!

The tale, we soon found, was incorrect: Mr. Rochdale had only been stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally. But—his poor mother!

THE LEGEND OF THE SANGREAL.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN, B.A.

NEXT to the old laws and the old ballads, we are most indebted to the old stories for our knowledge of the past. There are satirical and comic tales to give us pictures of the medieval manners. Chaucer and Boccaccio are our Aristophanes and Plautus. There are the legends of miracle and sainthood to represent to us the faith of the middle age. Between the laughter-loving freedom of the former class of tale and the solemn supernaturalism of the latter lies a third species,—the story of chivalrous adventure and marvellous enchantment. In those romances the remains of Gothic superstition and fragments of oriental fable play a conspicuous part beside the prowess of "Sir Knight" and the piety of "Sir Priest." Hence the trolls and elvenwomen, the giants and the dwarfs, the magic rings and flying-horses, the far-working spells of the wizard and the glamour of the fay. Among those traditions, which were the common property of so many minstrels and story-tellers, there is not one which is more remarkable than the legend of the Sangreal. It combines in itself nearly all the constituent elements to which we have adverted. It is a story of wonders as the story of

Aladdin in the *Arabian Nights*, or the legends of Solomon and Aschmedai in the *Talmud*. It is as full of knightly combats and adventures as Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. It is as full of reverence for holy men and holy things as the *Lives of the Saints* or the story of *Count Robert*. It unites (as did the military orders of Christendom) the spiritual and the secular interest, and belongs alike to the chivalrous world and the ecclesiastical. It might be selected from all the rest as the representative fiction of the middle ages.

The origin of the tradition concerning the Sangreal is enveloped in obscurity. Into the learned inquiries of Büsching, Lachmann, Simrock, or Gûschel, it is not our purpose to enter. Thus much is certain, that *San* means *holy*, and that *Greal*, *Graal*, or *Grâl* is the Provencal for *vessel*. The legend, then, of the Holy Vessel appears in various shapes in our *King Arthur*, in the *Mabinogion*, and in the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach. In the *Parzival*,—the great German poem of the thirteenth century,—it assumes its most poetical form, and has been invested by the somewhat fanciful antiquarianism of Germany with the most profound significance.

The early history of the Grâl carries us back to the expulsion of the rebel-angels. It is said, that when the thrones and princedom of the fallen were driven over the bounds of heaven,

"With hideous ruin and combustion down,"

the falchion of the archangel Michael, descending full upon the crest of Satan, dashed into a thousand fragments his resplendent crown,—that coronal, fashioned of heaven's pearl and diamond and sardonyx and chrysolite, which had once bound the serene brows of the Son of the Morning, and shone afterwards as the standard followed by revolted myriads in the celestial war. One jewel of this crown struck off like a spark, leaped out into space, and there hovered long, drifting through limbo and the interlunar realms, till at last it dropped upon our earth. There it was found by some of those angels who render guardian-offices upon this planet. On what summit of snows above all flight of birds, or in what woodland solitude, or down in the heart of what sleeping sea, the angelic eyes discovered the treasure, no chronicler hath told us. The precious stone, itself of marvellous virtue, was fashioned into a vessel, and endowed with yet more blessed potency by the uses to which it was applied. It was said to have held the bread at the Last Supper. In the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, it received the water and the blood which flowed from the pierced side of Christ. It was destined to become the symbol of salvation: but for a long time men remained unprofitable by its benignant powers; for a worthy guardian could not be found. The Grâl remained suspended in the heights of air, far above earth's clouds and tempests,—a wandering star, beyond the ken of mariner or the search of the astrologer.

At length Titurêl, a prince of Anjou, was made the first Grâl-king. For such an honour wealth gave no fitness, nor learning, nor knightly prowess: only to the pure in heart could the Grâl become visible; only to one who had in him the spirit of the little child, whose unfeigned lowliness was proof against all the pomps and the ambitions of this mortal life, could a gift so priceless be intrusted. We read in *King Arthur* how Sir Launcelot was cast into a deep sleep in a lonesome chapel, where he saw the Grâl brought in, and a wounded knight healed thereby, but was not able himself to arise and draw near because of his guilty love for Queen Guinevere. When the brave and simple-hearted Titurêl was appointed guardian, he erected a sumptuous temple to contain the relic, built a castle, and founded an order of knights called the *Templeisen*.

The temple of the Grâl was invisible to every profane eye. Godly knights and true, to whom it was given to behold it, came upon it unaware, as they rode about redressing wrongs and delivering the oppressed. You, reader, are a hater of wrong-doing, a lowly-minded lover of mercy, and

truth; and you will be able, therefore, even from our poor description, to behold this temple with the eye of imagination.

See it stand, gorgeous in the light of the setting sun, near the summit of Montsalvage. Around it are black rocks, holding here and there unmelted snows; and beneath, on the shoulders and spreading sides of the mountain, grows an impenetrable forest of cypress. The topmost tree-tops are touched ruddily by the sunset; the rest stand dark and stately, like a host of banners of green velvet, close-ranked, hanging heavily in a great calm. In the centre of the temple rises a dome covered with a golden mail, fantastically overrun by branching veins of blue enamel; and on the summit flames a giant carbuncle, the beacon of every Templar homeward-bound. Around the great central cupola stand six-and-thirty towers, each with a spiral staircase winding round its outer wall. Above each tower there seems to hover motionless, poised on its outspread wings, an eagle made of gold. The slanting sun-rays are flashed back from the burnished breasts of this wondrous circle of birds. Each eagle is in truth supported by a cross of crystal, planted on the summit of every tower, too transparent to be visible from where we stand; a symbol this, to the pious fancy of the soldier-monks, of that invisible support the Cross affords to man. At the base of every one of the six-and-thirty towers are two octagonal chapels,—the minor shrines which girdle the precincts of the central sanctuary.

Within the dome the knights see above them a blue vault of sapphires, on which are represented sun and moon in diamonds and topaz; while a circle of brazen columns supports this heaven of precious stones. The crystal pavement reflects the azure of the roof; so that the armed host appears to stand on air, and every shining pillar is imaged by a line of light that seems to pierce unfathomable depths, like that column of glory which descends from an evening sun into the calmness of the sea. In this crystalline floor the art of the mosaic-worker has inserted fishes of every form, carved in onyx, that glance and seem to glide as lights and shadows pass or fall upon them. The deep-browed windows are rich with many-coloured marble and many-coloured glass. The hues on one blend together in a ruddy autumn brown; those of another flame with gold and crimson, like the illuminated capitals of a missal; while a third is crossed with blue over interstices of red, like a trellis-work of amethyst filled with roses. Here the quaint design multiplies a pale flower, like a faint azure flame shooting up between two plume-like leaves of emerald. There lustrous arrow-heads, or *fleur-de-lis*, seem to chase each other round the border. The graceful fantasies of oriental arabesque overrun the snowy marble of the screen. Dragons and gryphons on the groinings of the roof plant their claws on mystic scrolls. In circles of opal are traced lambs with banners, or castle-gateways with pillars of malachite and purple portcullises, in colours borrowed from the thunder-clouds of summer and the foliage of spring.

Enshrined in the holiest place, bowered deep in exquisite enclosures of sandal-wood and gold, of lapis lazuli and marble, lies the Holy Grail. The virtues of this stone of stones prolong the life and sustain the vigour of the gallant company of guardian-knights. Were a wounded man at the very point of death, one look thereon would give him six days' life. He who sees it daily, holds the secret of perpetual youth, and need fear no decay or any sickness. By its life-giving power the phoenix springs out of his funeral flame and lives anew—the type of resurrection. On Good Friday a dove, descending from the skies, lays a consecrated wafer on the Grail; and thus its miraculous potency is every year renewed. It has power, continues the legend, to change a crust into a banquet; and has been thus permitted to repeat the miracle which fed the five thousand among the Galilean hills.

Let us now take a scene from the poem already mentioned, and see how its author, Wolfram, has handled the tradition.

Parzival, weary and belated, was riding onward one dark night, whither he knew not, when he heard the distant fall of surf upon a beach. Making his way toward the shore, he discerns the twinkling light of a fisherman's hut. There he is directed to a neighbouring castle. Arrived under a gloomy mass of wall, he winds his horn; answers questioning by pronouncing the name of the fisherman; rides across the echoing drawbridge, and is received in the courtyard by attendants with torches. He sees with surprise that the tilt-yard is overgrown with rank grass, as though many a year had passed since any knight had broken lance there for love of fair lady. They usher him into a vast hall, dazzling with the blaze of a hundred torches. He passes up between couches of costliest workmanship, whereon lie four hundred knights. On the dais stand three marble vases filled with burning aloë-wood, raising clouds of fragrant incense. In the centre he sees a sick man reclining on a couch. It is Anfortas, the Grail-king. He beckons Parzival to approach him. At this moment a page brings in a lance from which blood is dropping; he carries it round among the knights, who gaze upon it with looks of sorrow, some uttering lamentations, others sighing and groaning sorely at the sight. Parzival looks on in silence. The preceptor of his youth, the sage Sir Gurnemans, had once warned him against asking questions. The wise advice is, in this instance, unwisely followed. Then, through a door of shining steel, enter four princesses bearing golden candlesticks; and these, with their robes of scarlet, are followed by eight maidens in grass-green samite, carrying a slab of polished garnet. Then, amidst her ladies, the beautiful Repanse de Schoie comes in, the queen of the Grail castle, and lays before Anfortas a vessel of precious stone.

Now the feast is about to begin; the hall is thronged with attendants, bearing golden ewers, setting out the tables, and presenting bread before the Grail. The bread thus offered is placed upon the tables, and is, in the very act, transformed and multiplied into the various viands of a royal banquet. There are peacocks, the knightly birds, garnished with their plumes, boars' heads, and venison; and in the beakers glance and mantle the hippocras and malvoisie and foaming mead; while fruits worthy of paradise blush among their leaves in baskets of fretted silver. Parzival at last retires to rest, still without having asked a question; passes the night troubled by mysterious dreams; and in the morning, surprised at the universal quietness and silence, goes out through the now deserted hall, and quits the castle as he came. As he departs a page cries after him, asking tauntingly why he had put no question to his entertainers.

As it is possible that some of our readers may not be so utterly destitute as Parzival of curiosity, we may add for their benefit that the silent knight lamented long and bitterly his lost opportunity. The shadow of his great disappointment followed him every where, darkened hope and faith, filled his soul with impious murmuring, and drove him out on lonesome wanderings, far from all Christian folk and sound of holy bells. At last this pride dissolves in penitence; his faith returns; his purification is accomplished. A messenger is sent to summon him to the Grail temple; he himself is to be king. Entering the castle a second time, he finds Anfortas still a sufferer from the wound of the poisoned spear, sick almost unto death, but unable to die by reason of the life-sustaining virtue inherent in the Grail. Parzival releases him in an instant from his pain by asking the long-desired question, "What ails thee?"

It is pleasant to recognise the existence of such an ideal of Christian knighthood as that which animates the legend of the Sangreal in its more elevated forms. In an age when physical prowess was so highly valued, this tradition gave the highest place to that moral greatness which conquers pride and abandons self. At the same time, this self-conquest is no "cloistered virtue," ascetic, pharisaical, and useless. The champions of the Grail did not hide themselves from the world, though their relic and their residence

were to the world so great a mystery. The brave four hundred were imagined riding through all the lands of Christendom, the hope of oppressed innocence, the terror of lawless strength.

Men call this nineteenth-century prosaic. But are there not with us also realities more wondrous than the phantasmic temple of the Grail, which only the lowly-hearted can discern?

A BATH IN THE PYRENEES.

"On their way to Suberlaché; the big one is to take baths there," screams a boy after us, in the Béarnais patois, all through the village of Ossé. It is five o'clock in the morning, and our unexpected appearance at that hour attracts general attention. This boy happened to be passing the Maison Tourré as preparations were made for our starting; and having ascertained our destination from Michèle, he thinks it worth while to turn back from his work and follow us through Ossé. When we have passed the last house in the village, he stops, then hesitates, and finally follows us on to Bédous; apparently he does not like to relinquish the office which has made him of so much importance in the eyes of society. So the cry of "On their way to Suberlaché" pursues us until we have left behind us the last house in Bédous, and passed the custom-house officers, chatting together on the bales of wool which have come in from Spain this morning, and the "gens d'armes" and "gens de ville" taking their accustomed rounds. We follow the high-road to Spain, parallel to that of Ossé, but on the other side of the river. On our way we have numerous interrogatories to answer from peasants at their work and wayfarers, and good cause to wonder at, but not admire, their pertinacity. A woman on horseback,—a great gaunt figure, riding not sideways, but other ways,—overtakes us. She has on a large hooded cloak, and carries before and behind her enough merchandise to fill a cart. The heads of three or four lambs and kids, stretching out of the mouth of the wallet in which they are slung across the saddle, watch us, bleating piteously; and the smell of those half-dozen goat-milk cheeses make the close vicinity of our friend undesirable. But close by our side she will ride; for she is determined to take back to some distant village a full account of us and our doings, and does not know one word of French in which to ask her questions. She is of course a Béarnaise, and her Béarnais patois is gibberish to us. Even if we knew something of the Béarnais patois of the plains, this would be unintelligible; it is so much corrupted by the close vicinity to Spain, and constant intercourse between the Spaniards, Aspois, and Basques. Every Béarnais, however, professes ignorance of the Basque language, and abhorrence of the Basque population. The language, they say, is like English; ask for the point of resemblance, and they will tell you that no one can learn either of them, but Basques and English understand each other perfectly well. All this time our friend has hold of us; and as every expletive in the English language sounds mild in comparison to her guttural, we can only submit until we reach the path leading off the highway to Suberlaché. When she finds she is about to lose us, she holds out her hand and begs vociferously. This is the almost invariable ending to every conversation. M. Gerber says these people believe they exercise charity in begging of the English; they think that all the gold in California, all the gold in Australia, and all the gold from every gold-mine in Europe, Africa, and Asia, goes to England; and that Englishmen travel solemnly and wearily all over the known world, up every high mountain, and to every distant place difficult of access, in order to get rid, if possible, of some of this superabundance of wealth.

A little to the left of the highway stands the establishment of Suberlaché, with a roof only just above the surface of the ground. We enter, and find ourselves in a kind of barn; a storehouse for wood, hay, and maize-straw, on heaps of which figures wrapped in the brown woollen hooded

cloak of the country lie sleeping, or waiting their turn for the bath. We descend the wooden stairs, and find ourselves in a long narrow corridor looking out on an excoavated courtyard; there, by means of a wooden pipe, the water is conveyed from the spring, which is covered with a kind of barrel, into a well provided for it.

Round this pipe and the well stand the drinkers, with small glasses in their hands. They have each sat an hour, and as much over as the attendant would let them, in a warm bath; and they will wind up with drinking about two quarts of water. There are men, women, and children, all with brown cloaks, a handkerchief bound tightly round their heads, and the hood of the cloak pulled over this. Their black eyes and pallid faces look quite ghastly; which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that many of them have been here since three or four o'clock in the morning, and have already undergone a pretty severe discipline.

The Suberlaché water is slightly sulphurous and not quite cold, and its qualities are so negative compared to the many valuable springs in the Pyrenees, that it is not at all frequented by strangers. The Aspois, however, make good use of it, and hold it a sovereign remedy for every disease which flesh is heir to.

We are in the corridor. On one side, as we have said, are the windows through which we have watched the drinkers; turn round, and we can, if you please, watch the bathers, for all the doors of the bath-rooms facing us are half open. That elfish little old woman with black and gray locks streaming down her back, which seem so wiry that the black handkerchief round her head cannot confine them, is the attendant. She has on a blue linen-petticoat which reaches not far below her knees, a brown and yellow handkerchief over her shoulders, and apparently nothing more.

You try in vain to attract her attention; it is only by catching at the vessel of water she carries,—which is not a pail, but a copper caldron with two holes in the bottom bunged up with a bit of flax,—that we can stop her. She then intimates, partly in patois and partly by signs, that she will attend to us presently, that all the baths are engaged, and that if we don't believe it we can look in and see; and she storms out a volley of abuse at a patient in a distant bath who keeps on shouting for hot water. Apparently when she reaches him she administers it injudiciously; for he screams out, and she yells at him like a wild animal.

With or without her permission we can look into any bath-room. A long wooden trough, very suggestive of a coffin, stands on the bare mud-floor; a wooden lid covers the trough, or bath, closely, a hole being cut in it through which the patient puts his head. A chair, which stands by the side of the bath, constitutes the furniture of the room. There are pipes for hot and cold water; but neither is ever turned on by the attendant, because a Béarnais when he pays six sous for a bath likes to have his money's worth, and will take as much both of one and the other as ever he can get. For this reason the doors are made not to shut. The proprietor, we are told, considers that an hour is quite enough for a bath, and Cadette—the old woman—has orders at the expiration of that time to get the patient out as she best can.

If when our turn comes you are inclined, dear reader, to enter the bath, you will greatly oblige all those worthy peasants, who are waiting to know your decision, and who will with the most intense interest watch your proceedings from the time you enter the bath until you leave it. Of course you don't mind the strong smell of garlic which pervades this place, as it does every other.

Subject to these slight drawbacks, you will have a tolerably comfortable bath; and you can sit and watch that tall gipsy-looking woman who walks up and down before the door, determined to keep order, and show the strangers that she knows all about the deencies and proprieties of life. She swears the oath of the great Béarnais king, and bids the chil-

aren "ventre-Saint-Gris," to keep out of the way; and if you are ignorant of it, she will be proud to tell you that it was so "y nouste Enrico"—our own Henri IV.—used to speak. Then she sings the songs of Despourrins, the Burns of Béarn, high pitched, in a minor key,—long melancholy sounds, and a tune that seems like a wail. That is "La haât sous las mountagnas," the most popular of all his songs. You will hear it pealing up among the hills, where an echo answers like a voice; and the blind daughter of Madelon in the village sings it all the day long in the room where she sits alone to spin.



AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN.

AUTUMN is now a very evident presence with us. There is a pretty Portuguese proverb concerning this season,—“The painter is among the vines.” And truly, he has been busy also among our chestnuts and beeches, and they are glowing in his beloved colours. The transition from late summer to autumn is at least as beautiful, if we do not love it so well, as that from winter to spring. For two or three weeks before it can actually be said that one period has passed and the other arrived, there is a subtle yet manifest preparation going on. All the trees of the wood, the shrubs of the garden, appear to hold themselves in that attitude of still expectancy which characterises the approach of change. They wait, visibly, till the “fiery finger” laid upon them shall claim their adherence to the new king; and in all the pomp of his coloured glory, and to the music of the raised voices of winds and waves, Autumn enters, and is regnant over the land.

He has entered; and the prevailing influence is as apparent in the flower-garden as in meadow and copse and hill-side. The more showy flowers of the warmer mid-season,—dahlia and aster, marigold, coreopsis, and scabious,—have already passed by. This is the season, indeed, when flower-beds look most desolate. It is the time for busy operations on the part of the gardener, who is fully employed in his energetic preparations for future spring radiance and summer glory. But to the more numerous race of “amateurs,” lady-gardeners, or the more lover of looking at the results of other people’s labours, this is a period of dullness and torpidity. It is provoking, in the clear sunshine of an October day, to glance at the sometime flower-beds, where one can almost still detect the reflection of geranium-red, or many-hued verberna, and the spicy perfume of heliotrope and carnation. It is far more satisfactory when the last breath of warm air has passed by, when no lingering spike of scentless mignonnette peeps out from the entanglement of the borders to taunt us with recollections of the bygone floral festival. It is better when the ground is left—brown, orderly, and bare—with no sign on the surface of the underlying wealth that is there,—snowdrops that will come to light on pale winter mornings, crocuses that are to glow in the treacherous brightness of March sunlight, and tulips—most painted and sophisticated and self-conscious of flowers, which always look as if they knew that “members of their family” are of the highest aristocracy, purchased at fabulous prices, and petted and prized by Dutch and other connoisseurs in the marvellous manner we hear and read of.

The variety of spring bulbs is indeed so rich, that our gardens may easily be made as prodigal of bloom in April as in July. No flower is lovelier, either for purity of hue and form, or fragrance, than the pheasant’s-eye, or true “poets’ Narcissus.” Hyacinths, again, are beautiful, various, and

easily cultivated. Only one primary caution should be observed by the amateur cultivator. Purchase the bulbs of some well-established and extensive dealer, as soon after their arrival as possible, so that they may not have been too much exposed to the air. Select those bulbs that are large, well-shaped, and firm. (Experienced gardeners say that if the base of the bulb is sound and ripe, the other portion may be depended on.) It will be found that there are some varieties more suitable to outdoor growth, some adapted for glasses, others that will flourish best in pots. The finest flowers are generally obtained by this latter method; but in all cases where special beauty or rarity is coveted, the mode of cultivation becomes a matter which it is not in our province to trench upon: we address those who have humbler ambitions, and are contented with simpler results.

Besides these, we need only to mention the names of those hardy flowering bulbous roots, which are to be planted now that the garden may be gay in early spring. Ranunculus, gladiolus, the iris in its three varieties—the *Iris pumila* being that which flowers in April and May, anemones, with their brilliant colourings, looking best when disposed by themselves in large masses. A bed of anemones of all colours, to our thinking, far surpasses a similar quantity of tulips in delicacy of texture and harmony of tint. But we have already confessed an heretical prejudice against the last-named flower, and prejudice ought to be prepared to defer to contradiction.

Apropos of our gardening chat, and especially appropriate to this season, is the curious calculation in M. de Candolle’s *Géographie Botanique*, by which it appears that, “from the middle of autumn to the end of winter, the temperature of the soil is warmer than that of the air at the mean depth attained by roots; and on the contrary, at the season when the plant is at its greatest vigour it is colder than the air. In the one case the maximum difference between the air and soil occurs in January; and in the other case, during one of the summer months. In no case does it exceed $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. At the end of winter, and at the beginning of autumn, periods occur when there is no difference between the temperature of the air and soil. This fact, combined with that of the resuscitation of vegetable life in spring, and its withdrawal in autumn, seems to indicate some direct adaptation of the cooler soil to the wants of plants at that season of the year.”

Noticing some changes in the arrangement of the Chiswick Gardens, *The Gardener’s Chronicle* comments on the prevailing taste for exquisitely beautiful foliage, which is rapidly replacing merely gaudy flowers in the public favour. No one can doubt this, who has remarked, in the flower-shows of the past summer, the preponderance of those plants without blossom, exhibited and admired solely for their exquisite foliage. We trust the conclusion to be drawn therefrom may be equally correct. There is little fear of our running into the opposite evil of slighting the attractions of colour, which is probably the most generally appreciated of all kinds of beauty. The national taste has long needed chastening and harmonising;—a result which may be reasonably expected to follow an awakened regard for symmetry and grace of form. It is, perhaps, no ill sign, that the growing predilection should begin so simply at the beginning, at Nature’s own exquisite curves and tracery, harmony of outline and perfection of detail, of which she is often as lavish in the commonest as in the rarest plants.

THE WASHING-MACHINE.

THE pressure of hard work has borne as heavily on women as on men, even in this civilised country and age. If men have laboured in the field, so have women; women have shared the toils of the mine as of the harvest-field. The slavery of the shirt-maker has not been exceeded by many masculine hardships of modern times; and the toil of the black-

smith is probably not so proportionately fatiguing as that of the hardest-worked of our women-labourers, the washerwoman. We mean, of course, not the "laundress," with her establishment, her cart, her large connection, independent manners, and high prices; but the working-women, the "hands," the strong-limbed drudges who stand bonding over the tub, from six o'clock in the morning till eight or ten at night, rubbing, rinsing, and wringing, with intervals of gossip and drink.

Of course, in this, as in every class, there are exceptions. Some have seen "better days," and received enough education to know how decency and poverty can go together. But too many, however, of these poor hard-working women are mentally debased, socially degraded.

For reasons moral as well as scientific, then, do we heartily welcome the ingenious invention of the Indiana farmer, Christopher Hollingsworth, which we are about to describe.

Washing by machinery has been attempted and practised even with success long ago; but none hitherto has been so effectual as to entirely prevent the necessity for manual labour, or so simple as to be adapted for general use. The new American Washing-machine appears to meet both these difficulties. The whole operation of washing is performed by floating balls, some two or three hundred of which, made of elm-wood, and about the size of a Seville orange, are put into a trough two or three feet long by fifteen inches deep, containing water or soapsuds. At the back of the trough is placed a fulcrum, with a cross-beam attached to it, like a common pump-handle. "On one side of the fulcrum," says the *Times*, "an apparatus like a small window-sash, to which the clothes to be washed are fastened, is suspended from the cross-beam immediately over the mouth of the trough; and at the extreme end of the beam, on the opposite side of the fulcrum, is a box, into which weight may be put until it slightly weighs the sash up in the air. This done, the person performing the operation moves the beam-handle up and down as if she were pumping water; the effect of which is to immerse the sash laden with clothes among the balls and suds, and move it about among them. The balls produce a gentle friction upon the linen,



TIME-PIECE, WITH FIGURE OF SAPPHO, BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR PRADIER.
[From Jackson and Graham.]

which, without in the slightest degree injuring its fabric, or breaking or tearing off buttons, effectually removes every trace of dirt in an incredibly few minutes, and the operation is complete. The labour required is so slight that a child from twelve to fourteen years of age may perform it with ease. In some of the machines of larger size and greater cost the requisite motion, produced by turning a wheel, is even done at less trouble. The action made on the linen is equivalent to the ordinary threefold process of pounding, rubbing, and squeezing; and as it can never exceed the resistance offered by the floating balls, it is thereby kept within bounds, which are perfectly safe for the most delicate fabrics, the wear and tear being, indeed, less than in ordinary washing by hand. The machine was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted considerable interest, and numbers were sold. Several of the Parisian laundresses adopted it; and others of them, who were not able to pay for it at once, did so by instalments, rather than remain without it. The consumption of soap and fuel is much less than in washing by hand; and the fingers of the operator are never wet during the process, except to the extent necessary in putting the clothes into the sash, and taking out and wringing them when washed. In the saving of labour, time, and material, its advantages can scarcely be exaggerated; while the price is not such as to prevent its general use."

Time and experience must be allowed to test every new invention before its absolute and permanent value can be assured. But about this there is certainly apparent that simplicity which is almost an invariable characteristic of effectual completeness in all inventions, great and small. We trust the result may be widely successful; and that by means of this machine, in the next generation, one race at least of over-worked women may have approached something nearer to the standard of feminine humanity. We have hopes that this improvement in machinery, while tending to exclude women from harsh and degrading occupation, will remit them to a field of labour now gradually opening to them,—labour suitable to their physical strength, and not incompatible with intervals of rest and culture.



ETCHINGS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. 1.

PAINTED BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

It will not soon be forgotten, that wondrous exhibition of the Avenue Montaigne in the bright and busy summer of 1855.

The reader who was a visitor there will remember the *Grand Salon*: second in importance, as to space, but containing works of art of a higher order than even the *Salon d'Honneur*.

Around the walls of the former were suspended the best pictures of Henri Lehmann, of Hyppolite Flandrin, of François, and of other distinguished artists; but the attraction of that *salon* for the *élite* of artists and amateurs consisted in the thirty-five pictures by Eugène Delacroix. On a gloomy day—and there are always some gloomy days in the brightest summer—and on a chilly one (for the exhibition closed very late in the season), groups gathered round the walls which were illumined by the works of Delacroix, as if they threw forth rays of warmth as well as of brightness. There was "The Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders," with its effulgent harmony of colour thrown over the conquerors and their horses, over the conquered, over old pleading feeble men and trembling prostrate women, over the white city and the deep-blue oriental sky and sea and mountains, with the warmth of tone carried into the dark shadows of winding streets and between the columns of a marble palace. Then there was that page of the revolution of 1830, where the figure of Liberty, with fire flashing from her eye, bearing aloft her crimson banner, stands on a barricade in a narrow street of the old *city*,—herself, her brown skin, her flag, lighted up by a July sun; while deep shadows and dashes of light fall alternately on the dying and the dead. A commemoration of the revolution was ordered from the painter by the government of Louis Philippe, which had, however, recommended a subject different from that finally adopted. The battle of Jemappes, in which Louis Philippe had figured not only as a hero, but a Jacobin, was the theme selected by government. Delacroix had been a spectator of the heroism of the people on the three days, and preferred painting his "Liberty." The government paid for it, and it was in the following year exhibited. The sensation produced was so thrilling, that, *by order*, it was banished from public view, and hidden amongst the lumber of the garrets in the Louvre.—To return to the *Grand Salon*: there, too, was "The Death of Valentine," from *Faust*, a night scene, amidst murky streets, down which a silver moonlight glides, and falls on the murdered body. On another wall was a sumptuous assemblage of opposing colours in the mad dance of "The Fanatics of Tangers," "The Battle of Nancy," "The Execution of Marino Faliero," and "The Death of the Bishop of Liège." In the last the old man is dragged into his own episcopal palace by order of the Boar of Ardenne, and murdered amidst the glitter of knives and the gleaming eyes of savage drunken soldiers. Who will forget the Rembrandt-depth of that horrible though festive hall!

But it is in the "Apollo destroying the serpent Python" that Delacroix has surpassed himself. Here, indeed, we see the brilliancy of his palette—his power of harmonising colour. This picture forms the centre of the ceiling in the Apollo Gallery at the Louvre. Many an English visitor passes without noticing it. It is said by the observant guardians of the Louvre that the English have a particular distaste for looking at pictures placed in ceilings. The attitude required in such a case is indeed irksome; but if any subject can justify its position overhead, it is certainly one where the sun is represented in his noon-tide glory. This is so with the "Apollo" of Delacroix. The painter has chosen the moment when the waters of the Deluge have passed from the earth, leaving the mountains visible, while monsters of the deep are still floating here and there: one dead female body, tragic in its aspect, is seen amongst the retreating waters, and near it the gigantic Python of mythology. Apollo, in the centre of the picture, and in a circle

of light, in an attitude of god-like power and grace, levels his dart at the serpent, who writhes and erects himself in dreadful anticipation of that sure weapon. The light against which the body of Apollo is defined dazzles the eye, and mellow the drapery of the figure into a deep orange. The rainbow, too, forming the robe of Iris, and all the mingled colours in the draperies of the Olympian goddesses who are spectators of Apollo's prowess, go straight to the sense of harmony, and enchant the visitor into forgetting the position of his head as he gazes on this *chef-d'œuvre* in the vaulted roof of the magnificent gallery.

We could almost regret having dwelt so long on this single attribute of the works of Delacroix. After all, colour is subordinate in his paintings to his higher characteristic—a creative and impetuous imagination. Colour with him becomes an instrument of the imaginative faculty, and is employed to illustrate vividly the passion of the mind. Those who know the original of the engraving which precedes these remarks will at once admit that we render simple justice to the master. They will remember the lurid flames, the sombre gray background, the pallor of the two poets, their mantles,—that of Dante of passionate red, with calm pale-green tunic, suggesting his intense and, at times, pity-breathing verse; the green wreath of Virgil and his rich brown garb, significant of the poet of the pastoral; the waves black in their desolation; the blood-shot eyes of the condemned clinging to the boat;—every tone telling on the emotions of one or other of the figures, or on the character of the place.

The "Dante and Virgil entering the Infernal Regions" was the first picture of Delacroix's admitted by the Academy on the *rong* into the annual exhibition of Paris. Many of his previous works had been rejected. He was regarded as an innovator and an imaginative *révolutionnaire* by many learned and distinguished painters, who taunted him with his contempt of moderation and of the traditional rules of art. He replied to their reproaches, "The whole world shall not prevent my seeing things in my own way." He persevered in his originality, and left behind him systems and schools and that kind of lore which he calls "academic receipts." He, who was then a rebel in art, is now acknowledged by critics and the public voice to be a "law-giver."

The "Dante and Virgil" appeared in the *Salon* of 1822. It is a painting the aspect of which falls on the eye and on the mind with a powerful and gloomy interest. A *souvenir* of the old masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth century crosses you as you stand before it. The hand that executed that picture was sure of itself, and followed unchecked the just but ardent impulse of a poetical imagination. Dante was its inspirer; and the painter, whose mind is analogous to that of the old Florentine, and has his political as well as his poetic sympathies, evidently had an intention to avenge the grand exiled poet by representing the condemned spirits as his persecutors. So says the text in the catalogue of 1822. The picture is, indeed, one of sombre poetry. Dante and Virgil are crossing the infernal river in the boat of old Charon. They pass amidst a crowd of lost souls, who are striving to save themselves by entering the boat. Dante is supposed to be alive, but pallid with the horror of the place. Virgil has the calm and the livid tint of death. The wretched culprits, whose torture is the eternally unfulfilled desire of arriving at the opposite shore, cling to the little vessel. One has been thrown back by its rapid motion, and is replunged into the black waters. Another holds fast and would enter, but that a woman adheres as tenaciously, and obstructs him. He gives her a repulse with his foot—a blow that shall force her to loosen her frantic grasp. Two other figures have seized the boat with their teeth; and one almost hears the yell of disappointment in seeing their impotent writhings. The selfishness of torment, the despair of hell, are written on their faces, and expressed in every movement of their limbs. The figures are grouped and thrown into attitudes which can but remind one of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, yet without a thought of imitation. It is the spirit,

the power, the austerity of the old master alone with which the modern one has imbued himself.

"The Massacre of Scio," another of his early works, now at the Luxembourg, is an equally intense though less imaginative expression of the terrible. It is a picture of human passion and suffering on this earth of ours, and is replete with actuality in its interest. It is impossible to contemplate this picture without a sickness of the heart at the sight of such accumulated misery. A battle has been raging in a vast plain in Greece. The sea is black against the horizon, villages are burning, and Turkish victors, hot from the final encounter, give loose to massacre. You see them in the distance; but amidst smoke and disorder you can follow the expression of their deadly hate by their movements and the glare of their upraised weapons. It is the foreground of the picture that shows the most terrible details. There pestilence adds its horrors to those of cruelty and war. What despair as well as tender helpless love are seen in the motionless figure of the young Greek wife, against whom her husband leans wounded and expiring! A boy is supporting the head of his dying mother. Another child is creeping towards the bosom which can no longer nourish him; his mother has relaxed her grasp—she is dead. An old woman sits petrified by despair, careless of the horse's feet, whose next step must crush her. A young girl is bound to the horse of a savage Turk, whose sabre is raised to fell the man flying to deliver her. There is pestilence in the air, there are lurid tints in the sky: a current runs through the whole picture which penetrates the mind with its dramatic intensity.

Delacroix seems to delight in this kind of subject. He has rarely chosen joyous ones. From whatever poet or historian he draws his theme,—Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Dante,—grief or crime are the elements of his compositions. We may cite, in proof of this, Othello and Lady Macbeth, the Prisoner of Chillon, Tasso in prison, the Bishop of Liège, Boissy d'Anglas, and many others. To flowers, however, he sometimes turns, as if to forget man and his sad destinies. He groups them *con amore*, and steepes them in sunlight and dew. If he had not been the first historic painter of modern France, he might have been its first flower-painter. Like many other great masters, Delacroix has a singular delight in investing the horse with high and almost heroic qualities. In painting the lion and the tiger he is superior to Rubens or Schneyders. His last picture of the "Lion-hunt" is a perfect revel of colour and of action—a work that astounds. The painter has played with his subject almost audaciously, and his triumph is therefore the more extraordinary.

It is to be regretted that Delacroix, in his monumental paintings at the Hôtel de Ville, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Library of the Luxembourg, has chosen old mythological used-up subjects or trite allegories which have no human interest. He has in these cases defrauded himself of that direct response which more life-like themes would have elicited.

The faults that have been attributed to the pictures of Delacroix are—an incorrectness in his drawing, and the absence of a sense of beauty, especially of female beauty. As for his drawing, his detractors have long given up their hostility on that point. What was supposed to be a deviation from truth is now acknowledged to be only a deviation from routine. As to the alleged want of beauty in his personages, it is true we must not look to him for the thousand prettinesses and graceful or voluptuous forms which delight many. The genius of Delacroix is expression. In his women, it is the revelation of their inner selves, their devotedness, their suffering, their heroism, whether in a good or evil cause, rather than more physical beauty, that he fixes on his canvas.

The career of this great artist has been one of perfect independence; and "through evil and good report," often in suffering and need, he has worked out his own ideal. A great and illustrious woman, Madame Sand, says, in her own admirable manner, "Delacroix has not only been great

in his art, but great in his artist-life. I do not speak of his private virtues; friendship must not publish them with the sound of a trumpet. But what in Delacroix belongs to public appreciation, for the profit which a noble example cannot fail to produce to others, is the integrity of his conduct, his disinterestedness as to money, his humble mode of life, which he has borne rather than make the least concession of his principles in art to the tastes and ideas of the moment—often but the tastes of men in power. It is the heroic perseverance with which in suffering he has pursued his career, laughing at idle attacks, never rendering evil for evil, exhibiting every year in the midst of a fire of invective, giving himself no repose, nor envying the ridiculous pomp with which those *parvenus* artists surround themselves who care for nothing so much as the patronage of the rich and powerful." Delacroix felt undoubtedly that sooner or later he should triumph. So, indeed, he has done. Now governments, ministers, and prefects are at his feet; and he has not time, with all his wonderful economy of that precious jewel, to execute all the commands which throng upon him.

Delacroix is a powerful and elegant writer, although he has a distaste for authorship. Yet, having little time to devote to the pen, he has more than once wielded it, as he wields his pencil, with equal force and fire. One of his articles appeared in a contemporary review on an occasion which had strongly roused his resentment. A very fine copy of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo had been sent from Rome; it seemed to attract little of the attention or admiration of the public, and had even been spoken of by certain critics as a model likely to corrupt or mislead the taste of students. Michael Angelo, of all the ancients, is the most revered by Delacroix. His article upon the celebrated picture seemed in its grand energy as if it were a commentary written by Michael Angelo himself.

Eugène Delacroix is in his fifty-eighth year, but looks much younger. He has delicate health; a nervous system so delicately organised, that physical suffering in one shape or other is too constantly his companion. His features are not regular or handsome, in the common acceptance of the word; but the nostril, which is in perpetual vibration, and the compressed mouth, indicate the sensitiveness and the concentrated power of his nature. He has fine and abundant black hair, which waves around a square intelligent forehead. He is of the middle height, and has a slight and well-proportioned figure. Delacroix is the son of a Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Directory, who was succeeded by Talleyrand. He relates himself, that in his childhood he escaped as if by miracle from various accidents of fire and flood. He twice fell into the water; once at the Port of Marseilles, whence he was drawn out half-drowned by a sailor. In his infancy he was surrounded by flames in his cradle. On another occasion, he poisoned himself by swallowing verdigris.

Delacroix, from his station in society, necessarily received a fine and classic education. He is a profound scholar, and is well versed in the literature, not only of France, but of England and other countries. Shakespeare is his idol.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

THE NEW ACTOR.

It is too late to record as a matter of news, but not as a matter of satisfaction, that Mr. Charles Dillon has opened the Lyceum Theatre with his excellent performance of Belshazzor. An actor less indebted for his great success to

trick, or to those artificial aids which so often substitute histrionic power, we have never witnessed. His conception is derived from impulses purely natural, and illustrated with a truth of emotion, a happy variety of style, and a perfect ease, which belong to the instincts of genius, and to which mere study can never attain. His rendering of the pathetic scene in the poor mountebank's history, when he first learns that his idolised wife has left him for her noble relatives, is a rare example of dramatic truth. He anticipates the event from the first, stands motionless while the progress of the inner struggle records itself on his face—bewildered doubt deepening to fear, fear to agony. Then, with a stifled cry and a wild rapidity of motion that contrasts powerfully with the fixed silence before it, he bursts into the vacant room. A minute or two, and he totters back; his worst fears confirmed, and his frame bowed down with the burden of a life's misery. How easy would it be to render the situation by loudness of apostrophe, by the conventional start and gesture, to give no one glimpse of the true human feeling, its developments and transitions, and to draw applause for the mistake!—Mr. Dillon drew tears.

Under the auspices of such a manager, and with the powers of such an actor, there is hope that a natural and wholesome drama may yet flourish. What may be Mr. Dillon's qualifications for Shakespeare we have yet to learn. But within the range to which he has yet confined himself a wide and interesting field of dramatic achievement is comprised; and even should the actor's triumphs be extended no further, we have still ample reason to congratulate both him and the public.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

June 17, 1822. O what a weary place is this Holly Bank! Here am I for a three months' visit; and already, after five days, am I dismally haunted by the spirit of dullness. Uncle Joshua, being firmly persuaded in his own mind that new books are not half so good as old ones, does not patronise modern literature, much to my distress. Yesterday I asked him respectfully for something to read—(he keeps his books locked up behind glass-doors)—and he offered me *Johnson's Dictionary*. "There, niece," said he, "study that; most boarding-school misses are deficient in spelling." I accepted the volume with a curtsy, and handed it to Cousin Maria, whom her father has educated at home on new principles: she bristles all over with definitions as a tipsy cake does with almonds, and talks about philology as ordinary women do of babies. She thanked me, and said of all studies grammar and the construction of languages was to her the most edifying; she does not care for poetry, or romances, or history—indeed, she reminds me of nothing so much as a person who persists in grubbing up the roots of plants, instead of admiring their graceful forms, bright foliage, or rich fruit. But Maria is good-natured notwithstanding her learning; and seeing that I was really likely to fall into mischief purely through idleness, she brought up from the depths of her apron-pocket the key of the book-closet, to which out-of-date pamphlets, magazines, and reviews are oxiled; and suggested that perhaps I might find some light-reading amongst them. Thither accordingly I flew, and pounced greedily upon a pile of dusty quarterlies; an armful of which I carried off to my sanctum for private consumption. They are as a gold-mine to me: I love a review—a good one—whether tender, or ferocious, or satirical. From these gray paper-covered tomes I have disinterred some opinions of sterling metal, which, having been tried in the furnace of time, have lost nothing; but now and then I also turn up a clod which only enshrines an earth-worm. I liked espe-

cially to find an echo of my own sentiments; but it vexes me more than a little to see poetry which is sweet to me as the sound of many waters sneered at as the vilest doggerel. Ah, well! there are the poets, in green and crimson and purple and gold, behind Uncle Joshua's glass-doors; while these slashing reviewers lie mouldy and dusty, given over a prey to the ravages of mico in attic obscurity.

June 18. I hope and trust some event will turn up soon to stir the slumberous routine of Holly Bank. We don't live, we vegetate, and shall turn into dormice—(dormice or dormouses, which is it? Mm. to ask Cousin Maria)—soon, if nothing happens. I have only a further instalment of the reviews for Aunt Doo. She will think I have had a very prosy time; and so I have, thus far; but it is useless to complain. Well, these old books have introduced me to the private life of France as depicted in the memoirs of celebrated people, and any thing but a pleasant impression they give of our neighbours' morality: the critic seems to have experienced a righteous pleasure in dissecting these books, in exposing to daylight the hideous ravage of chronic disease, the deformed limb, or the wilful warping of what might have grown straight; no decent raiment is permitted to shroud the moral decay of life and truth; it is made to stand before us stripped of its masking garments, horrible as the loathly lady in the old rhyme. Madame du Châtelet, Madame du Deffaud, and many other madames of more wit than wisdom, enliven the dreary mass with smart sayings and doings. How long will it be ere order is deduced from this moral chaos? If I can do nothing else at Holly Bank, I can get up an epitome of ancient literature that will astonish Aunt Doo. I wonder how they all are at Darlston; I have not heard from my father since I left home; *I will write to-morrow to the little ones.*

June 24. An arrival at Holly Bank.—Mr. Matthew Constant, who is to marry Cousin Maria: a little man—mousy face, soft hair, and a sleek undertoned manner. It is great fun to see how he obeys Maria: I am sure she ordered him to propose to her—he never could have dared to do it without prompting. Any body to watch them might think they had been ten years married. There is none of what Maria calls "foolish philandering" between them; it is all systematic business love-making. Mr. Matthew has several little peculiarities of pronunciation which offend Maria's correct ear mightily; though they give her opportunities of displaying her erudition, and airing her roots and derivations. I am glad my father did not think it necessary to have me cultivated so highly.

Last night, while Maria and I were looking over some beautiful gown-pieces which Mr. Matthew has brought from town for her, I asked a question which has been in my mind ever since I saw him,—what could first have put it into her head to think of marrying him? and she replied with the most artless candour—

"Why, Margaret, I suppose I must be married some day; and as he asked me, and there was nothing against him, I thought I might as well get settled at once. The little man is very well worth having; his income is larger than my father's, you know."

"And do you love him?" This question was, I confess, put in rather a mocking incredulous spirit, and Maria took me up smartly.

"Love and stuff!" she ejaculated. "What has love to do with it? I am going to be properly married, and of course I shall love Matthew: but I don't like nonsense."

The very idea of nonsense as connected with Cousin Maria is profanation: her sharp face looked so much sharper at the mere possibility of any being inflicted upon her, that I was fain to make a laughing apology for my indiscretion in suggesting it.

"Your head is full of romance, Margaret," said she grandly; "by the time you are my age, it is to be hoped that you will be more practical."

"I hope I shall not; I'll never marry any body unless I love him with all my heart and all my soul, never."

Maria is getting old—quite six-and-twenty—and she is not pretty; but she is too nice for Mr. Matthew Constant. She ought to know what she likes, however. One thing is certain, she would not make a nice kind old maid like Aunt Doe; and she *may* make a good wife: I don't know.

June 26. Yesterday to an archery meeting at Danby Grange; it was very gay and pleasant, though nearly all the people were strangers to me. Danby is a grand house: its master is a bachelor,—not very young,—who has travelled all the world over, and who is very scientific. I thought him proud and stiff, but he is not generally disliked; Charlotte Petersham said she was ready to swear obedience to him at any moment on his rent-roll. Charlotte is going to marry a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and neither of them has sixpence; but I like this sort of marriage much better than Maria's, who calls them love-sick geese.

The first prize was won by Mr. Danby himself—a beautiful silver arrow—and he gave it to me: because, I suppose, I had no chance of winning one for myself, and was an uncome-out girl. Uncle Joshua said it was a compliment: all the men gave their prizes to some lady. Mr. Matthew shot I know not how many times, in hopes of having a trophy to present to Maria; but he could not even hit the target, and she said he made quite a simpleton of himself by trying, for he had never, to her certain knowledge, handled a bow before. There was a dancing-party afterwards, but none of us stayed for it. To-morrow Uncle Joshua has a dinner-party: Mr. Danby is coming to meet the Broughs and Petershams: we hear that he intends to stand for the county at the next election. I am very glad of a little variety: it will be hard work to get through the three months to Cousin Maria's wedding; I wish it were "over and done with," as she always cries herself when she has to leave her grammars and dictionaries to try on dresses.

June 28. Last evening's dinner went off very pleasantly. Mrs. Brough is always nice, and Charlotte keeps every body lively wherever she goes. She told me she was having all her boxes made so that they could be turned into beds, couches, easy chairs, and tables. She has designed and superintended the making of them herself, and generously offers to make over the drawings to me when the carpenter has done with them; expressing her firm conviction that I, like herself, shall some day marry a penniless lieutenant. Well, better a penniless lieutenant than a Mr. Matthew Constant. That stealthy little man exasperates me. I shall quarrel with him before long, I know.

I had to sing last night, and somebody said I had a fine natural organ. Fine natural fiddlestick!

Uncle Joshua is in the most absurd good humour with me this morning: we none of us know how to interpret his vivacity. He has even gone so far as to unlock the sacred glass-doors of his bookcase, and to give me permission to help myself. He asked at breakfast if I should like to have a pony to ride while I am at Holly Bank. Of course I should; it would scarcely be dull then. There is going to be a grand ball at Holmby next month: I should like to go; but there's no chance of it.

June 29. Uncle Joshua was very prompt in finding me a pony; he bought one yesterday of Mr. Petersham, after we had talked about it, and this morning I have tried it over Holmby Moor. It is a nice spirited animal: dark brown, with black mane and tail; really a pretty creature. But what has made Uncle Joshua, with whom I was never a favourite, take such a generous fit, I cannot tell. Maria looks mysterious, and says he has his reasons, if they are past our finding out.

In passing through Danby village Mr. Danby overtook us; he was going to Holmby also, and we rode together. He is an amusing man when one knows him better, but awfully proud; I should say he would never forgive or forget an offence; he has the most obstinate mouth in the world; he is not handsome, indeed people call him plain; but he is not that either: I don't quite know what sort of a face it is.

June 30. Last evening Mr. Danby came over without any invitation; we were all so surprised while we were sitting at dessert to hear a ring at the door-bell, and in he came. An importation of foreign customs, I suppose. Uncle Joshua gave him a general invitation for the future, if he found himself dull for lack of company in his great house, and Maria gave him a long lecture on philology: it is my belief he did not understand any thing she said; for he assented to every one of her propositions, even when she contradicted herself. That odious little Mr. Matthew Constant tried all the evening to be facetious, and failed dismally; Maria tried to frown him into silence, but did not succeed; I think she is half-ashamed of him sometimes in society, when he will distinguish himself by talking humorously, as he thinks. He is a gilded pill.

July 8. Mr. Danby has availed himself very freely of Uncle Joshua's general invitation to Holly Bank; he has been over six times during the last seven days. This morning he came directly after breakfast, to give me a lesson in shooting: I was very tiresome. There is an inexplicable something about his grand air and obstinate face that rouses all my natural perversity into unnatural vivacity; I could not help saying very pert contradictory little things to him, for he was so miraculously patient with my blunders that it would really have been a pity not to test his temper. It is fiery, but well governed, I could tell. Once he almost vexed me, for he laughed; Uncle Joshua said it was at my shrewishness. A letter from Darlston, with such capital news! My father and Aunt Doe have given their consent to my going to the Holmby ball. Uncle Joshua wrote to ask them. I must go away into the hall and practise my steps, for I have half-forgotten them, I think.

July 9. Maria and I were caught yesterday dancing the new dance by Mr. Danby. He professes not to like it: I do like it, and I shall valse at the ball if any body asks me; it is very graceful and pretty, I'm sure. He looked very grim when I said so, but said no more. One would absolutely think, to hear him talk, that he fancied he had got some sort of right to advise me; indeed, I love my own way too well to listen to such supererogatory counsel; it is all very well for Aunt Doe, and even Maria, but he is not to lecture me.

July 17. Well, the ball is come and gone. I wish there was to be one every night for a month. I did enjoy it. I danced all night; never sat out a single set. Mr. Danby took me whenever I seemed not going to have another partner, so that I danced with him, in all, seven times; and he took me in to supper also. I heard somebody say I was pretty; I am very glad, though I don't believe I had ever thought of it before, or cared either: I am glad to be pretty, because it pleases people we like, and it is a good thing, though Cousin Maria says it is not worth a straw whether one is pretty or not. My new white dress was handsomely made too, and it suited me; and those bouquets that came from the Danby greenhouse,—could any thing be more charming? Charlotte Petersham teased me about mine, for she said she knew the azaleas could only have come from Danby. I have written them a long letter home about the ball. I did not think when I came to Holly Bank that I should enjoy it half so much.

This afternoon Mr. Danby walked over to ask how we were after our late night, and Uncle Joshua lent him his black horse Saladin to ride to Holmby; his own favourite has fallen lame, it seems. We had a little dispute before he left—(I wonder what makes me so perverse with him, for I don't dislike him)—and for the first time he rather lost his temper; and I saw as he went down the hill that he was fretting Saladin finely. They'll have a quarrel too before they get to Holmby, if he does not take care.

July 18. O, we have had the saddest accident! and I can't help feeling that somehow or other it is my blame. Mr. Danby had scarcely got a quarter of a mile from the Bank when Saladin threw him, and he was taken up seemingly dead; but they brought him here, and after he had

been bled he recovered consciousness. I feel so dreadfully guilty when they talk about it down-stairs. Uncle Joshua says he would not have lent him the horse if he had not felt sure of both their tempers. I knew how it was. I had a good cry last night thinking if he should die,—O, if he should die!

July 19. We have the quietest house, all speaking in whispers, and treading softly; the doctor is very grave about Mr. Danby's accident, and confesses he cannot tell yet what its issue may be. Another surgeon—a very clever one—was sent for from town yesterday; but he cannot be here until to-morrow night at the earliest. I was up this morning very early wandering about the garden; I can't be still in one place, and keep thinking always if—O, but I will not encourage so terrible a fear! Every body from far and near sends to inquire after him; there is enough for one person to do to answer them, and it falls principally to me. They all express astonishment at the manner of the accident, for Mr. Danby is such a thorough horseman. No-body seems to suspect how it occurred.

July 25. It has been a dreadfully anxious time, but at last Mr. Danby is recovering; the doctor says in another week he may be about again. O, how thankful, how deeply thankful I am! Maria has gone to stay a week with the Petershams, and Mr. Matthew Constant has started for town; so Uncle Joshua and I have to entertain our invalid. He looks very shorn and ill, and is most particularly silent. If I did not fancy myself in some degree the cause of his suffering, I am afraid I should say he was ill-tempered. Only this morning, when I put up the green blind in Maria's sitting-room, to which he comes in the daytime, he said quite shortly, "Child, child, be still; the blind is best down; I can't bear the light;" and when I drew it down again, he made as if the noise aggravated him, so I left him to himself for an hour or two, and then carried him as a peace-offering a little vase filled with red and white moss-roses. He accepted it with the most ungracious air in the world, and set it down on the table without even admiring them. Absolutely he is a Turk, spite of his pale face!

July 29. This morning at breakfast Mr. Danby announced his intention of going off to the Grange in the course of the day; and he is gone. I dare say he fancies we shall miss him a very great deal more than we are likely to do, now all the bustle of preparing for Maria's wedding is begun. Papa and Aunt Doo come next week, and I have made up my mind to go back to Darlston with them. In riding to Holmby with Uncle Joshua this afternoon, after Mr. Danby left, we overtook Charlotte Petersham, who must needs insinuate a hundred absurdities. What can have put it into her head that Mr. Danby and I should ever have any thing to do with each other? It is absurd; I felt quite angry and mortified, and told her never to let any one hint at such a possibility before her without flatly contradicting it.

July 30. To all our surprise, Mr. Danby arrived at luncheon-time. I think he had better come and live here altogether; for he is no sooner out of the house than back he comes again directly, and with the most frivolous excuses to-day: Did we want flowers for the wedding-breakfast? Such nonsense! We have plenty at Holly Bank; and if not, there are enough to be bought out of the shops at Holmby. As soon as he had asked his ridiculous question he felt how silly it was, and turned a queer confused look. I could not help smiling and saying, "We shall decorate the table with corn-flowers and poppies, Mr. Danby, if all our friends' greenhouses are exhausted; or I don't think Maria would care if we had thistles and nettles instead." "No need of the last, Margaret, where your tongue is," said Uncle Joshua, laughing; and I verily believe Mr. Danby coincided; for he regained his self-possession immediately, and began to talk very fast. Whenever Mr. Danby is put out or excited he talks fast, and so he does when he is pleased. He said he thought of going abroad for the winter. What in the world is it to us if he chooses to go to the moon!—and he speaks about it just as if he expected some of us to

coax him to stay at home. I advised him to go to the Holy Land, taking Jericho in his way; and it was laughable to see the dismayed and surprised look he put on. He got up as if going to pack his carpet-bag instantly, and marched off. We shall not see him again, I expect, for a week, as he is going away to his brother's house at Moor Park.

August 3. Mr. Danby found Moor Park dull, we suppose; for he is back at home again, and this morning joined Uncle Joshua and me in our ride. This poor man has quite an orphaned look: I could laugh sometimes at his dolour. He has not recovered thoroughly from the effects of his accident, and is so gray and solemn. We went back to the Grange with him to look at a new picture he has bought,—he is sensible enough to patronise modern art; and then, as I had not seen the house, he took me through the principal rooms. There are a great number of fine paintings which he brought from abroad; but the thing he seems to set the most store by is a portrait of his mother by Reynolds. It is a lovely countenance; he seems quite to venerate her; she died just as he was growing up, he told me.

I believe he asked Uncle Joshua if he might come to dinner this evening, and I taxed him with the fact; but he denied it strenuously. I proposed to my uncle that we should take him in to board and lodge as he is so fond of Holly Bank; but was bid to hold my tongue.

My father and Aunt Doo come to-morrow, and Mr. Matthew Constant the day after. Maria has got home again, and contemplates the crisis of her fate with a sublime equanimity; she wishes it were all over too, and wonders why there need be such a fuss of bridesmaids and bridecake and stuff! Aunt Doo is to bring the dresses and bonnets from town; I hope they will be pretty. At first Uncle Joshua determined that the wedding-breakfast should be quite a family-party, there are so many relatives on both sides the house; but it appears now that Mr. Danby is to be invited. What has he to do with the family, I should wish to know? I hope he will see the propriety of not coming where he would only be in the way. If I have an opportunity, I think I shall give him a hint.

August 5. Papa and Aunt Doo, and ever so many more people, are here; the house is overflowing from cellar to attic. To-morrow is the grand day. Mr. Matthew Constant grows more and more conceited; he is telling every body he is so proud of Maria. Maria does not reciprocate this compliment. O, what a marriage! I would rather be ten times an old maid than marry such a little disagreeable man. It is a very lucky thing that Maria does not cherish romantic views of life; but I think this sort of barter and sale sinks a long way below the practical. Aunt Doo, who has never seen him before, and hoped better things of Maria, is grieved exceedingly; and papa quite avoids him.

August 7, 1822. The great wedding-day is over, and Cousin Maria and Mr. Matthew Constant have gone into the north (it is near the twelfth, and he has designs on the grouse, we believe), and every body but myself is in bed. I have not had time yet to think whether I am glad or sorry that Mr. Danby loves me. It seems he had spoken to papa the night before; but it took me quite by surprise, and to begin to cry was, I am sure, just the silliest thing I could do. I don't know whether it is worth while to be the envy of all my acquaintances at the cost of having no delicious young time as most girls have,—no balls or picnics or fun,—and I shall not be seventeen till December. I am rather happy too—I shall not begin to be afraid of him. They all seem to think it an awfully serious affair. Uncle Joshua could almost thank me on his knees for achieving such honour; and though papa and Aunt Doo say less, it is easy to see how proud and pleased they both are. This is the best way to fulfil my vocation; but Charlotte Petersham's remark about the penniless ensign had filled my fancy with lofty ideas of the dignity of self-sacrifice; and I saw myself, in imagination, travelling in baggage-wagons in the rear of the regiment, and following my hero to the wars; and instead of that, I am to have a fine house

and luxury all my life. I rather wish Mr. Danby were a penniless ensign for a few years, and when we were tired of dangers and adventures, we could come into our fortunes and take our rest: it is not romantic to have every thing smooth:—if only somebody would have contradicted us! How strange it looks to see me writing about myself and Mr. Danby as us. His Christian name is Harry *Harry*; it is always a nice name to say, but I shall not call him by it,—not now, at least. I suppose we shall see him to-morrow. Well, after all I think I am glad—I'm sure I am.

August 10. I have to be on my very best behaviour just now, for Aunt Doe keeps the most watchful of eyes upon me whenever I begin to be *fractious* with Mr. Danby. I do wish she would not expatiate so diffusely on his virtues and his excellences; for the fact of his being so much better than I am makes me feel inclined to be perverse and aggravating. His superlative goodness is a reproach to me. How can any body expect nearly seventeen to be as sober as thirty? I am very glad and happy now when I am not put out of temper by too much advice. I shall like to be Mr. Danby's wife, for he is a man to look up to and trust. I could never love any one who was not my master. We had the pleasantest ride together to-day round by Haggerston Woods. I did not want to contradict once. I flatter myself I was as sweet as summer all the while.

August 15. It was so vexing! I do wish people would let me have my time, instead of trying to make me a staid, experienced, well-behaved character all at once. I am most grieved with Aunt Doe; she never lets me alone, and I can't bear it. If I did wish to value, it was not so wrong; other girls value. It is quite unreasonable to expect me to give up all my amusements, just because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Danby. If they had not both warned me, "Margaret, you must not value, because Mr. Danby dislikes it;" and, "Don't value, Margaret; I can't endure to see you value," I don't think I should have done it, because I knew beforehand that it was disagreeable to Mr. Danby; and I do love him enough to forego a much greater matter than a value. But to be for ever schooled and dictated to is too bad. Why does not Mr. Danby make the best of my faults, instead of the worst? I am sure I showed him early enough how rosy and wilful I can be when I am thwarted; it is his own fault if we quarrel, and not mine.

August 27. Yesterday we all came home to Darlston. Laura and May were glad to see us—the bonnie wee darlings! Mr. Danby is coming over to stay next month with us for the shooting. It is so ridiculous to see the respect with which people treat me now to what they did. All the Wilton girls came over yesterday to talk about my engagement, and any thing else I would tell them. I am rather proud to be married out of the nursery; but I would not be proud at all if Mr. Danby were not such a good man as well as a rich one. We are not to have a long engagement; I don't care; I feel as if I should be happier with him by myself now than in the midst of people warning and watching and guiding me. I should like to be let alone. I know what would keep me quiet and tractable; my love for Harry would, if they would only leave me to it and myself; but they won't.

September 8. We are not to have Mr. Danby at Darlston so soon as we expected; he has been obliged to go over to Nice, where his brother is staying on account of his health—there are even fears for his life. Harry writes me often long, pleasant letters, and those I send him are shamefully brief; but he says they are precious! I do wish this journey abroad had not come in the way; this autumn's parties will not be half so agreeable without him.

Cousin Maria and Mr. Constant have been staying with us a week, and we all fancied that she did not look very happy. Boos he behave well to her, I wonder? He is more sleek and odious than ever; but instead of his watching her to forestall her wishes, she has to observe him; and she does it in fear and trembling. Healthy as he is known to be,

they have scarcely any establishment—no carriage or horses; it is a very incomprehensible state of affairs; but Maria says nothing, and of course nobody cares to interfere. Yes, she said to me yesterday that the first six months of a woman's married life are the most tiresome and miserable that can be conceived. What a confession from a four weeks' wife!

Sept. 15. We have heard to-day of Mr. Herbert Danby's death at Nice. Harry feels it very very much; he will be with us by the thirtieth. I am very sorry for him; they were the nearest of an age in the family, and had been so much together all their lives—at school first, and then in their travels abroad. He said in his letter it had been a most painful time.

Sept. 30. Mr. Danby arrived this afternoon; it quite grieves me to see him so deeply feeling his loss. In his mourning he looks graver and older than ever; the little ones don't fancy him much; neither, I remember, did I at our first meeting.

October 10. There is not much to do at Darlston just now; no company, and no going out, on Mr. Danby's account. When the ball comes, I suppose none of us will go; Aunt Doe bade me not mention it. She took me to task pretty sharply last night for some wild speech I made to Mr. Danby; she says if he were not one of the most forbearing and patient of men he would break with me at once. I can bear a good deal of lecturing from Aunt Doe, because I know she loves me; still, I think she might take my part a little more. I don't mean to do any thing wrong; but these fits of mischievous perversity will get possession of me. Mr. Danby does not make a long stay with us this time; there is some talk of his going on Monday, but I don't think he will, really.

October 22. Winter has begun very early this year. Yesterday papa, Mr. Danby, and I, were overtaken near Darlston Pits in a snow-storm; we had a terrible ride home, and sitting to play in the nursery with the little ones an hour in my wet habit has given me a miserable cold: I feel quite stupid, and was so cross all last evening. The first part of it, till after dinner, got over pretty comfortably; but when Aunt Doe fell asleep in the drawing-room, and papa was reading his paper, Mr. Danby and I began to *fratch*, as usual. I said one thing to him that I would have bitten my tongue off to recall the moment it was uttered: but I could not humble myself enough to acknowledge I was wrong, though I saw he was deeply wounded. He got up and left me, and soon after he and papa went away into the library, and there they stayed till past midnight. I sat up longer than we do generally, in the hope he would come back and say good night; but he did not, and this morning he was away to London before I came down-stairs. He left me in anger, I know, and I'm so sorry now; for all my perversity cannot keep me from loving him very very dearly. There'll be a letter to-morrow.

October 27. No letter from Mr. Danby yet: what can it mean? Aunt Doe looked at me very gravely this morning when papa took the letters out of the bag, and the tears came into her kind eyes: could they be for me? I am not well at all now: so dull and heavy, as if something were hanging over me, as if I were going to be ill. I do wish Harry would write. It is four days since he left.

October 31. Waiting for the post! Another twenty-four anxious hours—perhaps to go through the same pang of disappointment to-morrow. No letter from Mr. Danby yet. Papa says nothing, Aunt Doe says nothing; so I must just keep my anxieties to myself. This morning there was a bitter north-east wind blowing over the wolds laden with gusts of sleety rain, and there were packed clouds on the horizon which threatened snow. Old Mattie did not come with the bag; so after waiting till noon, when a fine gleam touched the sky, I thought it would be as well to take a walk, and while I was about it to go over to the post. By the time I was ready the sun was hidden again, and a few scattered snow-flakes came drifting on the wind; but there



TOOTHACHE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. BY H. B. MARKS.
[Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856.]

was a biting anxiety at my heart that defied the cold wet blast. I set out, hoping that the storm would pass; but it thickened when I was about half-way, and then it was of no use to turn back. I was very glad to see the old church-tower and the rectory through the falling cloud at last. I went into Mattie's shop almost ashamed to be seen, and began by inquiring after her rheumatism; and then asked suddenly, as if it were an after-thought, "By the by, Mattie, are there any letters for our house?" Can you turning deceptive? Mattie was measuring out a pennyworth of nuts for a little boy; and when she had done she looked into the drawer, and after turning over several letters, said, "No, Miss Arden, there's not one—only the square's paper." So I took that and went away, as Mattie observed that it was a pity that I should have come out on such a day, and that she would send her Tom up with the letters to-morrow the minute they came in. Mattie has my secret all the while: I have been waiting for her often in the avenue lately, though the weather is so raw and chill; once even I met her at the brow of the hill leading to the village, and she looked grieved to disappoint me.

Then I set off to tramp home again. O it is weary! How many days have I waited for a word of forgiveness; for an assurance of Harry's continuing love! I am tempted to think that the prevalent winds of my life are always to

be due north, as cold and as bitter as that which drove in my face as I came home.

November 1. O, it is very hard to believe; I can't believe it yet,—it is too sudden,—he might have known I could not mean it when I said so. It was only my temper; and he vexed me. I did not wish him to go away. And he told papa what I had said, "That he always brought clouds with him wherever he went, and that I did not think I could ever be happy with him, and we had better separate while it was time." I did say those words, but it was only in a fit of crossness; and he took them in earnest. When the bag was brought in this morning, I said, "Papa, is there nothing for me?" peeping over his shoulder in hopes that there might be; for I could not suspect then what was the truth. And papa said, "No, Maggie; do you expect a letter from any body?" I turned very red, for Aunt Doo was watching me, and answered, "Yes, papa, to be sure I do; I thought I should hear from Mr. Danby; he has been gone a full week." There was a dead silence for a minute that made my heart sink with an undefinable fear; then Aunt Doo got up and went out, leaving papa and me alone. "Why does he not write; do you know, papa?" I asked hurriedly. "You should know best, Maggie," was his answer; and he went on reading a letter that he had just opened. Then it came into my mind that what I had so foolishly and wickedly

said to him the night before he went away from Darlston must have driven him from me. I caught at the table to keep myself from falling; for a thick mist rose before my eyes, and the room seemed to be going round with me. "Speak, papa; tell me what he said to you before he left; I want to know," I whispered hoarsely.

Papa looked very much shocked: "Why, Maggie, it was your own doing. You told him you could never be happy as his wife, and he had better leave you while there was time; and he took you at your word. What could you expect? Mr. Danby is not a man to be led by any girl's caprices. We are all very sorry about it; but if you felt what you said, you were right to say it. I had begun to doubt myself whether you were well snatched.

"O, papa, papa!" I cried, "I *did* like him better than any body in the world; but I was in a passion—"

"Had you not better go to Aunt Doe, my darling? the mischief is done now—Mr. Danby is gone." So I went away upstairs to Aunt Doe. She knew what it meant when I flung myself down beside her, and laid my head on her lap to cry. O, I was so wild and angry, as well as grieved. He had been unkind to me—I am sure he has. Nobody shall ever persuade me that he is right to leave me, when he knows as well as I do that I love him. He wants to punish me; but I feel that he is as much wrong as I am, and more.

November 2. It is so miserable for me now; but what can I do? I must not write to Harry, and tell him how sorry I am: that would be unwomanly—Aunt Doe says so. Would it? I am not sure. He loves me—he would forgive me if I asked him;—but no, no; there are so many things a girl must not say. I have tried to write a letter, but it is such a one as I dare not send. I used to be so coquettish and silly that I never would acknowledge to him that I loved him, and he might well doubt it. I cannot tell him now: he might fling back my confession scornfully—he would! he would! He is proud and storn and very unforgiving—perhaps he has ceased to love me. O, I think my heart will break!—if there were any hops—but he is gone quite away.

November 3. Already those curious disagreeable people, the Wiltons, have observed Mr. Danby's abrupt departure; and to my other grief is added the mortification of listening to their surprised exclamations. It is very hard to have to keep up before them, but Aunt Doe says I must; she will not have me give way; and my wretched cold and cough have to account for heavy eyes and aching head. O, for how many sore pains stands that common excuse, "a bad headache!" I cry myself to sleep night after night; and waking suddenly in a paroxysm of tears, brood over my grief till dawn, and then get up to act indifference, that people may not say I am disappointed. I wish I could get out of sight with my trouble until I grow used to it. I feel so wretchedly ill to-night with a violent throbbing pain in my head, which I have had more or less ever since papa and I spoke together; it is as if I had got a severe blow. But the pain in my head is not half so bad as the ache that never leaves my heart. Where is Harry now? I wish I knew.

November 25. I have not had the heart to write a line in my poor diary for weeks; and now I don't know why I have begun it again. We are all going to Italy for the winter; the doctor says if I stay here I shall die. I wish they would let me die; but I don't feel as if I should—that is too good to hope. I am very grieving and sad: I think Mr. Danby is hard; but it is of no use complaining or fretting; I brought his anger on myself. Laura and May are to be left at school; and when we come from abroad—if I ever come—papa thinks of letting dear old Darlston, and living in London altogether. I have a fancy for the house at Norfleet, where we were all born; but he will not listen to that. Uncle Joshua writes us word that Danby Hall is shut up, and its master away, nobody knows where. I do hope we shall not meet him in our travels abroad; but it is not likely. Aunt Doe does not like leaving England; but I will not go without her—she is a darling comfort, Aunt Doe.

November 27. Every thing is packed up, and to-morrow we go. It is a severance from the old life. I feel now that I would rather have stayed here; but they are doing it for me. I had a letter from Cousin Maria, begging I would go to her, for she is ill; but I cannot—I cannot hear any body's trouble but my own just now. Aunt Doe is so very kind to me, and so are they all. The 2d of December will be my birthday: I shall be seventeen—only seventeen! Sometimes I am almost sick with my sorrow; but the fit passes, and leaves me languid and worn out. O, I shall always, always think that Mr. Danby was unkind to me—I meant no harm; he is proud and unforgiving. Well, we shall never see each other again; and if we do, it will be only as strangers: and yet I cannot say sincerely that I wish I had never known him. If I live, I shall grieve down by and by; but I can never, never leave any one again as I loved Mr. Danby. How foolish it is of me to write thus; but I have no one, not even Aunt Doe, to whom I can speak it. Laura and sweet May travel up to London with us, and there we leave them at Mrs. Magnall's. The kind old soul will say her pet-pupil is altered. She has warned me a hundred times and more about my passionate temper. How well I remember her giving me the fable of "The Oak and the Reed" to learn. I am broken enough now. I feel as if I could never be still again. The last day or two I have thought that it is possible I may not come home again any more, I am so weak and look so wan; yet I have no pain or ache any where now. I think he would be sorry if I were to die: I think he would grieve. I would grieve years hence, I know, to hear of harm having befallen him. I cannot get away from this theme: I never thought to suffer so much. Shall we ever, ever see each other again? O, if I might only have told him!

THE BESSEMER IRON PROCESS.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Of all the materials of the earth essential to man, probably the most important is iron, from the colouring matter of his blood down to the cantledge wherewith he trims the floatage of his ships. It is the great medium of civilisation, the ransom of the free man from barbarism; as the Roman in the old tradition thundered in the ears of the barbarian Gaul, when the question arose as to who were the veritable masters of the world's chief city. The Tahitian savage instinctively recognised its true worth when he chose the iron nail in preference to the "king's picture in gold" in the hands of the navigator Cook.

Of old, iron was chiefly useful in the form of steel, to fabricate weapons and tools. Its increase in quantity in modern times has made it a material for construction; and there is scarcely a human art wherein timber, stone, brick, tile, straw, rush, clay, or plaster, is used, to which iron is not better adapted, provided it can be cheaply enough attained. Timber is a material apparently provided by nature for man's uses in fuel and structure ere he had attained the skill to dig coal and to manufacture iron. It is the bygone material of ship-building—too weak to cohere in the giant structures now needed to overlay the waters of ocean, and literally rule the waves with a straight horizontal line. In our future ship-building and our future architecture, iron will be the ruling material, increasing in its use with the facility of its production.

Of little use had iron been to us had it existed in nature only in the form of malleable masses. We might have bored holes in it, and formed it into stationary mortars; but we could not have rent it from the mine or quarry. In the British Museum may be seen a lump, cut as a sample from a huge mass in a South American desert, which has lain there from the time of its discovery, and which, were it side by side with Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, would be just as useless for man's purposes. Even a cast mass of iron, which happens to solidify in too large a bulk in a furnace, cannot be better used than in burying it in the earth below.

to get rid of it. Fortunately, then, is it for us that iron exists in brittle ores, and not in tough metallic masses.

The extraction of iron from the ore has been very largely an empirical art, with fire for the agent. Two materials have been used as fuel—wood-charcoal and mineral coal. The former is usually very pure, and does not in burning give out deteriorating substances to the metal; the latter contains sulphur and other matters damaging to the quality of the metal. The ores also contain various substances which must be got rid of, more or less perfectly, ere good iron can be attained. Some ores are roasted in the open air with fuel ere they are put into the furnace. In the furnace lime is added in large quantities as a flux, i. e. to make the iron flow freely. For various purposes of cast-iron it may be cast into form as it flows from the blast-furnace in which it is extracted from the ore, with many impurities intermixed. But the common practice is to cast it into pigs or ingots of three to four feet long, and about four inches square; such a shape, in short, as may be conveniently reduced into fragments by the hammer, for melting again when required.

Cast-iron is iron combined with a large dose of carbon, and may also contain various impurities; as sulphur, phosphorus, silex, and other matters. Steel is iron with a lesser dose of carbon. Manufactured steel is iron into which the proper dose of carbon is artificially injected. Natural steel is iron in which the proper dose of carbon exists without artificial injection.

Malleable iron is iron without carbon. The ordinary mode of getting rid of the carbon is by burning it through the agency of the oxygen in atmospheric air; and at present this is the only known mode practised with more or less of perfection in the process. The ordinary method is to pour the iron out of the melting-furnace on to the hollow hearth of a reverberating furnace, and there stir it with iron rods, by man-power, so as to expose as much as possible of the fluid-iron to the action of the atmosphere. This is intensely hard work; and its effect depends very much on the amount of ale which the stirrer, or puddler, drinks. Liquid carbon burned in the men's lungs is as essential as solid carbon burned in the furnace. After a considerable amount of stirring, the iron assumes a pasty condition, and becomes a ball of some eighty pounds weight, which is then treated by hammer and squeezers much as a baker treats a mass of dough, with the object of forcing out the slag, or cinder; which is generally very imperfectly accomplished, partly owing to inefficient method, and partly to a desire to increase the weight of the iron by the admixture. After the squeezing process is finished, the mass is again heated, several balls being united according to the size required; it is then subjected to the hammer, and passed through the rolls a sufficient number of times, when it becomes common bar-iron.

To improve the quality, the bars are cut up into short lengths, piled into square heaps, heated in the furnaces to a welding heat, passed again through the rolls, and it then becomes "best bar-iron." The process is then repeated, and it becomes "best best," and so on, like the ale with multiplied crosses, to indicate increasing strength.

But these processes do not always insure that the iron will be of homogeneous quality, free from dirt, cinder, cracks, burnt portions, and other defects. Highly-heated iron in contact with atmospheric air produces scale; and this scale operates on the iron as flour operates between portions of dough—it permits junction, but prevents union. It is this that causes the difficulty in forming large masses of wrought-iron adapted for cannon, or for the shafts and cranks of ocean steamers, or for large anchors,—a difficulty so considerable as to have led to the practice of making wrought cannon and anchors in separate pieces mechanically united. Unless the iron can be produced from the furnace in a sufficiently large homogeneous mass, no plan hitherto pursued can accomplish perfect union; only a class of iron approximating to what is called "scrap" can be produced.

Scrap-iron is formed by collecting together fragments of iron of many kinds—sheet, bolt, rod, bar—intermixed with much scale and heterogeneous substances. These, put in a pile, are heated in the furnace, tilted by the hammer into a mass, and rolled out into a bar. If the surface be filed or planed smooth, innumerable cracks and crevices will be seen analogous to the grain of wood. But in this iron there is little or no cinder or slag; and therefore it is not brittle, but fibrous and tough, and is therefore well adapted for purposes where it is desirable to insure against breakage.

The texture of wrought-iron is of three kinds: lamellar, or tendency to split into sheets; fibrous, or tendency to split into strings; granular, or tendency to break into grains or crystals. This separation is probably caused by some extraneous substance interposed between the lamina, fibres, or grains, or it may be molecular arrangement of the particles.

Fibrous iron will bear tension, and stretch without breaking; granular iron will bear compression without crushing better than fibrous iron—and this last quality is very important for many purposes, as rails and wheels. The fibrous iron is analogous to straight-grained timber; the granular iron is analogous to timber with a curled grain. Very pure iron would probably be free from either fibre, lamina, or grain, like cast-lead.

The troublesome and costly process of producing iron made it a desideratum to find out some improved method of purifying it without the man-wasting operation of puddling. Many contrivances were sought to accomplish this—to get air into the interior of the heated mass, just as gastric juice gets into the interior of the food in the stomach. If we eat mashed potatoes, we make a kind of puddle-ball, which the gastric juice may work round but not into. If we eat flowery potatoes unmashed, the gastric juice penetrates the porous mass. Thus all iron-makers knew that to purify their iron it was necessary to permeate it with air; but they knew of no better method to accomplish it than by stirring the fluid mass up with an iron-rod. Some thought shaking it was a good process; others, that making the rod hollow and forcing steam into the mass would accomplish the object, the oxygen of the water serving the same purpose as the oxygen of the air. One proposition was to pour it backwards and forwards in the fluid state, just as we cool hot beverages; but all those processes were unavailing.

Henry Bessemer at length solved the problem. Melting the iron in an ordinary furnace, he ran it out into a second furnace previously heated, and having a number of orifices round the bottom formed of fire-clay in short tubes with a bore of less than half-an-inch in diameter. Through these tubes atmospheric air was forced by a steam-engine at a pressure of eight pounds on each inch, so that it rushed through with a force equal to support a column of iron of 32 inches in height. Thus the melted iron was poured on the issuing air, which prevented its running down into the openings.

Hitherto the purifying of the iron had been accomplished only by the agency of fuel; but a new discovery arose from the use of this unique vessel. At the expiration of a few minutes the fire became more intense; the carbon in the iron became the fuel; the heat rapidly increased; the scum, or slag, rose to the surface, attained a violent agitation like an opening volcano, then threw off the slag like an explosion of lava; then the fire became still more intense, with a strong white heat, till the carbon was finally burnt out; when the metal was run out into an iron mould—a malleable cast-iron ingot weighing about six cwt.: the time occupied being less than half an hour from the commencement of the operation.

But some further arrangements are requisite to make the casting perfect. The blast must perforce be kept up strongly till the melted iron is run out, otherwise it would run into the blast-holes, and spoil the furnace. Thus it is run out in a highly aerated condition, as full of bubbles as soda-water. The being received into a metallic mould has also a tendency to chill the ingot on the exterior, and to make

it hollow internally. If the ingot be cooled in this condition, no after-heating short of a welding-heat can make the mass solid, and even that only imperfectly; for the internal hollows spread out into laminae—junction without union. This may be understood by the following analogy: if a smith's file, with coarse teeth, be heated in the fire and hammered out on the anvil—heated again, and the operation repeated any number of times, till it be as thin as paper—the teeth-marks will never be obliterated, but remain in it till the last. Even so the air-bubbles, once cooled and set in the iron-ingot, will remain, whatever be the amount of hammering; and therefore when perfectly solid metal is required, the casting must be accomplished free from air-bubbles.

The importance of this discovery may be understood by the fact, that three to four different heatings are required to produce common bar-iron by the ordinary process; and that first-class iron may be produced at one heat by this process, and that probably as much may be ultimately made in an hour as has usually been made in a day with the same amount of furnace-space. More than this, it will be difficult to make bad iron, i. e. to leave cinder in it. And the castings from this iron will, without any subsequent forging, be better adapted for large shafts and cranks than those at present produced by forging with great labour and expense. Or castings may be made nearly approaching the form required, and subsequently hammered out to the exact size. The process of "fagoting," i. e. uniting together by welding, small bars to make large ones, may be dispensed with.

The inventor proposes yet more. Stopping short of the final extinction of the carbon in the iron, he proposes to leave in it so much carbon as will constitute a kind of steel, or very hard iron. Thus the iron may be cast in blocks, using only the original fuel that melted it from the ore; and with the same heat it may be rolled out into rails, constituting really permanent railways, that will not sever into strings like wood-fibre under the load of the engine-wheels, and will not break short by reason of a cindery substance.

There is yet another result we may look forward to. Iron, come from what ore it may, is identical in substance when freed from its impurities—such as sulphur, phosphorus, silicium, carbon, and other undiscovered matters. These impurities may exist in the ore, or in the fuel, or in the flux used to melt the ore. For this reason some ores may be better than others; and wood-charcoal is the best fuel. To make steel, iron made in Sweden, Russia, and elsewhere, by charcoal, is preferred, though very costly. This iron, in thin bars, is packed between layers of charcoal in close furnaces, and kept heated for eight or ten days. The carbon thus soaks in, and gaseous impurities come out in the form of blisters, similar to the small-pox in human beings. This is "blister-steel," which, cut into short lengths, piled together, heated, and welded into a mass, forms "single shear steel," and recut and piled, forms "double shear;" neither of which are perfectly homogeneous in texture. The blister-steel, melted down in crucibles and cast into ingots, is "cast-steel," which is perfectly homogeneous and is easily tilted into bars. For a long time this steel was objected to, as impracticable to weld.

If by Mr. Bessemer's process, or by any improvement on Mr. Bessemer's process, iron can be thoroughly purified, not only from carbon, but from all other matters, English iron becomes mechanically as good as Swedish or Russian, and commercially at one-fourth of the cost. The only difference in the value of iron will be its locality, as involving transit, and the quantity of fuel and flux required to reduce it from the ore. Where iron, lime, and coal are in proximity, there will obviously be great commercial advantages for its production. And rich ores will also have an advantage over poor ones; but the iron itself will be of one value, as of one quality, in the market.

Time was that "Wootz," "Milan," "Damascus," and other steels were worth more than their weight in gold. Steel has now become commoner, but intrinsically it is immeasurably more valuable than it ever was. It is one of the

few substances whose loss would check civilisation. It is synonymous with rapid transit, and with the very use of iron itself. Therefore the meaning of Mr. Bessemer's discovery is, "cheap tools" as well as cheap materials; good as well as cheap knives, scissors, razors, files, and other things. The smith will no longer waste his time with a dull file, to save the cost of a new one. The cutler will not sell his good name to save cost in material. The poor man will have a steel-knife on his plate instead of a cast-iron one.

It is not marvellous that this discovery should have produced so large an excitement. Civilisation has its evils as well as its advantages, and change is ever hailed with warm greeting on the one side and dislike and mistrust on the other. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," still cry the vested interests, as of old; and while some proclaim that the new process is an old one, others persist that it is a bad one. But the shrewd take to it, and leave the caviling to others. Meanwhile it is the installation of wrought-iron building structure ashore, practically increasing dwelling-area 25 per cent on a given surface of ground, with increased safety, warmth and coolness at pleasure, and better ventilation; and it will amount to something like the extinction of timber structure afloat, when the further process shall be perfectly attained of excluding oxygen from contact with iron at our will. Elisha of old caused iron to swim. We have done likewise on a larger scale; but we must do more yet to make it indestructible in salt water as well as fresh.

Discoveries in chemistry tend to propagate others, like eddying rings in air or water. For some time previous to Mr. Bessemer's publication of his discovery, a patent had lain in abeyance, taken by a certain Captain Franz Uchatius, of the Austrian army. No one heeded it; but the excitement of the Bessemer discovery set people to take it up; and Sheffield is stirred to its centre and waked from its goodly slumbers by rumours of approaching changes.

Indian pig-iron is famed for the excellence of its quality. It is the mother of the far-famed Wootz steel, erst used by die-sinkers, and sold, tradition says, at four guineas the pound; being prepared by olive-coloured men squatting on their haunches, and working with strange bellows operating on small crucibles: a sort of witch-like process, mysterious as the gnome-forgings of magic weapons in Scandinavia of old for the use of god-protected Vikings. Indian pig, by the operations of commerce,—first fostered by the late Mr. Heath, who died under the infliction of patent-law iniquities,—is now brought to England in large quantities, and sold for 7l. per ton—about double the price of Scottish pig; so we may infer that the Indian company have literally brought their pigs to a fine market: a beginning of the development of Indian resources.

Captain Franz Uchatius remelts these pigs, and pours the fluid metal into cold water; the result of which is to convert it into small irregular globular forms, strongly resembling leaden bird-shot. Twenty-eight pounds weight of these granules are mixed with a certain quantity of oxide of manganese and other materials, and put in a crucible, and the whole is melted. The result, poured out into the usual moulds, is some thirty pounds of exceedingly good cast-steel, capable of being forged into cutting chisels, and which will probably result in the ultimate production of steel fitted for the finest articles of cutlery. But it is more important to produce a steel generally useful to supply the place of iron, at a low price, than to produce the finer qualities, as the value of the material is a small item compared with the labour in the finer articles of cutlery and instruments. Thus Mr. Bessemer induces the process of burning away carbon from the iron by the injection of oxygen in the atmospheric air; and Franz Uchatius administers oxygen in the form of oxygenated materials without internal blast, producing steel by the substitution of hours for days.

When our chemistry shall take the form of synthesis as largely as it has done that of analysis, we shall get many more surprising results.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN MALFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

For an hour she lay on the schoolhouse-floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.

"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet! I must go to him." But she could not even stand.

I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.

Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.

"Above all, my dear madam, *quiet*,"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fastening of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."

Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.

"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—fast!—folded quietly her useless hands; and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer,—He "who woundeth, and His hands make whole."

At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with him?"

"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good tender nurse; and he is fond of her."

Mrs. Rochdale was silent.

Shortly afterwards she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.

After that, I saw her twice a-day for five days—bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favourable; yet the agony of that "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid fixed quietness, had an expression half-insane.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.

"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in."

Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.

"Are you afraid of taking a walk with me—a long walk? No? Then put on your shawl and come."

Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through miry lanes, and soaking woods, where the partridges started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir-plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manor-house. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.

"Martha, do you see that light in my window?—O my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.

"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.

But she needed no preparation. She asked in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary call—for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to-day, thank the Lord!"

The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truer than lip-service.

"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.

The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.

"Merely a lady."

We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat fluttered, looking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy Hine.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Rochdale put back her veil, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the elder lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—!" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to see—my son."

"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Nancy earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but—"

The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up-stairs—Nancy following. At the chamber-door, however, Nancy interrupted her—

"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"

"He is my son—my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in.

We heard a faint cry, "O mother, my dear mother!" and a loud sob—that was all.

Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.

It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house,—sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident, too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to educating his wife. If so, she certainly did her master credit. But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.

Awkward she was still—large and *gauche* and underbred—wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantages of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her—nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.

I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.

We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical services, and brought in the tray.

Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.

"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"

But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.

In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—O, inconceivably happy!—scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twenty-seven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom—her son, now born again to her in reconciliation and love. She even said, with a gentle smile, to her son's wife:

"I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go upstairs?"

Nancy fled like lightning.

"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."

"She is much improved in many ways."

"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."

Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner towards her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and pleasure.

"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."

"Thank you; certainly." And Mrs. Rochdale sat down—unwittingly, perhaps, in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and for ever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.

I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other love, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment, which he never does feel, never can feel, for any woman on earth except his mother.

Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.

But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.

Perhaps it was I only who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, nay, noble Mrs. Rochdale sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.

After that Sunday, the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village: some worthy souls were glad; but I think the generality were rather shocked at the reconciliation. They "always" thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit; "wondered she could have let herself down." "But of course it was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be 'on terms' with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."

In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."

I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect—for she was a high-spirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honour which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honour and observance as its rightful due.

From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted

fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—(I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he. Mild-tempered, lazy, and kind, it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.

Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."

Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side, and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, older and younger, were several times seen driving out together,—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas-day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house porch; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!

After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!

Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalised, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.

"But of course she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."

Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind" of her daughter-in-law!

That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colours suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "who was that *distinguish*-looking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.

Gradually the point at issue slightly changed; and the question became:

"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

But Mrs. Rochdale, though of course she knew all about it,—for every body knew every thing in our village,—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or the other as to her expectations.

Nevertheless the difficulty increased daily, especially as the squire's mother had been long the object of universal respect and attention from her neighbours. The question, "To visit or not to visit?" was mooted and canvassed far and wide. Mrs. Rochdale's example was strong; yet the "county people" had the prejudices of their class, and most of them had warmly regarded poor Celandine Childs.

I have hitherto not said a word of Miss Childs. She was still abroad. But though Mrs. Rochdale rarely alluded to her, I often noticed how her eyes would brighten at sight of letters in the delicate handwriting I knew so well. The

strong attachment between those two nothing had power to break.

One day she sat poring long over one of Celandine's letters, and many times took off her glasses,—alas! as I said, Mrs. Rochdale was an old lady now,—to wipe the dew from them. At length she called in a clear voice, "Martha!" and I found her standing by the mirror smiling.

"Martha, I am going to a wedding!"

"Indeed! Whose, madam?"

"Miss Childo's. She is to be married next week."

"To whom?" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you remember Mr. Sinclair?"

I did. He was the rector of Ashen Dale. One of the many suitors whom, years ago, popular report had given to Miss Childo.

"Was that really the case, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Yes. Afterwards he became, and has been ever since, her truest, truest, most faithful friend. Now—"

Mrs. Rochdale sat down, still smiling, but sighing also. I too felt a certain pang, for which I blamed myself the moment after, to think that love can ever die and be buried. Yet surely the Maker of the human heart knows it best. One thing I know, and perhaps it would account for a great deal, that the Lemuel of Celandine's love was not, never had been, the real Lemuel Rochdale. Still—

Something in my looks betrayed me; for Mrs. Rochdale, turning round, said decisively:

"Martha, I am very glad of this marriage, deeply and entirely glad. She will be happy,—my poor Celandine!"

And happy she always has been, I believe.

After Mrs. Rochdale's return from the wedding, she one day sent for me.

"Martha,"—and an amused smile about her mouth reminded me of our lady of the manor in her young days,—

"I am going to astonish the village. I intend giving a dinner-party. Will you write the invitations?"

They were, without exception, to the "best" families of our neighbourhood. Literally *the best*—the worthiest; people, like Mrs. Rochdale herself, to whom "position" was a mere clothing, used or not used, never concealing or meant to conceal the honest form beneath, the common humanity that we all owe alike to father Adam and mother Eve. People who had no need to stickle for the rank that was their birthright, the honour that was their due; whose blood was so thoroughly "gentle," that it inclined them to gentle manners and gentle deeds. Of such—and there are not a few throughout our English land—of such are the true aristocracy.

All Thorpe was on the *qui vive* respecting this wonderful dinner-party, for hitherto—gossip said because she could of course have no gentleman at the head of her table—Mrs. Rochdale had abstained from any thing of the kind. Now, would her son really take his rightful place at the entertainment? and if so, what was to be done with his wife? Could our "best" families, much as they esteemed Mrs. Rochdale, ever under any possible circumstances be expected to meet the former Nancy Hine?

I need not say how the whole question served for a week's wonder; and how every body knew every other body's thoughts and intentions a great deal better than "other bodies" themselves. Half the village was out at door or window, when on this memorable afternoon the several carriages were seen driving up to Mrs. Rochdale's house.

Within, we were quiet enough. She had few preparations,—she always lived in simple elegance. Even on this grand occasion she only gave what cheer her means could afford—nothing more. Show was needless, for every guest was not a mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Dressed richly, and with special care,—how well I remembered, that is, if I had dared to remember, another similar toilette!—Mrs. Rochdale sat in her chamber. Not until the visitors were all assembled did she descend to the drawing-room.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired;—a lady, to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been—"What a fine-looking woman! but so quiet."

This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made,—

"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

In a week, "every body" visited at the manor-house.

Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so: it would have been unnatural, nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in-law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blest with superabundance of faithful love often end by deserving it, Mr. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.

Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably beautiful smile. A smile which, to a certainty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.

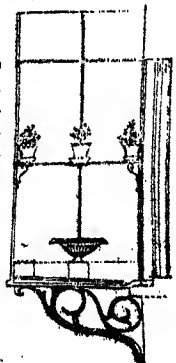
One want exists at the manor-house,—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact, that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "a low marriage."



WINDOW DECORATIONS.

DESIGN NO. 1.

The object of this design is, by a simple and inexpensive arrangement to produce a pleasing effect, as viewed from the interior of an apartment; and it is particularly adapted for localities not possessing a good prospect. The design consists of a small glass conservatory, of the same height as the window, to project about three or four feet from it; and to be supported externally by two iron brackets, as shown in section, of sufficient strength to bear the weight of the structure and the boxes it is to contain. The framework of the conservatory would be lighter in appearance if made of iron, and, in point of economy,



would have the advantage over wood arising from its greater durability.

The floor might be formed of slate or encaustic tiles, with an incline of about an inch towards the window, near which a groove ought to be cut to carry off the water required for the plants. On the front of every sash-bar a wire should be placed at about half an-inch distant, running from the bottom to the top. These wires may be continued in festoons to the roof of the conservatory, on which climbing plants can be trained: by this arrangement a most graceful effect will be obtained.

A small fountain, either self-acting or fed from the water-cistern of the house, adds very much to the beauty of the whole, or in the absence of that, a statuette or a globe of gold-fish.

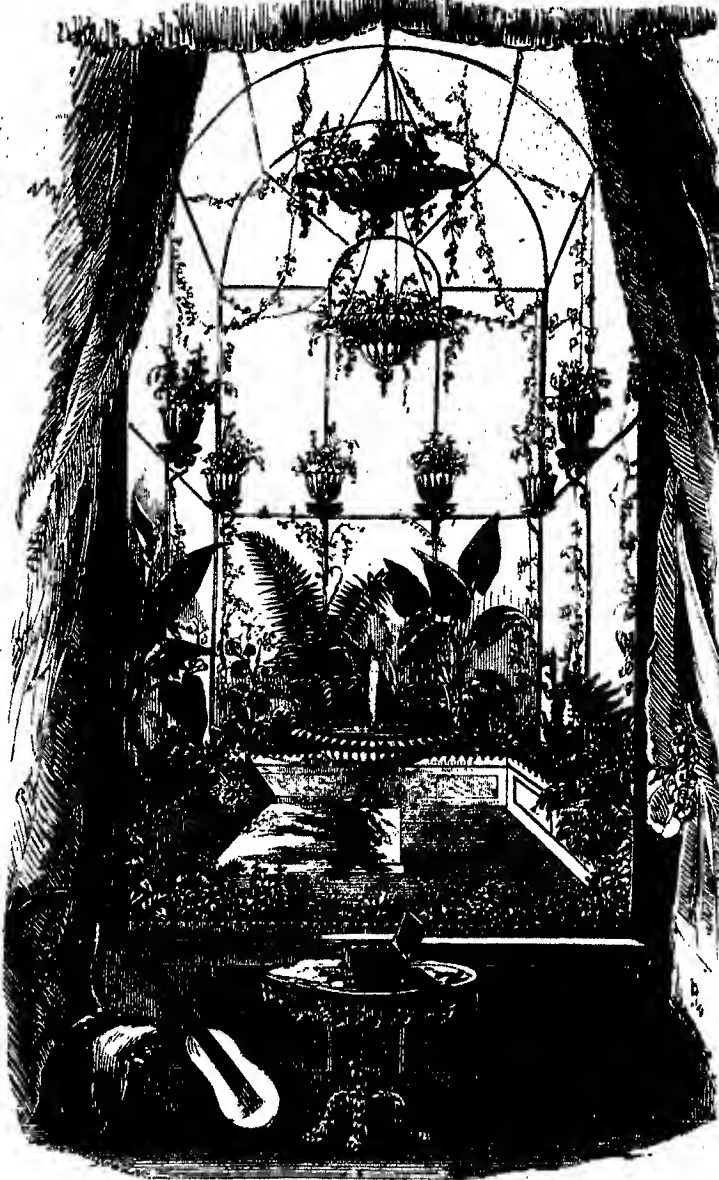
Independently of the agreeable appearance produced by luxuriant flowers during summer, the little conservatory will be found of great use in preserving plants during the winter, as the ordinary fire of the room will keep the temperature sufficiently warm for them. The flower-boxes may be made of wood, or can be procured in porcelain or terra-cotta. Small iron brackets, affixed at intervals to the sash-bars, would support flower-pots for fuchsias, geraniums, or other standard plants.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVING seen a design for an aquarium in your last week's publication, I thought perhaps some of your readers would be interested in one of the inhabitants of an aquarium—an "aquatic spider," which I am not encroaching too much on your columns to describe.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

This amusing insect differs little from the ordinary house-spider in the shape of the body, but its habits are altogether different. Although it is called a water-spider, it requires much more air than water or plants are able to



supply it with; it is therefore furnished by nature with a skin or bag over the abdomen which is capable of containing air: this when filled, presents the appearance of a globule of quicksilver. The insect is capable of replenishing this bag at pleasure by means of four small tents. Great amusement may be derived by watching the operations and movements of these little creatures.

Instead of spinning a web, as the common spider does, they weave a nest or bag of white silky fibres, which contains air; consequently by this means it always insures a constant supply. Strange to say, these insects are very nearly the only ones that may be placed in a freshwater aquarium without any danger of being devoured by the fish or other insects. T. P.

NOTICE.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department are invited from our readers. Any new fact illustrating morals, art, or convenience, in so far as they pertain to Home, or any suggestive comment upon such fact, are within the scope of our design. Education, with all that it

includes in practice,—various methods of training, for instance, adapted to various dispositions,—might be an important element in such a correspondence. Nothing will be foreign, indeed, that elucidates the inner life, or contributes to the outward beauty and utility of Home-experience. We may here reprint from our prospectus a list of the subjects to which we would direct especial attention: Art in the Dwelling—Gardening and Rural Economy—Home Education—Health-Laws—The Sick-room—Social Manners and Customs—The Heredities of Home—Duties of Members of Families to each other, to Neighbours, and to the Poor—Home-interiors of the World compared—Principles of Home-Management—Recreations at Home and Abroad—The Ministrations of Science to the Home, &c.

All communications to be authenticated by the signature and address of the writer, which, if desired, will be received in strict confidence. They must be directed to the Office, and marked on the corner of the envelope, "The Home."



PAINTED BY J. PHILIP.

SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

"A HANDSOME face is a good letter of introduction." This was a proverb two thousand years ago, and will be a truth to the end of time. What need, then, has this beautiful Andalusian girl of any words of ours to bespeak for her the favourable notice of our readers? We may leave her to win her own triumphant way with all beholders, noting only—as in a hurried exclamation of wonder and delight—the grace and freedom of her outlines, the ease with which she carries the heavy picher, poising it in the manner which imposes least effort on the muscles of the arm, the latent power in her large black eyes, the sweetness of her face, and its repose, contrasted with the quickness of her step, as shown by the flying tassels at her waist and the rope slanting back from the handle of the picher.

The painting is among the latest productions of the artist, Mr. Phillip, from whose studio it has not yet issued.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

BY DR. DORAN.

It was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one in whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. "I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules," says Jeremy, "but did more mischief than good." He described heroes generally as "overgrown mortals," people who "commonly use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left." It must be remembered, however, that when Collier thus referred to "heroes," he had in his mind warriors only. Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nice distinction when she remarked that heroes were much rarer than great warriors. Collier, however, discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, "is in their title; and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these." Larochefoucauld may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term "hero," when he remarked that "there are heroes in evil as well as in good." Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that "it is easy to be at certain moments heroic and generous; what is really difficult is this,—to be constant and faithful."

He who has courage over himself is a hero; and a "heroine" is something more than the mere "bellatrix" and "virago," which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the "formose chorus heroines" of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity. Now *my* heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of these.

One winter's evening, towards the close of December 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the

door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the latch, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family-festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My goddaughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of *her*," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his goddaughter, or ask his council in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "for ever."

She lay about at the cottage-door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or

... she had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighbourhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmingled happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, laboured with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labour, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn any thing new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half-aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters,—“well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be my fault. I will go to Monsieur le curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le curé, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her. "My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the curé in argument,—“then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labour twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than

the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labour was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me, amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor good-humouredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the

first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, futuro succour, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Mario not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that *merely*. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflinching perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honour with such zeal as this peasant-girl laboured to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many men in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognised as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach,—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labour; that is the labour which will bring me happiness."

Mario Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a license to become an instructor appeared before the government-board of ex-

aminers with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Mario Lucille laboured to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Nôtre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the archbishop to her, at the *déjeuner* which followed the service,—“how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!”

"And that, monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a curé in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

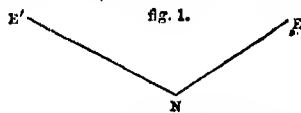
THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

Theory (continued from p. 37).

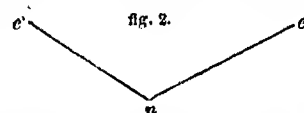
In a preceding number I have explained the construction of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and the manner in which the lenses are prepared and placed in the instrument so as to unite the right and left eye pictures of any statue, person, or landscape, and produce a picture in relief. We shall now proceed to explain the cause of the relief which is obtained by this method. For this purpose, let us suppose ourselves placed in front of a statue the nose of which, n , fig. 1, is



directed to a point midway between our eyes. If we shut the left eye, and look at it with the right eye, we shall see more of the left cheek than the right one, and the nose n will be seen nearer the right ear e than the left ear e' , so that ne will be less than ne' . If we shut the right eye, and look at the statue n , fig. 2, with the left eye, we shall see more of the right cheek than of the left cheek, and the nose n will be seen nearer the left ear e' than the right ear e , so that ne' will be less than ne . Hence, supposing

the picture to be projected in a plane passing through the ears e, e' , the distance between the two noses thus projected will be greater than the distance ee' or $e'e$ between the two ears; and in general in every binocular picture the distance of similar points of them that are nearest the eye is greater than the distance of similar points of them farthest from the eye; a fact which may be proved experimentally by measuring their distance upon any binocular picture.

Let us now suppose that by means of the Stereoscope the right-eye picture $e ne'$ is laid above the left-eye picture $e' ne$, it is obvious that they cannot coincide with one another or *coalesce*, because they are *dissimilar*. If the two noses n, n coincide, the two ears cannot coincide, because the line ne in the right-eye picture is larger than the line ne' in the



left-hand picture, and the line ne' larger than the line ne ; and for the same reason, when the two ears e, e' or e', e coincide the noses cannot coincide. How comes it, then, that the two pictures appear to coincide, and to form a solid in relief? In answering this question, Mr. Wheatstone got over the difficulty very summarily by maintaining that the unequal lines do coincide or coalesce into one line; but I have demonstrated by incontrovertible experiments that two lines of different lengths cannot be made to coincide,

and that the opposite opinion is subversive of the fundamental laws of vision.

The following, therefore, is the true explanation of the apparent coincidence of the unequal lines,—that is, the true theory of the Stereoscope. When in ordinary binocular vision we see a statue in relief by uniting the pictures of it in each eye, we unite at once only *two* similar points of the two pictures. Let us suppose these two points to be the two *noses*. When this is done, no other two points of the pictures are united, and they are consequently seen indistinct, did not the eye converge its axes upon all of them in such rapid succession as to see all the similar parts of the picture in apparent union; an effect aided by the duration of the impression of light upon the retina, the impression of the form and distance of each part of the incoincident pictures being present to the eye.

In the Stereoscope precisely the same operation takes place. When the eyes are converged upon the nose, by uniting the two noses, it is represented as placed at the point of convergence. The eyes then unite the ears by converging their axes upon each of them in succession, and they are therefore represented as placed in the points of convergence; and in like manner all the similar points of the two pictures are successively united, and seen at the corresponding points of convergence, that is, at distances from the eye corresponding with and measuring the distances of similar points in the binocular pictures. The general union of the two pictures is produced by the transference of each picture to a place midway between them; but this is all that the Stereoscope does. It does not produce the relief, as is generally supposed; it merely aids the two eyes in producing it, by completing in succession the union of all the points which are not united by the instrument; for when the right-eye picture is laid above the left-eye picture, so as to unite only the two noses, all the other parts of the face which are more distant are not united.

To those who may not clearly understand the preceding explanation, we offer the following illustration. Look at a bust with your eyes five or six inches from its nose. It will be seen in perfect relief. Shut first the right and then the left eye, and it will be distinctly seen that the pictures of it on each eye are very different, and that the relief of the nose is much less with each eye than with both. When both eyes are opened these two pictures are seen as one, and it will be evident that when we see the nose distinct by converging the eye on it, the eyes of the statue are less distinct, and *vice versa*. Now two pictures of the statue, when taken by a binocular camera with two lenses $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, are precisely those which are seen by each eye; and consequently when the Stereoscope unites them, we ought to see the combined pictures in relief exactly as we did the statue when viewed with both eyes.

3. Application.

We now proceed to give an account of the application of the Stereoscope to the fine and useful arts, and to scientific and educational purposes; but before we enter upon this important branch of the subject, we must explain the method of obtaining binocular pictures which shall be correct delineations of the persons and objects which they represent, and which, when placed in the Stereoscope, shall reproduce the persons and objects with the same accuracy as when they were viewed by the photographer.

1. On the Production of Single Photographic Portraits, or Groups of Portraits.

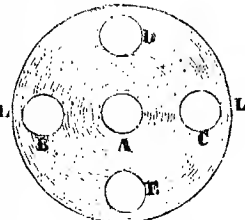
Before we can obtain good binocular pictures we must learn to produce single ones; and it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of an art practised by nearly a hundred thousand practitioners, that neither the scientific nor the merely practical operator has any correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of his art. Photographs of surpassing beauty have no doubt issued from many a studio, and processes of great interest, and contrivances sin-

gularly ingenious, have given a high degree of perfection both to the Daguerrotype and the Talbotype; but the *optical principles* of the art, on which perfection of form and artistic truth essentially depend, have yet to be learned by photographers.

The photographic camera has been brought to the highest perfection by Mr. Andrew Ross and other distinguished opticians, domestic and foreign; and, generally speaking, it may be considered a perfect instrument, if applied to drawings or pictures on a plane surface, or to objects of any kind in which the relief is very small. But however perfect be the glass of which its lenses are composed, however accurately the spherical and chromatic aberrations of the lenses are corrected, and however nicely the chemical and luminous foci are made to coincide, the photographic camera is utterly unfit, *from the size of its lenses alone*, to give accurate representations of living beings, and of all objects in relief, whether single or in groups. The lenses in these instruments vary in diameter from 3 to 12 inches; and the error or deformity which they produce increases with the size of the lenses.

In order to make this important fact intelligible to ordinary readers, let us consider what takes place in a camera with a lens of only *three* inches in diameter.

If we reduce the aperture of the lens *i. e.* to a *quarter of an inch*, as shown at *A*, we shall have an approximately correct picture of the person sitting for his portrait, or of any object in relief.* If we now take four pictures of the same person through other parts of the lens *u, c, v,* and *x*, it will be found by an accurate examination of them that they



will perceptibly differ from each other, and from the correct one taken from *A*. In the picture taken through *u*, we shall see parts on the right side of the head which are not seen in the picture through *c*; and in the picture through *c*, parts on the left side of the head not seen through *u*. The pictures, indeed, seen through *u* and *c*, which are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, have *all the dissimilarity* of binocular pictures, and would give a solid figure in the Stereoscope. In like manner the pictures taken through *v* and *x* will be different from those seen through *A, u,* and *c*, and also from each other. In the one taken through *v* we shall see parts *above* the brow, above the lower lip, &c. which are not seen in the pictures taken through *A, u, c,* and *x*; and in the picture through *x*, we shall see parts *beneath* the eyebrows, beneath the nose, beneath the upper lip, and beneath the chin, which do not exist in any of the other pictures. Hence it follows, that on whatever part of the lens we place the aperture, we shall obtain a picture different from that taken through any other part; and since the aperture may be placed in about 130 new parts of the lens, *the photographic picture will be a combination of 130 dissimilar pictures of the sitter, the similar parts of which are not coincident*, or, to use the language of geometrical perspective, *the photographic picture is a combination of 130 pictures of the sitter taken from 130 different points of sight!*

* In order to give a more striking illustration of the deformity produced by large lenses, let us suppose that we take a picture of the *jerboa*, or *leaping hare*, as figured by Buffon, with a lens 8 or 9 inches in diameter. The animal is about 4 or 5 inches in breadth; and in a front view of it, when standing on its hind legs, its long tail is entirely hid by its body when viewed by the photographer; but the giant lens of his camera sees its tail by means of its marginal surface, and will give him a photographic picture of the jerboa *with its tail in front of its stomach*, or, what is the same thing in a plane picture, *with its tail seen through its*

* A perfectly correct picture is one obtained by the smallest possible lens, or one taken from a single point of sight in the centre of the aperture *A*.

stomach! For the same reason, all objects less than 8 or 9 inches, the diameter of the lens, will be transparent to other objects situated at certain distances behind them. The leaves and twigs of trees will be seen through small trunks and branches; and in photographs of machinery, the teeth of wheels and their axes will be seen through narrow beams and supports, and thus spot and deform the picture.

In order, therefore, to obtain perfect portraits and perfect photographs of persons, landscapes, buildings and machinery, &c. we must use lenses of small aperture, not exceeding a quarter of an inch. The objection to such lenses in portraiture is, that the time of sitting will be inconveniently increased; but this objection will be removed when the sensitiveness of the collodion is increased; and even in the present state of the process we can approximate very nearly to a perfect result. With a rock-crystal lens, five-eighths of an inch in diameter,* we have obtained portraits in *sixty* seconds, which, though not so sharp as those taken by the usual cameras, have been pronounced by competent judges to be better likenesses and finer photographs. In representing the human face, in persons of advanced age, or with features strongly marked, the ordinary camera magnifies and increases every wrinkle and defect; while the small lens, owing to the very imperfection of its definition, softens every asperity, and represents the sitter as he appears in society.

If such be the deformity of single photographic pictures taken with large lenses, what must be the effect of combining binocular pictures taken by the same lenses, so as to represent the sitter or sitters in relief. The single pictures themselves, including binocular and multocular representations of the individual, must in the Stereoscope exhibit a very imperfect portrait in relief,—so very imperfect, indeed, that the photographer is obliged to take his two pictures from points of sight different from the correct points, in order to obtain the least disagreeable result.

In order, therefore, to obtain correct binocular pictures, which when combined in the Stereoscope will produce a correct representation in relief, we must use small lenses,—rock-crystal lenses a quarter of an inch in diameter,—and we must place them at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, so as to form a binocular camera. In order that the two pictures may have exactly the same size, it is necessary that the lenses have *exactly* the same focal length; a result which can only be obtained by cutting a lens into two parts, or semi-lenses, and placing these at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the camera. Portraits and landscapes have been frequently taken by placing the lenses, or the two cameras when a binocular one is not used, at a much greater distance, in order to increase the relief and to produce a startling effect; but all such pictures are false representations of nature.

With his single small-lens camera for portraits, and his binocular camera for stereoscopic pictures, the photographer is now prepared for the scientific practice of his art; but before he commences, he has something more to learn, as essential to his success as the excellence of his cameras. He must select the proper position and the proper distance of the sitter, choosing a full face, a three-quarter face, a profile, or any other view of the head supposed to move round vertically. But even this is not enough; the human face undergoes singular transformations, according as it is directed upward or downward. If the line joining the brow and the chin is vertical, the face has a certain character; but the expression and form vary greatly when that line is inclined at different angles to the horizon. In one position it may be ugly, and in another beautiful. The photographer must therefore determine the proper inclination of that line, in connection with the other, in what may be called the azimuthal aspect of the face; and when this is done, he must determine—what is also an essential point—the proper

distance of the sitter. The form of the human face, and of every individual feature, and consequently its expression, varies with the distance of the sitter.* Features concealed at one distance are visible at another, and *vice versa*; and the general form of the head and figure suffer similar changes.

There are circumstances, however, which sometimes determine the distance of the sitter irrespective of the character of the face. If the portrait is to be suspended on a wall, it should be taken at the distance at which it is to be seen; and whatever be the magnitude of the picture thus obtained, it may be enlarged to any size by what may be called a magnifying camera, or reduced to any extent by the common camera. If the portrait is required for the Stereoscope, its size is limited by that of the instrument to a few inches; and it has been shown† that the binocular picture must be taken with a lens whose focal length is equal to the distance from the eye at which it is to be placed in the Stereoscope. The following is a general rule for taking binocular pictures, and combining them in the Stereoscope.

Supposing that the camera employed to take binocular portraits, landscapes, &c. gives perfect representations of them, that is, such as are produced by the binocular camera with small lenses, *the relief picture in the Stereoscope obtained by their superposition and binocular union will not be correct and truthful unless the dissimilar pictures are placed in the Stereoscope at a distance from the eyes equal to the focal distance, real or equivalent, of the object-glass or object-glasses of the camera; and whatever be the size of the pictures, they will appear, when they are so placed, of the same apparent magnitude, and in the same relief, as when they were seen from the object-glass of the camera by the photographer himself.*

HESPERA GRAY.

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS.

I leaned on the village stile,
Watching the star of the even,
When a maiden, a sweet maiden, a rare maiden,
Came toward me beauty-laden,
Came toward me with a smile—
Left a light on all the place;
Came toward me with a smile
That drew all my thoughts from heaven
To the heaven of her face.

A moment, and she was past,
Fading away from me fast, fast, fast:
She was gone; and I could not stir,
Though the flowers whereon she trod
Uprose to look after her,
And to list to her steps on the sod;
Though the breeze hasten'd after her feet
To toy with her silken hair;
But heavily sighing I saw her retreat
And grow less in the twilight air,
And grow ever less, shadowlike, fleet,
And grow far off, wraithlike, and gray,
And vanish, when night came down complete,
And the dark dropp'd on the day.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

London, February 17, 1832. Yesterday week, two old boxes were sent up from Darlston containing some of papa's books and papers; and amongst them, behold my lost diary! the lock all rusted, and the binding mouldy. Faithful old secret-

* This lens was a double convex one, whereas it should have been plano-convex, with the convex side towards the sitter, or more accurately a lens with its radii as 1 to 14.

• See my *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, pp. 141-145. † Ibid. pp. 150, 160.

keeper! I have been reading a few of its last dismal pages. Can it be Margaret Arden who wrote them? Well, I suppose it was.

Wonderful to look back ten years, and to see the difference between then and now. Laura married and a mother, pretty May grown up, and myself quite on the old maids' list. Papa,—I don't know what ails papa; he always looks preoccupied and melancholy. Some of his wonderful speculations may be going wrong; but we dare not ask, for he avoids all allusion to them studiously.

We have had Uncle Joshua staying in town for a fortnight: he brings all the gossip of his neighbourhood. Mr. Danby seems avowed to bachelorhood. He has become a very busy popular man in his county. He must be growing middle-aged now: I am seven-and-twenty, and he was ten years older or more. Papa was speaking yesterday of some very important measure that he is trying to carry through parliament, and saying that he had made a very able speech in the House upon it, and was much trusted by his party. I read that speech in the paper,—at least, I dare say it is that one; but he speaks often. It strikes me that he clings with intense pertinacity to his purposes;—that old obstinate look,—I wonder whether his gray face wears it still? If there were a chance, I would go to hear him some night, for old friendship's sake.

February 25. Last night Maria Constant and I got into the gallery of the House, after a grand crush, and I heard Mr. Danby speak. He is not very fluent, but he brings out a few nervous, detached sentences that are very much to the point; and when he has said his say, down he sits. He reminds me of nothing so much as a hammer driving in a nail with a few steady strokes. I was surprised to observe how gray his hair has become, and what a worn, over-worked look there is on his face. They say he is a thorough-going, practical, energetic man of business.

February 28. We are all very uneasy about my father just now: I never saw him in such a restless, perturbed state before. I wonder what could make him rush into speculation; we had money enough and to spare, without gambling for more.

March 17. At a dinner-party at the Petershams' last night we met Mr. Danby. Papa had some talk with him, and he took notice of May, remarking that she is like what I was. She is much prettier than ever I was, even in my best days. We exchanged half-a-dozen sentences about indifferent matters, and both looked and felt awkward with each other. I could not help remembering that speech I made to him so long ago, which broke off our engagement. Charlotte's "penniless lieutenant" has met with quick promotion.

March 30. I am miserable about my father; he looks ill and anxious to the last degree. If he would only speak, and tell us what he fears or suffers, it would be better than this silent expectation of we know not what.

April 2. My father looks calmer this morning than we have seen him do for months; he feels, at least, that all is known—the very worst. Uncle Joshua says he has expected it for years, and that no man who ran after every new theory that was started, and took a part in every specious project that turned up, could reasonably look for any other result. Uncle Joshua is very hard and unconciliatory. He does not seem at all distressed at the verification of his sagacious previsions—rather the reverse, indeed. When my father stated the case in his hesitating way, he blustered out after his usual manner: "Pretty interest your philanthropy is likely to bring you, brother James!—a fool and his money are soon parted." My poor father looked miserable, especially when he had to confess that Darlston must be sold. Uncle Joshua cast up his hands, and cried, "James, you're surely mad to talk of selling Darlston: things can't be so bad as that?" "They are as bad as bad can be. We must make our home at Norfleet henceforward," my father answered. At this announcement Uncle Joshua looked as if he were struck dumb, shook his head, and walked out of

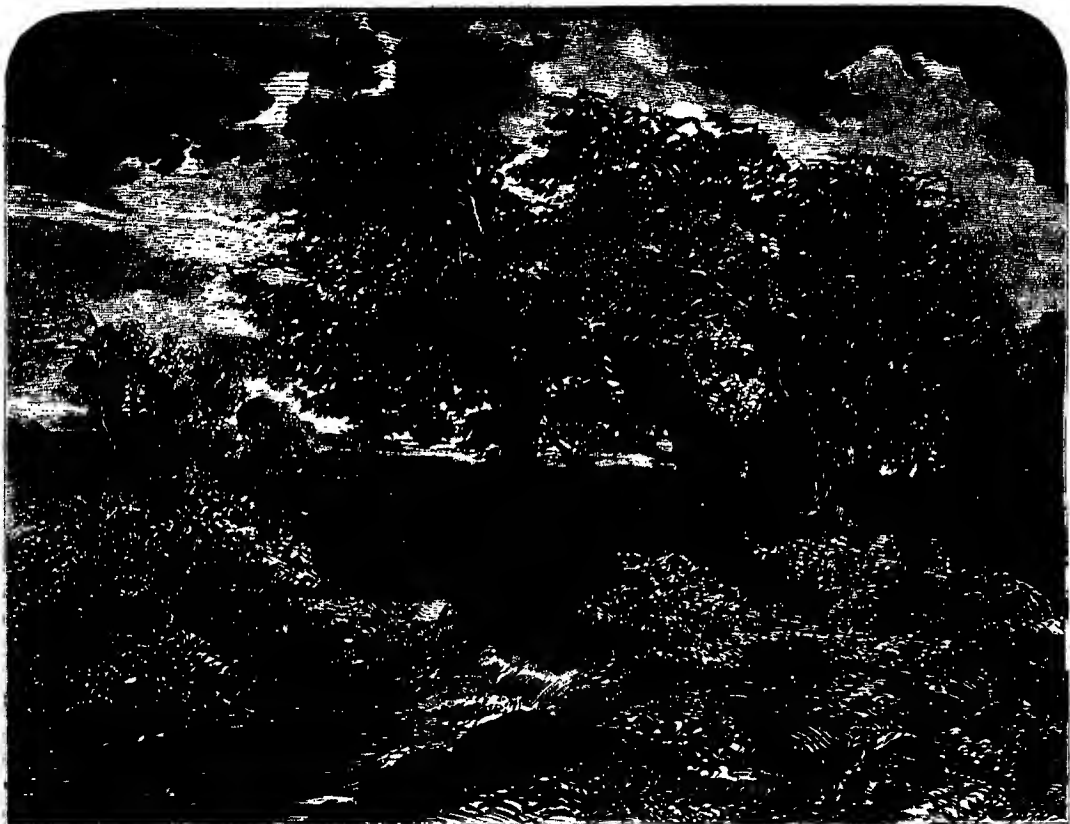
the house. As soon as he was gone, May began to cry and to hang about my father in her fond, affectionate way; it was very distressing; she begged that they might not be separated whatever should happen. It is a comfort in our adversity to feel that there is no disunion amongst us. Aunt Dorothy got her coaxed away, and then my father and I had a long talk about ways and means. It was very late before we got to bed, and then I could not sleep for thinking of all the changos that were to come. We go to Norfleet in a few days.

April 17. This is going to be no playing at poverty. O, surely if my poor father had known what disastrous consequences to all of us his foolish speculations were to produce, he would not have been so rash! We left him in London yesterday, and arrived here this afternoon about dusk. If ever there was a house that had "haunted" legibly inscribed on the face of it, surely Norfleet Manor-house is the place. Dowker has come with us, and has done nothing but grumble since she set her foot over the door-stone. Matters look unpromising enough certainly. It is a wet night to begin with, and the parlour-fire smoked so we have been obliged to let it go out; the paper on the walls is not only damp, but it hangs in ragged festoons; there is no carpet, and very little furniture. We have all done our best to be cheerful, but it was a miserable effort; and now poor little May is fretting herself to sleep.

April 18. A better day than could have been expected. There is a charm and an invigorating power in spring sunshine: this morning rose very bright and clear, and I found myself hopeful and cheerful. We have all been hard at work as carpenters, upholsterers, and housemaids, and have done what we could to reduce this old place to order. How very fortunate my father did not come down with us! Aunt Doe is a whole host of servants and workpeople in herself; for she is one of those clever women who can turn their hand to very thing as readily as if they had been born to it. By her advice we have forsaken the large parlours for two little wainscoted rooms with bow-windows that look into the garden. We have to make the chintz-covers and curtains ourselves, under Dowker's querulous superintendence. She never looked to see her young ladies work, she reiterates; and all our misfortunes she resents as private, personal afflictions. Faithful old soul!

April 27. My father came down from London yesterday, looking, to our sorrow, very ill and worn. He gives way to his depression more than we anticipated; and now that all necessity for exertion is over, he is sinking into a state of dull apathy from which nothing seems able to rouse him. He sits the whole of the long mornings in his dressing-room, not reading or writing, or doing any thing that we can discover but ponder over and lament what is now irretrievable. What a fortunate thing it is we have been able to make some of the house cheerful! if he had seen it as we saw it first, I do not think he would have stayed. We are all rather proud of the results of our exertions in the upholstering trade; for in our great Darlston house we had no rooms so comfortable as our two old-fashioned parlours, when the sun shined. The furniture, re-covered with red and white chintz, is quite seemly; and we have discovered a quantity of grotesque china ornaments in one of the cupboard, which fits out the mantel-pieces and cabinets very appropriately. It is ugly, May says; but it is in keeping with the stiff-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables. By dint of glorious fires, bunches of lilac and laburnum in the vases, and our books and other feminine belongings scattered about, we have succeeded in making a very picturesque and cosy home for ourselves. If only my dear father would be more cheerful.

May 9. We are grieving down now, and gradually fitting ourselves to the new life. We have all found out that we have a till now undeveloped taste for gardening; and for the last ten days we have been at work in our mossy wilderness. After all, it is a very pretty spot; the view of the house from the further side of the river is most picturesque:



A STORM. PAINTED BY A. R. MONTALBA.

but papa fancies the ivy makes it damp. I hope he will not insist upon having it all torn down before Laura and her husband come, for then it will look naked and dreary. Aunt Doe has been busy yesterday and to-day with Dowker getting ready rooms for them, and a nursery for the youngster. I am glad they are coming, if it is only to stir my father out of his languid apathy, which he suffers to grow upon him more and more every day.

May 15. The house is turned completely upside down since Laura, Norton, and the baby arrived; but the fuss has done my father good already: he is beginning to look more like himself again, which is a great comfort. But to think that I, Mistress Margaret Arden, am to be reduced to a mere cipher in the house by a squalling chit of eight months old! It is preposterous, incredible, yet painfully true. This shows me the additional consequence a woman gains by fulfilling her vocation in the old-fashioned way. Laura, ten years younger than I am, a married mother, treats me with the civillest patronage in the world. First I must give up my bedroom to be converted into a nursery, because it has a southern aspect, which will be suitable for baby; then I must be awakened every morning at five o'clock,—I who never got up till the day is well aired,—by its crowing next door to me. No longer ago than yesterday, I caught it gnawing the cover of my precious *Roche-foucauld's Maxims*: Laura said it was its gums or its teeth. Teeth, indeed! Well, I hope the little mischief has imbibed some of their bitterness. What is the good of being an old maid, I should like to know, if I am to be deprived of my privileges in this way? As well be married and have done with it: at least one knows what to expect. Laura, whose whole soul is in a bassinet, is quite lady paramount now, and wears her baby as if it were an insignia of the order of merit, conferred upon her by nature in approbation of some wonder-

ful feat that she has performed. Then she bores me to extinction by lengthy details concerning it. Why, I could cite as many and more entertaining of my kitten Toby! Its bonnets, its frocks, its little pink toes, its great eyes with a wise sagacious look, its rose-bud of a mouth, its dimple, its six yellow hairs,—O, how she does ring the changes on them, as if every baby in Christendom had not the like! I verily believe if you were to collect twelve infants of eight months old and put them together into a room, unclothed, I could not pick out Dottie. *Dottie!* that is the pet name for the innocent; she was christened Mabel, but Laura never speaks English now; she talks exclusively in babble. It is scarcely an hour since she invited me at dinner to partake of "mincey beefey;" I could not have touched that dish if I had been paid to do it. If it were—

May 16. Yesterday I was interrupted in the midst of a sentence by a knock at my door. Nurse in tears—baby in a fit. Would I go over to Holmby for the doctor; there was nobody else to go? Of course I would; there is so much trouble in bringing the quaint little mortals into the world, that it is a pity they should go out of it prematurely. It was an even down-pour of rain, so I saddled papa's little rough pony myself,—the groom at the inn who does it generally being away,—and had a hard seven miles' trot over the wold. Ah, well, who knows but that Dottie may grow up to be a comfort to me when I am an old woman! Laura says she has a sweet temper; and so she ought to have, poor wee soul, for they try it with castor-oil, bottle, and pins from morning till night. I dare say it was similar persecution in my infancy that made me so restive when I grew up. Aunt Doe says no; it was the natural perversity that is in me: but I incline to think myself that it was injudicious coddling. As I was trotting post-haste down Holmby Lane, I encountered Mr. Danby on his pretty bay mare: coming to Norfolk has

brought us quite into his neighbourhood. I suppose if we went any where we should be likely to meet him; but we are too poor to keep company. Perhaps Charlotte Bruce will take May to the Holmby ball, if Laura and Norton don't go: she would like it, I am sure. I remember my Holmby ball: what an enjoyable time it was! *Heigho, ten years ago!*

June 5. Somebody has found his way to Norfleet, to whom I should be very very glad to say good-by,—Captain Ernest Norton. He came for the Holmby archery meeting and ball, and of course May saw him at both. He is my favourite aversion—a male coquette. He boasts of having flirted his way all round the alphabet, and keeps a small collection of locks of hair, gloves, ribbons, and flowers—feminine trophies, duly labelled, and always open to the inspection of his friends. He is doing his utmost to turn May's head; for her beauty makes it well worth his while to ensnare her; and she takes his homage in earnest, and is evidently pleased. Laura laughed when I spoke to her about it, and said it was only "Ernest's way." She believed he was engaged. "*Ernest's way!*" I shall warn May, let her be angry or no.

June 7. Papa, perfectly unconscious of what is going forward, presses Captain Norton to stay another week; and May is quite delighted. It vexes me inexpressibly to see her throwing away her heart on such a trifle. Only yesterday I caught her in tears, because there was some talk of his going away: I ventured on my warning, and she fired up indignantly, and then flashed out of the room without answering me a single word. And all the evening she kept aloof from me, and was more winning than ever to Captain Norton, as if to defy my doubts. It is a pity she saw so much of him last Christmas at Laura's house: the mischief was done then. Charlotte Bruce has asked me to go to her for a couple of days next week; they are going to have some pleasant company, she says.

June 12. This morning Captain Norton left Norfleet, greatly to my satisfaction and Aunt Doc's too: he has been here a great deal too long. Laura's husband spoke to him about his conduct to May, and during the last three days it underwent a total change. He began to treat her like a child, and to jest at her; he even had the impertinence to say, "Good-by, little May, you'll be quite a woman when I come again," and to offer to kiss her; but she drew herself up proudly, and gave him a stately curtsy instead. Bless her dear heart! But I did wish I were a man just for one short quarter of an hour, that I might have administered a sound castigation, and have changed his wily, conceited smile into a more dolorous expression.

June 17. Charlotte Bruce's pleasant company was Mr. Danby and his eldest brother. The house is a good one for visitors: no tiresome constraint. Each one does what is agreeable in his and her own eyes. Mr. Danby and I talked political economy, foreign travel, and pictures. He has got a very nervous habit of twirling his watch-guard, which I don't remember in old times; and whenever any, the most distant allusion to them occurs, even in general conversation, he flushes and starts away. I should like to know what he thinks then. I am as composed as possible; therefore I opine all the ancient feelings are dead.

We had a long letter from Laura this morning to tell us of their safe arrival at home. She adds, as agreeable news, that her brother-in-law, Captain Ernest, is going to be married in August to a Mrs. Foxley, a rich widow, who is twelve years older than himself. May heard the news read aloud by papa without betraying the slightest emotion or surprise. She has not once mentioned his name since he left the house: a sure indication that he is ever in her thoughts. How soon we women learn to be hypocrites!

June 24. We have got a very dangerous type of low fever stirring in the neighbourhood just now. A man at Danby-Fleetwood, and two of his children, have got it; and two children in Norfleet have died of it. May and I were at the school to-day, and heard that Mary Wallis had taken it,—she was our nurse, an excellent creature,—and May in-

stated on going to see her, so we both went. She is very ill, not likely to recover. Uncle Joshua has sent me an invitation for a month; but it is not at a season like the present that I can leave home, so I have declined. Mr. Danby was here yesterday to see my father.

June 27. We are in dreadful anxiety for darling May; we cannot tell what ails her—surely it cannot be the fever! She hangs about languid and weary, sometimes hysterically gay, and sometimes very still. Dr. Manning shall see her, if she is no better to-morrow. Aunt Doc is in great alarm, but dare not say a word on my father's account. He has got some ideas into his head about her and Captain Ernest Norton; and we are afraid of his speaking to her about him just now. She is better let alone.

July 1. Poor May is delirious in fever: she was struck with it three days ago, and its progress is awfully rapid. O, it makes our hearts bleed to see her. She has not recognised any of us for eight-and-forty hours; but we have hope in her strong constitution; Dr. Manning says we may hope. It was kind in Mr. Danby to walk over this morning, but I told him he must come no more to our infected house.

July 5. The crisis is past now, and our sweet pet lies passive and helpless, but living and perfectly conscious. O, what hope it gives to see beloved eyes light up with intelligence when the dark fever-eclipse is over! Our only fear now is from exhaustion. What a different world the child will look on when she rises from her sick bed! Laura would come over when she heard of her illness, and is here now. May seems to like her near her better than any of us. Aunt Doc is worn out with watching.

July 12. This morning we buried our darling, our beautiful May! Long will it be ere we can realise our loss; her death came so suddenly, so painfully, just when we were beginning to hope that she might be spared to us. When she saw Aunt Doc in tears, she said, "Don't cry, I am quite happy." Afterwards she added, "Let Dottie have my watch when she is old enough; Maggie, you take my books." They were what she had prized most. My heart swelled almost to bursting as I knelt beside her, and asked her to forget it if I had ever been unkind or harsh to her; she could not speak then, but she smiled her forgiveness. Last night, when I went to look at her in her coffin, the smile was on her lips still. Papa is quite struck down by this sudden bereavement: "Always the best first," he keeps murmuring to himself. It seems as if all the sunshine had faded out of the house, and left us in the midst of barren winter.

July 28. We have prevailed on my father to go home with Laura; the change will divert and cheer him more than any thing else could. O, in what haste are we to put our dead out of our thoughts, and to get away back into the beaten routine of our lives! Strange contradiction! what we most love we seem desirous the soonest to forget. The fever has made empty places at many hearths besides ours. Last Sunday at church there were many, many people in mourning. Aunt Doc feels May's loss so keenly.

July 31. I have just come back from a walk all through the blazing afternoon sun to Danby-Fleetwood. We got word this morning that Mr. Danby had taken the fever: I could not believe it at first; but it is true, *it is true*. I dare not face Aunt Doc. All the old love poured back over my heart like a stream with a fresh en it when I heard it, and this new fear for him makes me seem half-forgetful of dear May. How selfish we are even in our affection! My thoughts are more, far more for Mr. Danby than for my dead sister. Will he live, or will he die? I ask myself twenty times an hour—What is it to me? O my God, it is all the world to me! I feel as if I could not bear to lose him, as if he were mine again. I think if one came to me now and said, "He is dead!" I should drop dead at their feet also.

I took the bridle-road through Haggerston Woods, and asked at the first lodge if what we had heard was true—that Mr. Danby had taken the fever; and the woman said, indeed that was over-true, the doctor was at the house then. I rode half-way up the avenue, and turned back again. What

more could I learn than I had learnt? What right had I there? I asked the gatekeeper who there was to nurse her master, and she told me "nobody but the servants;" and some of them were in such a fright they were quite helpless. How desolate it sounds! Could not I go to him? O, that I had the right!

How vividly all the past comes over me again—all its bitter pain and mortification! Ah, I was a child then; but I have never had young thoughts since; never has another love or another hope come into my heart since that first golden glorious day when Mr. Danby asked me to be his wife! Foolish,—here am I alone,—there lies he alone, suffering, perhaps dying! and between us ten long years of estrangement. Can the end be coming? O my God, have mercy, have pity! I scarcely know how or what I write; all about me seems whirl and confusion. Yet how still, how sleepy calm is the summer day! it takes no note of sorrow. When I grieve, I would have the clouds hang low and weep. How can I think of the day, when he is in agony? Why cannot I go to him? Nobody but servants to tend him—no hand of affection. Ought I not to go? What care I for that old scarecrow, "What will people say?" Would not my heart reproach me if he died alone? I know it would.

August 1. O May, May, my angel sister, can the time be coming when I shall wish myself lying beside thee in the grave? Very sad, very desolate, very hopeless looks the blank world. Last night I could not rest. There was a glorious moon, the country was hushed and lovely. I never met a soul as I went down by Haggerston Woods to Danby—to the house. All the windows were dark, and I was never seen; but it eased me somewhat to be near him. If I might only have gone in—but no. And I came home again weeping,—O, how bitterly! Aunt Doe had found out my absence, and was grieved. It is not easy to judge for others: she does not know how I suffer. This morning the report is that he is worse, and that a hospital-nurse from Holmby is left with him. Are those women kind? He has no need of me now: O, I wish he had! I have written to my father to tell him: he will be grieved anew, for he always liked Mr. Danby.

August 3. How long are those glorious days burdened with fear! I sit in the garden for hours alone; mind vacant except for one terrible dread: there is nothing for me to do to break this intensity of waiting anxiety. We were told this morning that there was very very little hope. God help us!

August 4. Last night I fell asleep, and dreamed the most beautiful dream! We were young again, and no quarrel had come to divide us; it was the old happy time at Holly Bank. We were walking, in my dream, in that lovely glade of Haggerston Woods where the lilies grow—(how poor May liked to gather those lilies!)—and it seemed as if we went on and on for years; I always felt young in my heart. But looking up suddenly, I saw his face was grown old, and all his hair was white; and I awoke. Such a strange dream! We have just heard news: to-day's report is many degrees more favourable. I met Dr. Manning coming out of the gate at Danby, and he told me his friends might be easy about him now. O, how thankful I am! Directly I got home I fell on my knees and thanked God. His loss would have afflicted many, many besides me: he is so truly excellent.

August 6. Yesterday Mr. Danby had a relapse: I could no longer restrain myself, and I went to him. I was suffered to go up-stairs by the nurse, under a promise of secrecy. He did not know me. "O God, have mercy, and spare him!" is all my cry; but it seems now as if the heavens were brass to my prayers. And I had begun to hope so certainly.

August 8. Again a glimmer of hope! "Only a constitution of iron could have gone through such a severe struggle," Dr. Manning says; and he adds, that there is something mysterious in this sudden improvement, for which he had not ventured to look. It seems as if he had made up his mind to live, and *would* live, spite of the fever.

August 10. Mr. Danby gradually rallies: "all danger

is past." O, my heart could scarcely bear the torrent of joy those last few words poured over it. He will live, and I shall see him again. There was a faithful prophecy in my dream after all.

We had a letter from Laura this morning: she tells us that my poor father never ceases to lament for May, dear May! She cannot prevail on him to remain with them any longer. He says nothing but "Home, home." We look for his return to Norfleet to-morrow or the next day. Now I can meet him with a less mournful face.

August 28. Mr. Danby is out of doors again. My father and I went to inquire after him this morning, and found him crawling up and down on the sunny side of the house. He said very few people went near him: he thought they were afraid; and he was very dull often. There was a great deal of his old kindness of manner to-day, without that confused stiffness which I used to remark; and he went back to calling me "Margaret," just in the old way. I declare it would have seemed quite natural, if he had begun to lecture me and I to contradict him. What an adhesive nature must mine be! To this old faithful friend I may whisper, that I would have been glad if he *had* lectured me for something, if only that I might have shown him how wonderfully tractable and docile time has made me. But no, he was as pliable as he used to be obstinate: his illness appears to have tamed him too. How gray he looked, to be sure! and not over handsome in his velvet-cap.

August 30. What a compound of oddities is Mr. Danby! This morning there came a note from him to Aunt Doe to say that he had taken it into his head that a change of air would do him good, and he fancies that of Norfleet would suit him: can she take him in for a few days? Aunt Doe looked across to my father, who said quite carelessly, "To be sure; let the poor fellow come: but he will find it a sad house now." Every thing recalls May to his memory. Sweet May!

September 4. We have had Mr. Danby on our hands for three days now; he behaves remarkably well, and seems absolutely no longer to care to have a will of his own; I have not the chance of contradicting him, if I felt ever so much disposed. His being here is good for my father too; they get on the inexhaustible theme of their foreign travels, and talk for everlasting. Aunt Doe wonders how long he will stay; for we want to invite poor Maria Constant, and she will not care to be seen by any body but ourselves. Who would have thought that Mr. Matthew Constant, that little, soft-spoken, sleek abomination, could ever have treated her so shamefully! Even Uncle Joshua, whose creed is, "Tyranny unlimited for man, and obedience without bounds for woman," considers that a separation is absolutely necessary. How fortunate it is that there are no children to suffer through their quarrels!

September 8. How surprised every body will be! Aunt Doe says "No;" but I say "Yes." Well, I am happy. O, I must live to atone!

This was how it came about.

Papa had for the first time this season taken his gun and gone out for an afternoon's shooting, and Aunt Doe was busy with Dowker up-stairs getting ready Maria Constant's rooms; so I had Mr. Danby to entertain all to myself. We have never been left alone before since he came to Norfleet, and I did feel it rather embarrassing: I never was so shy of him before. Neither of us attempted to talk at first. We had got the window into the garden open, it was so hot and sunny; and he remarked that this was one of the prettiest old-fashioned nooks he had ever been in; he liked it almost better than Danby. I laughed at his modest tastes, and said, I thought he would not like to make the exchange.

"Yes, Margaret, I would truly, if I might have Norfleet just as it stands, with all its belongings!" he replied hurriedly. "Margaret, I have come into possession of a piece of your property in rather a curious way. Do you recognise this old seal?"

I took it out of his hand, and asked, "Where did you find it? I did not know it was lost; I wore it to my chain."

"Guess where I found it, Margaret?"

"I don't like your enigmas; I cannot guess. On the staircase?"

"No; did not I give you that little seal long ago, and did you not laugh at the device? I'll tell you, Margaret, where I found it, shall I?"

"Just as you please," said I; and I coloured violently, I began to suspect.

"If I had not found it when I did, and made nurse Goodhugh confess, I believe Dr. Manning might have prescribed for me in vain. Margaret, let the past be forgiven. (Whether I was to forgive *him*, or whether he was to forgive *me*, did not clearly appear.) I was standing up by the window, and he had taken hold of my hand, grasping it so hardly, that my rings cut into the flesh; I could not speak for a second or two; then I said, "I did not mean what I said that night; you were too hasty."

"Yes, Margaret; and litterly have I had cause to regret it. You were wrong once; but I was a hundred times wrong." (There was an admission!) "Can you, will you pardon me? Margaret, if you deny me, you will kill me!" He was far too submissive to need contradiction.

"And will you bear with me? I am no more an angel now than I was ten years ago," I replied.

"I never said you were an angel, Margaret; I am far too imperfect myself to mate with any but a faulty woman. I will not be so exacting." I really hope he won't; for if he were, it is certain that I could never satisfy him. And so we had a long pleasant talk,—very different to those old *fratching* bonts, which yet did not lack a pungent aroma of pleasure too,—and settled it all between our two selves; so that when Aunt Doc came in, she found us in the midst of an amicable dispute. I could have laughed at her countenance of surprise and dismay; for she understood it all in a moment. When we told her, she said gently, "I am glad to hear it, children (*children*, forty and twenty-seven!). I have no doubt you will be far happier than if you had married ten years since. Maggie was too wilful; she is broken in now." Mr. Dauby looked grave. I hope every body is not going to take his part this time, and draw comparisons to my disadvantage. Certainly it is not necessary. I am quite as good as he is now. My father is very much satisfied; he is more like himself than he has been since May died. Darling May! how happy she would have been to see this time! I well remember her saying, when we met in town last spring, "I verily believe, Maggie, you two will marry in the end; for you have never loved any body else, and I don't think he has,"—and I would not listen to her.

September 15. All goes on easily and quietly with us. Mr. Dauby is still here; and Maria Constant has come—so worn and broken down, poor thing, that I don't think she could, if she tried, define any word but "misery." She says, what is true enough, that she and Matthew never had a chance of happiness; for they began their married life without a spark of love. Harry and I love each other very dearly, I think—I am *sure* we do; but still there may be to bear and forbear between us. How hard it must be for two indifferent people to live in peace! Dr. Manning wants Mr. Dauby to go to Madeira for the winter; but he objects, and thinks he will do very well at home. I would have him go, but neither will he listen to me on this point: he likes his own way the best, after all.

December 25. My diary has been forgotten for weeks; it is surprising how few things a perfectly happy time gives us occasion to chronicle. Laura and her husband and Uncle Joshua are over here for Christmas and our marriage. I have been spending my last evening alone in my room. If May had been alive, she would have borne me company. But none of the others know me as she did; so I, and the fire, and the shadows of ever so many past years, have had the time to ourselves. Harry is at Danby: he left soon after dinner, and the others are talking in the parlour about

to-morrow, perhaps. I am glad papa takes my going so quietly. There is one thing, I shall not be very far away.

The wind goes roaring and skirling round the old house to-night as if it meant to bring it all down about our ears. There are chillier and bitterer things in this world of ours than the wildest wind that ever blew; but my life, I trust, has done with them. I shall talk less to my faithful friend, the fire, than for many years I have done; but let me not forget its companionship either. O faithful fire! I cannot remember that you ever put on a scowling face, or looked cold, or went out in any gone time of calamity; you have always been the same: pleasant, perhaps, in life's dark hours by the mere force of contrast. And I love you, my friend; many a grief, now to be recollected no more, have you seen that was hidden from all besides. O, many a grief! and not a few joys either; and the greatest of all joys is this I show you now—my happy love. May I make Harry happy too! I shall—I will—God's blessing on us both!

High piled upon the hearth are the Yule logs; and as I strike them gently, out rush myriads of sparks: *someday* up the chimney—hopes of the new life that is coming; some fall back upon the stone and become white dust: these last typify my old ambitions, visions, and wearinesses, which are of less value now than a handful of wood-ashes. Aunt Doc is at the door to wish me good-night. There is a gray thread in the brightest web: to-day at church we saw poor little May's monument, which has only just been put up. Papa covered his face when his eyes fell on it. It will look down on us to-morrow. O, if I could have had her beside me, I think my happiness would have been perfect! No, no,—there would have been some other flaw; nothing is perfect in our earthly life.

December 26. The sun arose almost as bright as May this morning; but there is a keen hard frost. Never mind; let the sun shine all the way to church, and I don't care for the cold. My heart feels very still this day; I have no fears and no doubts. Why should I? I shall not weep, for I am happy and I am glad—I have shed my last tears for Harry now. My father is calling to me to make haste, for they are all waiting, and Aunt Doc impatiently bids me lay down my pen. Good-by, old friend, Margaret Arden will tell thee no more secrets!

A CASE OF LIBEL.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

A FEW nights since I turned from the deafening roar of Fleet Street, and found myself in one of the old courts that skirt the Temple. I lost something in elasticity, both of gait and spirit, amidst the tall tenements on either hand, that look as if marshalled to oblivion by the dim lamps over the staircases. Besides these depressing influences from without, I had a deep source of anxiety connected with my friend Paul Plect, to whose chambers—attics might be the word—I was destined.

Paul is by nature as genial, capable, and well informed, as any man of my acquaintance who has eaten his terms, and is still on the bright side of thirty. But with the residue of a slender patrimony fast going out, and with neither brief nor case coming in, his position was now getting somewhat serious; and I so far felt the contagion of it, that, instead of vaulting up story after story to his door as I had once done, I now accomplished that precipitous ascent by the slow elaboration of step after step.

I was agreeably surprised to receive from Paul a welcome not only cordial—that it always was—but blithe, which it had seldom been of late. He seized me by both arms, inducted me into his solitary easy chair, and produced a bottle of that old Rousillon which we both held to be better than many a costlier wine; perhaps because it always recalls to us our first French tour, and the rural auberge where we made its acquaintance.

This buoyancy on the part of my friend, though satis-

factory, was puzzling. I saw on the table no brief-paper neatly folded, tastefully decorated with red tape, and indorsed with the gratifying announcement: "Mr. Placet, for plaintiff, 8 guas."—a legal abbreviation which is perhaps more rapidly intelligible than any other to junior counsel. In the absence of any such document, how was Paul's light-hearted laugh to be accounted for? Had he drawn a prize in the great German lottery? Had some vigorous researches for next of kin ended in the discovery of his collateral heirship to that Baron Bodlington, with whose family a Placet of 1700 had connected himself by marriage? Paul detected my curiosity, and was good enough to appease it,—“Congratulate me, my dear boy,” he cried suddenly.

“With all my heart and soul, Paul; but on what?”

“My first client.”

“That’s news, indeed; we’ll toast him in a bumper. But first tell me how it all happened. Where’s your brief?”

“No brief,” said Paul.

“O, then a case for Mr. Placet’s opinion, I suppose. Out with it.”

“Wrong again! In a word, my good friend, that you may no longer torment yourself with guesses, I have stroug doubts whether my client exists in the flesh, whether he be not the latest form of apparition,—a subjective objectivity, a spectral entity that declines the ordeal of touch.”

I hoped his guisoas had not the same peculiarity.

“Rest content on that score. Now you shall hear how it came about.”

Somewhat annoyed, I tossed off my glass prematurely, but composed myself to listen. Paul then proceeded as follows.

“It was only yesterday, a little before dusk, that, planting my elbows upon this little table and resting my chin upon my palms, I looked my Condition full in the face, and heard what it had to say to me. Its language was curt and decisive. ‘Paul,’ it cried, ‘you’ve been three years at the bar; you were called in Michaelmas term, and here’s Michaelmas term once again. Of the thousand pounds with which you started in life you have left barely a hundred. I don’t complain that you have been an idle fellow, but you have been what is still more obnoxious to society—an unfortunate one. You haven’t received a single fee.’

My Condition, having uttered this severe reproach, said no more, but continued to stare at me for a full quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that time, trusting, I suppose, that I was sensible of my criminality, its aspect gradually became less distinct. I fell into a reverie as to the general decline of litigation, the chances that happier juniors had enjoyed fifty years ago, when men were more combative than now with regard to property, when there were no county courts in which attorneys were permitted to address juries, when protracted revels inflamed the blood, and private outrage or public turbulence often challenged the interference of the law. These comparatively restrained and peaceful times bore, it seemed to me, as hardly upon us of the robe as a salubrious climate and sanitary regulations would do upon our brethren of the chronometer and cane. Then I thought how unfortunate wo lawyers were in the limitations of legal wrong, how many offences and injustices were, alas, neither actionable nor indictable—opinions coerced by wealth, honest natural impulses thwarted by the tyrannies of custom or fashion, wounds inflicted on the hearts of patient sufferers by the selfishness that wears the mask of decorum and respects appearances. As I continued to muse, various instances of such wrong rose before my imagination; and I was in a condition betwixt dream and reverie, when the several pictures that flitted before my mind’s eye were gradually resolved into an obscure background, from which a sort of chaotic presence seemed slowly to emerge, until at length it stood before me in the well-defined likeness of a human figure.

The figure was of the male sex, rather above the middle height, and slightly tending to obesity. An open brow, a frank blue eye, and a projecting chin, gave a decisive, but not unamiable character to the face. The blue

frock-coat, the rather low hat, and the neat gaiters, were all of good material, but of the plainest fashion. The useful was evidently the chief element in his attire, but the becoming had not been wholly disregarded. The umbrella held in the right hand was substantial and capacious, but the knob was of polished ivory. The countenance and the dress of this personage at once recalled to me my familiar acquaintance, Mr. John Bull; but there was about my present visitor a certain air of refinement which does not always distinguish Mr. Bull’s physiognomy.

The figure removed his hat and bowed; I motioned him to a chair, which he took. Having scrutinised me for a minute, his lips parted, and he said aloud, ‘Mr. Placet, you are, I believe, in want of a client?’

This was direct enough, certainly, but the tone was not discourteous.

‘*Rem acu tetigisti*,—you have hit the nail on the head, sir,’ I answered recklessly.

‘Then I trust we shall suit each other, for I am sorely in want of an advocate. In me, sir, you behold one of the most injured of beings.’

‘Of what do you complain?’ I asked.

‘Of libel, gross, aggravated, constant libel. While my calumniators treat me with every show of respect, and rarely mention me but with praise, they daily accuse me of the most degrading conduct, and misuse my name to sanction the meanest ends.’

‘Be good enough to specify your grievances.’

‘Right! nothing like being practical,’ said my interlocutor. ‘Well, to begin the list, a young girl of twenty died yesterday of a lingering disease. No physician could detect its source; but I knew it, and had I been allowed, could have saved her. She was betrothed two years ago to a young man of slender means, but possessed of the talent and energy which rarely fail of success. A creature without any aim in life, except his own selfish indulgences, without any wit except to purvey them, with no sense of beauty except that which appeals to the gross eye, nor any sense of morality beyond the avoidance of open vice, appeared upon the scene. He was rich, however; and this one qualification in the eyes of the girl’s guardian stood for every other. Adroitly enough, to accomplish an ill-assorted match, this guardian fomented a casual misunderstanding between his ward and the man of her choice. He prevented the chance of explanation by removing her to a distance, and by intercepting the letters of her lover. The grief thus engendered was the malady of which she died; and the guilt of her guardian in my eyes was scarcely less heinous than that of murder. At all events its consequences were as fatal. Yet, abhorring his detestable stratagems from my very soul, the author of them had the effrontery to charge them upon myself, and to say that he acted by my express advice. He said that Common Sense—that, sir, is my name—dictated and justified his conduct.’

I felt some awe at finding myself in the presence of so renowned a personage, and, at first, some surprise at the emotion which he betrayed.

‘That, Mr. Placet,’ he continued, ‘is one example of the slanders habitually heaped upon me. Let me give you another instance. You have heard of Norris Fairpledge, M.P., who is now considered a rising politician. At the beginning of his career, Norris was—or at least appeared to be—sincere, ardent, and high-minded. He seemed by instinct to know the right, and to detect the wrong through all its disguises of custom and expediency. He obeyed the maxim of a contemporary poet,—

“Call all things
By their right names.”

He could admire genius at first hand, and while the laugh was against it. He could recognise a patriot, whether leading the forlorn hope against oppression, or curbing some blind impulse of popular frenzy. I tell you, Mr. Placet, there was a time when he would have met a blaze of stars on the breast of a traitor without a wink, and when a rope

round the neck of a true man would not have repelled him; when virtue was virtue with him, and sin sin; when murder, for instance, was murder, whether it slunk in a smock along the hedge, or rode, as at Naples, over a reeking causeway in a blood-splashed crown.

'At the time I speak of, Norris Fairplodge was not a party man. Mind, Mr. Placet, I do not now raise the question whether party be or be not a valuable institution. I may perhaps see no reason why the barge of state should be pulled now by left oars only, and anon by right oars only. I may think there is some time lost, some danger incurred, by the onesidedness of the motion, and suspect that the boat would go on more rapidly and more safely were all hands to pull together. But let the rowers be in earnest, they will make way somehow. My complaint of Fairplodge is, not that he ended in being a partisan, but that he became one, although he disbelieved in party.

"See," said his friends, "Norris is a fellow of first-rate ability. He rarely speaks without fixing attention. His views, though held to be singular, are universally discussed, and here and there he gains a convert. But he will never have any influence, never rise to a leading position, because no party can count upon him. Why should they serve him who won't serve them?" "Norris," they remonstrated, "whether you have faith in party or otherwise, you must join it even to carry your own ends. My dear Norris, do be advised—do listen to Common Sense; Common Sense demands this of you." Now, Mr. Placet, that was a lie.

'I was never consulted upon the subject, or when those sugared poisons—influence and position—were first administered, I should have urged an antidote. "Norris," I should have said, "be true to your convictions. They may be right or wrong, but while you hold them, be true to them. Grant, for argument, that man's first motive is happiness, who can be happy that ceases to be true? The smile of power and a large following—why, say that they have a certain value; yet take heed, my dear boy, of the price. What would you say of an epicure who should secure his dainty on the condition of losing his appetite, or of a Sybarite who should accept an ague as the price of perpetual sunshine! Now a sound conscience and true sympathies, what are these to the heart but its very blood—the generous blood, on which its relish and enjoyment depend? Don't be a fool; don't sell yourself for your condition." That's what I, Common Sense, should have said; yet you see, Mr. Placet, how I have been traduced.'

'Your case is indeed a hard one,' I remarked.

'If you think so from these samples, what,' he asked, 'would you say to the whole? It would be simple truth to state that there never was a great discovery resisted, nor a great discoverer persecuted—never a generous impulse sacrificed to a selfish one—never a heart or conscience immolated to Mammon—never an immortality bartered for the gauds of the hour, but my sanction was alleged for it. Were a tithe of what is told of me true, I should be an epitome of all that is base in the universe. In my name the Inquisition menaced Galileo; in my name wild-beasts have been let loose upon martyrs, scaffolds built for them, fagots kindled. Common Sense—it was said—will teach their followers to beware of fire and sword. In more modern times, the man who laughed Harvey and Jenner to scorn, boasted that I gave them their cue. When people were hung for all thefts above ninepence, I was held by grave citizens of that day to insist upon the practice, and to be outraged at the mere hint of its discontinuance. I am still supposed to scoff at the newest developments in art, policy, science, and medicine, and to dismiss facts as of no account when they oppose customs. At this very moment, in some states of America, I am signed to bawl myself hoarse on behalf of slavery; and, even in England, to drop occasional whispers as to the danger of interfering with that patriarchal system.

'I have done, Mr. Placet,' continued the speaker; 'and I may now inquire whether every known case of slander is not trifling and tolerable compared with mine?'

His grievances, I confessed, were unprecedented.

'They would drive me mad, sir,' he exclaimed, 'were I any body else. But I am patient by nature; and would not even complain if I did not hope for a remedy. I trust you see your way to one, Mr. Placet?'

I was obliged to shake my head, and own that our law courts had no jurisdiction.

'But surely a court of equity—'

'Can give no relief in this case,' I answered.

'And this is England,' exclaimed the injured apparition, 'England, where every wrong is fabled to have its remedy!' He rose in wrath.

A sudden light flashed upon me. 'Stay, sir,' I exclaimed; 'there is, perhaps, a court that may do you justice,—a court that has often interposed to protect or to punish where legal tribunals can do neither. What do you say to the Court of Literature?'

'An excellent suggestion,' cried my interlocutor. 'Do you practise there?'

'I should be quite willing to plead,' I said, 'for so distinguished a client.'

'You will do your best for me, I am sure,' he replied.

'You will try to set forth, in plain terse English, the facts which I have related. I can bring hosts of witnesses; and you will be careful, Mr. Placet, to correct one grievous mistake respecting me, the fountain-head, as I take it, of the injuries that have almost overwhelmed me. You will tell judge and jury that it is a gross wrong and a dire fallacy to suppose that I, Common Sense, have a natural enmity to Genius and Conscience. I know that I work in a lower range than they, but not in a hostile one. So far from scoffing at them, I should hold my calling worthless unless they inspired it. From them come the impulses which I shape into action. They are the mind, I the hand. They inspire the ideal, I chisel the stone. Say, in a word, that it is the pride of Common Sense, not that he decries the beautiful and the true, but that he translates them into the actual.'

I promised to do my utmost; the figure put forth its hand, and I almost seemed to feel its grasp. After a while it appeared to relax, and lineament and outline of my visitor melted slowly into air.

Here Paul's narrative ceased.

'And do you really intend,' I asked, 'to advocate the cause of this unsubstantial client in the court aforesaid?'

'Decidedly,' answered my friend.

'Then pray consider me as a sort of attorney of the court,' I said; 'and accept from me a 'retainer.''

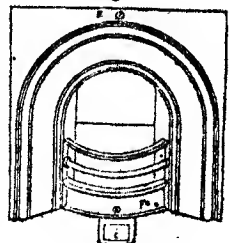
He merrily consented, and we devoted our last glass of Rousillon to the health of Common Sense and to the speedy discomfiture of his traducers.



DR. ARNOTT'S GRATE.

fig. 1.

It is, we believe, now nearly two years since Dr. Arnett's grate was introduced. Yet, as a people, we are so tardy to receive improvements, that we may safely affirm, the new invention, though of proved excellence, is still unknown in the majority of homes. The "new fact" is a plant of slow growth with us, as well, it seems, in comfort as in less abstract matters. We should



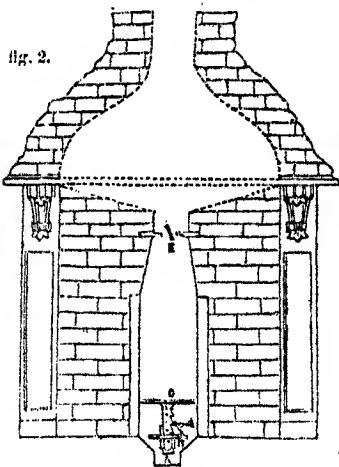
like in the present case to hasten its development by what fostering we can afford.

Forty years ago, loud was the public satisfaction in the register-grate,—that wonderful and comfortable improvement on the open chimney, which till then had yawned above all fires equally in kitchen and drawing-room. We now look back upon what must then have been no trifling annoyances,—the smoke that came in gusts into the room, and the warm air that *would* make its escape through the wide throat waiting for it, causing a proportionate current of cold air towards the fireplace. Were people ever warm in the wintry weather of those days? If they were, it must have surely been at a vast expense of fuel, time, and temper.

Count Rumford came to the rescue, and taught us something of the true principle on which chimneys and fireplaces should be constructed. He brought the back of the fireplace further forward; had the jambs so inclined that they might reflect more heat into the room; and then, by bringing the grate itself forward and raising the new back over the mantel, the throat of the chimney was contracted, the draught increased, and the greater number of smoky chimneys cured. Also, by lowering the bottom of the grate to within a few inches of the floor, the lower part of the room was effectually warmed; and by using very little iron in their construction, and fitting the interior with fire-brick, they threw out considerably more heat and made better fires. The old-fashioned register-grates, to which the Rumford improvements have not been adapted, are large, heavy, and stately affairs, apparently made with a view to burning the utmost possible quantity of coal, and thereby to obtain the smallest possible amount of heat. The theory on which modern fire-ranges have long been constructed is exactly the contrary; and Dr. Arnott's smoke-consuming fire-grate, more than any we are acquainted with, certainly appears to combine the various requisites, viz. simplicity of plan, economy of fuel, and efficacy in its operation.

The principle consists in replenishing the fire from *underneath*, instead of by the usual plan. In this manner the smoke has to pass through a body of red-hot coal, and is therefore entirely consumed, leaving only the invisible gases to pass up the chimney. Smoke and soot are thus avoided, and much additional heat obtained.

The coal (of which 24lbs. we were informed, is sufficient for the day's supply of a large-sized grate) is placed in a box, nearly air-tight, below the fire-bars. An upright plate reaches from the lowest bar to the ground; and being fixed, closes this in front. The fire-brick back and sides of the grate form the back and sides of the fire-box. A plain plate of iron is substituted for the grating upon which the coal rests in ordinary fireplaces, and by a very simple contrivance, is raised and lowered at pleasure. This plate forms the bottom of the fire-box, and when it is lowered to



its extreme depth there is a space of eight inches between it and the lowest fire-bar. The coal is thrown over the fire-bars into this box till it is filled. Wood and cinders are spread over the coal, and the fire is then lighted at the top; an operation which, it is asserted, takes less time and trouble than by the ordinary plan. The coal in the fire-box, although in contact with the ignited coal above it, does not burn until raised

above the box and exposed to the air. Therefore, when the fire has burned to the level of the lower bar, a lever has to be inserted into an aperture in the lower part of the grate, which, by raising the iron-plate in the fire-box, forces up the body of coal, and a supply sufficient for three or four hours is obtained. This is all that has to be done every time the fire needs replenishing, until the whole of the coal in the fire-box is consumed. The fire is thus perfectly under control, and may be increased or diminished, as occasion may require, with perfect facility. Instead of the usual register-door in the chimney, there is a regulating damper, with a dial-plate and index in front; and by simply turning the latter the draft and the degree of heat is regulated at will. Thus, by partially closing the damper, the fire may be kept burning for several hours without any attention whatever.

These seem to be the predominant advantages of this very ingenious invention. The saving of fuel, we are informed, is no less than from forty to fifty per cent. And since scarcely any smoke or soot is produced, chimney-sweeping is rendered almost entirely unnecessary. It gives little trouble, is essentially cleanly in its operation, and the mode of supplying the coals by means of the lever is scarcely less simple than the act of stirring an ordinary fire with the poker. Thus any lady can accomplish it with due ease, and the necessity for a coal-scuttle (an unsightly object at best) in the room is abolished.

It is to be supposed, that as this invention comes more into general use its price will become proportionately popular. At present the first outlay required is somewhat larger than usual; though it must of course be remembered that it is afterwards more than repaid by saving in the fuel. Still, to a large proportion of people, to whom this economical and convenient fire-grate would be most valuable, the outlay required is a consideration which might at first deter them from its use. We would gladly see the invention widely known and applied, as we believe its use would tend towards the comfort, cleanliness, and healthfulness of our houses.

Explanation of the Diagrams.—Fig. 1. Shows a front view of the grate, with the frame c opening into the ash-pit and let into the front hearth; F is the knob for lowering the coal-box; n the damper.

Fig. 2. Shows how the brickwork is to be carried up behind the stove-front, and how the pit is to be formed. A is the ash-pit; n the iron-plate supporting the ratchet-wheel and catch; c the movable bottom of the coal-box; n the damper.

COURTESY AND KINDNESS.

COURTESY, among "well-bred" people, would seem to be a matter of course, and good-nature is not an uncommon characteristic of a larger class. But kindness is something more than either of these, involving and appealing to higher instincts and rarer feelings. True kindness is almost always courteous, because gentleness and sympathy teach it to be so; but the converse of the rule hardly holds good. The shows of politeness may be taught, and may be so well learned as to pass muster in that society which rarely peers beneath the smooth surfaces of things. Good-nature, too, is often a shallow, and sometimes even a selfish characteristic. It implies the possession of neither sympathy, tact, nor thoughtfulness; of which qualities kindness is but the natural manifestation. What we call good breeding in individuals is simply that kindness of manner which makes us at once feel easy in their society, pleased with them, and freed from troublesome consciousness of ourselves. That same self-consciousness is probably at the root of two-thirds of the awkwardness and ill-breeding that we meet with. It teaches an artificial or "studied" manner, than which nothing is more uncomfortable or absurd to behold. Also, since they who labour under the pressure of self-consciousness cannot

possibly have time to think of any thing else, there can exist none of that kind feeling which is quick to perceive and take thought for the feelings of those around them. Thus the very fundamental element of good breeding is lost. But where this discriminating kindness of heart is joined to naturalness of manner, there will always be genuine, even if not conventional, *courtesy*. Good feeling speedily teaches good manners.

Kindness is, in fact, sympathy made manifest. But it must be admitted that, granted the feeling of kindness, the desire to be kind does not necessarily secure its own fulfilment. Something is needed besides, of that subtle essence we call *tact*, that happy combination of delicate instinct and quick intelligence which enables us to evince our sympathy or kindness in the manner best suited to the idiosyncrasy of the recipient. This especially applies to our intercourse with absolute or comparative strangers. The most obtuse learn in time to adapt themselves, in some measure at least, to those constantly around them. Moreover, our friends, and those who know us well, will generally give us credit for kind intention, even when we fail in effect. But with those who know us little, we have at once all to learn and every thing to teach. It is in such cases that what we mean by "good breeding" helps us out of the difficulty.

For instance, it is not kind, and therefore is not courteous, to be over-demonstrative with a reserved person, or over-reticent to one whose own warm open heart asks for answering frankness. Nor need we forfeit one iota of what is worth preserving of our individuality by thus adapting ourselves to the differing characteristics of those around us. It would do very few of us any harm if we all "rubbed each other's angles down" in this way. The reserved may be assured it would be a wholesome discipline for them to practise candour; while the demonstrative would do well sometimes to set a guard upon their too great readiness to say and do.

Finally, there is one simple and all-sufficing rule to bear in mind in this as in many another case. Love lends to most of us "tact," forethought,

knowledge. Where we love, we understand, and can make ourselves understood. It is this which imparts to the simplest the faculty of so placing himself in the position of his neighbour, that he instinctively divines the course of speech, manner, and action, which will be most grateful and beneficial to him. It is hardly enough to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us;" we must try to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us—if we were in their place." The first is the letter of Christian morality, which may serve to save ourselves. The addition is in the spirit of Christian kindness, which may, and does many a time, save our brethren.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT says—writing on the subject of Home—"I would entreat people to judge others by their *acts*, and not by preconceived theories of character; and especially in education, to suffer a child's mind and heart to unfold itself, and not attempt to be wiser than nature, and pronounce on the form and character of the tree before the cotyledons are fully developed. To believe that persons who are not exactly '*made to order*' may yet have good, great, and noble qualities. Not to attempt to make an oak bear snowdrop-flowers, or a honeysuckle become a forest-tree; but, like the skillful gardener, endeavour to rear each particular species to the highest degree of perfection it is capable of attaining.

"I would warn teachers of youth, that if they cannot bring to the task of instruction a mother's heart,—a fountain of *perpetual love*, over gushing up to wash away all remembrance of children's faults and follies; if they are not prepared for *all self-sacrifice, to labour looking for no reward*,—the which if they can do, a thousandfold will it be returned into their bosom,—they should, in God's name, forbear the attempt; and send children to school, where at least they will be under one uniform discipline bearing on all alike, and not daily taunted with their dependence and their ingratitude."



CANDELABRUM.
[From Jackson and Graham.]



Charles V. Head

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NATALL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Let no one fear that we mean to discuss the genius of Mr. Dickens in its details. To furnish our readers with a guide to the houses which they inhabit, or to introduce all the members of a family circle to each other, would be about as wise and necessary as to play the master of the ceremonies between the creations of the novelist and the public. The characters and scenes of this writer have become, to an extent undreamed of in all previous cases, part of our actual life. Their individualities, whether mental or external, are as familiar to us, as those of our most intimate associates or our most frequent resorts. We recall the circumstances of Mr. Pickwick's lawsuit,—the flight of Oliver Twist from the workhouse,—the streets through which Sykes was hunted down,—the day on which Fagin was tried,—the date at which the child Dombey passed from us, in very much the same way that we go back to the public or household scenes and events of our daily experience. A man may think equally that times have changed with him, and that he has grown so much older, since the year in which his last child was christened, or that in which little Nelly died.

It is not too much to say, that were the labours of Mr. Dickens suspended for any length of time, we should miss something far deeper than an accustomed mental luxury. There would be an interruption not only to the enjoyments but to the characteristics of our social life—a strangeness and a void surpassed only in degree by those real vicissitudes that thwart most keenly our hopes and our attachments.

Disclaiming, as we have said, any design to examine systematically works which have exerted such an influence, it is still of deep interest to ascertain how that influence has been acquired.

Perhaps such a question may be briefly answered thus—Mr. Dickens is the most popular writer of his age because he represents *par excellence* all that is striking and most that is admirable in its tendencies.

It is an age of stirring life; and the canvas of its chief painter teems with characters and incidents. Prodigious invention illustrates in him the same law of these times that reveals itself in our enterprise and our manufactures. His genius creates, as our machinery produces and as our commerce traffics, by wholesale. It is an age of rapid action. The engines whose wheels perform our labour typify by their velocity the rate at which man himself is moving. Steam abridges vast distance to a comparative span; yet steam itself lags behind human thought and desire.

Here again Mr. Dickens is in harmony with his age. The number of his creations is not more remarkable than the rapidity with which they are generated. Often it is but a phrase, an image, a touch, and they burst into palpable individuality. As with one of the most wonderful processes of science peculiar to our day, so is it with his mind. The object stands before it, the rays of mental light fall, and lo, the portrait;—at times, let it be added, with another result identical with that of photography—the exaggeration of some salient point in the original.

Leaving material for moral analogies, none can doubt, that whatever the failings of this century, its spirit is eminently genial. To combine, to reconcile, to waive small differences in favour of essential unities, is perhaps its noblest instinct; as to deduce some ultimate good from all mediate evil is the finest bias of its philosophy. Here, above all, is manifest the concurrence of the novelist's genius with the impulse of society.

His purposes, from the *Sketches by Boz* to *Little Dorrit* and *Household Words*, have been to foster kindly affections, to cancel prejudices arising from difference of view or of condition, to teach all true men the common oneness that lies deeper than outward antagonism, to show not only the duty but the charm and the blessedness of self-sacrifice, to assert the claims of what is genuine in mental or moral power, and to carry the wholesome principles of civilisation into outlying haunts of ignorance and want. These aims,

flowing not so much perhaps from set intent as from the affluent nature of the man, live in forms that arrest every modern reader, and exert a power as wide as their contact. Such has been the general issue in social morals of Mr. Dickens' labours.

There are cases, it is true, in which his mode of embodying these ideals is unequal, even contrary to his design. The rapid impulse, we think, sometimes bounds towards its goal without fully counting the obstructions in its course. Of these exceptions in the works of such a writer it behoves us to take note. Marion's surrender of her lover to her sister in the *Battle of Life* may serve as an example. Here the intention is to show self-sacrifice in its purest form. Marion renounces the dearest hope of her own life for the happiness of another. Nothing could have been more admirable, had the sacrifice been one which she had a right to make. But love, if it deserves the name, involves considerations higher even than happiness. It involves the purification as well as the joy of the heart. It hallows the whole being, that it may be a worthier offering to the beloved. It unseals the springs of gratitude to Him who has made it capable of its bliss; and its strain, which begins in joy, merges into worship. Its motto is:

"Learn by mortal yearning to ascend,
Seeking a higher object."

We do not believe, then, that any loving woman, for the happiness of another, should voluntarily resign an influence that holds as much of sanctity as of delight. To do so is to part not with her havings merely, but with the best conditions of her being. We take this objection quite independently of the more obvious one that Marion could have no warrant to tamper with her lover's rights in the matter, to gamble, in a word, with the happiness of one who had solemnly intrusted it to her keeping. All ends well in the tale, but it might have been otherwise in life.

Let us not be thought ungrateful to a writer who has perhaps given more pleasure and effected more good than any of his contemporaries, if, while discussing his genial influence, we point out another instance of its casual limitations. So earnest is the abhorrence in which Mr. Dickens holds pretension and cant, so averse is he from the shows of dignity and piety when they do not imply realities, that he has sometimes been led to deal with the conventional forms of these qualities as if such forms were never combined with the qualities themselves. We would be second to none in heartily applauding the embodied protests of Mr. Dickens against the formalist who conceals rancour or selfishness under the masks of sanctity and respectability, or against the man who, on the more ground of station, arrogates a supremacy that has no root in character. But if, on the one hand, conventional signs do not necessarily imply corresponding attributes, neither, on the other hand, do they necessarily imply the want of such attributes. The cases are not only possible, but frequent, in which a devout profession is illustrated by a devout life, and in which titular distinctions coexist with real nobility of heart. Men may even have religion on their lips and not be Chadbands at the core. The person who is sensitive as to his respectability is not inevitably a Pocksniff; and there are "women of family" who would contrast very favourably with a Mrs. Gowan. It would be absurd to suppose that a writer with the charity and observation of Mr. Dickens had overlooked the better examples of the classes indicated; but he rarely, if ever, paints them. To ignore their existence is almost equivalent to denying it.

Turning to another characteristic of the age, its marked propensity to the real, we arrive at one of the most striking features of Mr. Dickens' genius. His persons are real, not only—as vulgar parlance has it—to the "very tips of their fingers," but to their very garments and appendages. The memorable umbrella of Mrs. Gamp is a part of her identity. His scenes, again, teem not only with the most truthful aspects and minute details of nature, but things in them.

elves mechanical and artificial are quickened with individual vitality. Not only—to take examples from one page of *Martin Chuzzlewit*—do “branches move in skeloton-dances” to the “moaning music” of the wind; not only does the wind itself from “sighing begin to bluster,” and commence “banging at the wicket and grumbling at the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows [of the forge] for doing any thing to order,” then go “wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves, dispersing and scattering them that they fly away pell-mell, . . . taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress;” not only does the wind, native to poetry, thus imitate the moods of man, but man’s own fabrications reflect him too. As night comes on, lights begin to “glance and wink” from cottage-windows, the “lusty bellows roars ha, ha! to the clear fire, which roars in turn, and bids the shining sparks dance gaily to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvils;” while the “impotent swagger of the wind, if it has any influence on that hoarse companion (the bellows), it is to make him roar his cheerful song the louder.”

Such is one cluster of instances—snatched from a tree that bears myriads—of the author’s power to invest outward and mechanical forms with human passions and characteristics. Description is no term for such writing; it is vivification. It bespeaks that sovereignty of imagination which from the plenitude of its own life quickens all things, and endows them with its own attributes,—that imagination whose trumpet-call summons to herself not only the more plastic forms of existence, but those of inert matter; till tribe after tribe, the elements of nature, her animated products, and finally rigid substances, that have lost the impress of their birth, and been moulded into vassal shapes for man,—the snorting engine, the wheeling vane, the cleaving plough, the swollen sail,—one and all flock redeemed to the standard of the soul, utter her thoughts, wear her emblems, and pay fealty to her by whom and for whom they live.

Let no one suppose, then, that Mr. Dickens is less genuinely imaginative because the objects which he thus inspires with human meanings are often familiar and grotesque. The power to do this comes from the strength of the creative impulse. The recognised forms of grandeur and beauty—the rock, the tree, the river—lie contiguous, as it were, to the domain of the human. Though material, they are such apt symbols of the mind, that they become her most natural and facile oracles. But to seize, as Dickens does, upon points so prosaic as the pattern of a carpet, the sign-board of a tavern, the flicker of a candle, or the hissing of a tea-kettle, and to evoke from them the latent analogies which subsist between the spirit of man and all outward things, is a far more difficult achievement. In such cases imagination speaks to the furthest limits of her empire, and asserts her widest supremacy.

It should be fully understood, that the reality of Mr. Dickens is the direct issue of his imagination. If he could not steep common things in the hues of thought and feeling, they would at once lose their intense actuality. They come home to us because we see ourselves in them. Whenever in painting character the writer describes mere outside peculiarities that are no proper types of man’s inner condition, there is a chance that his spell over us abates. Thus we think that his over-insistence on the mere physical infirmities of Mrs. Skewton, in *Dombey*, weakens the effect of the portrait. Undoubtedly the picture is appalling; but it is repulsive to the feelings, because the lean shrivelled aspect, the failing memory, and the palsied head, are in themselves results of age, not of vice; and although they may of course accompany moral odiousness, are not its necessary indications.

Faculty of Mr. Dickens to startle us by investing objects with human significance is undoubtedly one of the sources of his popularity. In more ideal scenes he is less successfully displayed, but we doubt if it is less true. Like all greatest writers, there

is one phase of him which appeals to the present and the external, and another phase which belongs to all time. His landscapes are often perfect poems, and exhibit incident, feeling, humour, and even rhythm, unalloyed by those ugly casualities which so often obtrude in actual life. How perfect, for instance, is the keeping of the autumnal picture commencing that second chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, from which we have already quoted! In *Bleak House*, the mansion at Chesney Wold looms grand and dark, like the figure of a knight in armour. The sketch of David Copperfield’s home, as seen from without, lets us by a few touches into the heart of English rurality. To the “cabined” Londoner the description is like a whirl by rail into the midst of country air and perfume. The last (October) Number of *Little Dorrit*, in which Swiss and Italian landscapes are depicted with such graphic beauty, proves the painter’s eye and touch to be no whit impaired.

Passing, in these volumes, from nature to man, we meet no less frequent examples of a genius purely poetic. David Copperfield’s first reminiscences have at times in their minute and picturesque truth the charm both of Cowper and Goldsmith, with a force and depth attained by neither. How real they are no one can doubt who recalls the long passage by the dark store-room, with its various ordinary smells; or the high-backed church-pew, where the child,—being ordered, as a point of inflexible decorum, to look constantly at the clergyman,—stares until he fears he may be “tempted to say something out loud,” and wonders what would become of him then. Nothing can be more vivid. De Foe might have written such parts of the description; but he could not have blended with them the red light of morning on the sun-dial, suggesting the boy’s mental inquiry whether “the dial was not glad to tell the time again;” nor the glimpses of natural beauty that turn to emotions; nor, above all, the delicate yet distinct figure of the mother that haunts the “long ago” with its sanctity.

Some incidents of little Nelly’s life, again, might have been told, though not so well,—even some of its pathos might have been caught,—had Mr. Dickens been simply a realist in fiction. But it demanded the poet to incarnate in such a character the idea of childhood itself—childhood safe in its own innocence:

“The everlasting promise
Which no man keeps.”

This little Nelly,—whom the kiss of a Quilp cannot pollute, who rides on the showman’s cart and feels no shame, winding her pure course amidst scenes of vice and pain, yet taking no tint but from heaven,—she is not a mere unit in life, however rich; but an image of that unconscious loving faith which finds its type in childhood,—childhood so sacred, that all who would enter bliss must return to its likeness.

Once upon this theme of poetical insight, we might draw from the sources before us pages of illustration. We can only afford, however, an example or two more. First notice how the character of Nancy in *Oliver Twist* seems more and more to purify itself before she becomes the victim of Sykes, as if the struggling beams of a near immortality had pierced for her the murky atmosphere of crime. Turn from this instance to the letter of “Emily” to Ham, in *David Copperfield*, in which she announces her desertion: “I am too wicked to write about myself. O, take comfort in thinking that I am so bad!” Again: “God bless all. I’ll pray for all often on my knees. If he don’t bring me back a lady, and I don’t pray for my own self, I’ll pray for all.” Such words as these recall to us, as by flashes, the desperate love, which, while it wrenches the heart-tendrils from their old props, cannot stanch the bleeding heart itself, nor make it forget the good and the true. The sentence quoted in italics, in which the girl pleads her own unworthiness as a consolation to her lover, dives into the very abysses of woman’s self-abnegation. Lastly, we would point to the narrative in the same novel of that storm which whelms in

a common ruin the young *Stearforth* and the generous *Ham* lost in the attempt to save his wronger. The recital is of matchless grandeur and pathos. In description it is a very lyric, in purpose tragic as a Greek drama, teaching the littleness of this life, and raising our aspirations towards the infinite.

It is the presence of this noble imagination, working under all familiar forms, that commands for Mr. Dickens his best appreciation now, and will best vindicate his fame to posterity. We know of no image that more truly suggests the twofold aspect of his genius than that of some cathedral, whose grotesque porch is alive with the roar of daily traffic, but within whose walls is a solemn hush and a stream of "dim religious light" that consecrates the meanest form and the most sordid garb of those who enter.

Of this author's humour we have little space left to furnish illustrations, nor is there need that we should do so. It is his most patent attribute, the one most exhaustingly discussed; and its embodiments are known far more generally than the English tongue. Many of its characteristics have been already implied in our remarks; and we have chiefly to add, that it is of that Shakespearian kind which either presents some deep impulse or fine trait of our nature under quaint and odd disguises, so that we are startled to find what is essentially earnest and noble under ludicrous forms, or else, with the subtlest irony, accords to pretension all the shows and paraphernalia of reality, and proves the emptiness of the sham by solemnly treating it as a truth. Overflowing with sympathy, discovering every where man's identity beneath his differences, this humour blends naturally with pathos, and sometimes to pathos. The excitement that precedes the entry of Mrs. Cratchit's Christmas-pudding, the misgivings as to its success, and the exultation when that problem is solved affirmatively, make a case in point. We know not a more affecting glimpse into the life of honest humble folk than the interest attached to this event of the year. The dish, we may infer, was of small dimensions; and when we are told that "every body had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family," we feel that kindly tears are a truer comment than laughter.

In width of range no writer of prose fiction has equalled Dickens. Never was mind more unindebted and individual; yet from its numerous points of affinity we may well gather its comprehensiveness. Cervantes, Le Sage, Molière, De Foe, Steele, Fielding, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, are in a degree akin to Dickens. So is Scott, with whom the later novelist has often been compared in genial and graphic qualities; but with these resemblance ends and gives place to contrast. Scott is elaborate, painstaking, and shrewd; his creations grow upon us, his general vein is that of placid enjoyment. Dickens is rapid, piercing, and arresting. Scott maintains the equipoise of character the more firmly; Dickens paints both its excellencies and its aberrations the more vividly. In dealing with common things, Scott studies picturesque treatment, and veils the ugly. Dickens, in the same sphere, brings out every fact remorselessly, and trusts for his vindication to reality. The heart of Scott beats to full tranquil health; that of Dickens beats also to health, but with throbs more often accelerated by impulse. Scott has more reverence for the stately shows of things; Dickens has by far the keener glance into their essences. Over the domain of the former lie poetic mists of tradition and memory; the latter walks life's highway at noon, not without a vision of beauty beyond and of an ever-beckoning horizon.

We renounced at the outset every attempt to analyse the creations of Mr. Dickens. We now find it would be no light task for us even to classify them. How gladly would we welcome them by name did space permit! But in our narrow bounds how could the tithe of such a company assemble? Mr. Weller, junior, might tread upon the toe of Mr. Turveydrop, senile, and disgust him by his want of deportment; Mr. Uriah Heap might shoulder Sir Leicester Dedlinch, and want even to gringe in apology; Mr. Harold

Skimpole might be rudely aroused to the realities of life by encountering Ralph Nickleby as a creditor; Captain Cuttle, without a chance of escape, might be confronted by Mrs. MacStinger; Mr. Toots might be condemned to the yet severer trial of looking the lady of his affections in the face;—and the result might be a series of circumstances agreeable to no one but Mr. Tapley. Yet, again we say, how welcome should these and hundreds more be, could we receive them!

Out of such a throng, we do not affect to value all alike. Amongst these are certain of the novelist's antipathies, in whom he paints the odious points so exclusively, that they become rather qualities than persons.

Moreover, in these cases, Mr. Dickens pursues the offender to his downfall with a fierce exultation which lacks something of the pity we might feel for the very wrecks of mankind,—a pity by no means inconsistent with the clearest perception of their guilt. Yet, allowing for all such abatements, how vast is his contribution to the knowledge of our nature and to the disclosure of its workings and sympathies! Between the babe that has not tasted the cup of experience and the old man who has drained it, what varied aspects of life crowd in!—crime with a redeeming impulse in its bosom; want ennobled by patience and refined by delicate instincts; the soul of chivalry in the haunts of trade or of coarsest labour; womanly tenderness lurking in rough weather-beaten faces; selfishness masked by polished diplomacy, or by the yet more subtle disguise of candid self-avowal; keen wit piercing through madness with fitful illuminations; frivolous sportings of the world's puppets on the edge of fate, together with forms of manly courage, womanly devotion, and childlike purity girt with an atmosphere that clothes

"The palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

and makes us feel that the common world of to-day is near as the romantic past to God.

Such teeming wealth of invention as we have indicated, not displayed, could only issue from an exuberant vitality increasing by its own action. In Mr. Dickens this overflowing genial life utters itself not alone in literature, but in citizenship. His speeches at public dinners and *soirées*, his aid to social institutions, his researches into the condition of the poor, his theatrical performances,—recreations which with others would be labours,—all flow from the same exhaustless fount of personal energy. What benevolence has guided his efforts, what generous sympathy he has shown to the literary worker, what manly ground he has taken as to the claims of literature itself, are known to all. As a writer, whether viewed with regard to the number or the truth of his conceptions, it is no hyperbole to call him the Shakespeare of familiar life. As an individual he has wielded more authority than any previous member of his class, and wielded it for the best ends.

THE FORT OF URDOS.

EVERY one who travels in the Pyrenees passes through the Vallée d'Aspe to visit the fort of Urdos; and we cannot do better than give a day to this excursion, which is a very delightful one. As we are still at Ose, our ways and means of progression are limited; and not seeing clearly how we are to get to Urdos, we decide on first of all consulting Michelle. Now Michelle is never far off when any one is talking; for she is not without hope of picking up waifs and strays of conversation, though it may be held in an unknown tongue. So, when the sound of voices reaches her, she follows to the door of the room from which it issues, and stands there resting on one foot, with a dish-cloth in one hand and a plate in the other. You have only to say "Michelle," and she enters and leans against the wall, waiting patiently until further appealed to. Her first thought, when we explain our plan, is a regret that "papa" is absent; he would have been such an excellent guide for us,—he knows the

valley and all the villages so well; and then there would have been "papa's" mules and the Aspois saddles, which are so comfortable. We object strongly to the Aspois saddles, which are constructed after the fashion of the roof of a house. Two pieces of wood nailed together at an angle of 45°, with an undressed goat's-skin thrown over them, and one girth which straps the whole round the animal's back, —and your steed is saddled, be it horse, mule, or donkey. Stirrups are a luxury unknown, and so is a bridle; instead of the latter, you have a halter, which is generally fastened to the saddle, to be used only when the animal is at rest. Michelle is very anxious to procure donkeys for us from the neighbours: donkeys are held in greater esteem in the Vallée d'Aspe than either horses or mules, and they are, or seem to be, better fed and better kept; they are also more tractable and intelligent than donkeys one sees almost any where else. Still, we cannot undertake a journey of sixteen miles to Urdos, and sixteen home again, on donkeys and Aspois saddles. Michelle makes sundry other propositions, in the hope of so arranging the expedition that the Tourré family may get something by it. Finding at length that this is useless, she advises us to go to Bédous, and see if M. Bonza has still got a four-wheeled chaise, which is very comfortable, and may please us, as we do not like to be shut up in the calèche. And she advises us strongly, to secure the services of M. Bonza himself, as the horses know him, and are less likely, when he drives, to indulge the peculiar propensity French horses have for running unexpectedly into a field or up a by-road.

The last accident of any consequence happened, she tells us, to M. le Général M——, who was going to inspect the fort at Urdos, and who stayed at Bédous to breakfast and change horses. When he started, the horses ran up a lane and upset the carriage; and M. le Général was so much hurt that he remained at Bédous for ten days, and then returned to Oléron.

The same thing happened to M. le Capitaine, now at the fort, who was twice thrown out by M. Bonza's refractory horses; and after the second time he declined proceeding in a carriage, and was carried on a kind of litter by four men.

Pleasant anticipations of the probable or possible termination of our journey trouble us for a few minutes only; and then we walk over to our friends the Bonzas, and prepare to start; our round little friend chuckling and laughing over the delinquencies of his horses as though there were a joke in them. We set off amid the most deafening crackings of the whip and "ya-ups" from M. Bonza, and very narrowly escape the catastrophe which befell M. le Général. As, however, we are prepared for sudden lurches, we all hold on; and M. Bonza knows his horse and its tricks, and has an eye on it. The other eye he keeps for "les dames," as he tells us with a laugh that gets us all laughing, as the laugh of a merry little fat man always does. "The ladies," he says, "like attention;" so he shouts to them across the fields, and makes his voice reach to the top of distant hills, or cuts at the young girls with his whip as he passes them on the road; they like that better than nothing, he tells you with another laugh. The Bonza family are altogether exceptional, and are looked on by their neighbours with feelings of admiration and envy. They monopolise all the superfluous flesh and all the exuberance of spirits in the valley; and those lean sad-looking peasant-women, who are old and ill-flavoured almost from childhood, look up from under the heavy burdens they carry on their heads, or rest from their hard field-labour, and watch M. Bonza as long as he is in sight. We shall see comparatively few men; they are all away cutting wood and burning charcoal in the pine-forests, or herding flocks of sheep and goats on the mountains, where they will remain until the summer is over. Listen to that tinkling of bells, and watch the cloud of white dust that hovers over the road behind us! It is a shepherd and his sheep; we will wait and watch them pass. First of all comes the shepherd; he has on a brown "berret"—the broad

cap of the mountaineers—a jacket of home-spun brown woollen cloth, and knee-breeches of the same. His stockings, without feet and with the knitted fringe round the ankle, are the same as those he is knitting as he walks along bare-footed. Over his shoulder are slung tin-cans and pans for milking and making cheese; and his black hair, cut short and close in the front, hangs in long curls down his back. What a magnificent Pyrenean dog is that by his side, with its broad chest and shoulders! It is almost the colour of the sheep, and quite as large. Two of these dogs, M. Bonza tells us, will attack a bear, and one can kill a wolf.

Next follows a donkey, laden with more tins and cans, and with "sundries" tied in a sack; doubtless the necessaries of life for the shepherd during the next few months. His time in the mountains will be occupied in milking his ewes and making cheeses, and his food will consist of porridge of maize-meal—"brouillie," as they call it—and whey and sour milk. Every three weeks or month his wife or daughter, or some neighbour, will join other wives or daughters going to other shepherds, and they will drive up two or three donkeys carrying "mêture" (the loaves of Indian corn), a small stock of vegetables for soup, and the garlic, which they think so good, that they tell you a crust of bread rubbed with garlic is a dinner fit for a king. The donkeys, on their return, will bring down cheeses of goat's milk and sheep's milk, to be sold on market-days at Acceus, Bédous, and Oléron. Meanwhile the shepherd has overtaken us, and stops to exchange greetings with M. Bonza, and to have a good look at the strangers. The sheep, which were following, crowd round to lick his hands and fawn upon him as a dog might do; and when he resumes his knitting and passes on, he whistles to them, and calls by name any which have strayed into adjacent fields.

The peasants of these valleys have a passion for the life of a shepherd; and when once they have spent a summer in the mountains, they will follow no other occupation. M. Gerber told us of a native of Osse, a shepherd, who, when he was nearly sixty years old, inherited considerable property in his own village and commune by the death of relatives. So he decided on selling his flock, and spending the last years of his life with his wife and children, whom he had never seen for more than a few weeks in each year. For three or four years all went on well; but at the expiration of that time, as he was standing one evening at the door of his house, a flock of sheep passed through the village on their way to the mountains. Among them was one ewe which had been his own; it recognised him, and sprang bleating from the midst of the others to lick his hand. The old shepherd burst into tears, went into his house and slung himself up alone till the following day; then he sold his land, bought another flock, and went off to the mountains.

No shepherd will sell his sheep as a practice; and when a man wants a flock, he has to go from one to the other and beg as a favour that one or two or three may be sold to him. Worse than this, no shepherd in the Vallée d'Aspe will kill his sheep until they are too old to produce lambs and give milk for the much-desired cheeses; when they have reached this stage, they are sent down to the butcher,—the essential preliminary of fattening being quite neglected; and the inhabitants regale on mutton so hard that English teeth cannot masticate it. In the autumn, a family in tolerable circumstances will salt a whole sheep as provision for the winter; because during the winter and early spring the flocks pasture in the plains about Bourdeaux and Tours, and so the lambs are lost to the inhabitants of the valley, and no meat is to be obtained for the "pot-au-fou."

M. Bonza suggests driving on whilst we talk, which is desirable, if we are to reach Urdos in time for dinner. We have passed Acceus, and reached the head of the "véritable vallon." Before us is a barrier of mountains through which we can see no pass; and yet, as the road draws near the river, we discover that that comes foaming through the rocks just beyond the picturesque bridge with the single high arch. It is the Pont d'Esquit, which takes its name from the

mountain, or "pène d'Esquit," on our left. We do not cross the bridge; that road leads round the other side of the valley, through Athas, to Ossau. Our road lies close by the side of the noisy "gave," and here, where the gorge is so narrow, it is blasted out of the rock. How cold and dark are the next few hundred yards! the steep bare rocks shut us in on each side, and the strong current of air that draws through from north to south is quite bleak. Now begins the most picturesque part of our drive; we shall find no basin so large as that through which we have passed, but many smaller ones of great beauty, and constant variety of hill and dale, bare snowy peaks and grassy uplands, noisy waterfalls, and ravines and gorges clothed with verdure.

Every available bit of land is cultivated, and you see farms and houses high above you among the clouds and mist, and little patches of land only a few feet square which are reached by an almost impracticable path. Every where, too, there is the sound of running water; for all the fields are irrigated, and look as fresh and green in the hot summer months as in the early spring.

This bridge on our right hand is the bridge of Lescun; we must cross it to see the waterfall of Lescun, about two miles distant,—one of the most exquisite in the Pyrenees,—with the double rainbow playing round it.

And pray, M. Bonza, we ask on our return, if this fine bridge is made on purpose for the convenience of tourists,—and apparently it has no other purpose,—why is there not a good road to the full of Lescun, or at least a tolerable path, possible for donkeys and mules? We are, as you see, very wet,—for the road lies partly up the bed of the stream,—and very much torn by brambles and having to force our way through a coppice-wood.

M. Bonza has been waiting for us at the bridge, and we find him surrounded by women and girls who are carrying sand up the steep bank of the river to the road; they are all laughing, as every one does laugh wherever our friend appears. He looks commiseration for our misfortunes, and then explains that the bridge was built by the inhabitants of Lescun, a village on the top of the hill above us,—the richest village in the whole valley, or in any other, of the Pyrenees; and yet there is no road to it, only that steep zigzag track up which you see a girl driving a mule. We wonder in what the wealth of this little place can consist, or how it is amassed; and find that all the inhabitants of Lescun are smugglers, and that it is the contraband trade with Spain which enriches them.

We find, too, that the nature and extent of the contraband trade, carried on not only in Lescun, but throughout the Vallée d'Aspe, has a peculiar influence on the inhabitants, and makes them unlike the Béarnais in other valleys of the Pyrenees. The contrabandists of the Vallée d'Ossau, of Gavarni, are almost heroic; the constant struggle against laws which they believe to be unjust, the being thrown face to face with nature, and with all that is boundless and resistless in her mighty powers,—the storm, the tempest, and the avalanche,—and the difficulties met with at all times in the almost impracticable mountain-passes, really elevate and ennoble them. They are generous and self-devoted: any man would risk, and does risk, his life to save that of his companion; and their expeditions across the frontier are made with the same fearless ardour that they take to the chase of the wolf or the bear.

But the inhabitants of Aspe have not the same difficulties and dangers to contend with; the pass is easy, the road, so far as it goes, and the mule-track afterwards, good and well kept. They have need, not of courage to face the mountain-storm, and boldness and presence of mind to avoid the danger of it, but of cunning to escape the douaniers, and evade the scrutiny of these ever-watchful officers of customs.

The douaniers are not now to be bribed. Time was, forty-six years ago, when this contraband trade was a perfectly organised one, and detachments of fifty, eighty, and a hundred mules passed into Spain. At nightfall the long

single file, with a driver to every third mule carrying a torch and armed with his gun, was seen winding its way through the valley; and over the mountains—a long line of moving light. At some appointed place the douaniers fired off their guns, of which no one took any notice; and this demonstration made, they retired, conceiving that they had done their duty to both parties,—the government which paid them for upholding its laws, and the contrabandists who bribed them to allow those laws to be evaded.

It is this manner of carrying on contraband trade which has demoralised the Aspeis, more especially the inhabitants of Lescun, and which causes them to be suspected and feared by the dwellers in adjacent valleys.

There is a saying, that you might travel through the Vallée d'Ossau with a cart-load of gold, and would never need to show your pistols; but a regiment of soldiers and twenty pieces of cannon could not protect you in the Vallée d'Aspe.

We have tarried long enough at Lescun, and will re-cross the bridge and proceed to Urdes; passing Borce, Eygun, and other villages, without further notice.

"Are there many bears here?" we ask M. Bonza.

"We killed the great bear Nicholas two months ago," he answers with an air triumphant.

That bear, he assumes, even we must have heard of, and proceeds to enlarge upon and elucidate the various misdeeds of the great Nicholas, until we call his attention to vultures wheeling round a mountain-summit, and coming like spectres out of the mist that shrouds it. As we all know that vultures will carry off lambs and fowls, we are not much interested in his long story, and watch for the pine-forests and the road blasted in the rock by the first Napoleon. There it is; a black mark on the mountain-side—a narrow gallery, along which the mules travel with their load of wood from the great forest. We are now in a narrow defile, high rocks on either side of us, and only space between them for the noisy "gave" and the good road on which we travel. Do you see that steep rock—inaccessible on all sides, standing forward, so that the "gave" must bend and wind round it—commanding the gorge and the wider parts of the valley at each end of it? That is the fort of Urdes—the Gibraltar of France, as the commandant of the fortress tells us when we enter.

We leave M. Bonza, and descend by a rugged path to the "gave;" cross the bridge of planks erected for the workmen, and enter the rock. There are no spacious excavations, only steep galleries ascending in zigzags, narrow loopholes for guns, wider openings for the cannon which already frown in their embrasures, recesses in which the ball are piled in ominous order, and occasional long flights of steps. What a weary climb it is until we reach what was a hollow in the mountain-side, but is now united by solid masonry to the rock above it! Here are rooms for officers and men, and spacious passages. But we must mount again; and we go wearily on, counting the steps, and thinking of the time when we were children, and did the Monument with such glee.

We look through one of the loopholes, and espy some Spaniards, with their mules laden with wine, passing peaceably along the road beneath us. Our guide raises his stick, points at them as if it were a gun, and says, "Here we shall shoot the Spaniards,—not one could escape; this gun,"—pointing to one near him,—"carries to Borce, and one in the gallery above us to Urdes."

Now ordinary people, looking at this marvellous fort,—a little town hollowed out in the solid rock, an impenetrable and impregnable mountain, capable of containing more thousands of soldiers than M. le Capitaine chooses to specify, with its bomb-proof and shell-proof apartments, and every requisite, offensive and defensive,—to an ordinary mind, we say, all this would be suggestive of a fore-foot firmly planted on the frontiers of Spain.

But we are told, No, it is defensive only; the Spaniards are aggressive, they covet France; we must have the means of holding our own.

And does monsieur really think that a Spanish army bent on the conquest of France would choose this pass in preference to any other of the four-and-twenty passes, by which they might enter with comparative ease? Granted, it is the high-road to Madrid; but would not that be a greater advantage to, an army entering Spain than to one leaving it?

Enough of suggestions; if we are ever to reach the top we must go on. When we get there we can only see and say what we have already seen and said. It is just a great big rock, with a fretwork of galleries round it, standing alone and apart; and our private opinion is, that you might as well lay siege to the Maladotta or the Pic du Midi as attempt to take it. No doubt the military mind would be otherwise affected by the sight of it. That remains to be proved. Meanwhile, what concerns us most is, that we have done it; and we descend in triumph, and proceed to the village of Urdos. The road has been so good, and the ascent so gradual, that we are surprised to find we are nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea.

We will go on to the forge of M. Abel; a most beautiful drive this warm summer-day, but cold and bleak enough in autumn and winter. We care to see the forge, because it is one of the few remaining unbroken links which unite us to past activities of the world. We cannot say when it did not exist, and its origin is too remote to be determined. We are thinking that perhaps the great Hannibal forged weapons here, and watching with a strange interest the two brawny smiths at the work which has never ceased for so many centuries, when M. Bonza comes forward with a chuckle, and says he has found "les dames," who are at home although M. Abel is away; and they were so glad to see him, that they have kept him long, and apparently treated him handsomely, for he is loud in praise of their hospitality, and intimates that even we, if we like to enter, will be regaled on "mature" and "cru sucree."

But we decline, and turn our backs upon the forge, tired with the day's excursion. Here the road ends, and from this there is only a mule-track to the frontier.

MY IRISH ADVENTURE.

A SUBALTERN'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, when the Duke of York—God bless him!—reigned at the Horse Guards, and it was an article of faith that the commander-in-chief could do no wrong,—an illusion now happily dispelled,—it was ordained by fate and his Royal Highness that I, John Jollynose, a jovial subaltern in the Royal Fire-eaters, should become a temporary inhabitant of that island which one of her enthusiastic children maintains to be the "first flower of the earth," and which another of her well-wishers proposed should be sunk for ten minutes in that sea, of which, on the same authority, she is asserted to be the "gem." In other words, I was quartered in Ireland.

Not the prosperous, well-behaved, slow-going Erin of these degenerate modern days, when bogs are wilfully drained and cultivated, to the destruction of snipe-shooting; when corn-fields are arrogantly superseding the good old-fashioned potato-gardens; and Irish gentlemen have been occasionally known to pay their tailors' bills;—but the regular whisky-drinking, jig-dancing, shillelah-flourishing, rebellious "ould Ireland" of forty years ago, when the pig had the run of the parlour, and every man's house was his castle, from which he defied the law and all its myrmidons; and when a landlord guilty of the absurdity of asking for his rent was shot, as a matter of course, from behind a hedge by his injured and justly indignant tenant.

Instead of the milk-and-water served up to us now-days on this side of the channel as Irish intelligence, chronicling nothing more serious than a shindy at an election, or a row in the Four Courts, the curious in such mat-

ters might any day, in the "glorious old times" I speak of, enjoy a thrilling account of some atrocious murder or savage faction-fight, to say nothing of a goodly batch of such minor eccentricities as hunting a bailiff, ducking a gauger, or cutting off the ears of an unfortunate process-server.

One of the most rampant institutions in these rollicking days was the illegal manufacture of whisky; and the duty of assisting the civil power in its suppression was looked upon with almost as much dread as banishment to Sierra Leone. The unfortunate individual engaged in the uncongenial sport of still-hunting was converted for the time being into a regular Robinson Crusoe, with all the exciting accompaniments enjoyed by that illustrious exile; as the distillation of the outlawed spirit was carried on in the wildest and most uncivilised parts of the country, inhabited only by a race of savages, who were accustomed to look upon a house on fire as an amusing pyrotechnic display, and "potting" a Saxon through his parlour-window rather a meritorious action than otherwise. It is therefore not surprising that this duty was unpopular among military men; for though perfectly willing to lay down their lives for the good of their country in a fair fight, there were very few candidates for the honour and glory of being shot sitting by a wild Irishman.

Entertaining strong objections myself to becoming an animated target under any circumstances, and being naturally of a sociable disposition, no language can express the intensity of disgust I experienced on reading one evening in that peremptory volume, the Regimental Order-Book, that Lieutenant Jollynose would hold himself in readiness to proceed with a detachment to Ballyblanket, there to be stationed, and assist the civil power in the suppression of illicit distillation. It is unnecessary to repeat the energetic expression I made use of as I sent the offending manuscript flying to the other end of the room, to the no small astonishment of the orderly sergeant who had brought it. "Hold myself in readiness!" I exclaimed bitterly, when the non-commissioned officer had vanished, after gravely picking up the book and saluting without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Just as if I should ever be ready to exchange all the fun and jollity of head-quarters, with a steeple-chase and a dozen balls in perspective, for solitary vegetation in the middle of some Irish bog, with no one to speak to but the priest and the exciseman, and nothing to eat but eggs and bacon." To be obliged to leave unfinished, at a most interesting crisis, a flirtation I was engaged in with Julia Mackintosh, the prettiest girl in the place, to the envy of a score of rivals, and march to Ballyblanket, a semi-barbarous little town somewhere in Wicklow, the female population of which walked about with bare legs and no bonnets,—O, it was too horrible! But I determined not to resign myself to my fate without a struggle. Although an order once issued is supposed to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Modes and Persians, if I could only provide a substitute, I might yet escape the doom that hung over me of exile from mess, and separation from the only girl I ever truly loved in that part of Ireland.

I rushed frantically about the barracks, and expatiated in glowing terms, and quite at random, on the beauty of the mountain scenery, and the excellence of the snipe-shooting to be obtained at Ballyblanket,—of which I knew about as much as I did of Kamtschatka. I pathetically represented to each and every subaltern I met, that by taking my place in the terrestrial paradise I had painted, it would not only be a source of the greatest gratification to himself, but would also everlastingly oblige his attached friend and comrade, John Jollynose.

All, however, seemed to turn a deaf ear to my eloquent appeals; and I was on the point of giving up in despair, when, to my great joy, I discovered a sentimental young ensign, who had just been abominably jilted, and was plunged into the lowest depths of despair in consequence. I immediately gave him the benefit of the enthusiastic de-



THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE. BY FELIX M. MILLER.

"The Dog
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which still the heart-sick maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid."—Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.

scriptions, which the others, to their shame, had failed to appreciate, and dwelt affectingly on the calm repose, so soothing to a wounded spirit, that was to be enjoyed at Ballyblanket. He gave in at once; this touching allusion to his dejected state fairly overcame him, and he burst into tears. He didn't care, he said, about snipe-shooting, the only thing he wanted to shoot was himself; it was a matter of perfect indifference to him where he went—his life was a blank now *she* was another's; and he rather liked the idea of going to Ballyblanket, as the dreary solitude of the Wicklow mountains would fitly harmonise with the desolate void that was in his heart; and should a bullet from the blunderbuss of some vindictive Milesian put an end to his miserable existence, he would consider it the greatest favour that could be conferred upon him: with which cheerful sentiment he left me to commence packing.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, in an ecstacy of delight. "I thought that bit about a 'wounded spirit' would hook him. What a lucky thing that his fair one should have thrown him over just in time to save me from Ballyblanket! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now I can keep Julia all to myself." But, alas! I was destined to illustrate in my own person the uncertainty of human affairs in general, and military ones in particular. I was reckoning without my commanding officer, and hallooing before I was out of the wood—or rather bog. My praiseworthy attempt to oblige the interesting victim of unrequited attachment

proved an utter failure. I had written to the adjutant, asking him to negotiate the exchange of duties, thinking, of course, no objection could be raised in the orderly-room; when, in the midst of my frantic demonstrations of joy at my release, a knock came to my door, and in walked that awful functionary himself with my note in his hand. I know something was the matter from the official way in which he clattered into the room, and my heart sank within me at the rattle of his steel scabbard.

"The colonel desires me to tell you," bawled Dumbell, standing bolt upright, and speaking in the loud monotonous tone in which he used to read out the proceedings of a court-martial on parade, "that he regrets exceedingly it is out of his power to grant your request, as he has specially selected you for the command of the detachment about to proceed to Ballyblanket on account of the implicit confidence he places in your judgment, and the admirable qualifications you possess for the satisfactory discharge of the important and difficult duties you will be called on to perform; which means, Jollynose, my boy," said Dumbell, with a wink, dropping his official bellow, and subsiding into my arm-chair, "that you've been bleeding the old gentleman a little too freely lately. Here's your route," drawing a hard-hearted looking document from his pocket and tossing it on the table; "you start to-morrow."

"What!" I screamed; "not even twenty-four hours' notice?"

"Case of emergency," replied the adjutant, who on duty-matters spoke in short, sharp, staccato sentences; "ganger disappeared—last seen at Ballyblanket."

"But," I urged appealingly, "I haven't a thing packed; and my servant's a prisoner in the guard-room."

"Can't help it—colonel's order—parade to-morrow—eight sharp," I thought," said Dumbell, poking the fire with the end of his scabbard, "when I saw you crowing over the old fellow every night, and jaking him about his bad play, that your fun wouldn't last very long. Take my advice," said he solemnly, as he rose to depart, having successfully smashed a refractory nab of coal into "smithereens," "never make fun of a colonel; and," added he, as he closed the door, "you'll find that winning from him is generally a losing game in the end."

Dumbell was right. I had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a better whist-player than my commanding officer—an ill-tempered, blue-nosed old veteran, who cared for nothing but cards and port-wine; and the present opportunity was too favourable a one to be missed of getting rid of an adversary who had a knack of invariably winning the odd trick, thereby considerably decreasing the gouty old field-officer's balance at the paymaster's.

I little thought when I was triumphantly pocketing my commandor's half-crowns how dearly I should pay for my amusement. Next morning at "eight sharp," as Dumbell said, I found myself shivering on parade, in a drenching rain; and a few minutes after, with my martial cloak around me, I marched gloomily out of the barrack-square at the head of my detachment, *en route* for Ballyblanket, the colonel maliciously waving his hand to me as I passed his window. I had besides to run the gamut of various satirical congratulations from my brother-officers, shouted after me from the mess-room, including an offer from several to be the bearer of any tender message I might wish to send to Julia, as my last dying-speech, and an affectionate request from the senior ensign to take the greatest care of myself, and on *no account* to give him his promotion by sharing the fate of the missing excise-man. The rejected lover, disappointed of his "dreary solitude," and the chance of perforation he was so anxious for, was the only one who sympathised with my misfortune; the rest were only too glad to have escaped the "forlorn hope" that my unlucky skill at whist had entailed upon me.

After a march of three days through a never-varying succession of mountain and bog, and a never-ending downfall of rain, I arrived with my small and saturated army at Ballyblanket. And here I may remark, what I have no doubt has been often remarked before, that there is a perseverance and dogged determination about Irish rain worthy of a better cause. In tropical climates, where they have the "rains" *par excellence*, the water certainly comes down in bucketfuls, and with a hearty good-will, while it lasts; but when once over, there's an end of it—till next year. In Ireland, however, it rains all the year round. From January to December it is one continual shower-bath; and when not actually pouring, there is a thick mist hanging about that penetrates into the inmost recesses of one's flannel-waistcoat; so that the amphibious inhabitants of that excessively moist little island have only two pluses of existence—the thoroughly wet and unpleasantly damp, which may perhaps account for their extreme aversion to water in its undiluted state, administered internally.

I discovered on my arrival that Ballyblanket was only occasionally occupied by a military detachment, and was what is technically called a half-billet station, that is, neither barrack nor billet, with the miseries of the one and the discomforts of the other *ad libitum* combined.

A dilapidated old building had been hastily prepared for our reception, in one corner of which I was accommodated with a small ~~bedroom~~ ^{room} that had the door, window, and fire so conveniently situated that I could open one, shut the other, and poke the third, without stirring from my chair.

The men, however, were too glad to get a roof over their

heads after their wet march, and soon made themselves tolerably comfortable; and being no feather-bed soldier myself, and a bit of a philosopher to boot, after I had let off my indignation by the Briton's usual safety-valve—a good grumble, which relieved me very much—I determined to make the best of a bad business; and to my surprise, soon found myself becoming jolly under circumstances that even Mr. Mark Tapley would have allowed afforded considerable opportunities for "coming out strong."

Ballyblanket was not a cheerful place. Situated at the foot of a bleak and desolate mountain, and nearly surrounded by a vast expanse of black and impenetrable bog, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that I had suddenly dropped down into one of those chaotic regions that geologists delight in; and if I had met a *mogatherium* or other monstrosity wandering among those gray rocks, or seen a troop of *ichthyosauri* floundering about in those inky pools, they would only have been fit accompaniments to the thoroughly antediluvian and uncomfortable appearance of the prospect.

There are few buildings in the town that could be dignified with the name of houses, with the exception of the chapel, the priest's dwelling, and the tumble-down old edifice that formed our temporary barrack. This last had been originally intended for a court-house; but justice had been so little appreciated, and so roughly treated by the inhabitants, that she had long since taken her departure, and her temple had fallen into disrepair. The remainder of the town consisted of a straggling street of miserable hovels, in which a continual battle appeared to be raging between the pigs and the rest of the population, and which I am bound to state, in justice to those sagacious animals, they invariably got the best of. I could not help remarking, that the majority of the human occupants of these sties consisted of women and children; and on inquiring into the cause of the absence of the male sex, I was informed that the "boys" were always busily engaged "cutting turf,"—a professional term, I afterwards discovered, for brewing whisky; in which meritorious occupation it soon became my painful duty to interrupt them.

It is generally admitted that a certain unmentionable personage has not been treated with justice in the various portraits that have been painted of him, and that he is not by any means of so sable a hue as he has been maliciously represented. In the same way, I discovered that even Ballyblanket had its advantages, consisting in first-rate shooting and a genial parish-priest; and when not officially engaged in persecuting the unfortunate "turf-cutters," I managed—in total oblivion of mess, balls, and steeple-chases, and with only an occasional sigh for the girl I had left behind me—to pass my days very pleasantly, slaughtering snipe in the bogs, and my nights, with equal enjoyment, playing chess with Father Patrick.

His reverence had taken me under his especial protection. All sorts of unpleasant anathemas were invoked upon the head of any one doing me the slightest injury, and no enraged whisky-manufacturer could take summary vengeance upon me for the destruction of his property without incurring certain excommunication and every other disagreeable pain and penalty it was in the power of the jovial Father Patrick to inflict.

It was lucky I had such a friend to stand between me and harm, for the "boys" had no cause to bear me any particular good-will. My arrival had been the signal for the commencement of a vigorous crusade against the *al-fresco* distilleries with which the district abounded; and when a still had been marked down, though any thing but a labour of love, I had nothing to do but order out my men, and assist the excise-officers in the execution of their duty of destroying the implements and capturing the proprietors. For the first two months we were very busy, and requisitions from the civil power were continually turning us out of our beds, as seizures were generally made at night; but at the end of that time business began to get "slack," as

the shopkeepers say, and an alarming rise in the price of the condemned spirit showed what havoc we had made among its producers. Numbers had been taken, and their apparatus destroyed; others had migrated further into the mountains, where gaugers were unknown; and the few that remained conducted their illegal proceedings with such secrecy as to baffle the attempts of the most sharp-scented exciseman to discover their hiding-places. One man in particular, a Mr. Barney O'Toole,—supposed to be a deserter from some regiment, and celebrated all the country round for the superior quality of his brew,—was known to have an establishment in the neighbourhood in full work; and though a large reward was offered for any information leading to the discovery of a still, the "Old Soldier," as he was called, had hitherto eluded all detection, and continued to supply the population of Ballyblanket, myself among the number, *sub rosa* of course, with the most delicious mountain-dew that ever gladdened the heart of a lonely subaltern.

By the merest accident I became acquainted with the spot where this nectar was distilled. I was strolling one day along a desolate valley, gun in hand, on my way to a spring tenanted by a lively little Jack snipe that had become quite an old acquaintance. I had nearly reached my small preserve, and, with both barrels at full cock, was expecting my invulnerable little friend to get up with a screech, and whistle off as usual unharmed through a shower of No. 8, when I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those heavy mists that were continually stalking like ghosts about the country, which soon increased to a drenching rain. I looked in vain for shelter. Not a creature was in sight, and, as far as I knew, I was miles away from any human habitation; so "reversing" my arms, I made my way to a large rock, under the lee of which I crouched, and having lighted my pipe, philosophically made up my mind for a ducking. My thoughts, I suppose, took their colour from the surrounding scenery, and I soon became wrapped in a study of the brownest description. I settled entirely to my own satisfaction that the colonel was an avaricious old tyrant, and myself a persecuted individual. I speculated as to who had taken my place in the elastic affections of Miss Mackintosh. By an easy transition, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. Brown, my sergeant's wife; and I was deciding whether that invaluable woman would hash or mince the leg of mutton that had formed my yesterday's dinner, when my ruminations were disturbed by the figure of a man looming through the mist, and apparently making for the rock under which I was sitting.

He was dressed in a long-tailed gray frieze-coat and hayband gaiters. I could not see his face, for he kept his head down, butting like a ram at the gusts of wind that swopt down the valley; and with one hand holding on his apology for a hat and the other grasping a stout blackthorn; he battled his way against the storm till he caught sight of the muzzle of my gun pointing to the centre of his waist-coat. If both charges had been deposited there, he could not have jumped higher than he did.

"Och, murther!—I'm done for," he exclaimed.

"Halloo, what's the matter with you?" I said laughing, for I never saw a man so utterly taken aback. "You're not shot yet."

At the sound of my voice his alarm seemed to subside, and after scratching his head,—a practice common to Irishmen when they find themselves in a hobble; the irritation acting, I suppose, as a kind of mental blister, and drawing out an idea,—he said, tugging at a carrotty lock that was dripping down his face, and lashing out behind with one of his hay-banded legs by way of an obeisance,

"Och! is it you, captin? I'm glad to see yer honor looking so well."

"You've a queer way of showing it, Barney," I replied; for by this time I had recognised him as the notorious Mr. O'Toole.

"Faith," said he, with a comical look, "I thought it was Misher Ginger (this was the excise-officer). I ask yer

honor's pardon for takin' you for such a snaking ould varmint; but the rain blinded me."

"It's lucky for you I'm not," I said. "I expect you're after no good on the mountain, Barney."

"I was only takin' a stroll this fine soft day," said he, trying to look the character of an innocent stroller, and failing utterly in the attempt.

"None of your nonsense," I said, laughing at his idea of a fine day, and looking about for some trace of the still, which I guessed from his manner was not far distant. "Where's the shop, eh, Barney?"

This question quite upset his assumed composure; and he whined, dreadfully alarmed, "Ah, captin, you wouldn't ruin a poor man that's nothing ilse to depend on."

"O, don't be afraid of that," I said; "I'm not on duty to-day."

His face brightened directly. "Then, by me sowl, its myself that's right glad to see yer honor; and won't you walk in out of the rain?"

The offer of shelter was most acceptable, as the weather, to use Barney's expression, was getting softer and softer; but I tried in vain to detect any sign of the habitation he so hospitably invited me to enter. I could see nothing but the rock I had been sitting under, in a crevice of which there grew some stunted furze-bushes. I was not long kept in ignorance of the entrance to Mr. O'Toole's mountain residence; for having first peered cautiously about,—an unnecessary proceeding on his part, as the mist was thicker than ever,—he pulled aside the shrubs I had noticed, darted through a low opening they had entirely concealed, and beckoning me to follow, disappeared into a dark passage, from the recesses of which I could hear him shouting, "Mind yer head, captin."

This admonition was not unnecessary, as, notwithstanding the greatest caution, that part came several times into severe contact with jagged and unexpected angles of rock, raising bumps unknown to phrenology; and I had to progress some distance in a swimming position before I emerged into a good-sized cavern, smelling unmistakably of whisky.

"Yer honor's welcome," said my host, bareheaded and bowing, as soon as I had exchanged my horizontal for a perpendicular position.

"Why, you've got quite a snug little paffour here," I said, looking about.

"O, snug enough," said Barney, grinning. "It's little I want, if I'm let alone."

"If you could only heighten your passago a little," said I, rubbing my head, "it would be more convenient for your friends."

"I don't care much about convenience, you see, captin. You'll know your way better another time. But sit down, yer honor," said Barney, turning up a suspicious looking tub for my accommodation, "while I bar the door;" and he dived into his tunnel.

During the minute or two my host was engaged arranging the shrubbery that formed the *cheveux-de-frise* of his little fortress, I discovered that I was in a good-sized cavern, lighted from the top by a hole that answered the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The still was not at work; but the various implements scattered about, and the almost overpowering odour of poteen that pervaded the place, left no doubt on my mind as to the unlawful occupation of the proprietor. My conscience was not altogether easy at thus becoming an accomplice of Mr. O'Toole's; but I quieted my scruples with the reflection, that it was no part of my duty to discover stills, any more than it was a barrister's to collect evidence, or a physician's to mix medicine. All I had to do was to administer the *coup-de-grace* when the excise-officers pointed the game, in the same way that a terrier snaps up an unfortunate rat that the ferrets have frightened out of his hole, or, to use a more dignified simile, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket-handkerchiefs of the light-hoed picadores.

"If it wasn't for the smoke being seen," said Barney, on his reappearance, "I'd light a fire, for yer honor must be wet and could; but that ould thief Ginger is always prowling about the mountains—bad luck to him."

"And it wouldn't do," said I, laughing, "for him to find a king's officer conspiring with such a notorious defrauder of his majesty as yourself, Barney."

"Niver fear, yer honor," said my host, bringing a jug from a dark corner of the cavern, where he had been engaged in tapping something very like a small barrel.

"And as for being wet," I said, "I have been so accustomed to it since I came to Ballyblanket, that I am rather afraid of getting thoroughly dry, for fear I should catch cold."

"Here's something that'll prevent yer takin' cold, yer honor," said Barney, pouring a yellowish fluid from the jug into a cracked teacup. "If I can't warm yer ono way, I can another." And he presented the cup with the grace a duke's butler might envy, and stood watching the expression of my face as eagerly as an artist scans the countenance of a connoisseur examining his picture. "Try that, captin."

I did try it; and liked it so much, to Barney's great delight, I tried it again. There is no necessity for me to specify what the jug contained. It is sufficient to say, I found it possessed all the comforting qualities ascribed to it by my entertainer; and I gratefully acknowledged that, with such a hoating-apparatus at his command, a fire became a ridiculous superfluity. At my request, he warned himself at his portable stove; but he did not seem to care much about it.—I suppose on the same principle that grocers hate figs, and pastrycooks are not partial to bull's-eyes. For more than an hour I remained Barney's guest, and found him a most agreeable companion. Under the influence of the jug, he became quite confidential. I found that he had been a soldier in his youth, but had purchased his discharge—(I was not rude enough to ask to see the document)—on the death of his father, who had left him his stock in trade—(here he indicated the furniture of the cavern, including the tub on which I was sitting)—and a secret recipe that was a heirloom in his family, and had enabled them to command the best price in the market for many generations. He explained to me all the mysteries of his profession, till I believe I could have browed some uncommonly good whisky myself; and kept me in roars of laughter when he described the various shifts he was occasionally put to in supplying his numerous customers without detection.

"Well, Barney," I said, rising, after the jug had been emptied, and I felt exceedingly warm and comfortable, "by the look of your skylight, the rain must be over; so, with many thanks for your hospitality and shelter, I'll go on with my shooting."

"One little drop more, captin," said Barney, going to replenish the jug, "just to steady yer aim."

"No, thank you; I am as steady as a rock," I replied, stumbling over my tub in a most unaccountable manner.

"Hould up, captin, the place is very dark," said Barney, handing me my gun. "Faith, it's myself that's thankful to yer honor for not being above sittin' down with a poor fellow like me. It's a proud day for Barney O'Toole when he receives a frindly visit from a rale gentleman like yer self."

"I sincerely hope, for your sake," I said, "I may never have to make one in an official character, Barney."

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "I know yer heart's not in the work."

"That may be; but I've nothing to do but obey orders."

"That's true, captin; more's the pity."

After he had seen the coast was clear, and assisted me through his subterranean passage, which appeared more intricate and studded with sharper rocks than before, Mr. O'Toole and myself parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes.

"Good-by, Barney," I said, staggering a little.—I suppose

at coming so suddenly into the light,—"your secret's quite safe with me."

"Thank yer honor, kindly. I wish yer good sport; and," said he, as he disappeared into his hole, and dragged the bushes into their place, "my blessings follow you wherever you go."

The most extraordinary part of this affair, however, remains to be told. On leaving Barney, I walked to the spring; but whether the light affected my eyes, or the tears were still in them from laughing at his stories, or whether the smoll of the whisky affected my vision in some way, I don't know; whatever it was, the little Jack snipes,—there were two of them, strange to say, this time,—went off as lively as ever, wagging their tails contemptuously at me, in the middle of a cloud of shot. They must have borne a charmed life, because I took particular pains about my aim, and fully expected to bring them down right and left. Should any one hint that the portable stove might have had something to do with this, I can only say that Mr. O'Toole assured me that the contents of the jug were "as mild as milk;" and who ever heard of milk affecting one's eyesight?

About a fortnight after this adventure, Father Patrick and I were spending our evening as usual, with a chess-board between us, and a steaming tumbler of punch at our sides, wherewith we occasionally stimulated our strategical talents, when I received an intimation that my services were required to assist in destroying a still, of which information had just been received. Much against my will, I turned out of the priest's comfortable parlour, just when I could have checkmated him in half-a-dozen moves, and started off with my party, under the guidance of the man who had brought the intelligence.

It was pitch-dark, and for more than an hour we toiled silently after him till within a short distance of the doomed distillery. Here we halted, and by the direction of our guide, whose voice appeared familiar to me, we surrounded a large rock, which, on approaching, I recognised as the one containing Mr. O'Toole and his fortunes. Poor Barney, then, had been discovered at last. I was very sorry; but had no alternative but to enter with the excise-officer, who, being rather stout, was a good deal maulod in navigating the narrow channel which led to the interior. I was delighted to find that the proprietor was not at home to do the honours of his establishment, although a cheerful turf-fire smouldering on the hearth showed that he had not long vacated his subterranean residence.

The still was not at work, and no traces of spirit were to be found; so, having destroyed poor Barney's patrimony, which, from its age, must have belonged not only to his father, but to a long line of ancestors, we started home. On our arrival at the entrance to the town, our guide, who had mysteriously disappeared during our search in the cavern, claimed his reward, and vanished without my having had an opportunity of seeing his face, which I was anxious to do, as I wished to know who Barney had to thank for his ruin.

I confess I did not lay my head upon my pillow that night without serious misgivings as to my future fate. Happening so soon after my visit on the mountain, Mr. O'Toole would naturally associate me with the night's transaction, and in his fury imagine that I had taken advantage of his confidence to betray him to his enemies. So far,—with the exception of a few threatening letters, written in blood or red ink, I don't know which, and rudely illustrated with facsimiles of my coffin, and other cheerful devices, which I had occasionally received,—Father Patrick had shielded me from harm; but no amount of excommunication, I thought, would prevent the angry distiller from taking the usual description of vengeance upon me for my supposed treachery. My time was evidently come, and the senior ensign would get his promotion without purchase.

* The same remarkable phenomenon is sometimes witnessed, I believe, after a visit to the Docks with a tasting-order.

I should be brought home some day on that exclusively Hibernian mode of conveyance for wounded gentlemen—a shutter; or I should quietly disappear, like the exciseman; and be dug up in future ages, and exhibited in some Antipodean Museum as a specimen of a petrified Briton,—probably about the same time as Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander takes his seat on London Bridge, and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's.*

Days, however, passed without my becoming entitled to the privilege of being carried on the shoulders of six British grenadiers to the tune of the Dead March in Saul; nor was I qualified for the somewhat questionable honour of being handed down to posterity as a fossil. I concluded, therefore, that the ruined spirit-merchant had given me credit for good faith, and had revenged his wrongs on somebody else; and I had ceased to think of him, except to pity his misfortune; when soon after, on my attending a fair held in a neighbouring town, the first person I met was Barney O'Toole. He was dressed in a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, and a sprigged waistcoat, and looked altogether the very reverse of the bankrupt-trader I had expected to see. He had evidently taken a considerable quantity of refreshment, and was in the highest spirits. On seeing me, instead of the vindictive scowl I had anticipated, a delighted grin lit up his face, and he rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Hurroo, it's the captin! And how has yer honor been this long time?" he said, doffing a new hat and giving the accustomed kick with his leg, on which the haybands had been replaced by smart blue worsted stockings.

"Pretty well, thank you, Barney," I replied. "I'm glad to see you looking so blooming."

"Niver was better, thank yer honor," he said, cutting a caper.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, wondering what had put him into such a good humour.

"Why, yer see, captin, havin' a thrife to spare, thank God, I'm afther buying as swate a little pig as ivir yer clapt eyes on," he said, still in paroxysms of delight.

By this time he had followed me to a room in the inn; and having shut the door, I said, "I'm glad your affairs are in so flourishing a condition."

"I'm a mado man," said Barney, snapping his fingers.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I was afraid that unfortunate business the other night,"—here Barney grinned from ear to ear; and concluding he was tipsy, I continued gravely,—"that unfortunate business had crippled you for a time; and I wished, when I met you, to offer you any little assistance I could afford to set you up in some more legitimate occupation."

"Yer honor's a good friend and a kind gentleman; and I'd like to see the man who says he knows a better," said Barney, quite fierce.

"I hope, however," I went on, "you don't suppose that I took advantage of the information I gained on the mountain to bring—"

"Be my sowl," said Barney, interrupting me, and flourishing his shillelah at some imaginary depreciator of my honesty, "if any one else had hinted sich a thing I'd have raised a lump on his head that would have prevented the blaguard from wearing a hat for a month o' Sundays—so I would. No, no, captin, make your mind aisy. I know the man that informed against me." And he winked facetiously.

"And who is the rascal?" I inquired sternly; for I was annoyed at what I considered his untimely mirth.

"Would you like to know his name, captin?" said Barney knowingly.

"Yes, I should," I replied, "very much; for I tried to catch a sight of his face that night, but it was too dark."

"I'll tell you," said Barney, beckoning me close to him, and putting his mouth to my ear; "his name is—are you listening, captin?"

* The reader is requested to pardon this anachronism, which slipped out unawares. Mr. Macaulay had not then favoured the world with his celebrated apothegm. The great romancer of that time, I expect, preferred leapfrog to history.

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "go on."

"His name is—Barney O'Toole."

"Barney O'Toole!" I exclaimed, staring at him, while he seemed to enjoy my amazement. "Are there two Barney O'Tooles?"

"I niver heard of another," he said waggishly. "Whisper, captin,"—and he looked cautiously about him to see that no one was near,—"I gave the information *myself*!"

"Then it was you, was it, that turned me out of Father Patrick's parlour at twelve o'clock at night?—bad luck to you!" said I, remembering our guide's sudden disappearance and anxiety not to be seen. "I thought I knew the voice."

"I was sorry to give yer honor sich a could walk," said Barney, looking any thing but distressed; "but—"

"O, never mind that," I said. "I'm glad you're going to give up your evil practices and become a respectable member of society."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, grinning again from ear to ear. "I shall be glad to see yer honor again in the ould place."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled more than ever.

"I mane, yer honor, that the tubs and things were ould and worn out."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed that."

"I got five pounds for giving the information," he went on, his eyes sparkling with fun at the astonishment depicted on my face.

"Well?" I said smiling; for I began to suspect the *dénouement*.

"Every thing's bran new. I'm hard at work again; and we'll finish another jug, captin dear, whiniver yer come my way." Here he could contain his merriment no longer. He danced a *pas seul* round the table, and I went into a roar of laughter at Mr. Barney O'Toole's notable device of turning informer against himself. J. H. L.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING: THEIR NATURE AND ORIGIN.

THE great painter must be always a student. Poetry is an art almost without technicalities, so greatly does the power inborn exceed that to be acquired by mastering the few rules of the art, the more important of which resolve themselves principally into self-discipline. Music has its formidable technicalities both in practice and theory; but with great natural powers the practice is conquered without difficulty, and a master who has once acquired the theory may sit down for life, and be content to use his knowledge so long as ideas come to him. "I have de thought," Handel would exclaim when the idea struck him; and he retired to jot it down or take his dram, as the case might be, but not to study. For the painter there is no such completion of his studies; his apprenticeship is life-long. He must study for every picture, because the forms with which he has to deal are so infinite in variety that in each case they constitute a new subject for study. Hence, probably, one reason why we regard the painter always as a student, and speak of him always as belonging to a "school." The observer of art—the audience in that theatre—need not be troubled with the technicalities which tax the attention of the artist, except for one purpose, which will be better perceived as we go on to explain in what the "school" consists.

Art naturally divides itself into two great epochs,—the ancient and the modern; the Greek before the dark ages, and the European springing from the darkness. Of the ancient epoch we know chiefly its sculpture and architecture; in the modern, painting occupies the chief place. Now though the explanation of the scholastic element is exactly the same for all departments of art, it is, for a variety of reasons, most clearly seen in the history of painting.

Under the Greeks sculpture had been brought to the highest degree of perfection; and what this implies we may explain at a future day. Suffice it to say now, that

Phidias had acquired the power of giving to stone the very aspect of perfect life, so that the marble seemed to breathe; and the works which left his hand thousands of years ago look now as if they were just starting into action, or tranquilly surveying existence with all the concentrated power of energy in repose. In the middle ages all such labours were suspended. The arts, already declining, entirely decayed; and when civilisation regained Europe there were no artists. Decoration was still saleable, and there were workmen who professed to be painters. These were in great part Greeks, or probably rather a mongrel tribe who passed under that name. They made or painted figures for the decoration of buildings; but these were done entirely according to pattern, like Egyptian figures with a faint trace of the old traditional beauty of Greece. Such was art when the Italians first conceived the idea of doing something better.

Cimabue began; and the carrying of his picture through the streets of Florence was a triumph. Yet Cimabue was but one step from the pattern-drawers; his figures are flat with hard outlines, as if cut on paper. He found a peasant-boy drawing, and he made of him the famous Giotto: that name being to Ambrogio or Ambrose what Tom is to Thomas; for the Florentines in particular carry to excess the Italian trick of calling their greatest men by the diminutive of the Christian name. Now Giotto was a man with such a feeling for form, for grace, power, and expression, that it is impossible to doubt but that if he had had Raphael's training he might have had Raphael's potency. He had not the training; his master was Cimabue, who was but one remove from the barber's block. Cimabue found out certain ways of placing the limbs, not quite in the set attitude; he noted a few of the modes in which drapery falls, not exactly in the curl which had become the established form for the degenerate Greeks. He taught these discoveries to Giotto; Giotto broke away still more from pattern-drawing, taught his pupils to use still greater freedom of delineation, and so began the earliest foundations of the Florentine school.

A school in painting, then, is a body or succession of men who have hit upon certain methods of overcoming certain difficulties.

There was, however, a development of several schools as well as of individual painters. One of the greatest men that Italy has produced was Leonardo da Vinci,—a close observer of fact, a student of anatomy both in the dead and the living, a noter of the effects of light and shade and perspective. After him came the great age of Pope Julius II., in whose capital lived at one time Michael Angelo, the greatest master of anatomical action and form in the human figure; and Raphael, rival of Michael Angelo in the knowledge of form, superior to him in a perception of grace, and sympathising far more in every form of passion. These two found out many ways before unnoted of surmounting difficulties. They executed the projects of Leonardo in drawing the human form under all varieties of perspective; and being employed to paint on large walls, they drew figures on a large scale with a proportionately bold outline. Michael Angelo was from Florence; the peasantry of the broad sunny vale of the Arno, which is breezy and healthy, are a tall large race, finely formed. Near Rome there are places where the men and women have the noblest proportions, especially at Albano. Both the great painters lived among fine models. Michael Angelo, though small himself, was a man of fierce passion, great dignity, little tenderness, little grace. So devoted was he to art, that at one time, when he was persuaded to take off the leather leggings which he had never removed during protracted work, the skin came off with the leather. Raphael was tall, handsome, manly, and gentle; and his sister was like him. He kept about him a handsome household, with his colleagues and pupils, his fellow-workmen, who executed a great part of his large designs. The son of an indifferent painter, he could draw well at twelve years old, painted a picture, already emerging from the dryness of his master, Pietro Perugino (Peter of Perugia); and was the pupil of Michael Angelo at twenty-two. He was a

devoted admirer of women, a laborious painter, a gentleman in manners though not in birth. Employed by a luxurious court and nobility to decorate palaces and churches, Raphael brought a generous nature, wonderful skill of hand, fine models, and scriptural or classical subjects to build the Roman school, which got its greatest power from Michael Angelo.

We have rapidly noted the formation of the greatest of all the schools; let us now consider in what consist its essentials, as distinct from its purely technical attributes. To do this, we must still refer to the very beginning of the process by which schools are formed.

If any man will sit down with a pencil and paper in his hand, and endeavour to trace the outlines of the human arm which is pointed towards him, the varied lines in the curls of the hair, or those which are formed by the folds of a dress, he will find on comparing his work with his model that the pencil-marks bear but a very faint resemblance to the lines which his eye has seen. But when he endeavours to correct the pencil-marks, he will discover another difficulty. Fresh forms in the hair strike his eye; hairs which he had not noticed before now seem to stand out most conspicuously; even the forms of the arm probably present themselves in a somewhat different aspect. In short, his very sight wanders over a variety of characteristics, uncertain which to fix upon where the choice is so vague or so infinite, while his rude bungling pencil is incompetent to imitate any one. A master will tell him what particular lines to fix upon, and will illustrate to him on the paper the best manner of imitating those lines. The pupil is delighted. He constantly applies that lesson when the same difficulties present themselves; and thus, in fastening upon a settled manner of imitating objects, the master and pupil have between them formed "a school." When the master has been a very able painter, the result of his experience and acquired power is invaluable. When the pupil possesses a master-mind, he acquires what the other gives; but he uses it with an original intention, and produces genuine designs. We then have a school in its course of development, as we saw in the case of Cimabue and Giotto, of Perugino and Raphael. But there is the decline as well as the rise of schools. When the pupil is inferior to the master, he adopts the manner, but cannot rise to the purpose which it signifies; and the school then degenerates into mannerism.

The amateur painter is very careful to note the characteristics of the schools, partly as a matter of curiosity,—just as a purchaser of china values particular characteristics in rare specimens,—but partly for a higher purpose. When we are first placed before a very great work, it is as impossible that we should see all the beauties in it at once as that we should discern at one glance every object visible in a champagne country. If from any of its characteristics we can determine that the work is by a great painter, we may be sure that it is worth study, and that it is at all events worth possessing, if only to mark a place in the progress and history of that painter. By careful observation of the works of Raphael we gain an acquaintance with the particular modes of handling that he employed. He had a way of tracing the outlines of the hair in brighter colours than the ground, of marking the details of the face and the muscles in different parts of the body somewhat in imitation of the ancient sculptors, brought into study just before his time, and somewhat on the model also of the features in his own family. He was much in the habit of painting stuffs with two colours, such as we call "shots." These and many others are characteristics, by the concurrence and accuracy of which his handwriting may be determined almost without the possibility of mistake. Raphael was not a great master of colours; he painted much in fresco,—a chalky style of water-colour used for great walls; and the practice tended to deaden his colouring, which he used only as an aid to composition. He was not a man who felt a very great interest in landscape; the human engrossed all his attention, and his scenery is sometimes ludicrously bald. His pupils were much influenced by his teaching and example. His idolaters

admire these defects, and identify them with the beauties of the school.

If there were such a thing as pure normal painting, we should have a reflex of organic life without defects; but since every painter must come to work with the same multitudinous difficulties, and must learn to surmount them with the help of the teacher to whom chance directs him,—since he can only counteract, but never entirely lose his own personal deficiencies,—since he must be influenced by the state of art around him, the characteristics of the scenery, whether in town or country, the social conditions of his country, and the display of emotions more or less strongly marked which they bring forth,—since the artist who founds or finishes the school must work under these conditions, we never do have painting in its ideal perfection, but always in the more or less approximative form of some school.

Of what use is it, we may be asked, that we should be correct in our admiration of painting? Admiration is "a matter of taste," and why should we not please ourselves? For a very strong reason. We have before explained that that taste is a matter of fact. It is the correct perception of those things which constitute the highest characteristics of vitality, whether in animal, vegetable, or inorganic existences. Our capacity for enjoying life and for applying its laws is proportionate to our perceptions and the development of our own powers. If we admire bad painting, we are stunting and debasing our intellect. If we admire the *mannerism* of the schools, we are becoming slaves to pedantry and triviality. If we learn the characteristics of the schools, let it be in order that by allowing for the special difficulties, the peculiar influences, and the personal tendencies under which the artist worked, we may the better appreciate so much as there is of pure and genuine nature in his productions.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

But the touch of nature may be concealed from us, if we do not remember how the *foreign accent* of different countries alters the tone of the voice. Unless we remember the circumstances under which Giotto, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Valasquez, Holbein, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Retzsch, Biard, and Delaroche have severally worked, we shall not be able to appreciate that broad human power which they all possess; and which is to be discerned through the artificial frame of every school.



A CUP OF COFFEE.

"What great effects from trivial causes spring!" How long had the white jasmine-like flowers bloomed unheeded in Abyssinian solitudes, and the rich red berries shed their twin beans upon the earth, before some speculative being ventured on the experiment of extracting the essence from the said beans, and was rewarded by drinking the first *cup of coffee*!—the first of a long, long line indeed. Who would have thought that the tree, with its pointed leaves, its snow-storm of blossoms, that comes in a single night, and thaws away in a day or two, to be succeeded by the cherry-like fruit,—who could have imagined that this innocent, pastoral-looking tree was destined to exert an influence over the whole civilised world; that it would work a radical change in the staple diet of nations; that it would even bear its part in political convulsions, and assist at revolutions!

Long before it found its way into Europe, it had known an eventful and exciting career in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey. It had served to keep dervishes awake, and to act as a substitute for the forbidden wine to pious Maho-

metans, until its use had at one time to be solemnly prohibited by the mufti. But its European history began in 1615, when some Venetians brought it home with them from the Levant; in 1645 it appeared at Marseilles; and in 1650, Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, introduced coffee into England; and his Greek servant Pasqua established the first London coffee-house in George Yard, Lombard Street. At this time the price of the novel luxury was four and five guineas a pound, and a duty was soon levied upon the prepared beverage of fourpence per gallon.

English taste approved of coffee, and of coffee-houses. The latter increased and flourished, till in 1685, we are told, they might be considered as a most important political institution. Aided by Macaulay's graphic description, we can well imagine the scene presented by these places, whither "the Londoners flocked, as the Athenians of old flocked to the market-place, to hear whether there was any news." In those revolutionary days, when public meetings, newspapers, and all modern vents for inward agitation, were not, coffee-house orators were sought after, and listened to with an avidity that soon caused them to become to 1685 something like the press to our own day. Great must have been the talking, speechifying, and plotting that went on under the guise of drinking coffee.

But we see it now-a-days under a happier and more peaceful aspect. There is an oriental association in its rich aroma. We see it served in jewelled cups to pashas meditative over the chibouque, or daintily tasted by the guily-decked henna-stained beauties of the harem. Or, to come into the fresher air of Europe, in France, as we know, it is universally used; and even in England it is consumed to a large extent, though (especially by the poor) tea is held in greater favour. In Germany, the poorer classes seem to adhere to coffee with much the same tenacity that our own poor evince towards tea. The more their choice of food is limited by their means, the more do they insist on coffee forming part of the food. In the same way, we have all of us seen a poor half-starving woman, becoming possessed of a shilling, spend at least a third of her wealth in the purchase of an ounce or two of some vile compound which professes to be "tea." These inconsistencies are not limited to place. The German peasant, even with the lowest wages, has always a column in the book for coffee, and another for bread and potatoes. Probably almost as much is expended on the one as on the other.

The physiological effects of these drinks are generally ascribed to the presence of what is called caffeine in coffee, and theine in tea, which are identical properties, and which belong to the class of *organic bases*, which all have an action on the nervous system. If arranged in a series beginning with theine, the bodies at the end of the scale, strychnine and brucine, act as the most frightful poisons; while quinine, standing near the middle, is a highly valuable remedy.

Among the other properties of coffee must not be forgotten its powerful deodorising agency. We quote from Mr. Timbs's valuable little book,—whose title, *Things not Generally Known*, is likely to become a misnomer, by the influence of the book itself in making them known,—which tells us that coffee will instantly destroy the smell of putrefying meat, &c. To use coffee for disinfecting purposes, the raw beans should be pounded in a mortar, and the powder roasted over a moderately heated iron-plate until it is of a dark-brown tint; and then sprinkled about the place, or laid on a plate in the room that requires purification. Coffee-acid, or coffee-oil, it is added, acts more readily in minute quantities.

It should be remembered that coffee, *slightly roasted*, contains the maximum of aroma, weight, and nutrition. There can be no doubt that much depends on this previous preparation of the coffee-berry, and that many hundreds who are in the habit of daily partaking of this beverage are still unacquainted with its true flavour, and unbenefited by its best properties. The rapid taste of English coffee which

foreigners complain of is probably owing to insufficient roasting. On the other hand, if the berries be subjected to an amount of heat beyond a certain point, the flavour is dissipated, and it becomes too bitter.

Coffee-roasting is, however, an operation which might easily be performed in every family. The Italians frequently roast small quantities in one of the thin oil-flasks, which accomplishes the work most effectively over a charcoal fire; the berries being frequently shaken during the process. The glass being a non-conductor, it is even thought a better material for the purpose than the generally used metal. It is not so liable to burn, and the progress of the roasting can be more easily watched.

A hollow cylinder made of sheet-iron is, however, the usual form of coffee-roaster. This should never be more than one-third filled with the berries; for in the process of roasting the bulk of the coffee is nearly doubled, and unless there is plenty of space left, it will be impossible for the coffee to be turned about easily, so as to insure that every part is equally exposed to the heat. This vessel is kept turning over a brisk fire till the berries are of a deep-cinnamon colour, and of an oily appearance; and then it is taken from the fire, shaken, and left to cool.

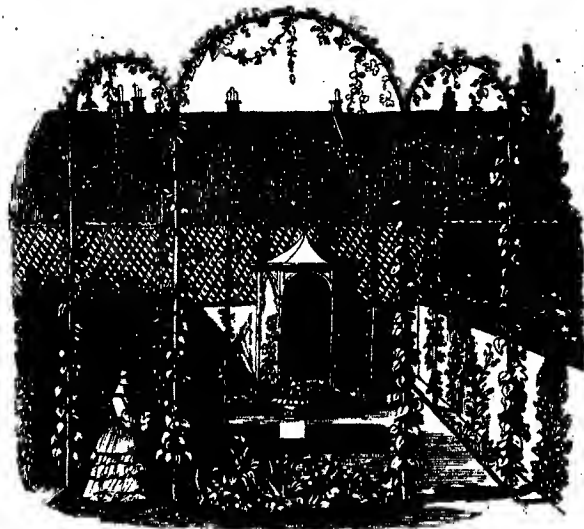
Almost every family grind, if they do not roast, their own coffee. By roasting it, they will assuredly advance many steps nearer the pure standard of perfection which we hear of in almost every other coffee-drinking country but our own. The purer it is, the wholesomer, and the more nutritious. In fact, in this, as in every other thing, it is necessary to bear in mind that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing thoroughly: an admirable maxim, whether applied to the building a Menai bridge or the making of a cup of coffee.

A HINT FOR TOWN GARDENS.

The object of the accompanying design is, to show by contrast what may be done by the exercise of a little taste in the ornamentation of a garden such as may be found attached to many of our suburban residences. Every traveller on a line of railway that is elevated above the ordinary level of the houses must have noticed, as day by day he returns from his City occupations to his home a few miles from town, the effect produced by carelessness and neglect in the



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT IS.



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT MIGHT BE.

management of a garden, as contrasted with that where taste, order, and industry unite to form a scene of beauty, and a source of continued delight.

A love for the cultivation of flowers is one of the most healthy and cheerful pursuits that can be indulged in; it is not only pleasurable to those engaged therein, but it adds an additional charm to the magic of Home.

In No. 1 is represented the space intended doubtless by the builder for the garden; but which, in consequence of neglect or the carelessness of the occupant, has become a receptacle for rubbish, dust, and the debris of the household, — unwholesome to those who are living in close contact with it, and unsightly to the neighbours on each side. The prospect is interrupted by the backs of a row of houses, built in the but too common style of architecture, which seems to reveal in uninteresting monotony.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow bed is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if

previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

At the end of the garden should be raised a trellis-work, over which Ivy and Virginian Creeper could be trained. The Ivy would afford a luxuriant green during winter, and would also form a pleasing contrast during autumn with the crimson leaves of the Virginian Creeper. In front of the trellis may be erected a small alcove or summer-house, a design for which will appear in a future number. A vase or tazza of flowers will add considerably to the beauty. The arches represented should be placed in such a manner as, when viewed from the house, to give the greatest idea of space. These arches may be constructed of wood or iron — the latter is to be preferred on account of its gracefulness and greater durability: they may also be made of wirework, specimens of which can be seen at the manufactories.

The cost of this floral decoration, deducting the value of the material, is but trifling; in fact, the whole might be constructed by an occupant possessing taste and energy.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. III.

MENDEL LINTON & CO.

PAINTED BY W. L. WINDON.

BURD HELEN.

Lord John he rode, Burd Helen ran,
A five-lang simmer's day;
Until they cam' to Clyde water,
Was filled frae bank to brae.

"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,
"That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said,
"You ne'er will see me swim."

Old Scottish Ballad.

BURD HELEN.

The old ballad of "Burd Helen" appears in Percy's *Collection* under the name of "Childe Walters." The story is simple. A knight having seduced a lady determines to try her love.

Mr. Windus has given us a beautiful illustration of this the most tender and sad of the old Scotch ballads. The only fault of the poem itself is, that the writer carries the trial of the lady's love and patience too far. We see her soul in its agony wooing tears of blood, we see the white flesh shrink and quiver under the cruel and protracted torture, till, as in Chaucer's "Patient Grizel," we lose all esteem for the cold lever and the philosophical physiologist. In Burd Helen's case, we feel that years of constancy could never have wiped out the bitter recollection of "that livelong summer-day"—of that fearful hurry through the milos of golden broom—of that cold plunge into the frothing Clyde, that was red and brimming with the last night's thunder-rain. We shudder to think, if Helen had been swept away like a broken lily, and Lord John had entered his gate of "red gold" sad and alone. In painting this pathetic picture, Mr. Windus has remembered all the touches of nature that the ballad-writer introduced: the moss and mire, and the swollen Clyde water, are all here. How silent and sad the spot is! Look at the single heron piercing the clear evening sky like an arrow; see the far sweep of the horizon, stretching right away to the border-land; mark the broken bridle-path, white and stony, leading down to the water through the bushy broom and bosky heather. The strong broad hoof of the horse already splashes the river-ford. The knight has just said,

"Sweet thou yon water, Helen,
That flows from bank to brim;"

and she is about to pray him once again for mercy and pity. He is watching her with suppressed wonder and delight; for at every cruel stab her heart seems to bud and shoot as the sapling does under the pruning-knife. Her love is so great, that she cannot reason about justice and injustice—all he does is right in her eyes; she would kiss him as he gave her the death-blow. She only prays that she may not be driven from him with blows of his stirrup first. So she may sleep by his horse in his stable, and see him when he goes out a-hunting, she would be happy. He may have some good end, she thinks, for his cruelty; and she says, "I merit all, for I am guilty and forsaken of the angels."

"O, wonderful constancy of a woman's love!" he thinks, as he counts her groans and refrains by a strong effort from leaping off his horse and clasping her to his heart. The technical merits of the picture are considerable. Though it is pale, and rather too ascetic in colour, the costume is well studied; the knight's riding-cap, his cloak, his embroidered cuff, have been as carefully selected as Burd Helen's silken tunic and her medieval shoes. The horse is also excellently well foreshortened; and its eye is full of wild sagacity and a latent courage of endurance, that seems to indicate a knightly master. It is a good type of a war-charger, with its broad wall of chest, and its soft flowing mane. Few landscape-painters either could have better conveyed the feeling of the margin of a river,—the broken bank, the rusty flowers, the sun-burnt grass, and the loose shingly stones. Our old ballads deserve more such illustrations.

ANNETTE LEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."

ANNETTE LEIR sat beneath a white thorn in the garden; and the afternoon sunshine, slanting on to her bright hair, made her dazzling to behold. It was the end of May, and a light breeze showered hawthorn-petals down on her. She was working and singing; without pausing in her song, she half

glanced up, and gave a saucy smile and nod when a young man parted the hazel-bushes of the copse hard by, loapt the paling, and advanced towards her.

She was employed in the homely work of mending gray woollen stockings, and was too busy to extend a hand. The young man leant against the thorn, watched her nimble fingers, and listened to her song in silence.

"Woll," questioned the girl, when her song was ended, "have you nothing to say?"

"A great deal, Annette."

She glanced up at the eyes down-looking so gravely, blushed, and said—

"Nothing amusing, I should think, by your face. I want to be amused."

"For once let me speak seriously."

"If I wanted serious speaking, I should stay in there,"—with a gesture of the head towards the cottage. "Every thing out-doors is laughing."

"You can be serious sometimes; you were so ten minutes since."

"You had no business to be watching me."

"Annette, look at me; just to see how earnest I am."

"I am sure I don't mind looking at you." He had stooped, that his eyes might be on a level with hers; but when she raised her lashes her eyes caught a sunbeam and somewhat besides. "The sun is so dazzling," she said, and applied diligently to her work.

A little breeze shook the blossom-clusters of the thorn; down came the white petals upon the glorified hair.

"You are sprinkled with dead flowers; they must be taken off, because they are withered." And he reached his hand towards the shining head.

"You needn't trouble. There, they are all gone." She had shaken them off with a merry toss. "Dear me, how low the sun is! I am sure it is past tea-time. I must go in, or they will be angry." She drew her pretty hand out of the stocking, and rose. The ball of worsted rolled away; the young man picked it up, then prisoned the fingers held out for it.

"Annette, you must hear me. I love you. Will you be my wife?" he said in a voice of deep suppressed passion. She opened her brown eyes wide, looked round as if in terror, while her face flushed vividly; but she snatched her hand from his, and ran into the house without having spoken a word.

He stayed just where she left him, and watched the sunset and felt the dew fall; but she did not return to the garden that night. When the moon had risen, he plunged into the hazel-copse again.

"I wonder Lekham hasn't been in to-night," said Annette's father.

"It is the first evening for a long while that he has not looked in," said Annette's mother.

"He is a most agreeable well-conducted young man, and very diligent in his business," Mr. Leir pronounced emphatically.

"I hope nothing unpleasant keeps him from coming here to-night. I thought he didn't look very happy yesterday," his wife rejoined.

"He is rather proud and reserved; one whose feelings ought not to be trifled with." Mr. Leir looked full and sternly at Annette as he spoke.

Annette rose up, wished her father and mother good night proudly, and went to her own room. She had forgotten to get a light, but the moonbeams were pouring in. She opened the lattice, leant out, sighed, muttered a few words, then blushed at the sound of her own voice. She watched the moon till it set to her behind a clump of firs on the top of the hill; then she crept to bed with wet cold cheeks.

Annette was as merry and careless as ever next morning, plucking flowers to adorn the room. She stood at the gate trying to reach an early-blown piece of honeysuckle, her hat fallen off, and hair pulled down, when Mr. Lekham

passed on his way to his business in the town. She smiled, and he bowed without smiling; yet that evening found him at her father's, listening to her every word, watching her every movement. She never once spoke to him voluntarily, or looked in his face; and she did not go out into her garden, lest he should follow.

"Annette, you did not answer my question. I must have an answer." They were alone, spite of the girl's precautions; and Henry Lekham spoke in a hurried, somewhat imperious voice.

"Must you, Mr. Lekham?"

"Excuse that word; but what I feel is real. I must speak real words; I can't choose fine ones."

"Then I'll speak plain words too."

"Speak true ones. Do you love me?"

"I wonder," said the provoking beauty, "does all the poetry I have read lie; and is all that books say untrue? I suppose the times are quite gone by when knights waited and worked long years through, only too well content if they received a smile or a kind word at long intervals from the lady they—loved." The last word spoken with shy reluctance.

"Those times are quite gone by, if they ever were. Life is too short; there is too much to do in it; but—"

"Then I think I will wait till those times come back; so, good evening, Mr. Lekham;" and away went Annette.

For months after that she and Henry Lekham did not exchange a word, or touch each other's hand. Annette was somewhat in disgrace with her father and mother, and grew graver and a little thinner. She never smiled now when she met Mr. Lekham, but just bowed with cold dignity.

One autumn afternoon, Annette set out with a basket on her arm, which was no light weight, to pay a charitable visit to a poor woman living a good way off.

She stayed long listening to the story of a life full of woe, and doing what little she could to relieve present distress. When she left the woman's hovel, night was darkening down wildly.

Annette wasn't particularly brave, and it was a ghostly kind of evening. Even going down the hill-side, where pale light lingered, she started more than once at some eerie-sounding sigh of the wind, or at the aspect of some fantastic-shaped bush. A mountain-mist came on, and blew blindingly in her face. Forgetting how torrents of rain that had fallen only the night before must have swollen the brook, she determined to go home a shorter way than she had come, crossing the plank that formed a bridge, so avoiding a corner of the wood.

It was very dark in the hollow through which the stream ran, and the water made a great noise. She could not find the plank; and getting somewhat desperate, tried to spring across. She did not reach firm ground on the other side, and hurt her foot among the rough stones. When she had scrambled up the bank, it pained her a good deal, and she sat down inclined to cry at the desolation of her situation—she was no heroine.

It was so drear and dismal—only the noise of the wind and the water to be heard, and nothing to be seen but the foam on the stream, the white mist, and the black belt of wood along which her path lay. Annette was quite coward enough to be afraid of having the black wood so close at hand at this hour,—the black wood, of which she had heard so many queer stories. She sat still, hoping the pain in her foot would go off, or that some one would pass. The latter seemed very unlikely. She shrank close into herself when she perceived a tall figure coming towards her looking gigantic through the mist.

"Annette! Annette!" a voice called. She sprang up gladly, greatly relieved; though she wished it had been any one else.

"Thank God," Mr. Lekham exclaimed, "you are safe!"

"Yes; but I've hurt my foot," she said, in her usual laughing way.

"That is nothing."

"Isn't it?" she exclaimed pettishly—he ought to have been grieved.

"You might have been drowned. The stream is very deep and wide where the bridge was washed away; if you had tried to cross there, you would have been drowned," he said gravely.

"Should I?" Annette asked softly, and clung to his arm shivering. "It would have been dreadful in this noisy water, such a dismal night."

"I don't see that the noise of the water, or the dimness of the night, would make it worse to be drowned," he replied, smiling.

"It would. A quiet sunny stream has looked pleasant, I have thought. But let us go home."

"Yes; they are anxious—your father is gone up the other way to look for you, and your mother stood in the garden calling your name."

"We will hurry, then." Annette stopped in a few moments, though, with a little cry of pain. "We must go slower, my foot hurts me."

"No; we will go faster—you must let me!" And he took her up and strode on rapidly, his manner more tender than his words. Annette was powerless, so made no resistance. Very soon he gave her into her mother's care, and went to tell her father that she was found.

After that evening, Henry Lekham was again a frequent visitor at the cottage. Annette was more demure—showed a little shy graciousness sometimes: began to feel subdued in his presence, and powerless, as she had done when she was lame and he took her into his arms. He never alluded to that evening; when her father and mother did, Annette would blush and pout. Yet the tears would rise softly to her eyes if she thought about it when she was alone.

CHAPTER II.

One wintry morning the post-boy brought a large letter to Mr. Leir's cottage for Lawrence Leir, Esq. Now Mr. Leir was a man of fallen fortunes, and it was long since he had been esquired. Mrs. Leir and Annette sat by the fire, busy with homely household work. Annette, in her plain merino dress of many winters, with diligent fingers and a quietly-smiling mouth, looked as if pleasant thoughts made summer in her heart. Mrs. Leir's face wore a wonted look of mingled anxiety and austerity,—her brow had other wrinkles than those made by time.

"When did Henry say he should be home, Annette?"

"In a fortnight, mamma," Annette answered, blushing because her thoughts had been busy with that same Henry.

"I hope, Annette," Mrs. Leir said solemnly, "that you do not mean to trifle with his affections longer; one way or other you shall answer him, child. He has shown more forbearance than ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done. I have forbore speaking to you seriously before, out of respect to his wishes."

Annette did not speak; but the face she drooped over her work looked troubled now. Why mightn't she dream out her little dream, fancy out her little romance in peace? Her mother's words seemed to brush through and destroy her pleasant self-mystifyings, as the first feet crossing the grass of an autumn meadow destroy the shining, twining, fairy-webs woven from blade to blade.

An exclamation from Mr. Leir made both his wife and daughter look up at him. His face was radiant with some emotion, but he tried to be very dignified, even to speak with a certain bitterness.

"I am not esquired for nothing!" he said, putting the letter into his wife's lap. "My uncle—your great uncle—is dead, Annette; he has left us a great house and land and money, which I must go and see after. You will be an heiress, child!"

Mr. Leir kissed an upturned and bewildered face.

"You don't look glad. Ah, you will soon find out how much pleasanter it is to be rich and courted than to sit doing such work as that—too hard for your fingers."

Pain was gathering in Annette's eyes; but her father turned from her to her mother, who had got through the letter.

"Who would have thought that Everreach Grango would have come to us—such a family as my uncle had?"

"We have lived so out of the world here, you didn't know that his sons were dead, did you?" his wife asked.

"Never having received any kindness from him, never expecting to get any good by his death, I haven't concerned myself about him," Mr. Leir replied.

Mechanically Mrs. Leir recommenced the darn she had been interrupted in; but her husband took the table-cloth from her hand.

"Away with that, Martha! here, draw near the fire and let us talk—there is enough to settle." Mr. Leir threw a great log on unreprieved, and sat down close by his wife. "You see the lawyer advises our taking immediate possession. How soon could we get away?"

"Dear me! I cannot say. It is like a dream!" and Mrs. Leir smoothed some of the wrinkles out of her careful brow.

"It is like a dream!" Annette echoed, and pressed her hand on her white forehead as if to still pain beating there.

"We ought not to delay," Mr. Leir went on. "The eyes of a master are always invaluable."

"There may be some mistake, papa," was feebly suggested.

"Ha! ha! people don't make mistakes about matters of this sort—not mistakes on this side at all events. Wife, what is there to prevent our starting for Everreach to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Lawrence! you might, but I must stay and arrange matters."

"Yes, papa, couldn't you go and we follow," Annette asked wistfully.

"No, no! we'll all go together; and as for your arrangements, wife, make them all to night: you may give away our furniture if you like, we shall not need it. It will not suit the Grange."

Annette stole away to her own room, leaving husband and wife to talk over his wonderful fortune.

It was February, and snow was lying thick on the ground, and a fog brooding above it; the cold was biting and bitter; but Annette knelt long in the window-seat, her head buried in her hands; there seemed danger of her freezing in that crouching despairing attitude.

The face she upturned appealingly at last, from which cold, fear, and pain had driven back all the blood, would have been difficult to identify with the laughing, sunny, saucy one of the girl who had sat singing beneath the hawthorn a few months back.

When she rose, she huddled on her bonnet and shawl; stole stealthily down the stairs and past the door of the parlour where her mother and father talked, forming splendid projects for her future—congratulating themselves that no engagement bound her to Henry Lekham, country bookseller and stationer.

Annette went out into the brooding biting mist. She was going to take counsel with her only friend—a woman years older than herself, who had shown great interest in Annette's love-affair, and given the shy girl much, if not wise advice;—advice which had been received scornfully, and never acted upon; but which desolate Annette now persuaded herself must at least have been kindly meant.

So Annette sped on over the snow towards Scawdon Farm.

She found it difficult to make Emma Brown understand what had befallen. When she finished with a burst of tears, Emma exclaimed—

"Well, and what is there in this to send you out over the snow with such a scared face? What ails you, Annette?"

"Cannot you tell?"

"No. It's no such dreadful thing to be made a fine lady of, is it? Shouldn't mind it myself."

"But, Emma, we are going away directly and—"

"Is it Henry Lekham you're crying after?" Miss Brown asked, with a look of intelligence at last.

"I am not crying after any one," Annette said, raising her head, indignation sending some blood into her cheeks. But soon the head was bowed again. "What shall I do—what shall I do?" was the piteful cry.

"Why, sit here by the fire, and let me pull off your wet shawl and hood," Miss Brown said, sharply; but proceeded to show some tenderness in caring for her friend's physical well-being.

"You never seemed to set much store by Mr. Lekham. When I told you you loved him, you've flown into a fine rage; but if you do like him after all, I can't see what you've got to fuss about. He'll like you none the worse for being a fine lady and rich, lass," she added bitterly.

"You don't know him, or you'd not speak that way, Emma. But it isn't his liking me or no. I don't think," and her face kindled brilliantly, "that richer or poorer will alter that; but it's my father and mother, Emma. We're going away directly, to-morrow, to a large house; and I'm in no way bound to him. He won't follow unless they ask him, and they won't."

"I see. Papa and mamma will be for catching a grand gentleman now."

"He is a grand gentleman, Emma."

"He's a shopkeeper for that; and I hear shopkeepers are looked down upon by the quality. You're pretty enough to be made a lady, Annette. You'll grow far too grand to remember us up here."

"O Emma, it's cruel to talk to me like that. I will never love any body but him. Can I do any thing?"

Miss Brown was touched by the appeal of Annette's pale look.

"Do! of course you can. Write to him a few kind words, and leave him to take the hint. If he loves you, he'll follow you to the world's end."

"Write to Mr. Lekham? No, never!"

"If you'd been engaged, wouldn't you have done it?"

"O, yes."

"And you know he loves you, you do! If you love him too, it's all one as if you'd said you'd marry him. You're a fool if you don't write."

"And will you keep the letter? I couldn't send it to his house," Annette said, after a pause.

Miss Brown turned, and stirred up the blazing fire.

"No, no! give it some one else to give him. After all, Annette, perhaps you'd best not be in haste: you may like another better that your parents would like too."

"I never shall. Emma, you don't know him."

"So you said before. You think he's too much the gentleman for such as I to understand, perhaps, madam! Don't look so piteous. Send the letter to me, if you like. Remember, you ask me to keep it."

"Yes; to keep it till he comes. O, thank you, Emma!"

Annette was hurriedly wrapping her shawl round her again. "You need not be in such a hurry. But of course you are off, having got what you came for," Miss Brown remarked.

"They will think it odd. I must go. Good-by, dear Emma." Annette threw her arms round Miss Brown, and then hurried away. Her embrace was suffered, not returned.

When Annette went to bed that night, she took an ink-bottle with her, a pen, and some paper. It was not easy to do this without attracting attention. Locked into her "chilly nest," she set herself to write this first and strange love-letter. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—You will hear of the change that has come to us, and why we have gone away. This change can make no difference between true friends, at least I do not feel that it can."
"ANNETTE LEIR."

A small matter that letter; yet it cost thought and tears and blushes. When it was written and enclosed to Miss Brown, Annette felt happier; and after praying, fell quietly asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"I often think, Annetto, how fortunate it was that you were so capricious and shy with Mr. Lekham, and did not become attached to him. If you had been engaged to him, of course we should not have broken off the engagement; but now, I hope, you will do much better. It is very fortunate you did not become attached to him," Mrs. Leir repeated. Pale Annetto said nothing, because she had begun to doubt if she were not forgotten, and could not, to Mrs. Leir, own an unrequited attachment. Mrs. Leir went on:

"But, child, I wish you would not look so lost and ill at ease. You must remember we are not low-bred people raised to sudden prosperity; we are only restored to a rank of life we lost for a time through your father being unfortunate. Do try and take your proper place in the house and in society. It is wretched to see you roaming about and gazing down the road all day, as you do."

Mrs. Leir swept from the drawing-room, and Annetto was left alone. Spring twilight was falling. Through an open window she went out into the balmy evening, found a secret place, and cried as if her heart were broken. What was all the stirring life and loveliness without, the opulence and splendour within, to her? Nothing, nothing! She felt as if, could she see Henry Lekham standing before her, she would fall on her knees and cry to him to love her still, to take her to be his, to satisfy her poor longing heart with his kind true words. Sorrow had subdued her girlish pride.

When she crept to the house, her hair was uncured by the night-damp, her silk-dress soiled by the moist earth; she shivered from head to foot. In the hall she met her father. He started. "Annette, child! what ails you? You look like a ghost. Speak, my darling!" This was an unwonted epithet of endearment, and moved Annetto.

"Papa, papa! I am so miserable. I think I shall die," she sobbed out, leaning against him.

"Hush! I'll take you to your mother." Frightened and uneasy, he led her to the room where Mrs. Leir was dressing for dinner and company.

"Annette is ill," he said, and put her in the easy-chair by the fire. "She has been out too late, and caught cold."

Mrs. Leir despatched her maid, and then bolted the door; she half knew what ailed her child.

Led on by her parents' unwonted tenderness, Annetto made a full confession of her love for Mr. Lekham and her having written to him.

They were both indignant, and spoke hard things of him. Mrs. Leir said that Annetto had shown a want of maidenly pride in writing at all.

"And he has neither written nor sent any message after that? He is a proud fellow; I always thought him proud. He would only make you unhappy, child. Such conduct shows utter disregard of your feelings. Have you heard from Miss Brown?"

Annetto sobbed bitterly. "Once. And—he is at his home, and—doing as usual."

"He has forgotten you, Annetto; perhaps he has formed some fresh attachment. Call up your proper pride, my dear; forget him, too," Mrs. Leir said. "My daughter will not pine for any man."

"Mamma, let me go to my own room and be alone," she rose, but turned back at the door to say, "I do not believe he has forgotten—at least I think—he may be afraid. Even, he may not have had my letter. There is something that might be explained."

"Do you doubt Miss Brown, who has been so kind to you?" was asked reproachfully.

"I cannot doubt Mr. Lekham, who was so patient and—"

"That is nonsense!" Mr. Leir said hastily. "There is a difference between loving a pretty girl when he sees her every day, and remembering faithfully when she is absent. Annetto, you must promise me never to write to Mr. Lekham again." Mr. Leir looked very stern.

"Papa! mamma! O, would one of you write to him?—just a few common kind lines—nothing about me. You

ought; he was so good to us all! Just let him know that we haven't forgotten." Annetto looked from one to the other with wild appeal.

"Your request is reasonable, child. You give me your promise never to write a line yourself, and it shall be granted," Mr. Leir said. That concession was very wise.

"Never, never, without your consent!" Annetto exclaimed eagerly.

That promised note Mr. Leir wrote, and sent some appropriate present with it, "as a mark of continued regard." Mr. Lekham received both.

Mr. Leir received a few lines from Henry Lekham, thanking him for his kind remembrance, desiring his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Leir, and announcing his intention of giving up his business in that little country-town, and opening one in London on a much larger scale. The whole note was cold and business-like; there was nothing in it on which Annetto could base hope.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Lekham wearily climbed to Scawdon Farm.

In its porch, that sultry afternoon, sat Emma Brown. With scarlet cheeks, bright eyes, lips apart, and a spray of crimson roses in her dark abundant hair, she looked akin to the glowing midsummer. She went a few steps to meet Mr. Lekham; her great eyes sought his admiration, then veiled themselves. He could not help thinking how different she was from his lost Annette. As he took her substantial hand he contrasted it with Annette's fairy fingers, which seemed nothing in his, where once—the last time they had parted—they had lain lingeringly. Then, because Mr. Lekham considered Emma Brown a true and unselfish friend, he reproached himself with ingratitude in thinking of her disparagingly, and put more warmth than was his wont into his manner towards her. He sat opposite her in the porch; she continued silent, those hands which offended his fastidious taste lying idle and restless in her lap; she was always restless now.

"You must have had a hot walk, and indeed you look tired, Mr. Lekham; let me get something for you,—some milk, if you won't have aught else," Emma said, remembering the duties of hospitality, and rising.

"Nothing, thank you, Emma." He touched her hand, and signed to her to be seated. "I have something to say to you, that brought me up here this evening."

She gathered a flower growing near, and twisted it about in her fingers. He didn't look at her, but out over the hills far away, towards the distant Grange.

"I am going away from this place, and may never return to it." She shot a glance at his moody face. "Before I leave, I want to ask you—" He paused, never heeding her rising passion or quick-drawn breathing.

"I cannot believe her wholly false and fickle,—false to what I read in her eyes when we parted, false to what the pressure of her soft fingers said. Emma, you saw her the very day before she left; she was proud and shy; but did she speak no word of remembrance, say nothing that she hoped you might tell me again?"

Emma Brown had risen, and stood leaning against the stone-wall, meanwhile crushing the flower she had been playing with beneath her foot—crushing all life and beauty out of it. Her face was white and still, she only shook her head. Mr. Lekham bowed his face down into his hands.

"How you loved that girl! she wasn't worthy of you; a pretty feeble child—well for a plaything; but—" She looked down on him with superb disdain, her face all in a glow again. His head continued bowed. Passionate pity came into her eyes; she knelt beside him, and touched his hand with her hot cheek. He looked up.

"No wonder you scorn me—I am weak. But she was my heart's darling, the flower of my life."

"I do not scorn you, Henry!" she began passionately; then added, in a reasoning tone, "but it is best so. If she had loved you, nothing but grief could have come. Her—

father and mother were so proud, and she was very dutiful." The last word uttered with snoring emphasis.

"If I know she loved me, nothing on earth should separate us." For a moment there was suspicion and anger in his glance.

Emma Brown recoiled, and said coldly:

"You men are selfish and wilful," and rose and turned from him.

"I am selfish, and forget how true and kind a friend you have been; how patient with my impatience; how sincere when your sincerity made me rude to you!" He took her hand, her averted face he could not see.

"Now I am going away, Emma; perhaps we may never meet again; but think of me sometimes—and—" A cry was struggling from her parted lips; she pressed her face against the rough stone. "And," he continued, "if you should hear any thing of her, O Emma, let me know! Am I right, do you think; should I not follow her, trusting her?"

"Do so, if you like!" she said, turning on him in scorn. "If you dare risk being repulsed from her grandeur, suspected of loving her money—"

"That I could not bear!" he said proudly. "No! it is all over; I must be content to lead a joyless loveless life."

"Why, why?" she cried, passion forcing way at last. "Is there but that child in the world?"

He shrank as by instinct from her burning glance. She saw wonder in his look, and changed her tone. "It is not worthy of a man to pine for a fickle girl. You should shake yourself free; begin life afresh; hate where you have loved, if you like. Heavens! I wish I were a man with work in the world to do! Would I mope and moan for love of any changeable child? Not I."

"It is easy for those who do not know what love is to talk so," Mr. Lekham said bitterly.

"O!" breathed through set teeth, and Emma clenched the hand he had held.

Mr. Lekham rose. "I go to-morrow, so I must bid you good-by now, Emma. All happiness attend you; you have been a true friend to me in my need." "Lost! lost!" shrieked her own passion in her spirit's ears. "Is your brother in his yard, or up at the other farm?"

"Up to the other farm, I believe. Good afternoon," said Emma, and looked out absently, shading her eyes with her left hand.

"It is good-by. How cold your hand is, Emma!" he exclaimed, taking it in his.

"I would my heart were like it. There! don't stand and look at me—go!" She made a grand gesture of dismissal.

"Emma! are you ill?" He looked at her in astonishment, unconsciously taking in the grandeur of her attitude, remembering and understanding it long after.

"I bid you go!" she said sharply, and staggered back against the wall.

"But I cannot leave you alone so; you are ill."

She put her hand to her side, and fell at his feet. Even then the wild words could not pass her lips.

Only in spirit she cried, "I love you, love you, love you!"

He could not raise her; but he brought water from the hill-side stream hard by, and she soon rose up of her own accord.

"It is the heat—my head! I will go in," she said. "Go!" She signed to him again, and left the porch. He went, marvelling much and fearing much.

Emma Brown had been false to Annette. She had kept Annette's note till Mr. Lekham's return; then she tied a stone to it, and dropped it into the pool at Scawdon Farm unopened. "Annette is but a careless child," she said,— "a child to forget and love again; while I am a woman, and one who cannot forget. And she thought me not grand enough to understand him."

Next morning early Mr. Lekham was again at the farm.

He was a desperate man and a generous; and had made up his mind that if this woman loved him, he would take her, and, conquering the first repugnance her passion inspired, try to make her happy. An impotent endeavour! Can an empty cup quench thirst, even if it be of gold and jewelled?

Emma Brown came in to him from her dairy, cool and calm as the early morning. He rebuked himself for having entertained a vain and wild conceit; and after friendly talk, they parted.—She had expected him.

During her night of agony and selfish passion resolve had dawned upon her. A presentiment that she should die soon of the disease that had killed her father, sister, and two brothers, came to her, and calmed her. Before she died, she would write and confess all; but not now: she would not be smitten dead by his anger and scorn. Perhaps, when he was happy, and she lying under the turf on the bleak hill-side, he would spend pity and spare reproach.

Her presentiment had not been unfounded. Illness, apparently causeless, and alarming in its rapid progress, fell upon her. Yet each sharper spasm, herald of nearer death, was sternly welcomed by this woman. She put off reparation to the last; and thought, that after making it to man she would submit herself to God—not in hope, but with a quiet-like apathy, to suffer His will and the punishment of her sin.

She died in the spring, eight months after her parting with Mr. Lekham. Her confession, long written, was posted, as she had ordered, on the day she died.

Henry Lekham travelled from London to Everreach Grange. It was shut up—had been for months. Nobody knew where the Leirs were now; for they were not its possessors. A son of the old man's, supposed to have been long dead, had returned from abroad, proved his identity, and displaced Mr. Leir. He did not choose to live at the Grange; people said there were good reasons why; so Henry Lekham had the satisfaction of pacing the empty rooms and the garden-terraces where poor pale Annette had watched and waited for him.

"She was a sweet young lady; but never looked happy here, poor thing!" the housekeeper said. "She was always expecting like; she'd sit at this window the day through watching the road, if her mother didn't interfere with her."

Up and down the village, far and near in the neighbourhood, Mr. Lekham wandered, trying to get information as to where the Leirs had gone. In vain.

CHAPTER V.

"Pray come home quickly, Annette. It is so lonesome the day through with no one to speak to," a lady in widow's weeds said in a querulous voice to a girl who was collecting together a few books and pieces of music preparatory to an early morning-start from a very humble London lodging into a London November fog.

"Yes, mamma. I have not many lessons to give to-day, and to-morrow you know is Sunday, and we shall have the whole day together. I've got you the book you wanted to read; here it is; so I hope you won't feel very dull."

"I am sure I do not know how we shall keep out of debt this winter; it is a dreary prospect that lies before us."

"O mamma, we shall do. I only wish I knew more, and so could get more money by teaching; but we spend very little. I am sure we shall get on."

Annette kissed her mother, and hurried away. Hastening on somewhat blindly through the fog, she came into contact with a gentleman at a street-corner. He begged her pardon; she drew her veil closer, and went on. Once or twice she fancied herself followed, but did not turn till she stood on the door-step of the house where she was to give a first music-lesson.

Soon after her pupil had begun playing,—a mere child was the pupil, for poor Annette's skill was not great,—an impetuous rap sounded on the street-door.

Annette was in the dining-room: it was a slightly-built house. She drew the child's hands off the keys, and listened with beating heart and lips apart.

She started up; but the street-door had shut, and the step went down the street.

"What is it, Miss Leir? Are you expecting any one to call here to see you?" her employer asked not unkindly, yet with an accent of reproof on the *here*.

"No; it is so unlikely!" Annetto replied softly, and applied herself again to her lesson; blushing through her soft pallor, smiling strangely at her own folly.

As she was leaving the house, the servant said,

"Your name doesn't happen to be Leir, does it, miss?"

"Yes. Why?"

"A gentleman called this morning, and asked if a Miss Leir lived in this house. Without giving a thought on you,—not having happened to have heard your name,—I said, No."

"How could you?" Annetto breathed out reproachfully.

"I am very sorry if it was any one you wanted to see," the woman answered, looking remorsefully into Annetto's agitated face.

"You did not mean to be—to do wrong, I mean; never mind," the poor girl replied, wrapped her faded shawl round her, and soon disappeared in the fog.

When, her toilsome day's work done, she stood before her mother, and the light of the fire and one candle flashed upon her face, it was so radiant that her mother started.

"Annetto, you have not looked so well and so happy since we left our cottage at Seawden. What is it, dear?"

"Mother, I know I am not forgotten!"

"God bless you, dear! you deserve to be happy if ever girl did. But tell me what has happened."

"It is such a nothing,—so vague. Wait, mamma, please."

"As you like. Now take off your bonnet while I make the tea; I am sure you are hungry."

But Annetto could not eat. Though she longed for Monday, that Sunday was a blessed one; she felt so calm a consciousness of coming good. This feeling endured, months of work followed. Annetto lived and worked in faith; but her physical strength was tasked and tried; and sometimes, looking at her own face, she would wonder, "Will he know me?"

One afternoon in early spring, Annetto found a much-needed holiday. How could it be better spent than in seeing green fields?

Mrs. Leir urged her to get some fresh air, though she herself was not able to walk any distance.

Annetto, following an instinct pure-hearted people feel in spring-tide, could not bring herself to put on a much-worn dingy bonnet and dress. She equipped herself in a new dress and cloak of gray laine, and a freshly-trimmed straw-bonnet.

"It is so warm, and they will not get dirty in the country," she said to her mother in an apologetic tone. The sooner to reach that longed-for "country," she spent sixpence in an omnibus ride.

What a child Annetto felt as she rambled through two or three fair meadows, picked a handful of daisies, saw the fair spring sunshine lying on all, and felt the pure sweetness of the soft wind.

She was soon tired with happiness, and sat down on the trunk of a felled tree lying close to the hodge to rest. She touched her daisies with caressing fingers, and dreamed over her fair and long-past girlhood: remembered now that this was her birthday; that she was three-and-twenty this very day! Tears fell upon her daisies; not tears of sorrow: her meek patient heart was, like the spring-tide, praising the Lord.

Some one crossed the narrow stile and came towards her. But he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and approached noiselessly upon the grass. It was the most natural thing that he should pass there; every day at that hour he walked through that field.

Annetto did not look up till something was between her

and the late sunshine. Then it was not surprise that she felt: it seemed to her as if he had been coming nearer for many days: she said but "Henry." It was the first time she had called him so. That one word uttered, all was well.

It did not matter that she was paler, thinner, less radiant in outward beauty; that he was worn and wearied by the heart-sickness of long expectation, false hopes, frequent disappointments. For nothing were either to be pitied. They both loved God and each other, and all was well.

"Mother, he has found me; we have found each other!" Annetto said, when, late that evening, she stood before her anxious mother, her radiant eyes suffused with tears, tender smiles flickering round her sweet mouth.

"Yea, thank God! my lost one is found," Henry said, and bowed his head over the widow's worn hand.

And the widow blessed them, wept over the common joy, and she too praised the Giver.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," ETC.

The autumn ways are full of mire,
The leaves shower through the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And like a lid comes down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly-dying pint of Port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong all the errors which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like Autumn 'mid his withered leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair.
To-morrow—and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. O, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open east,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Can love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Weeps when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thine, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth),
Because it can to age repent
That long-lost passion of my youth.



THE ZOUAVE'S RETURN. BY E. MORIN.

O Florence, could you now behold
The man to whom your being flows,
Whom you have chid as hard and cold,
Weep wildly o'er a withered rose!—
But this is an unmanly part—
One long last look, and then I drop
Thy lid, grim iron-box of my heart,
Which never key again shall open!

O, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
Which I have kissed a million times—
And now 'tis done: my passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding-chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er.
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal-chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"*This happy bridegroom!*" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, that chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No pride, no beauty, state, nor wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Can ever hope to purchase it.

"I never, never can recall
Another morning to my day,
And now through shade to shade I fall,
From afternoon to evening gray."
In bitterness these words I said,
And lo! when I expected least,
For day was gone, a moonrise spread
Her emerald radiance up the east.

By passion's gaudy candle-lights
I sat and watched the world's brave play:
Blown out—how poor the trains and sights
Looked in the cruel light of day!
Then you came, Florence, from above,
To me who scorned both fame and pelf,
And with your sweet unselfish love
You saved me from the hell of self.

I saw the smiles and mean salams
Of slavish hearts; I heard the fry
Of maddened peoples throwing palms
Before a cheered and timbrelled lie.
I loathed the brassy front and brag
Of bloated time; in self-defence
Withdrew I to my lonely crag
And fortress of indifference.

But Nature is revenged on those
Who turn from her to lonely days;
And Duty like the speedwell blows
Along the common beaten ways.
The dead and thick green-mantled moats
That gird my house resembled me,
Or some long-weeded hull that rots
Upon a dull and glazing sea.

The sun for ever hastes sublime
Waved onward by Orion's lance;
Obedient to the spherul chime
Across the world the seasons dance;
The flaming elements no'er bowail
Their iron bounds, their less or more;
The sea can drown a thousand sail,
Yet rounds the pebbles on the shore.

I looked with pride on what I'd done,
I counted merits o'er anew
In presence of the burning sun,
Which drinks me like a drop of dew.
A lofty scorn I dared to shed
On human passions, human jars;
I, standing on the countless dead,
And pitted by the countless stars.

But mine is now a humbled heart,
My lonely pride is weak as tears;
No more I seek to stand apart,
A mooker of the rolling years,
Imprisoned in this wintry clime,
Some task I seek, O Lord of breath!
Enough to plume the foot of time,
Enough to hide the eyes of death.

This work is yours:—while loving me
My heart may still its memories keep,
Like some old sea-shell from the sea
Filled with the music of the deep;
And you may watch on nights of rain
A shadow on my brow encroach,
Be startled by my sudden pain
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will fill my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung,
And in the awful trance of death
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

O Florence, if this should be so!
God grant that happiness may sing
To you, as towards the grave we go,
Like skylark in the ear of Spring!
For nought I care not, once I heard:
I've had my day, and it is o'er;
Yet pray that o'er your head the bird
Of happiness may sing and soar.

And all the love I have I give,
My Florence; and how'er they be,
Sunshine or gloom, the years I live,
You now are all the world to me.
My Love,—pale blossom of the snow,—
Has pierced earth wet with winter-showers;
O, may it drink the sun and glow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

LA VENDETTA.—SKETCH IN SARDINIA.

In the north of the island of Sardinia is a chain of beautiful mountains called the "Limbara." They abound in game of every variety. Here may be found herds of deer, troops of wild-boars, and occasionally even the almost extinct mufloon.* Here also, in these mountain strongholds, are whole villages of banditti, composed of men who, with their families, have fled from the reach of the laws they have violated, —whose hands are deep-stained with the blood of an adversary, but who would scorn to molest the stranger, or to commit the slightest breach of hospitality.

Here amid this wild and lovely mountain-scenery is nestled the ancient little town of Temple, with its semi-barbarous and altogether singular population. It is a festa; people in every variety of Sard gala-costume are flocking hither and thither. It is a gay scene, and very unlike any other gay scene whatever. There is a great gathering at a *stazu*, or farmhouse, in the environs. We will take a peep.

In the courtyard of the *stazu* are assembled about fifty or sixty people of either sex and various ages. The young men, in their gay native costume, —wherein the wide white cotton drawers, neat black garters, short kilt, and gay vest, form the leading characteristics, —are fluttering round the young maidens, who, with their large black eyes cast upon the ground, seem absorbed in the contemplation of the huge rosettes in their shoes. How beautiful are some of these young girls, with their slender graceful figures, and brilliant eyes and teeth! One we mark especially; her name is Domenica, or more familiarly, Minichina. She is decidedly, amid many pretty ones, the queen of the party; and there is a little court around her. The gay scarlet and gold of her native gala-dress serve to enhance the brilliance of her clear olive complexion; and the profusion of hereditary jewelry, with which her slight form is positively laden, proclaims her to be rich. On some reversed wine-casks in one corner are seated the matrons and elders of the party. The men are dispassioning the merits of the last vintage. The women are busily plying the spindle and distaff, and talking the small scandal of the neighbourhood, —how the son of the Marchese C— had become the innamorato of the young Edigeda D—, and how the old Marchese would be greatly enraged if he should find it out; or how the old priest, Don Cesare Puddu, had had a "*colpo d'aria*," which had laid him up for a month, and had obliged the doctor to order plenty of elder-flower tea, and two leeches to the soles of each of his feet.

Meanwhile fresh visitors arrive: militiamen, in their resplendent scarlet vests with solid pendent silver-buttons, bound into the yard on their lively little steeds, who caper and prance just to show off to advantage the symmetrical figures and dexterous horsemanship of their respective riders. How well they manage their snorting frisking animals! how easily they carry their long rifles! —and their object is fully gained, for many a pair of jetty eyes are furtively directed towards them. And those of Minichina have rested complacently on the foremost rider, and a shade very like a blush has passed over the sunny face as the glance was returned.

A space is now cleared for the "*ballo tondo*" —the national dance of the Sards. Four stout choristers are placed in the centre, from whose stentorian throats is bellowed forth a loud guttural monotonous cadence; and around these, linked hand in hand, are the dancers. Did I say dancers? nay, it is no dancing, it is one steady uniform tramp—a constant winding and unwinding round the centre. On and on they go—one regular grinding tread, with a whirr and a buzz, and a glitter as the setting sun sheds a stream of light over the

* The mufloon is a ruminating animal, frequenting only the highest and most secluded woods, where, from its timidity and fleetness, it is with difficulty shot. The form of the head, horns, ears, and hoofs, precisely resembles those of a sheep; in size it is larger, and is moreover covered with hair, like a stag. The animal is mentioned by Pliny as the "*ophion*;" he, however, even in his day, erroneously supposed the race to be extinct. The mufloon is very occasionally caught alive; it is a gentle, affectionate, playful creature, and is easily tamed.

gay-coloured moving mass. As the bright orb sinks behind the mountain, there is a pause—the sign of the cross—an Ave Maria: it is a beautiful custom full of a wild poetry: and again the dance goes on.

Flirtations can go on in almost every place, and almost under every circumstance: Thus, be it noted, the lovely Minichina is decidedly impressed by the attentions of Cicio the militiaman. Her eyes are slightly inclined on his side; her ear is bent to listen to the low-whispered compliments intended for her alone. She does not note the dark scowl which has settled on the features of her friend Rainondo on the other side, or having noted it, does not heed it. The whirr and the buzz, the scowl and the smile, continue.

The dance at length has ceased, to give place to a rustic banquet. There are confetti of almonds and honey, fruits, bisonits, rosolio, and wine. There are jibes and laughter. The tongues of the shiest are unloosed; the most wonderful little compliments, in the most far-fetched and figurative forms of speech, are bandied about. Meanwhile the gay militiaman has monopolised the fair Minichina; and she, nothing loth, is catching the little round confetti which he is dexterously shooting at her with his thumb. It is an amusing game, and completely absorbs the performers. A party of young men have retired for a game of bocce—a game not very unlike skittles; while another group are collected round a singer who, in wild and plaintive tones, is singing a love-ditty, which at intervals is chorused by the most unearthly grunts imaginable.

But there is one person who is not merry; it is Rainondo. The other young men have ceded the point to Cicio; and while they admire Minichina, are nevertheless content to admit her preference for the gay and lively militiaman. Jealousy is gnawing at the very vitals of Rainondo. He has noted that Minichina joined the palm of her hand to that of Cicio in the dance, instead of merely linking her fingers in his. By this he knows that she is pledged to him, and this it is which inflames his soul with rage.

Minichina meanwhile regards him as a forward wayward boy; and tossing him one of the confetti, bids him beware of the dangerous missile. The young bandit,—for such is Rainondo,—looks at her reproachfully as he replies to her laughing taunt:

"Sweets turn sometimes to hitters, O Minichina mia, and a slight blow may bring blood."

"Su via, O Rainondo, have ravens crossed thy path, or hath the evil eye scared thee? Su via, bah—the dark cloud overshadows thy spirit! Go play at bocce with Efsio and Ignazio yonder, and trouble not thyself and me with thy follies."

"Wilt thou never believe that I am a man, Cuorigeda mia?" asks Rainondo in a softening tone. At this moment his eye discovers Cicio in close proximity: the dark spirit has returned, and Rainondo is gone.

It is in vain that a story-teller begins the most entertaining of stories; in vain that the gay "pelicordina" and "salto Sardo" have taken the place of more quiet amusements: a shadow has clearly fallen on our little party. The family of Rainondo is numerous and powerful. What if his dark sayings and looks should bring sorrow! Minichina signs herself, and insists on Cicio's acceptance of a little print of "St. Francisco d'Assiso," which she believes, on the word of her confessor, to be all-powerful as a defence against every ill, and especially against the evil eye, witchcraft, and the treachery of an insidious enemy.

But now night has passed, and the bright sun of the morrow chases every superstitious dread of coming evil. The little town of Tempio wears its working-day garb. It is an out-of-doors world altogether. The houses of red granite, with their clumsy wooden balconies, have the appearance of being merely places in which to stow away property, or take shelter in case of need. Every sort of labour is going on in the streets; and there is Minichina in her every-day dress, with her skirt over her head, balancing a pitcher of water at the fountain, accompanied by a whole troop of her

young companions. The costume has something Moorish about it; the attitudes are Eastern: altogether it reminds one of a well-scene in Scripture; and Minichina might be Rachel. But instead of the camels, there is a single horseman letting his thirsty animal drink from her pitcher. Ah, it is Cicio! He has an Arab's love for the sleek creature, and divides his attentions between his love and his horse.

There is a great chattering among the girls when he is gone, and a great many questions to be asked, as—

"When is the *cujugnu* (betrothal) to be, Minichina?"

"How much will his father give him for his portion, think you? and your *dote*?" "How fortunate you will be; he is rich and so are you!" "There will be a festa!" "Ah, one *matrimonio* makes another," sighs one poor girl whose lover is too poor; "I wish mine would follow!"

Meanwhile the bright-eyed Minichina trips along, heedless of their questions and comments. She has a shrewd notion that the betrothal is not far distant.

How convenient are balconies in Sardinia! No house is really a house without one. Now we see Tempio again, by moonlight this time. I wonder where the elders of the families are? In bed perhaps, for it is rather late. There is the most unearthly of sounds beneath more than one balcony. Can that be serenading? There are many slight forms, too, sitting about. Some are stealthily peeping; others more advanced in those *affaires du cœur* are boldly lending over and carrying on a *sotto voce* conversation with the dark figure beneath. And now there is a signora with her attendants returning from a *conversazione*; and O, what a fluttering is created! The dark figures disappear into shady corners out of the too bright moonlight, and the light forms retreat somewhat convulsively. But there is our friend Minichina bent half over her balcony. It is plain she is under no apprehension, her *cujugnu* is certainly *very near*; for instead of retreating she takes a survey of the street in general and of the moon in particular, and waits for the return of Cicio, who has whisked into an adjoining entry.

THE CUJUGNU.

The class to which Minichina belongs is that of the upper sort of peasantry. The house in which she lives with her family is on the outskirts of the little town of Tempio. It has been newly swept and garnished. The little molentu, or donkey, whose occupation it is to grind the corn for the family (by means of two huge circular stones, comprising the most ancient and primitive species of machinery), is turned out to afford more space; the corn-sieves, spindles, and other implements of daily occupation are carefully and neatly stowed away; the log burns briskly in the centre of the apartment; the smoke finds an outlet where it can—better to have smoke than "intemperio;" and the season is that half-chilly time, at the confines of summer and autumn, very productive of fever in Sardinia.

The family are all in gala array. The gay scarlet and gold look quite effulgent. The snowy folds of the canieia are fastened round Minichina's delicate olive throat by large gold filagree studs; an amulet is suspended by many chains of fine Genoese workmanship round her bust. The father of Minichina—a slight, black-eyed, lithe-looking man, of still almost youthful appearance—is sitting on the favourite seat, a reversed wine-cask, conversing with eager gesture with the priest, who, to say truth, is generally the well-known and well-loved friend of every Sard household. The priest has the look of his class—a timid dark little man, with high cheek-bones and very fallow. (Timid men have no choice but that of being priests or monks in Sardinia.) He has had a taste of the contents of the wine-cask, and is rather more talkative than usual. He knows the affairs of his little community as well as the molentu knows the slight unevennesses in the well-trodden circle which he paces blindfold every day. He is advising Stefano to give his daughter an additional tance, or field, saying she is a good girl, and will make a proper use of the gift. Besides he can afford it; his second daughter, Daniela, being yet a child. Stefano dis-

putes this, as Sardis always do dispute, with much noise and vehemence of gesticulation. The mother sides with the priest as a matter of course, and appeals to an old man seated in a half-dozing state on a log in the corner. The old man strokes his white beard, and gives it as his opinion that Stefano is very rich, and ought to make a fine *spozalizio* at once; it will add lustre to his family pretensions. The dispute increases; the "babs" and "aices" are positively tremendous—there is not a spark of anger in them; nevertheless one can scarcely hear the loud knocking at the door. There is a loud whistling *zitto*, and all is silence the most profound. The father rises and opens the door.

Cicio enters in full militia costume, followed by four friends and a priest. These are called by the very ancient name of "paralympios." Stefano salutes the party with grave politeness, at the same time begging them to be seated. Another profound mysterious silence. At length the aged man of the white beard rises, and walking up to Cicio with a stately presence, inquires with some circumlocution the meaning of so large a party at his friend's house.

The young man bows, rises, and with all due deference to the age of his questioner—(for Sardis reverence age: it is an ancient custom, like many others, well preserved by them)—states his business fully. Now is the time for a buzz of exclamation and surprise, as if every body did not full well know the business from the commencement. A perfect Babel of voices and a pantomime of gesture—all are talkers, no listeners. At length by dint of pure clamour the contract is made in presence of the two holy fathers and the notario; conditions are agreed on, or if not exactly agreed on, made and adhered to, after a manner. Then a little calm succeeds. Cicio signs, seals, and settles the affair by means of a portentous kiss on each of Minichina's blushing cheeks. Enthroning her on a settle, he seats himself by her side; and now the general signing, sealing, and settling begins.

Every one salutes the spousa, depositing at the same time a coin in the corsage of her vest. Thus at length is the *oujugu* terminated, and with a bow each guest takes his leave. She is betrothed; and rarely will the true-hearted Sard break off such a betrothal. The ceremony varies in different parts of the island, but is always a publicly acknowledged thing, and conducted with the same amount of ceremony.

In various parts of the island of Sardinia are the remains of buildings known by the name of "nuraghe." Some of these are so large as to be really magnificent, placed, as they generally are, in the most picturesque and commanding situations.

They are strong buildings, in the form of a truncated cone, and are composed of masses of stone from two to six feet square, piled one upon the other without cement. The interiors of these wonderful nuraghes vary; but they generally consist of two vaulted chambers, communicating by means of a singularly constructed spiral staircase. And in some cases, a very large nuraghe is flanked by smaller ones having a subterranean communication.

It has always been a puzzling question to antiquarians to assign the original use of these very numerous and very singular structures. They are, and probably ever will be, involved in mystery. We shall see to what purpose the modern Sard applies them.

Approaching Tempio, commanding a narrow and difficult pass in the rugged mountain-road, is a very fine specimen of these same nuraghes. It is a favourite haunt of banditti, in case of surprise from the military; and is unfortunately but too conveniently placed as an ambush in a case of "vendetta."

We had almost lost sight of Raimondo, the jealous impassioned admirer of our little Minichina; but we should start with horror if we could see him now, pale, haggard, with fiery eye and dilated nostril. He has been for many days at the nuraghe watching for his hated foe; his love of life is as nothing compared to his love of revenge. Strange,

too; for Raimondo in other things is not wont to be thus. He is a good son and a good neighbour, he is usually of a mild and generous temper; but he is a Sard. He has loved Minichina ever since he can remember; it is no mere passing fancy to him. She was his playfellow when they went together to gather the wild fruits on the still wilder Limbara, or tend the flocks to the mountain-ledges for pasture. Minichina has loved him as a friend, as a brother. She knows nothing of what he feels; she thinks it the mad fancy of a hot-headed boy: for Minichina has been fascinated by the more manly and more travelled Cicio.

Again we see Tempio by moonlight. The balconies are filled with women, and the streets with men hastily enveloped in their huge *cabanneddu* (cloaks of peculiar form). There has been a strange piercing shriek, enough almost to still the beating of every pulse. A wounded and dying man is borne along—it is Cicio the militiaman. We must draw the curtain now, for such scenes are too dreadful. But stay, reader, there is one more scene.

The poor youth's remains are placed in a rough coffin; his head is exposed, and an ebony crucifix is placed on his breast; and now appear wild nun-like forms, who rush into the small room as though they were totally ignorant of the catastrophe. They are the "proficche," or hired mourners, of Tempio. At first they give vent to the most wild and uncontrolled paroxysm of horror: one throws herself upon the ground, gnashing her teeth, and uttering a long low groan; another wildly tears her long dishevelled hair; a third stands transfixed by grief; shriek succeeds to shriek, until at length comes a little calm; when the oldest sibyl, standing erect, spreads forth her hands over the murdered man, addressing him with a tide of rude eloquence:

"Behold the young eagle in the dust, the young hunter laid low by the hand of the spoiler, ah! ah! ah!
He was brave and bold as a lion when he searches his prey;
Yet was as gentle as a dove, ah! ah! ah!
His spirit was pure as the flame, his person beautiful as the day, ah! ah! ah!
But thy death shall be cancelled, thy wounds shall be returned into the bosom of thy enemy.
The mountain vulture shall feed on him;
Thy bloody shirt shall descend to thine avengers;
The token of wrath shall be preserved sacred.
Rest thou in thy quiet grave, thou too shalt be revenged."

The bloody shirt is now transmitted to his nearest relative, to be preserved as a perpetual incitement to revenge. It is a dark side of Sard character—the darkest side—the only shade almost in a bright picture.

THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c. [Concluded.]

On the Applications of the Stereoscope.

HAVING thus explained the only true method of taking binocular pictures, and using them in the Stereoscope, we are prepared for considering its useful applications. M. Delaroche, one of the most eminent of modern painters, considers photography "as carrying to such perfection certain of the essential principles of art, that they must become subjects of study and observation even to the most accomplished artist. . . . The painter," he adds, "will obtain by this process a quick method of making collections of studies which he could not otherwise procure without much time and labour, and in a style very far inferior." In painting a landscape, the artist will not content himself with correct photographic sketches of the trunks and stems of trees, of the texture and markings of their bark, and of all these peculiarities of structure and of leafage, by which alone the trees of the forest can be distinguished, nor with drawings of the plants and rocks and stones which must enter into the composition of his foregrounds. He will take photographs of the landscape from different points of view, and at different

distances from the most interesting portion of his picture, and will thus be able to make the most appropriate selection of his point of sight. But however useful those materials are when delineated on a plane surface, he will add greatly to their value if he employs a binocular camera, and obtains right and left eye-pictures to be united in the Stereoscope. The trunks and stems of his trees will now exhibit their natural roundness. Their leaves and branches will place themselves at their proper distance; and he will discover certain effects of lustre and shade which are invisible in the plane photograph, and the cause of other effects which otherwise he would have been unable to understand. The stereoscopic union of two surfaces produces results which could never have been anticipated, and which requires to be carefully studied. But independent of these abnormal effects, the artist will doubtless derive more assistance from his landscape in relief, and from the study of its individual parts in all their roundness and apparent distances, than when he examines them in their plane representations. The shadows which the branches and leaves cast upon the trunks and stems of his trees he will be able to trace to the causes which produce them. Effects in outline, as well as in light and shadow, which would otherwise perplex him, will find an explanation in the relative distances and differences of the apparent magnitude of individual parts; and after becoming familiar with his landscape in relief as it exists in nature, he cannot fail to acquire new principles and processes of manipulation. Nature flattened upon paper or upon metal, and nature round and plump, and in fresh relief from the chisel of the Divine sculptor, must teach very different lessons to the intelligent and aspiring artist.

In the arts of sculpture and architecture, the Stereoscope will be found particularly valuable. In every locality around him the landscape-painter has an ample choice of materials; but the sculptor has no such advantage. He must quit his home, and study, either in his own or in foreign countries, the models of ancient and modern art; but however great be his powers of delineation, he will find it an impossible task to execute a correct drawing of a statue, or of a group of statues, owing to the ever-varying light and shadows under which he sees it. By photography, however, he can obtain the most correct copies in a few minutes, and obtain them in every aspect of the statue, with the lights and shades as they existed at a particular instant. He is thus able to see the precise forms which these lights and shades embody, and to derive all the instruction which could be furnished by the most perfect drawings. But however valuable these plane pictures may be compared with those executed by the pencil, their value will be increased ten-fold when they are taken with the binocular camera, and with small lenses, in the manner we have described. In the Stereoscope the sculptor will reproduce the statue in true relief in all its aspects, and will derive from its study all the advantages which the original itself would have furnished. In one sense, indeed, the creations of the Stereoscope are superior to the originals from which they were taken. Their forms are absolutely stationary, and the artist will discover in them what he never could have seen in their marble prototypes.

In taking busts and full-length statues from the living subject, the sculptor will derive equal advantage. Binocular pictures of the subject, or of any portion of it, may be taken and raised into relief; and from such pictures, executed on one side of the globe, an artist on the other side may complete an admirable statue. The dying and the dead may thus be modelled without the rude contact of a mask; and those cherished forms perpetuated which affection or gratitude has endeared. In architecture and all the decorative arts, where ornamental forms are given to solid materials, the binocular camera and the Stereoscope are indispensable auxiliaries. The carvings of ancient, medieval, or modern art, may be copied and reproduced in relief, whatever be the material from which they have been cut. The rich forms of Gothic architecture, and the more classical

productions of Greek and Roman genius, will swell the artist's portfolio, and possess all the value of casts. With the help of the kaleidoscope, the modern artist may create an infinite variety of those forms of symmetry which enter so largely into the decorative arts; and if the individual forms which constitute the symmetrical picture are themselves solid, the binocular kaleidoscopic picture taken photographically will be raised into the original relief of their component parts.

But it is not merely to the decorative branches of architecture that the Stereoscope is applicable. The noblest edifices, civil, religious, or military, which he could otherwise study only as a traveller, and represent in hurried and imperfect sketches, will, when taken binocularly, stand before the architect in their full relief, reflecting to his eye the very lights and shadows which at a given hour the sun cast upon their walls.

To the engineer, the mechanic, and the constructor of instruments of all kinds, the Stereoscope will be of inestimable value. Plans of sections, and even perspective views of machines and scientific apparatus, are often ill fitted to give any idea of their construction, and of the relative position of their parts; but the stereoscopic combinations of one or two binocular pictures will remove, in many cases, the difficulty of comprehending them, and enable the student to understand, or the teacher to explain, the mode in which their parts are put together, and the manner in which they act.

The importance of stereoscopic photography to natural history and other sciences can hardly be exaggerated. To the animal-painter the Stereoscope will afford the same advantages as it does to the portrait-painter. The photographic process is now so sensitive, that animals may be taken with great accuracy; and in proof of this, we have now before us the portrait of a dog, in which the definition is so perfect that the slightest trace of unsteadiness cannot be perceived. In like manner the wild denizens of the jungle or of the plains may be taken captive in their finest attitudes and in their most restless moods; and when such binocular pictures are raised into relief, they will be valuable auxiliaries to the naturalist, and even to the painter and poet whose works may require an acquaintance with the brutes that perish.

In reproducing the creations of the fossil world, the trees and plants which deck the earth, and the inhabitants of the ocean and of the air, the Stereoscope will be equally useful. With the microscopic binocular camera the insect-world may be drawn, and exhibited in relief in the Stereoscope; and roots and bulbs, fruits and seeds, of every kind may be thus exhibited in all their variedness and solidity.

The preceding observations prepare us for appreciating the value of the Stereoscope in education. If a sound measure of national education is to be attempted, it must be carried on by methods very different from those now in use. It is mainly through the eye that the knowledge of facts and things can be correctly imparted and permanently fixed in the mind; and truthful pictures, instruments, models, and the products of nature and of art themselves, are the means which the teacher must employ. Every school, therefore, ought to have its educational museum; but even if such an addition should be made to our educational institutions, there would still be thousands of objects which could only be studied in their pictures or in their models. Photography thus becomes an invaluable instrument in furnishing us with accurate representations of every object which it is desirable to describe and explain in the instruction of youth; but as the permanence of such pictures is a matter of some doubt, it is fortunate that the new art of Galvanography, invented by Mr. Paul Pretsch, enables us, by a cheap process, to give to photographs the permanence of engravings, and to employ them in the illustration of educational works.

But however useful they may be in the absence of the objects themselves, engravings of solids, or combinations of solids at different distances from the eye, and lying in vari-

ous places, are in many cases unintelligible to ordinary readers; and therefore, on this ground alone, we cannot but appreciate the advantages of pictures in stereoscopic relief, not only in instructing youth, but in diffusing knowledge. By such pictures the most correct notions will be obtained of the various objects of natural history which the scholar can never see,—of the forms and attitudes of animal life,—of the trees and plants of distant zones, which yield the materials of our food, or of our medicine,—and of those various minerals, fossils, and gems, which have become interesting from their rarity and value.

In the study of physical geography, the pupil will admire in their true relief the gigantic mountain-range in its abrupt elevations or its receding acclivities, the solitary mountain hoary with snow or glowing with fire, the volcano disgorging its burning missiles, the iceberg fixed on the shore or floating on the deep, the glacier and its moraines sinking gently into the plains, the caves and caverns which have been excavated by the ocean or by man, and even the colossal wave with its foaming crest dashing its liquid burden on the shore.

With no less interest will the student, as well as the historian and the antiquary, admire in the Stereoscope the structures of civilisation,—the work of human hands. In their original or ruined grandeur, and as if warned by the sun which shone upon their walls, will be seen the barbaric monuments which sovereigns have reared to perpetuate their names, the gorgeous palaces of kings, the lofty temples of piety or of superstition, the bastions and strongholds of war, and the humbler though more cherished memorials which a grateful nation has reared to genius, or the domestic affections have consecrated to love.

The application of the Stereoscope to the purposes of amusement are so numerous that we can here refer only to a few of them, and direct those who may wish to pursue the subject further to my published treatise. Every scientific experiment, though employed principally to amuse, must necessarily be instructive; and the history of science presents us with numerous examples of great men who have been led to invention and discovery by the philosophical toys of their childhood. In the extensive list of more than a thousand binocular pictures issued by the London Stereoscopic Company, there are 150 under the title of "Miscellaneous subjects of the 'Wilkie' character," which contain many humorous scenes in common life. For the purpose of amusement the photographer may give a ghostly aspect to one or more of his figures, and exhibit them as "thin air" among the solid realities of the stereoscopic group. While a party is occupied with what is serious or gay, a figure, male, female, or animal, may be made to appear in the midst of them with all the attributes of the supernatural. The figure might occupy more than one place in the picture, and different individuals might be made to gaze upon one or other of the visions before them. For this purpose, the individuals in the group must have their portraits nearly finished in the binocular camera, in the attitude and with the expression appropriate to the occasion. The figure or figures, suitably attired, must then walk quickly into the places assigned them, stand a few seconds in the proper attitudes, and retire as quickly as they entered. If the experiment has been well performed, the intruding figures will be shadowy and transparent, and will have the appearance of supernatural personages. If one of the lenses of the camera be shut up during the latter part of the operation, the shadowy figures will be formal only on one of the pictures, and they will be flat and without relief, if required.

The beautiful effect of dissolving-views may be obtained by executing binocular dissolving pictures, and combining them in the Stereoscope, so that all the figures and objects may appear in true relief.

There are many other purposes of amusement and instruction to which the Stereoscope may be applied; and we have no doubt that booths will soon be opened at our fairs and race-courses in which the wonders of the world may

be exhibited stereoscopically to thousands, by making their binocular pictures move before a fixed circle of stereoscopes. The hundred views of Rome, published by the London Stereoscopic Company, would thus exhibit to the untravelled, and bring to the recollection of the traveller, all that is interesting and curious in the eternal city.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

IT IS A GOOD HORSE THAT NEVER STUMMLES. To which some add, and "A good wife that never grumbles."—None are faultless. The priest errs at the altar, say the Italians: *Erra il prete all' altare*. A member of the Parliament of Tonlouse, apologising to the king or his minister for the judicial murder of Calas perpetrated by that body, quoted the proverb, *Il n'y a si bon cheval qui ne bronche*.—It is a good horse, &c. He was answered: A horse, granted; but the whole stable!

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.—Tersely translated from the Horatian pentameter, *Dimidium facti qui bene cepit habet*. "A beard lathered is half shaved," say the Spaniards. "The main work is to begin" (French). In an article on the "Philosophy of Proverbs," the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* gives an example from the Italian which seems of peculiar interest, "for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton." Besides these distinctions it has a third (not surmised by Disraeli), as a linguistic curiosity; for though it consists of but four words, and those among the commonest in the language, its literal meaning is undetermined, and diametrically opposite interpretations have been given of it even by native authorities. *Cosa fatta capo ha* is the proverb in question, which some understand as signifying, "A deed done has an end." It is thus rendered by Torriano, in 1666; whilst Giusti, in 1853, explains it as meaning, "A deed done has a beginning," or in other words, if you would accomplish any thing, you must not content yourself with pondering over it for ever, but must proceed to action. Such another instance of divided opinion respecting the import of four familiar words in a simply-constructed sentence is probably not to be found in the history of modern languages.

This proverb is the "bad word" to which tradition ascribes the origin of the civil wars that long desolated Tuscany. When Buondelmonte broke his engagement with a lady of the Amadei family and married another, the kinsmen of the injured lady assembled to consider how they should deal with the offender. They inclined to pass sentence of death upon him; but their fear of the evils that might ensue from that decision long held them in suspense. At last, Mosca Lamberti cried out, that "those who talk of many things effect nothing," quoting, says Macchiavelli, "that trite and common adage, *Cosa fatta capo ha*." This decided the question. Buondelmonte was murdered; and the deed immediately involved Florence in those miserable conflicts of Guelphs and Ghibellines, from which she had stood aloof until then. The "bad word" uttered by Mosca has been immortalised by Dante (*Inferno*, xxviii.), and variously rendered by his English translators. Cary presents the passage thus:

"Then one
Maim'd of each hand uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
Sullied his face, and cried, 'Remember thee
Of Mosca too—I who, alas, exclaimed,
The deed once done, there is an end—that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.'"

Wright's version is:

"Then one deprived of both his hands, who stood
Lifting the bleeding stumps amid the dim
Dense air, so that his face was stained with blood,
Cried, 'In thy mind let Mosca bear a place,
Who said, alas, Deed done is well begun,—
Words fraught with evil to the Tuscan race.'"

Disraeli adopts Cary's interpretation of the proverb, and

does not seem to suspect that it can have any other. Milton appears to have used it in the same sense. "When deeply engaged," says Disraeli, "in writing *The Defence of the People*, and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, *Cosa fatta capo ha!* Did this proverb also influence his decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?"



ART IN THE DWELLING.—No. I.

That costliness is not tastefulness, and that expense does not necessarily result in elegance, we scarcely need illustration to prove. We must all of us be acquainted with more than one establishment liberally decorated and furnished, about which wealth has been lavishly distributed, and where nothing is lacking but the harmonising taste, the sense of beauty, grace, and "fitness," which alone can make a congruous whole out of the various elements which comprise the interior appointments of a dwelling.

Now, to reverse the rule, does good taste necessarily involve expense?—in these days at least. Grace of form may be had in many of the very simplest and cheapest materials. Harmony of colour in arrangement is to be attained only through the possession of a correct eye for the same, which among educated classes is quite as likely to belong to a poor as to a rich man. Finally, the sense of fitness, as shown in the decorations and furniture of a house, is a property of the same intangible but very valuable kind, which nature, who adores the theory of "compensations," often bestows on those who have little else wherewithal to make Home externally beautiful.

Do we not all know the aspect of the "handsomely furnished house," with its heavy grandeur and sombre elaboration? Why will people design, and other people manufacture, and more people buy, such articles of furniture as the colossal sideboard, that is sure to weigh down one side of the dining-room? Glass, china, plate, are reduced to specks on its broad polished surface. Such a field is rather fit for the reception of a well-sized cannon, or something similarly in proportion. If not wainscoted of some dismal colour, the walls are lined with a dark flock paper, lustreless in hue, ponderous in pattern, to match the carpet, which partakes of both these characteristics. On which carpet, and against which walls, are ranged in regular array the square-cornered chairs, each one of which requires a man's strength to move from its place; and all of which collectively comprise as large an amount of straight lines and angles as could possibly be included in the given quantity of space. Weightily fall the curtains,—solemn curtains, that impart something of their colour to the very daylight as it enters in. The looking-glass, even—that specially lightening and brightening portion of a room's arrangements—in this case cannot fulfil its vocation in either particular. There is no colour but that of the sad-hued walls for it to reflect, no glancing light, no stray gleam, or flush, or glow for it to multiply; for none of these are here.

Dismal magnificence! ill-favoured costliness! A cottage-parlour is fairer to the eyes, wholesomer to the mind, even though the paper on its walls, of simple pattern and colouring, cost but twopence a yard, and its carpet be of homely web and modest design, in keeping with the fresh muslin-curtains and the birch-wood chairs; which chairs, however, may have curved backs as becomingly as any in the land.

All the bad taste in the world, however, does not run in the direction of the massive and the dreary. The ornate, the gaudy, and the flimsy schools have each their numerous disciples. Otherwise, who would buy the vast stocks of beflowered and be-arabesqued paper-hangings, carpets, damask, and other materials, that are continually assailing our eyes, taking them unawares, and addressing them, so to say, in large capitals plentifully interspersed with notes of admiration? Whose homes would be decorated with those huge painted china ornaments, and their yet more flaming potichomanie imitations? And what would be the final destination of half-a-hundred nameless articles in papier-mâché, ormolu, lacquer-work, &c., even to the home-made productions, the knitted, netted, and crochet antimacassars, chair-coverings, and picture-frame nets, which in some houses seem to pervade the very air with a fluffy flavour as of much cotton.

Used in moderation, these things are to be admired; but moderation is the fairy balance which good taste alone employs. The first necessity with your injudicious decorator is to run into extremes, and to have *too much* of things both good and bad.

There are two or three very simple primary rules which are to be well borne in mind in these cases,—negative rules or cautions, for the most part; as, for instance, that rooms should neither be a-flame with colour nor swamped with misty drabs or vague browns. Some one tint should predominate in furniture and decorations; if bright, the contrasting colours should subdue; if pale or negative, enliven it. Whoso loves "colour" will do well to lino his walls and floors with some cloudy gray or sepia hue, to form an appropriate background for the dashes of sunset-red, intense purple, or orange-yellow, which are sure to be gradually, if not at once, introduced into the picture. Warning is perhaps scarcely needed against large-patterned carpets or paperings for small rooms. Most people have noticed that it does not conduce to good effect when a limited area is decorated with some spacious design, four or five repetitions of which mark the extreme dimensions of wall or floor.

Again, the style of the furniture may and always should be consistent with the proportions of the apartment for which it is intended. To crowd a narrow chamber with chairs, tables, and sofas, even though they be elegant in shape and material, is to give the effect of a *magasin* rather than a home. Much wood and silk and velvet and gilding require space to set them off, and to relieve the eye. Large lofty rooms, on the other hand, are apt to look dreary and bare if simply furnished; though this is by many degrees the lesser evil of the two. But it will easily be recognised how grateful to the eye is the full sweep of coloured drapery that breaks the long line of windows in such a room; and how the pictures hung here and there are valuable not only as pictures, but because they form little oases of brightness and warmth on the trackless monotony of the walls. For the same reason a chandelier in a large room is always a graceful object. Elegant in itself (and among modern art-manufactures few are brought to such a degree of perfection in design and execution), it has the gift, like water and trees and flowers, of communicating something of its own grace to surrounding objects. The still life of a room lit from above in this manner has always a certain added charm, difficult to describe, but immediately perceptible.

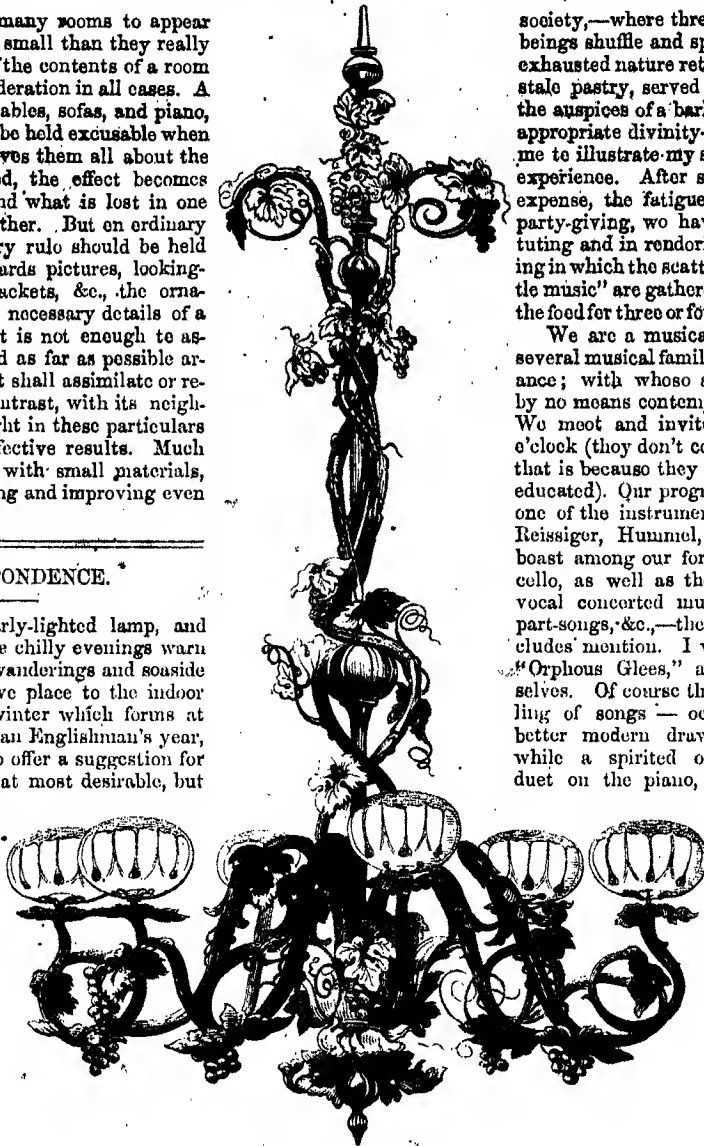
But this, as has been said, is only desirable where there is plenty of space. A chandelier in a small room is an impertinence. In a small room, so far from the eye requiring superfluous objects to rest on, it needs all the "breathing space" possible to enable it to do justice to what is necessarily there.

Furthermore, in the arrangement of furniture care should be taken, and the character of the apartment duly remembered. Where the area is small, it is well to contrive that the heavier objects shall not be obtrusively near the entrance. A clear way to the door is always a desideratum, and the

lack of this, causes many rooms to appear more inconveniently small than they really are. The *balancing* of the contents of a room is an important consideration in all cases. A migration of chairs, tables, sofas, and piano, to one point can only be held excusable when stress of weather drives them all about the hearth. Then, indeed, the effect becomes nest-like and cosy, and what is lost in one way is gained in another. But on ordinary occasions the ordinary rule should be held in view, both as regards pictures, looking-glasses, consoles, brackets, &c., the ornamental as well as the necessary details of a room. Distribute,—it is not enough to assemble together,—and as far as possible arrange that each object shall assimilate or relieve, harmonise or contrast, with its neighbours. A little thought in these particulars will often lead to effective results. Much may be done, though with small materials, towards the beautifying and improving even the humblest Home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—As the early-lighted lamp, and the welcome fire, of the chilly evenings warn us that our summer wanderings and seaside rambles must now give place to the indoor sociabilities of that winter which forms at least three-fourths of an Englishman's year, would you allow me to offer a suggestion for the attainment of that most desirable, but often most difficult achievement,—the passing "a pleasant evening"? We have certainly advanced a step from the days when we counted our friends by the head, and began prospectively to enjoy their society by a week of previous consultation with cook and Mrs. Glasse in the kitchen. In those days, as long as the fowls were done to a turn, and the jellies sparkled unbroken in "the glass of fashion" or "the mould of form," our hostess felt she had provided abundant entertainment; while during the intervening and intrusive hours between tea and supper, her guests were left to while away as best they might the period of suspense. We are growing into a late-dining and light-supper-eating people; but there still are left relics of the good old times. Should you be present at a *r  union*, where the company, dressed with elaborate elegance, have remained during the entire evening placed in rows against the wall, the stillness only broken by a periodical quadrille, thrown off as the culminating crisis of dullness, or by a sentimental ditty, of which nothing can be poorer than the words, if you except the music, you will find these are symptoms, "slow" (in modern parlance) but "sure," of an excellent supper,—a supper lacking no traditional dainty, and with a profusion of heavy wines, which are imbibed by the gentlemen after the departure of the ladies with an audible hilarity most unsuspected in these black-coated solemnities of the drawing-room. This, I confess, is the exception now-a-days. But is the more modern evening-party a nearer approximation to the pleasures of



CHANDLIER, VINE PATTERN. [GARDNER.]

society,—where three or four dozen human beings shuffle and spin round and round, till exhausted nature retires to recruit itself with stale pastry, served by stale waiters, under the auspices of a barley-sugar temple, and its appropriate divinity—the trifle? Now allow me to illustrate my suggestion with my own experience. After suffering some years the expense, the fatigues, and the anxieties of party-giving, we have succeeded in substituting and in rendering acceptable an evening in which the scattered fragments of "a little music" are gathered and arranged to form the food for three or four hours social pleasure.

We are a musical family, and we count several musical families among our acquaintance; with whose aid an amateur concert by no means contemptible can be provided. We meet and invite our friends at seven o'clock (they don't come till past eight; but that is because they are not yet sufficiently educated). Our programme includes at least one of the instrumental trios of Beethoven, Reissiger, Hummel, Haydn, &c.; for we boast among our forces a violin and violoncello, as well as the universal piano. Of vocal concerted music—glees, madrigals, part-songs, &c.,—their very abundance precludes mention. I would only specify the "Orphous Glee," as a treasury in themselves. Of course there is the usual sprinkling of songs—occasionally one of the better modern drawing-room *moreaux*; while a spirited overture, played as a duet on the piano, is an invariable success; for example, that of Mendelssohn to *Ruy Blas*. Thus every one, whatever the amount or nature of his musical appreciation, finds something to satisfy it. A back room with books, engravings, a stereoscope, &c. is a refuge for the non-classical during the performance of what they term "those dry things"—only, please, good people,

don't talk quite so loud. At half-past nine tea and coffee are served in the dining-room, with an abundance of cake, biscuits, and bread-and-butter, of which, knowing no supper will follow, every body partakes cordially; after which a little more music, generally of a lighter kind, and two or three *impromptu* quadrilles, send our guests home about half-past eleven; and I may add, that their assurances of having "passed a most pleasant evening" are verified by the fact that they always come again. Thus half-a-dozen really sociable and enjoyable gatherings may be given for less than the cost and trouble of one evening-party; while the fund of previous enjoyment, the meetings for practice, in which the only drawback is the necessity of leaving off (especially with our first violin; but then violins, be they good, bad, or indifferent, are invariably enthusiasts)—all prove that music, like mercy, "blesseth him who gives" as well as "him who takes"—sometimes, I fear, a little more.

Here is my experience; and there are surely few who have not in themselves, or among their friends, sufficient resources to gain the like.—I remain, madam, &c.

M. C.



PAINTED BY T. FARD.

SPECIMENS OF RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. IV.

SUBDUED BUT NOT CONQUERED.

[Purchased by the Art-Union of Glasgow.]

SUBDUED BUT NOT CONQUERED.

Of all those painters who have founded their manner upon that of Wilkie, Mr. Faed holds by far the highest place.

His pictures, admirable in detail, are elaborately finished, and their surface and tone leave little to be wished. The subject here possesses all the artist's usual merits. It is full of quiet domestic poetry, is simple without being coarse, and natural without being vulgar. It has also a touch of dry humour, which is as national as any of Wilkie's touches. A long day in a child's life is hinted in the scene before us. Despotism and prepared for aggression sits the mother, aware yet not betraying her knowledge of approaching rebellion. With careful and nimble hands, and wise matronly care, she peels the potatoes; and seems absorbed in her task. Her neat cap and kerchief and trim gown show the orderly regulating mind, and help to give contrast and tell the story. Nestling by her side is the good child, looking with horror and wonder at the pouting sinner who howls sullenly in the corner. Behind is the barefooted brother, as much elated at the bully's discomfiture as is the industrious sister, who sews and smiles. On the floor is a child threatening a begging dog. The auxiliaries of the scene are excellent: the brown pitcher with the speck of light on it, the dead hare, the key, the harness, the bottles, the wash-tub, the old chest of drawers, the mug, and above all, the quiet musing dog, are stored together without meagreness and without crowding. But let us not forget the hero,—the future runaway, the scapegrace, the mad varlet of the village, the fellow who will poach and rob hen-roosts, and who is the "ne'er do well" hinted at in sermons about the "prodigal son," which draw tears from old Moneybags, the rich attorney who cut off his son and heir with sixpence. How collected and stiffened with stubbornness the bristly-headed dog stands, one hand feeling the stolen walnuts in his pocket, and the other clutching a porridge-spoon! His face is a wonderful struggle of fear, rage, and vexation. To be laughed at and pitied and disregarded are bad enough, any of them alone; but all together tears him to pieces. We leave off with a heterodox sympathy for the reprobate, such as poor Lamb used to feel for "Esau." We need not enlarge on the rich colour, the mellow dark and soft light, of this excellent picture.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

FROM THE HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

BY F. PULSZKY.

Hindoo mythology is less known among the reading public than might be expected from the connection between England and her Indian empire. Sanscrit scholars speak in the highest terms about the beauties of Hindoo lyric and dramatic poetry. Missionaries have day after day to contend against the myths of India; officers and officials of the East India Company are surrounded by monuments of art connected with this mythology, and live in daily contact with millions for whom it is more than a sport of poetical imagination. Still people at home care little to become acquainted with those tales, which for grandeur of conception and finish in the most minute details are at least equal to the religious myths of classical Greece. The reason of this apparently strange neglect is, however, easily explained. History and education connect us closely with the culture of the Greeks and Romans; in fact, our civilisation is to a certain degree their legitimate offspring. Up to the present day we learn our first lessons of mathematics from Euclid; and Homer and Horace, Livy and Thucydides, remind us not only of Hellas and of the eternal city on the Tiber, but likewise of our studies in the schoolroom and college. Such is not the case with the literature of the Hindoos. Their language, their ideas, the scenes of nature they describe, the political rela-

tions among which they live, are equally strange to us; and the expansion of their imagination is so gigantic, that our more sober and subdued taste cannot enjoy it fully. For the English public, therefore, it is somewhat difficult to appreciate the exuberant style of Hindoo mythology; though some of the tales are so graceful, that, in spite of the foreign stamp impressed upon them by a tropical climate, they cannot fail to please.

The Hindoo adores nature, its destructive as its creative power; he recognises a soul in every thing living, and believes in the transmigration of the soul. He throws, therefore, the corpse of his beloved one into the Ganges, or into the fire, the sooner to be dissolved into its original atoms by the pure elements. The Yoga,—that is to say, the losing of the individuality in contemplation—a deathlike state,—being the noblest aim of Hindoo life, and the highest degree of sanctity and happiness, death itself has no terrors for him; he throws himself cheerfully under the wheels of the triumphal car of Siva at Juggernaut, and the widow ascends voluntarily the pile with the corpse of her husband. Destruction in India being always followed by immediate regeneration, creation is viewed as a continuous cycle of one and the same life, always changing its forms; the Hindoo therefore believes that

"Like as men throw away old garments and clothe themselves in a new attire,

Thus the soul leaves the body and migrates into another."

For him nature is the incarnation of Godhead; accordingly he has the greatest reverence and the deepest feeling for it; and he adorns his works of art with flowers in such profusion, that man and his action is often obliterated, and becomes only the accessory of the adornment. Still it is not in an arbitrary way that the Hindoo sheds his flowers on his poetry and his sculpture; they have always their symbolical meaning.

During the inundations in the rainy season, when the earth is almost lost under the waters in the valley of the Ganges, it is the lotus-flower alone (the petals of which float upon the wave) that gives evidence that the vital powers of the earth have not been destroyed by the flood. Accordingly, the lotus-flower became the symbol of life and creation; it is the emblem of all the gods, peculiarly sacred to Brahma, the creator.

The goddess of beauty, who is also the goddess of nature,—since nature is always beautiful, and the beautiful always natural,—is in the same symbolical way the wife of Siva, the god of destruction. She holds a flower in her hand, but a snake coils around it; for enjoyment is blended with danger, and life and beauty with death.

The representation of Kama, the god of love, is one of the most graceful specimens of Hindoo imagination. Like the classical Cupid, he is a smiling boy with bow and arrows. He rides upon a gaudy and loquacious parrot; his bow is a bent sugar-cane adorned by wreaths of flowers; its string is formed by a row of flying bees, and the arrow is a lily. Thus the Hindoo tries, in a symbolical way, to express the gentleness and sweetness, the inconstancy and the stings, of love by one comprehensive image.

Kama, the beautiful god, so runs the legend, stood once on the banks of the Ganges; and admiring his own charms in the mirror of the river, he exclaimed, "A single glance shows clearly that neither gods nor men can resist me;" and, in his mind, he passed all the gods in review who had already been subdued by him; but he did not undertake to count the innumerable multitude of his slaves among mankind, for they are coming and going like the flowers of spring. Forgetful of all around him, he was suddenly roused from the admiration of his own beauty by Reva,—his faithful wife, the goddess of delight,—telling him to awake and to flee, for Siva is approaching, the three-eyed god of destruction. But Kama replied, "Should none of my arrows be fit for the fierce god? See, Reva, that even the destroyer of worlds cannot escape love;" and he shot his strongest arrow straight into the bosom of Siva. The destroyer, feeling suddenly

the pangs of love, looked around, and wrathful for his wound, bent a look like lightning from his eye upon the bold archer who had hit him; and so powerful was the glance, that Kama's body at once burned to ashes. The unhappy Reva collected the remains of her beloved husband, and washing them in her tears, and in the sacred waters of the Ganges, hid them in her bosom; but suddenly she was comforted, for she felt that Kama had revived in her very heart. From that time the god of love is called *Ananga*, that is to say, the *bodyless*, because he has no body, though he lives; and *Hrisaya*, or the *sleepy* in the heart, because he sleeps in the heart of Reva. But the goddess of delight, bearing the god in her bosom, became ill, and could not be healed; for Kama consumed her from within. She died at last; and from that time mortals bear love in their hearts, not with delight, but with sorrow. As long as they bear love within their bosom, it is a pang; and when he steps forth, it is but a shadow.

Such is the Hindoo myth of Love's Death.

ENGLAND IN TIME OF WAR.

By SYDNEY DOBELL, Author of "Balder," "The Roman," &c. Smith and Elder.

WE have not been in a hurry to notice this book. It may be said of it, in the best sense, that it can wait. We shall be mistaken if the present work, and others by the same hand, be not quoted and discussed long after the world has forgotten the comments that first hailed or denounced them.

That Sydney Dobell is a poet may, we suppose, be regarded now, not only as the affirmation of some potent voices, but as the admission, more or less gracious, of all qualified judges. The fact is in some quarters allowed almost grudgingly. Custom-house officers of Parnassus, who ever suspect treason in originality; eye the new-comer askance, but cannot question the regularity or the legibility of his passport. The seal of Apollo was never more plainly impressed on any such document.

To say so much is one thing; to declare that Mr. Dobell fulfils all the conditions which his own genius imposes would be quite another. We have no intention to subscribe a manifesto of the latter kind. And, indeed, we know of very few poets—even the greatest—concerning whom it could be made, except by the zeal that overlooks truth, or the adulation that disregards it.

These remarks, however, lead us to notice what is often the besetting sin of contemporary judgment. It exacts perfection from the young aspirant; it forgives a thousand shortcomings to established reputations. We have not now to learn that Milton is at times heavy, Wordsworth prosaic, Shelley vague and diffuse; but we recognise their genius from their excellencies, not from their defects. In like manner, we may admit at once that in "Balder"—treasure-house as it is of poetical imagery and of subtle perceptions—the general design is too misty, and the illustration often elaborate and overdone. We may grant that in the book before us there are fantastic experiments in melody; repetitions that weaken what they should enhance; indefinite phrases that perplex what they should explain; and, once more, in certain instances, an over-protracted treatment of theme. Nevertheless, if we measure the writer by the delight he gives, rather than by that which he withholds, we shall have scant reason for complaint. That the test of criticism now submitted is a just, not an indulgent one, is easily apparent. Once admitting poetical genius, its aberrations and deficiencies involve only the absence of what we never possessed. Its genuine results, on the other hand, are a real and incalculable gain. The inferiority of the later books of *Paradise Lost*, for example, subtracts nothing from the enjoyment realised in the earlier portions; although it is of course true that unvaried excellence would have increased our total riches.

We have censured Mr. Dobell's tricks of repetition. Here is an example of them:

"O thou moody main,
Are thy mermaid calls a-ri-ving!
Are thy mermaid sisters sing-
The saddest shell of every cell
Ring-
Ring-
Farewell, farewell!
To the sinking sigh-
To the floating fly-
To the deepening dy-
In the swell,
Farewell, farewell!"

There is yet more of the same kind for those who like it. Such things in the present writer grieve us. They will shake the faith of no one who has once read his volume; but if quoted alone, they might deter many from opening it.

We decline, of course, to endorse these excesses, or to justify some other peculiarities in this author; but in spite of them, he has poured out for us such stores of imaginative wealth, that not to seize upon them with eagerness would be an equal wrong to him and to ourselves. The book discloses to us almost every phase of emotion that war can inspire in a civilised country. We have dramatic pictures of gallant adventure; of parental suspense, pride, resignation, or despair; of wives, sisters, and children yearning towards heroic forms lit with the glare or hidden in the smoke of the beleaguered city; we have the stern din of conflict, the dumb rapture of meeting, and many a revelation besides, for which we must refer the reader to the poems themselves. So systematic a view of the moral and dæmonic effects of war has perhaps never been painted till now.

Our first example shall be from "An Evening Dream," a ballad evidently inspired by the fight of Inkermann. There is scarcely an incident of battle which is not here touched upon. Its various phases are rendered no less vividly by the changing music of the words than by their meaning. Sometimes the line—slow, stately, long—indicates awe and expectation. Sometimes, broken and rapid, it tells of danger; and the brief shrill exclamation pierces like a trumpet. A coming attack is preluded by two or three abrupt bars of sound; and as the hostile legions approach, the verse widens, rolls, and booms, until we are swept into the very thick of the fight. Now and then there comes amid the roar a long line of plaintive Saxon, audible in some pathetic undertone, like a wail. The continuous march of men, the clanging sword, the wheel, the swoop, the mighty dissonance of conflict, and all the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"

appeal thrillingly both to the eye and to the ear. A sister who dreams the battle o'er again thus describes it from the opening of the British fire:

"Fire! and round that green knoll the sudden war-clouds roll,
And from the tyrant's ranks so fierce an answering blast
Of whirling death came back, that the green trees turned to black,
And dropped their leaves in winter as it passed.
A moment on each side the surging smoke is wide,
Between the fields are green, and around the hills are loud;
But a shout breaks out, and lo! they have rushed upon the foe,
As the living lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.
Fire and flash, smoke and crash,
The fogs of battle close o'er friends and foes, and they are gone!
Alas, thou bright-eyed boy! alas, thou mother's joy!
With thy long hair so fair, that didst so bravely lead them on!
I faint with pain and fear. Ah, heaven! what do I hear?
A trumpet-note so near!
What are these that race like hunters at a chase?
Who are these that run a thousand men as one?
What are these that crash the trees far in the waving rear?
Fight on, thou young hero! there's help upon the way!
The light horse are coming, the great guns are coming.
The Highlanders are coming!—good God give us the day!
Hurrah for the brave and the leal! Hurrah for the strong and the true!
Hurrah for the helmets of steel! Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue!

A run and a cheer, the Highlanders are here! a gallop and a cheer, the light horse are here!
 A rattle and a cheer, the great guns are here!
 With a cheer they wheel round and face the foe!
 As the troopers wheel about, their long swords are out,
 With a trumpet and a shout, in they go!"

There is electricity in such writing as this. It must rouse every heart that can be roused at all. We are bound to add, however, that the effect of the poem suffers from its length, especially from that of the introduction.

Before we pass from the Crimea, let us listen to a song the mere tune of which conveys the very soul of Gallic valour,—that mercurial gayety which makes the camp a ball-room, and dances fantastically to the alarms of death:

"O, a gallant sans peur
 Is the merry chasseur,
 With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang!
 And his grand havresack
 Of gold on his back,
 His pistol cric-crao!
 And his sword oling-clang!
 O, to see him blythe and gay
 From some hot and bloody day,
 Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows 'au rang,'
 With a wheel and a whirl!
 And a wheellug waltzing girl,
 And his bow, 'placé aux dames!' and his oath, 'feu et sang!'
 And his hop and his fling
 Till his gold and silver ring
 To the clatter and the clash of his sword oling-clang!"

But hark,
 Thro' the dark,
 Up goes the well-known shout!
 The drums beat the turn out!
 Cut short your courting, Monsieur l'Amant!
 Saddle! mount! march! trot!
 Down comes the storm of shot,
 The foe is at the charge! En avant!
 His jolly havresack
 Of gold is on his back,
 Hear his pistol cric-crao! hear his rifle ping-pang!
 Vive l'Empereur!
 And where's the Chasseur?
 He's in
 Among the din
 Steel to steel oling-clang!"

How perfect is the transition from the terror and clamour of war to the quiet dawn of an English spring in "Homo, Wounded!" How sweet is the feeling for nature in the lines that follow, and how thoroughly do they breathe that delicious sense of beauty peculiar to convalescence, when every perception has been refined by sickness, and the world seems created anew!

"Wheel me into the sunshine,
 Wheel me into the shadow,
 There must be leaves on the woodbine,
 Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow!
 Wheel me down to the meadow,
 Down to the little river,
 In sun or in shadow
 I shall not dazzle or shiver,
 I shall be happy any where,
 Every breath of the morning air
 Makes me throb and quiver."

"Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
 Wheel, wheel thro' the shadow;
 There must be odours round the pine,
 There must be balm of breathing kine,
 Somewhere down in the meadow.
 Must I choose? Then anchor me there
 Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
 The larch is smooching her flowery hair
 With wreaths of morning shadow."

The vast sway of the Czar is told in language as grand and ample as the empire it describes:

"His name infects
 The air of every zone, and to each tongue.
 From Hecia to the Ganges, adds a word

That kills all terms of pride. His servants sit
 In empires round his empire; and outspread
 As land beneath the water. O my God,
 His kingdoms bear the half of all Thy stars!"

The knout never fell upon the serf with more terrible force than that of these avenging lines upon his tyrants:

"The serf is in his hut; the unsated sire
 Who can beget no honour. Lo, his mate,
 Dim thro' the reeking garlic—she whose womb
 Doth shape his ignorant shame, and whose young slave
 In some far field thickens a knouted hido
 For baser generations."

At her stolid side
 The girl that shall be such a thing as she
 Suckles the babe who would not with the milk
 A bondmaid owes her master."

It has always been held a crowning result of imagination, that it can seize upon some outward form, and so quicken it with human passion that we feel the very heart of man throb beneath the material typo. Let us apply this test to the present writer. In the poem called "Dead-Maid's Pool," a mother demented with grief for a self-destroyed child seeks the fatal waters in which the latter has perished. The mother apostrophises an ash-tree that bends over them, like the evil genius of the place. We have seen just such an ash. The description of it is as minute and true to fact as if it were a piece of natural history. Nothing is strained to make the imago fit the idea; yet every leaf of the unconscious tree shakes, to the wretched mother, with a fearful secret, and hints its sin and misery to the wind:

"Ash-tree, ash-tree, let me draw near,
 Ash-tree, ash-tree, a word in thine ear!
 Thou art wizen and white, ash-tree;
 Other trees have gone on,
 Have gathered and grown,
 Have bourgeoned and borne:
 Thou hast wasted and worn.
 Thy knots are all eyes;
 Every knot a dumb eye,
 That has seen a sight
 And heard a cry."

Thou hast no shoots nor wands,
 All thy arms turn to the deep,
 All thy twigs are crooked,
 Twined and twisted,
 Fingered and fistled,
 Like one who had looked
 On wringing hands
 Till his hands were wrung in his sleep.

Pardon my doubt of thee,
 What is this
 In the very groove
 Of thy right arm?
 There is not a snake
 So yellow and red,
 There is not a toad
 So sappy and dread!
 It doth not move,
 It doth not hiss—
 Ash-tree—for God's sake—
 Hast thou known
 What hath not been said,
 And the summer sun
 Cannot keep it warm,
 And the living wood
 Cannot shut it down!
 And it grows out of thee,
 And will be told,
 Bloody as blood,
 And yellow as gold!"

Many of these poems are written in the Scottish vernacular; and in this respect the author seems, on the whole, to have satisfied the critics of "Auld Reekie," and of the great city on the Clyde. Often the feeling is yet more Scottish than the verse. The "Gaberlunzie's Walk" is so in its pictures, incidents, and, more than all, in the glamour of the supernatural at the close, when the spectres of the laird, his cousin, and his henchmen—all cold in foreign

graves—sweep with a ghastly cheer over the ground where they hunted in life:

"Wi' sudden about the dead cry out, like hunters at a kill,
An' 'tis 'Ho, heigho, hereawa,
Ho, heigho, hereawa!'
A' roun' the bill!"

While touching upon the supernatural, we must glance at a line in the ballad entitled "Keith of Ravelston," in which a tragic story is wonderfully hinted. Although nothing is positively told, the whole may be inferred. Imagination thus given play, creates the mysterious. Facts are guessed at, as it were, by their long shadows in a declining light; and the burden,

"O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line,"

tells through the weird scene with ominous music.

The "Market Wife's Song" is an example unlike any that we have quoted. An old Scottish "mither" drives her car, laden with farm-produce, to market; but her

"—heart it is awn' the braid ocean owro"

with her soldier-boy. In this poem the shroud and colloquial humour of the Scotswoman blends admirably with the Scriptural phrase and fixed enthusiasm which equally bespeak the national character. The skill is surprising which touches this market-wife, seated on her hencoop, with the glow of imagination, and yet preserves her a reality of to-day. We regret that we cannot quote the entire poem. Mere extract would spoil it.

"Tommy's dead" is a conception no less striking and individual. A very old man has lost his son—evidently his Benjamin—the child of his age. The senses of the old yoman, withered by time and grief, grope feebly for the forms of other days. The phrase in which he mutters his loss—"Tommy's dead"—and his constant recurrence to that phrase, give the very dotage of sorrow. Out of his bereavement grows a sense of futility that infects all things. Life is empty to him, and he wonders that it can charm others. The axis of his own interest has been snapped—how can the world go round any more?

"There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed!
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head,
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse havo fed,
And the summer's empty and cold
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead."

There is one masterly touch of imaginative reality which we must not omit. The old man's wife has been dead many a year. Read what follows in the light of that fact.

"The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and doop, boys,
Your mother's long in bed."

See how one line reveals the disordered wit that confounds the past with the present, while a ray of noar comfort gleams—how finely!—through the shattered mind. The old man, we feel, will soon rejoin the wife of his bosom, but he will be carried to her by no mortal arms.

The instances given will show that mere wealth of figure is the least of Mr. Dobell's endowments. His poems

are in many cases dramatic studies, implying a thorough and varied insight into the depths of feeling, and into the more subtle phases of character. So completely does the writer merge himself in his creations, that we are disposed to complain of what, dramatically considered, is an excellence. We want to know more of the poet's own views and sympathies, and would sacrifice something of the artist to hear more of the man.

Enough, we think, has been quoted to send many of our readers to the work before us. Those who peruse it will most likely deem our objections "proven;" but, if lovers of poetry, they will find our praise yet more strikingly vindicated. A conception profound, searching, and minute,—a plastic imagery that can expand into "large utterance," arrest sublimity in a line, or catch the most shifting lights of fancy, will be denied by few. We have spoken of the poet's claims with fervour, but not without deliberation. To the book itself, however, rather than to any comments, Mr. Dobell may calmly trust for the full recognition of his genius.

MARSEILLES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

OCCASIONALLY, even in happy England, one gets a little bit of north-east wind. Crossing the Yorkshire moors in March, or ascending the Welsh hills in January, I have sometimes found it a little cold; but for a true full-grown north-caster commend me to Marseilles in February. O, that Friday night, when with the boldness of ignorance I undertook to walk from the Hôtel de Paris to the Port de la Joliette. As we turned the corner of the Port, I and my *laquais de place*, it came upon us like a wild demon, making us bend our heads as we strove to face it, and piercing to the very marrow of our bones. "I have you much of this?"

"Always with the north-east wind, which blows down the valley of the Rhone. It keeps the boats back for days sometimes, and even forces them to take refuge far away at Malta."

In the bitter wind and the dark night, we hurried along the deserted quays. I dimly saw frowning battlements on the right; and on the left the tall masts of the steamers and merchantmen losing themselves in the darkness. The hard-pitched road sounded hollow to our tread, and the solitary sentinel looked suspiciously at us as we passed their wooden boxes. At last we reached the port. A sailor or two on the look-out for boats, and the sentinel at the gates, were the only creatures stirring there. The long lines of sheds, the heaps of cannons and shells and chains and anchors lay still and peaceful in the dim lamplight. At any rate, I had come that night on a bootless errand, and to hurry back to the hotel was all that remained to be done. How strangely our first impressions of a place give a colouring to all our thoughts of it! I know Marseilles is usually associated with the ideas of light, warmth, bustle, and gaiety; to my mind it always arises as on that cold dark night: the bitter wind, the frowning fortifications, and the long rows of silent sheds. My absolute knowledge of the place will never be like other people's. My synthesis of the objective and subjective, which alone forms the true absolute (at least so says Ferrier), results always in a gloomy cognition and a cold shiver, which no after-impressions have been able to erase.

Every body knows, or ought to know, that all hotels at Marseilles are dear and dirty, especially since the commencement of the war. What a harvest they have made out of it! What a bustle and confusion they have been in! I have nothing to do with the war, except to help to pay for it; in which capacity I have a right to look on and make my observations on one of the many scenes of that great tragic-comedy, which has just ended so gloriously in the perfect reconciliation of the courts of Europe, and in double income-tax to the people of England.

The climate of the south of France is like the temper of

its people: one moment cold bitter hostility, a black murderous look from beneath the arched eyebrows, and the next the sunniest of smiles shines out upon you. When I took my first stroll by daylight Marseilles was as bright and gay as could be. In the streets were soldiers and sailors from every part of Europe, almost of the world. The gaily-dressed Greeks, the swarthy Moor, the curly-headed English sailor, the hard-chinned American, and others too many to mention, were all there; and riding peacefully in their different docks were their vessels, with their flags flying and sails fluttering in the wind. What a change since the long-oared vessels of ancient Greece and Rome took refuge in those quiet waters; or since, in the sixteenth century, Leo Flamininus,—*rerum exoticarum admirator et cultor*, as he pompously styles himself,—started, with three months' provisions, to the Holy Land in the good ship *Santa Croce*! Only fancy, you who go to the Crimea and back for pleasure in the first-class cabin of the mail-steamer, the earnest way in which those old mariners prepared to face the dangers of the Mediterranean: "After we had sworn fidelity to each other and to our captain, and committed ourselves to the mercy and protection of Almighty God, we set sail." How runs it in your diary? "After a bad night's rest from those infernal mosquitoes, and a miserable breakfast of oily abominations, we were off to the Crimea."

Times are changed, and our customs too. We don't make known our holy thoughts as freely as did our forefathers; but I am mistaken, if ever there was a greater trust in God, or a braver determination to do right, than filled the hearts of some of those gay young fellows on the quay yonder, exchanging the gaiety of London and the comforts of home for the danger and privations of the camp. The best thing I can find in the war is, that it has given play to that good old English spirit of adventure, and made a man of many a one who had otherwise remained but a poor fop to the end of his days. As I stood at the bottom of the long avenue leading up to the church, I saw the god of war in all his pomp and glory. First came a body of generals and other officers, their cocked-hats and plumes, their drawn swords and golden medals glittering in the sunlight; then followed the band, with the drum-major and his imposing bâton. How the clear notes of the trumpets, the long roll of the drums, echo through the vast streets as the multitude passes on! The heavy steady tramp of thousands of men makes the solid earth shake beneath our feet; as they descend the hill-side we see regiment after regiment filing around, and the cold sharp points of the bayonets glitter like the dragon's teeth from which their prototypes sprang forth. The little vivandière too! Look at her; in her tight military jacket and trousers, and her incredibly little boots; slight and agile, but upright as the stiffest of the soldiers, she marches behind the band, her tiny feet keeping a mocking time with the heavy tread behind. With one hand in her breast, the other on the dagger at her side, her black bright eye and dark sun-burnt complexion, beautifully regular features, and her careless fearless look, she seems the very genius of war; as graceful as a young panther and as dangerous. But let us not wrong the vivandière. Many a dying and wounded soldier has thanked God for the glass of eau-de-vie from that little keg at her back. On the long march and the bloody battle-field she is often the only one who thinks or cares for their wants. No wonder the poor fellows love and even respect her—the only thing near to remind them that there are in the world such things as wives and mothers and sisters.

As I made my way up the steep ascent to Notre Dame de la Garde, I met a number of young priests in their uniform of breeches and silk stockings, long coats and rows of little buttons, broad hats, and shaven crowns. From the rocks at the foot of the little chapel I look down on the fair valley of the Rhone; the white houses of Marseilles stretching far away up the plain; the gray mountains of Spain in the distance; the blue, deep-blue sea, which dazzles one to look at; and the forest of masts at my feet; the dark towers

of the fort, and the rocky picturesque islands, with the Château d'If, beyond. It would be hard to find a fairer scene. Health and wealth, life and beauty, seem impressed on every object. Ay! but the town is very close; there are terrible smells at night; there are deadly fevers under the white houses and the green shutters; blue as the waters look, the harbours are full of filth.

A sound as of musical thunder overhead rouses me. The great bell of Notre Dame de la Garde calls to worship. A thousand lesser bells from below echo the summons. Out of the dark arches of the fortress tower great beams swing to and fro from its bells; the dull echo resounds among the rocks and islands; the dark heavy-browed priests walk in solemn line to their churches.

CHAPTER II.

Marseilles is so much like what we fancy Alexandria must have been to the ancient world, that we cannot help wondering what part of ancient social economics supplied the place of the Café Turc. In London or Liverpool, Paris or Hamburg, there is nothing like it; it must be seen to be understood. You are attracted by the Alhambra-like decorations of the outside, and the likeness of some gigantic Turk in the window. You enter in; and taking your seat at a little marble table, call for "café noir" and cognac, as that seems the fashionable beverage, a cigar, and the *Journal du Midi* for the sake of appearance, that you may leisurely take an inventory of this curious place. As your eye becomes accustomed to the thick smoke and your ear to the rattle of dominoes, you fancy that you are in a room stretching beyond the power of vision; and you hear an animated conversation in every known and unknown tongue. Looking up, and amidst the painting and gilding, you see gallery towering above gallery, and are utterly astounded at their architectural proportions. By and by you discover the same turbaned head, the same military gentleman, repeated again and again; and you find that you are in the midst of a huge looking-glass. Around and above is one vast mirror, artfully panelled by golden columns, and giving the idea of immense space and height. It is only a good-sized room after all; but what a curious collection of human beings it contains! Here are thick bushy-bearded captains arranging for their voyage with their stewards and pursers; young military gentlemen in all the glories of Zouave uniforms; smart little French middies with their long swords; Zouave soldiers with their baggy trousers and yellow leggings; and the genuine Turk in his turban and slippers. Let us hope that the disciple of Mahomet omits the cognac in his "café noir." Dominoes and piquet, coffee and cigars repeated *ad infinitum*, war and commerce discussed in French and German, Turkish and English, Spanish and Arabic, give one but a slight idea of the cosmopolite character of the place. For it is impossible to describe the infinite variety of countenance, of beard, and of dress, as completely national as the language. Look at that rather foppish young man coming in at the glass-doors,—trousers and waistcoat and coat of unexceptionable cut, but all of the same gray tweed; his look of careless amusement and perfect self-confidence; his gloves and walking-stick;—meet him when or where you might, could you not swear he was a compatriot? Or that other tall thin man in loose-fitting black suit, immense neckerchief, and turned-down unwashed collar, his large watch-chain and bony hands, his stubbly sharp-pointed beard and high cheek-bones and deep-sunk gray eyes,—as he sits there chewing the end of his cigar, he is as distinctively marked American as though he had the word printed on every article of his dress, every line of his face. So with the others. It is strange how country and climate stamp their seal upon all settlers, and that in a few centuries so complete an alteration of character and expression should come over a whole race!

Leaving the Café Turc, its busy crowd, and the pretty woman who here, as in most French cafés, presides over the array of cut-glass, china, silver sugar-basins, and flower-

vasos, I take a stroll along some of the streets by the water's edge. Here at least the problem of supply and demand has been fully worked out. On the ground-floors of these tall dreary-looking houses is an infinitude of dirty little shops, professing to supply travellers from all parts of the world with all the delicacies and peculiarities of their native lands at a moment's notice. On green window-shutters, in yellow letters, are inscribed their bills of fare after the following fashion: "*Englische Potahop*. Rosbif. Bred and choesc. Rhuin; Brandy; Wheesky; Grogk and Porter-bier."

Here we see slop-shops and marine-stores much after the fashion of Liverpool or the narrow streets near the London Docks; Hobrew and Turkish characters over a money-changor's window; Arabic over a pawnshop, and Greek with a hand pointing up a narrow passage. And is it possible that the language of Sophocles and Plato can be used for such base purposes? But I forget; there was also a clever fellow called Aristophanes whose ready pen was not always dipped in the purest of the waters of Helicon.

Passing along the various streets and quays, I turn more into the town, ascending the steep hill leading to the "Arc de Triomphe." But what triumph? That's exactly the difficulty. The good people of Marseilles wanted an arch, and they like to pay a compliment to the powers that be. First of all it was dedicated to some of the great victories of Napoleon I.; but ere it was well finished, he was great no more; and of course it was of no use to dedicate a triumphal arch to him. "To all the glories of France" was its next inscription. Surely nobody could have any objection to that. No; but it has got another nevertheless. "A Napoleon III," &c. is now painted upon it in red letters, with, if I mistake not, a very humble and laudatory inscription. It will easily wash off. The arch is but a poor thing, after all; somewhat after the style of Temple Bar, carved in relief with scenes from the Spanish war, wild horses, ferocious hussars, and frantic women, mingled in inextricable confusion with cannon and broken wheels and muskets and swords. But the view from the foot of it down the Rue de Rome is really fine,—a broad handsome street, thronged with busy men in the most picturesque of costumes. At the bottom of this street, in the avenue of trees, are the little canvas stalls of the flower-sellers, with their violets and primroses, lilies and hyacinths, for the living, and immortelles for the dead. There is a smirky and a knowing look for you as you buy a posy for your lady-love, and a lugubrious doleful tone of voice if you ask for immortelles. It is curious to watch the nimble fingers of the stall-keepers as they tie up their bunches of flowers, the natural taste they show in the arrangement of the colours and the intermixture of the green leaves. French national character is seen in the least as in the greatest things. Sentiment and show are as essential to the existence of the meanest perquieuer as to the emperor himself.

Adieu, Marseilles! you are very beautiful; but I have known you have secrets. At times I mistrust your haughty smiles, your captious temper, and your dark covert looks.

A CLOWN'S CONFESSION.

I WAS proceeding, not long since, down one of the principal thoroughfares of London, in the direction of a certain theatre, which honour and discretion forbid my particularising, when I felt myself familiarly taken by the arm. Looking round, I beheld the face of an old and intimate schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for three or four months. At our last meeting, he was fairly on the way to contract one of those convenient but uninteresting marriages in which the "consent of friends" and every other combination of concurrent circumstance cause the course of true love, or false, to glide along as smoothly as a passenger-barge on a Flomish canal. He was then gay, rosy, and smart; but he now looked pale and highly excited, and wore any thing but the aspect of a man in his honeymoon.

"Where are you going to, Wilson, to-night?" he quickly and abruptly asked, as if he had not a moment to lose.

"I? I believe I am going to the Park Theatre, to see the new pantomime, and to pass my judgment on the rising young clown who is making such a stir in the theatrical world."

"Aha!" answered my friend, with a smile full of meaning; "I'm going there too."

"That's a very fortunate coincidence," said I. "We may as well sit in the pit together, for the sake of a little chat between the acts."

"No," he replied; "I cannot be with you in the pit during the performance; I shall be particularly engaged in another part of the house. Still, I will endeavour to catch your eye."

"O, I suppose you are going to have a *tête-à-tête* in a private-box, or something of that sort, with Mrs. Jones that is to be, or that is perhaps. Well, that's all very natural for a limited season. By the way, when are you to be married, Jones; or is the knot already tied?"

"That knot is not tied,—I mean the knot with Clarissa Jinks. That engagement is all over and done with for the present. I have not long since commenced another. I will tell you all about it one of these days."

"Why not tell me now at once? You know how fond I am of sentimental romance. The first piece at the Park to-night is that everlasting and horrid thing, *George Barnwell*, which can be of no earthly use to us as a moral lesson, seeing that neither of us is so lucky as to have a rich uncle to kill. Instead of witnessing Miss Millwood's intrigues, suppose we step into the Peacock Supper-Rooms, which almost join the theatre, and have a glass of porter till the tragedy is over and the overture to the pantomime is ready to strike up. You can tell me there the history of the sorrows of your heart."

"Impossible!" he hastily answered. "The hour is almost come when I to—but you shall know every thing this very night. I will promise to sup with you after the pantomime; only you will have the nuisance of waiting for me at least a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before I can join you. Tell the waiter to let us have the room which Signor, Giacomo—a very particular friend of mine—uses, and we shall have a quiet evening to ourselves."

"Good! I will order a dish of natives to be ready to 'open sesame' the moment of your arrival."

"Order as many oysters as you like; I must have something more substantial than that after my work is done. The people will prepare me my steak and my stout. I have not yet dined, nor shall I till then. I'm now off to begin a hard night's task; so, good-by till after the fall of the curtain."

He instantly left me, and disappeared up some mysterious passage, which led, like a rabbit's burrow, out of the street. Not caring for the last act of *George Barnwell*, I strutted up and down, meditating my schoolfellow's unexplained condition and adventures without finding any clue to their drift. At last it was time to enter the theatre; my good luck and the heaving tide of the crowd, drifted me into a capital place, neither too far from the stage nor too near it. The old-established medley, scumble-soramble, pantomime overture was rasped, and scraped, and pizzicatoed by the fiddlers, and the fairy-tale introduction began.

As I said, I am forbidden to indicate the real name and locality of the theatre which I call the Park, and therefore cannot honestly inform you whether the *Sleeping Beauty* or *Little Red Ridinghood* were the groundwork of the pantomime preface. Enough, that we had a genuine production in the highest school of art. There were tricks worthy of the days of Bradwell, married to "spokens" and modern allusions which would do honour to the authors of the most spiritual burlesques and extravaganzas. We had a harlequin whose checkered dress fitted so well and was worn so naturally, that he seemed to have been born in it, and that he must



HARVEST FIELD NEAR ST. OMER. CAMP OF HELFAUT IN THE DISTANCE. BY E. MORIN.

have come into the world a particoloured infant; we had a smiling columbine, with flowers in her hair, springs in her heels and toes, a silver tissue outer-petticoat, and a crinoline under one, both which latter made up by their width for any deficiency they might be charged with as to length. We had a pantaloan,—such a pantaloan!—doating, drivelling, and made of india-rubber. But the star of the night, the great hit of the season, in fact, was the clown,—a brilliant comet arrived no one knew whence, but who charmed all hearts alike with the novelty, perfection, and bold inspiration, which distinguished his clownly accomplishments. Once or twice, when he uttered a word or two, my thoughts started off a-hunting in various directions in search of some other voice which it seemed to echo; but soon the convulsive heaving of my sides made me insensible to all but the fun before me. Now and then the clown fixed his eyes on the pit, and made some singular and original grimaces in my direction; but I, like all the rest of the audience, considered that extemporaneous effusion as belonging to the part, and that it was not a bad joke that some one member of the public present should be selected to be made mouths at and put out of countenance. However, whether in tragedy or comedy, the current of time sweeps all before it. The last scene had dazzled the spectators with splendours of fairy temples, and gas-illuminations, and fiery cascades, and coloured lights; the kicking, the tricking, the jumping, the bumping, the grinning, and spinning, were all at an end. The curtain fell, and with it fell many a young imaginative soul from the regions of fancy to thoughts of bedtime.

As agreed, I awaited Jones at the Peacock Tavern. The waiter treated me with marked distinction when I mentioned Signor Giacomo's name, and ordered a solid and comfortable supper. In due time the rendezvous was honoured. My former schoolfellow came in with the look of a man who had just been going through some pleasant but fatiguing exercise. Although the pantomime season is not sultry weather, his short hair was saturated with perspiration; he had evi-

dently just been dressing himself rapidly; and he seized the pot of porter, took a long pull, and set it down again with a sigh of gratification. The waiter, as he placed our meal on the table, glanced at one side of Jones's face, and with a respectful "Excuse me, sir," wiped off with his napkin a small red and white patch which by accident appeared in front of his (Jones's) ear. The latter merely said "Thank you" in a matter-of-fact way, and we were left to discuss our smoking-hot steak.

"And after all, what do you think of the pantomime?" my companion inquired, when he had finished his first plateful.

"The pantomime was admirable, and the clown was supreme; but I can't think what induced him to make such a dead set at me in the pit."

"Can't you? well, I oan. And, to cut the matter short, the clown was myself."

"You? Impossible! You,—with your lugubrious phiz, your heavy looks, and your sluggish movements,—you cannot be that incomparable and spiritual clown!"

"Indeed I am though, and I thank you for your compliments; the public voice confirms their sincerity. And as my clownship is connected with my broken-off marriage, just let me finish this couple of kidneys, and you shall then hear the whole history."

The request for a little further refreshment was only reasonable from a man who had been making me laugh till I cried again; so, after a pause in our conversation, which was well filled up by mastication and deglutition, the knife and fork were laid aside; he commenced unfolding the exciting story of his inatrimonial failure and his pantomimic success.

"You know, Wilson, I was always extravagantly fond of the play; but you do not know that the department of the drama which absorbed my thoughts was pantomime. Easter spectacles, however gorgeous, fell dead upon my fastidious eyes. Summer itself had but few charms for me, be-

cause harlequin and columbine were laid up in lavender till Christmas should come round again. My imagination revelled in pantomimic scenes; and pantomimic facts were almost the only ones that I cared to consider seriously.

You know very well that my maiden-aunt was anxious I should marry Clarissa Jinks, who was her goddaughter. My father and mother liked the idea, because old Jinks has made a pretty penny by stock-jobbing; and of course Clarissa, being his only child, will have the whole of it by and by. We went through all the callings, and ballings, and dinings, and tea-drinkings, usual in such diplomacy. I did not care much about the girl herself at first, but I did not say 'No' to my relation's wishes. What induced me to say 'Yes' decidedly, was the finding out one afternoon that Clary was the very image of the last columbine I had seen. Was this merely an illusion? I now think that it probably was; but what confirmed me in the idea was the subsequent discovery that her governor was a perfect pantaloen. Study for the part was totally unnecessary; he only required to put on the costume.

The notion, too, entered my head, that by foul means or fair, by force or stratagem, I would, for my own proper entertainment, make Jinks and his daughter publicly appear in the only dress which could suit them properly. Sometimes I was so completely absorbed in this project, that I sat by columbine's side for a quarter of an hour together without uttering a single word, to her great and justifiable astonishment. You may suppose I did not tell her what I was thinking about.

One day, a regular pantomimic dandy-buck called at Jinks's while I was there. He was quite as much of a dandy-buck as Jinks himself, with the exception of the costume, was a pantaloen, and Clarissa a columbine. Eyes so thoroughly well practised as mine were could make no mistake in affairs like those. The buck was called Melville, or Belville, or something of that kind. But his name is of no consequence. I instantly saw that he had 'intentions' respecting Clarissa, and I resolved to play him one of the old stock-tricks. He paid rather frequent visits to Jinks's. One evening, as he was going to sit down, I slipped his chair from under him. It was a pure, correct, and classical move. Down went the buck flat on his back; but the proof that nature had cut him out for the part, is, that in falling he thrust out his arm to save himself, and accidentally gave a back-handed tip to the housemaid, who was bringing in a waiter with cake and wine. She stumbled in turn, and laid hold of Jinks's periwig, which came off, and was left in her hand.

I meanwhile had seated myself on the chair which I had stolen from the buck; and, with my hands clasped upon my knees, I twiddled my thumbs and stared at the ceiling with that innocent look which first-rate clowns alone can execute artistically. I heard in imagination the applause of those gallery-critics who are best competent to appreciate the traditions of art.

Nobody but columbine,—I mean Clarissa,—observed my action; and she laughed like a mad thing at the buck's misadventure, because she detested him, as in duty bound. Dandy-buck, ashamed of his tumble, and out of countenance at the young lady's merriment, utterly lost his presence of mind, and could not in the least imagine how his chair had disappeared. The unlucky idea then entered his head to dust himself with his pocket-handkerchief, which only made his situation the more ridiculous. Jinks glared at him with furious looks; Nancy the maid stood stock-still and thunder-struck. The buck very shortly took his leave, which was the best thing he could do. As soon as he was gone, Jinks, without making any allusion to his wig, crossed his legs, pulled out his snuff-box, and said with magisterial dignity, 'Really, that young man's awkwardness is quite disgusting!'

This first success emboldened me; but as I had to do with a substantial citizen, whose acquaintance with dramatic literature was probably very imperfect, I was obliged to exercise great self-control in curbing my pantomimic aspirations. One day, nevertheless, on calling at Jinks's

exactly at their dinner-hour, and managing to reach the dining-room without encountering a single creature, I could not resist the temptation to hide myself under the table, exactly as I had seen so many clowns do. The soup was already there; so, hearing the old gentleman and his daughter approach, I caused the soup-tureen to vanish with mo. Pantaloen and columbine sat down to dinner.

'Well, Nancy,' said my intended father-in-law, 'you said the mock-turtle was on the table.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the servant briskly.

'I do not see it,' answered the old gentleman.

Nancy uttered a cry of astonishment.

'Come,' said her master; 'make haste and fetch it!'

Nancy never stirred a peg.

'Well!' said Jinks, 'what are you about?'

Nancy vowed she would take her 'davy' that she had brought in the soup, and set it on the table. What had become of it was quite past her comprehension. The debate increased in animation.

'Do you take me for Tom Fool at Bartlemy Fair?' said Jinks in a rage. (This expression filled my heart with delight.) There is a private in the Coldstream Guards who is always prowling about this neighbourhood; I am certain you have given him for supper the whole of the jar I brought from Birch's, and now you have the impudence to declare that you cannot conceive what has become of it!'

Nancy began to cry, and vowed that it was a shameful calumny, and that she knew nothing about Coldstreams, nor any other streams, except the Serpentine. At that moment I twitched columbine's napkin off her lap. She stooped to pick it up again, and saw me and the soup-tureen under the table. She uttered a short cry, which her father did not hear, and then relieved herself by a burst of laughter. Ah, columbine was a charming girl! she fell into convulsions of merriment at the most trifling event. She laughed when a door was opened, or when a door was shut; when a blue-bottle-fly flew across the room, or when a cur-dog barked in the street. She laughed at all times and in all places; and generally did not take the trouble to inquire what it was that made her laugh.

Meanwhile the governor poured himself out a glass of wine, to replace his missing plate of soup. While he turned round to treat poor Nancy with a final grumble as she went towards the kitchen, I stretched out my arm, and the glass of wine followed the soup-tureen. Nancy almost immediately reappeared, bringing in a dish of hashed chicken. Jinks bestowed a moment's reflection on the sudden disappearance of his glass.

'Now, really,' he reproachfully said to the girl, as she carefully placed the dish upon the table; 'are you crazy to-day? Why have you taken my wine-glass away?'

'I, sir? I haven't touched your wine-glass!' protested the maid, in astonishment.

'My glass of sherry,' responded Jinks.

Columbine, as usual, burst out laughing, and gave me an encouraging kick in the ribs. Her gayety exasperated the governor, who continued his address to Nancy: 'Do you mean to make me believe that my wine-glass has gone without hands, like that capital mock-turtle, which your Coldstream follower has eaten? Ah, now I see how it is; the fellow is hidden somewhere in the kitchen.' With these words Jinks started up to make a search, followed by Nancy, in a towering passion. As soon as columbine and I were left alone, she told me she had never had so much fun in her life. 'Hide the hashed chicken under the table,' she said.

'Your proposal,' I answered, 'will hardly do; it will cause suspicion. We can play them some better trick than that.' I caught sight of the evening paper, unopened in its cover, lying on a side-table close by. I laid hold of it, and slipped it dexterously into the middle of the hash, hiding it under the joints of fowl. My future father-in-law returned.

'The soldier is not there; he has managed to get away;

but I will take good care this is the last time he shall come. Quick, Nancy, another wine-glass!

Nancy, who naturally had fallen into the sulks, set a glass on the table without saying a word. The governor took a spoon, and began to serve the hash. 'What do you call this?' he asked.

'That?' pouted Nancy; 'that's a leg of chicken.'

'But this hard substance here, which I feel with the spoon?'

'A bone, perhaps, or a piece of toast. Bones and crusts are neither of them soft.'

Jinks drew out the object in question. 'Heaven forgive me,' said he; 'tis this evening's paper! You have put the *Globe* into a hash. I cannot suppose you have done it on purpose; that would be abominable; but you certainly have lost your senses.'

Nancy gasped with wonderment; she had not strength to say a word in self-defence. She stood with her arms a-kimbo, petrified with stupefaction. Columbine was choking with laughter. 'Gracious goodness,' said the governor, 'what a fool the girl is!' So saying, pantaloons—excuse my giving him that name,—wiped the paper with his napkin and opened it. 'Let us see how things are going on to-day. That Neapolitan question will ruin me.' He put on his spectacles, threw himself back in his arm-chair, and read with difficulty, because his eyesight was not too good, 'To-day, Prince Procrastini, the Austrian envoy-extraordinary, had a second interview with the king—(Ah, so much the better!)—with the king. It was observed, that after his departure from the royal presence, several couriers for—(Nancy, put the candle a little nearer this way).'

Nancy did so. Whilst he went on spelling out his news, I quietly drew a lucifer-match, and set fire to the paper. Pantaloons and Nancy uttered a simultaneous exclamation—one of terror, the other of rage.

'It really is no fault of mine,' said Nancy, beginning to lose her senses in earnest. 'The candle is tall, and the paper caught fire below. I am sure the house must be bewitched.'

'The house is bewitched, is it, you impudent hussy? Leave it, then, instantly, before another five minutes.'

He followed her into the kitchen, and desired her to mount upstairs and pack her boxes. I seized the opportunity to decamp, after stealing a kiss from columbine, who declared that she should die with laughing.

Next day I fancied the old gentleman treated me rather coldly. Did he suspect any thing? Nancy was reinstated in her place. All I know is, that he remarked to my aunt, 'Your nephew seems rather a light young man.' But she turned it off with the clever remark, that though my complexion was fair for a man, my hair was not red, nor even sandy. She then took advantage of the opportunity to sound my praises in every respect, and immediately sent pantaloons a splendid present of half-a-dozen pots of currant-jelly for his roast mutton, made with her own fair and maiden hands. I tried hard to intercept her peace-offering, that I might remove the jelly, and put a dead rat into every empty pot; but adverse circumstances prevented me. What a capital stago-trick it would have been!

The pantomime-costumes still ran in my head. When over I thought of our future home-circle during the honeymoon (for it was agreed that I should live with Jinks and his daughter), I pictured to myself my father-in-law and my bride moving about the house in the dress I have alluded to, and myself, as clown, doing the honours. I imagined the rooms filled with trap-doors, sliding panels, and all sorts of unexpected contrivances to astonish the vulgar herd of morning-callers.

At last an opportunity occurred of partially realising my desires. I greedily seized it. A grand fancy-ball was to be given at the Heligoland Square Rooms, for the benefit of the sufferers in the Chinese insurrection. Jinks's name, to his great annoyance, was forced upon the committee-list; and every body, myself included, told him that his duty was to

sanction that noble charity with his influential presence. He yielded graciously; and to me was deputed the task of choosing the costume.

'You know better than I what will suit me,' said the governor, taking me confidentially by the button; 'something simple, dignified, and majestic, proper for a man with my means and position. Nothing absurd and out-of-the-way.'

'What do you think of a Turkish dress?'

'The Turks,' he said, after a moment's reflection, 'generally maintain a stately carriage; but the Eastern question has altogether been such a loss to me, that I feel rather a grudge against Turkey.'

'How would you like to be an alchemist, or an enchanter?'

'I should prefer that, the alchemist especially. Enchanters are only nonsense, fit for fairy-tales and advertisements. However, I leave it all to you; but at my age 'tis a great sacrifice to make, to dress myself out in a fancy costume.'

On the day appointed, I arrived at Jinks's, followed by a porter (a theatrical dresser disguised as such) and a cargo of boxes. One of these was opened; and the contents displayed a complete and vivid-coloured pantaloons dress.

'What the deuce is this?' said Jinks in amazement.

'A costume of the reign of James II.' (My father-in-law cloaked was theoretically, historically a Jacobite to the backbone.)

'Are you quite sure that this was the fashion in poor dear James II.'s days?'

'Nathan will give you a certificate that the king himself wore it at the court of France.'

'And this very absurd peruke?'

'Absurd! It once belonged to Lord Clarendon!'

All scruples were silenced. With the dresser's assistance, he was soon attired. Clariissa, under Nancy's hands, was converted into columbine; and I, rejoicing in my destiny, became clown with a rapidity known only on the stage. Jinks growled when he looked at me.

My happiness was approaching its climax. We started together in a glass-coach I had engaged. But the human heart is never content. On the way a fancy entered my head which caused the abrupt termination of my matrimonial prospects, and brought my talents to the public service. I was not satisfied with merely putting the Jinkses into travesty; pantaloons must play a bit of the part as completely as dandy-buck had done.

Our entrance into the ball-room made a great sensation. Columbine was instantly carried off by a partner. I, properly powdered and painted, entered thoroughly into the spirit of my part. I got out of Jinks's way as much as I could, to avoid being tempted to the actually disrespectful action of giving him the classical buffet and slap. I vented my impetuosity on empty air; I wrestled with shadows, and played tricks with nonentities. The company were charmed with my personation. The whole room was in a roar of laughter, and I soon felt all the inspiration of the Pythoness. By a sad fatality, pantaloons unexpectedly stood at my elbow, grinning fatuously in perfect style. It was too much; I could resist no longer. My muscles trembled all over my frame; my brain was in the excited state of etherised intoxication. I gave him such a thundering box on the ear. Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen and heard it!

In two minutes, pantaloons and columbine were gone. I was suddenly left alone in my glory. Before I could collect my thoughts, a splendid Sardanapalus whispered in my ear that he was the manager of the Park Theatre; and that if I would relinquish any engagement I might be thinking of for the approaching pantomime season, he would take care to make it up to me liberally. He asked me to call at the green-room next morning. I did so; and you saw the result to-night. It's a delightful life, when one has not got the toothache. But our professional columbine at the Park is

neither so young nor so pretty as Clarissa, nor has pantaloon ever asked me to dinner. All that I have seen of the Jinkses ever since, is that they were on a front seat in the boxes three nights ago. At the end of one of my most brilliant scenes (in which I gave the real pantaloon the very same box on the ear which I had previously rehearsed at the faucy-ball) Jinks laughed heartily and turned rather red; Clarissa, on the contrary, instead of laughing according to custom, looked as if she were going to cry. And yesterday there was an advertisement in the second column of the *Times*, which could only be meant for me, stating 'that the past should be forgiven,' and all the rest of it. An anonymous five-pound note has lately reached me, directed in my kind aunt's handwriting 'to Signor Giacomo.' So, I suppose I shall have to come down to plain 'Jones' again. But I must run the season through, or at least enjoy my success a few nights longer. It would not be fair to Sardanapalus to rob him of his clown at a moment's warning. How the dear public will miss me! I expect every day to receive a deputation from the Jinkses and my maiden-aunt; and if I do yield to their entreaties (which I think I shall for Clary's sake), by George! Wilson, the Temple of Hymen in my wedding-scene shall exhibit a tableau of unrivalled splendour."

GROWING OUR OWN TEA.

In the year 1828, an adventurous British merchant, Mr. Robert Bruce, penetrated to the capital of Assam, at that time a province of the Birman Empire, and almost unknown to Europeans. The traveller's object was simply to barter his goods and to open up a new trade. Fortunately, however, he had also a taste for botany, and thus discovered that the tea-plant was indigenous to the country. He accordingly made an arrangement with a Singpho chief for a supply of young plants at his next visit. But it fell out otherwise. In the following year commenced the first Birmanese war, in the course of which Mr. Bruce's brother commanded a small flotilla of gun-boats. In this capacity he arrived at Sadiya; and there, to his surprise, was shown the agreement entered into by his relative and the native chieftain, who subsequently furnished him with several hundreds of plants.

No further steps appear to have been taken until 1832, when Mr. C. A. Bruce drew Lord William Bentinck's attention to the importance of this new opportunity for the employment of British capital and enterprise. But it needed the waste of yet two more years before official inertia could be so far overcome as to sanction the appointment of a committee for the purpose of introducing the culture of tea into the British dominions. The delay would no doubt have been still greater, had Assam been directly governed by the Crown. In that case, there is little likelihood that more would have been done to further this object than has been done to develop the resources of other colonies and dependencies. The commercial occupations and utilitarian habits of the majority of the East Indian Directors have rendered them peculiarly capable of judging of the merits of any scheme for the material improvement of the country placed under their control; and they have consequently been ever ready to afford all reasonable encouragement and assistance to useful and practical projects. Not many months after the appointment of the above-mentioned committee, Mr. C. A. Bruce was sent into Upper Assam to establish tea-nurseries and to superintend their management. So successful was the experiment, that in 1839 two-thirds of the Government factories and plantations were taken up by the Assam Tea Company, which started with a capital of 500,000*l.* in 10,000 shares of 50*l.* each. This company already possesses above 3000 acres in a high state of cultivation, and is only restrained from an indefinite increase by the difficulty of procuring labour. At first it was necessary to employ Chinese, as every thing depends upon the delicacy of manipulation. The native Assamese, indeed, were easily

instructed in the method of plucking the leaves, and were made serviceable in the humbler branches of the process of manufacture. But for some time it was found difficult to overcome their repugnance to letting themselves out, which they considered as derogating from their independent position as occupiers of land on their own account. This prejudice, however, is now gradually yielding to the temptation of certain and regular payments in actual money. Presuming on their importance, the Chinese displayed more than their characteristic insolence and insubordination, until their presence became intolerable, and their dismissal imperative. No inconvenience has thence arisen, their place being ably supplied by Europeans. But in spite of all the obstacles which impede a new enterprise, especially in the East, the produce has year by year steadily increased in quantity and improved in quality. The crop of the past season thus amounts to 558,628 lbs, or above 80,000 lbs in excess of the crop of the previous year. Of green teas no great quantity has yet been made; but the genuine excellence of the black teas—such as Congou Souchong, Orange Pekoe, and Flowery Pekoe—has been acknowledged by even the somewhat severe tribunal of the Analytical Sanitary Commission. The result to the shareholders of the company is a dividend of seven per cent, which in succeeding years will be largely augmented, as the cultivation of the plant is extended, and the expenses proportionately diminished.

The finest tea-districts in China lie between the 25th and 33d degrees of north latitude; in Assam between the 27th and 28th. In both countries it is found to thrive best on a light, porous, yellow loam, belonging to the clay-slate formation, and unfit for the production of cotton, tobacco, or sugar-cane, but not unsuitable for cereals. In Assam the tea-tracts are mostly situated in the plains, though on undulating slopes. "The plants seem to love and court moisture, not from stagnant pools, but running streams." In another place the same writer observes: "There should be plenty of water near the roots, but the plant should always be above inundation." He also speaks of it as being so hardy as to live in any soil, if kept in the shade after being transplanted until it has taken good root. Black and green teas are often gathered from the same bush; but the choicest green varieties are produced by superior culture and soil, and are influenced by the age of the leaves, as well as by being prepared after a peculiar method. There are usually three, occasionally four gatherings in the year. The earliest, which takes place in April, is the most highly esteemed, as it consists of the young leaf-buds while still covered with a whitish down. The second gathering comes off in the early part of June. The leaves are then of a dull-green colour, and are plucked in great quantities; but are inferior in delicacy and aroma to those gathered in April. A third crop is obtained in July, when the leaves are dark-green, and are only fit for making the coarser kinds of teas.

Mr. Bruce tells us, that "the sun has a material effect on the leaves; for as soon as the trees that shade the plants are removed, the leaf, from a fine deep-green, begins to turn into a yellowish colour, which it retains for some months; and then again gradually changes to a healthy green, but never becomes thicker; and the plant throws out far more numerous leaves than when in the shade. The more the leaves are plucked, the greater number of them are produced; if the leaves of the first crop were not gathered, you might look in vain for the leaves of the second crop. The tea made from the leaves in the shade is not nearly so good as that from leaves exposed to the sun; the leaves of plants in the sun are much earlier in season than of those in the shade; the leaves from the shady tracts give out a more watery liquid when rolled, and those from the sunny a more glutinous substance. When the leaves of either are rolled on a sunny day, they emit less of this liquid than on a rainy day. This juice decreases as the season advances. . . . If the large leaves for the black tea were collected on a

rainy day, about fourteen pounds of green leaves would be required to make two pounds of tea; but if collected on a sunny day, about eight pounds of green leaves would make two pounds of tea. . . . The leaves of the green tea are not plucked the same as the black, although the tree or plant is one and the same. . . . The green-tea gatherers are accommodated with a small basket, each having a strap passed round the neck so as to let the basket hang on the breast. With one hand the man holds the branch, and with the other plucks the leaf, one at a time, taking as high as the Souchong leaf; a little bit of the lower end of the leaf is left for the young leaf to shoot up close to it; not a bit of stalk must be gathered. This is a very slow and tedious way of gathering. The black-tea maker plucks the leaves with great rapidity with both hands, using only the forefinger and thumb, and collects them in the hollow of the hand; when his hand is full, he throws the leaves into a basket under the shade of the tree; and so quickly does he ply his hands, that the eye of a learner cannot follow them, nor see the proper kind of leaf to be plucked; all that he sees is the Chinaman's hands going right and left, his hands fast filling, and the leaves disappearing."

The Assamese are not equal to the Chinese in quickness of touch; and their plants are allowed to grow to double the height, which increases the fatigue of plucking. In China the plant seldom exceeds three feet, so that the gatherers pursue their calling while squatting down in their usual manner. But the Assamese has to stand up to his work. In the latter country Mr. Bruce fell in with some trees, in a wild state, three feet in circumference and fully sixty feet in height. Seedlings yield a small crop in the third year, but do not arrive at maturity under six years. The plant will live to the age of forty or fifty years. The green-tea Chinamen cut down their plants every ninth year, so as to have abundance of vigorous young shoots. The process of preparing the leaves for consumption has been too often told to need repetition in this place.

The similarity of temperature and of vegetable productions in the lower range of the Himalayas and in central China induced Dr. Royle to recommend the introduction of the tea-plant into the former locality. With its usual liberality, the Indian Government at once sanctioned the experiment; and a considerable number of young plants were accordingly imported from the southern parts of China, as being the most accessible. These, however, being found inferior to the teas grown in the interior, the Court of Directors sent out Mr. Fortune to obtain plants and implements, and even manufacturers, from the best districts of the celestial empire. That gentleman acquitted himself most successfully and satisfactorily; and under the superintendence of Dr. Jameson, the tea-plantations in the north-western provinces of India have become a permanent and profitable branch of the local agriculture. The principal Government plantations are situated in the Deyrah Dhoon, Eastern Gurhwal, and Kumaon. The Dhoon is a valley, sixty miles in length from east to west, and sixteen miles broad at the widest part. It lies between the Himalayas and the Sewalick range, in north latitude 30° 8'. In 1854, about 400 acres had been planted, of which only 150 were in a condition to make a return. These yielded between 10,000 lbs and 11,000 lbs of tea, or 70 lbs per acre; about 85 lbs of raw leaves, or 20 lbs of prepared tea, being obtained from 100 full-grown plants. According to Dr. Jameson, the Deyrah Dhoon is admirably adapted for the cultivation of the tea-plant. Grain crops are not remunerative, and the land at present lets for 1s. 9d. per acre. Labour is also cheap and abundant; both land and water carriage at hand; and no want of materials for manufacturing chests and implements, and for packing tea. At this plantation only black teas are prepared, which sell readily on the spot at prices varying from 1s. 3d. to 5s. per pound. The second-class teas are mostly purchased by natives, "partly for home consumption and partly for retail and barter with the Bhotas, who visit the Bugaissur Fair in considerable numbers in the cold weather."

In Eastern Gurhwal, also in 1854, about 200 acres were devoted to the cultivation of the tea-plant, yielding 5000 lbs of tea and 20,000 lbs of seeds. The site of this plantation had been previously covered with a dense jungle of oak, rhododendron, &c., assessed to Government at 2l. 8s. per annum. When properly cultivated, this land will give from 100 lbs to 230 lbs of tea per acre; and a vast tract may be turned to equally good account which at present is almost valueless. The Government nursery extends in terraces up the mountain, from an elevation of 4300 to that of 5300 feet above the level of the sea. Only black teas have yet been manufactured in this locality, averaging 5s. 10d. per pound.

In Kumaon there are two Government plantations. The one at Hawulbaugh is situated on the banks of the Kosila, on gently undulating land 4500 feet above the sea. No more than 52 acres were under cultivation in 1854; but excellent land abounds on all sides. Both black and green teas are made here; some of the latter averaging 6s. 4d. per lb, and the former from 4s. 4d. to 5s. 10d. The Bheemtal plantation consisted of about 80 acres, 4000 feet above the sea-level, producing the same teas, and commanding the same prices, as the preceding.

Tea-plantations have likewise been introduced into the Punjab with every prospect of success, but too recently to afford any substantial data. Indeed, it is obvious that the Government has nowhere pretended to do more than facilitate private enterprise and speculation. It has borne the heat and burden of the day, and now invites its subjects to gather the fruits of its experience. Already several native landholders have been induced to engage in the cultivation of tea, and most of the local prejudices against its introduction have gradually disappeared. The advantages offered are such as none but a native would hesitate to accept with eager alacrity. The Government has guaranteed that "no tea-lands shall be assessed at a higher rate than those otherwise cultivated, and that the rate shall in no case exceed one rupee per acre." The profits, however, are enormously greater than those derived from any other article of agricultural produce; and as well-grown plants may be readily procured from the nurseries, no long delay need occur in realising the due reward of a judicious application of labour and capital. It is strange, however, that no Europeans have yet been tempted to embark on so certain and profitable a speculation. The temperature at the elevation of 4000 feet is delightful throughout the greater part of the year, and at no season oppressive. Nor is any large amount of capital required either for the cultivation of the plant, or the manufacture of the leaves.

"The tea-plant," says Dr. Jameson, "is now thriving over 4½° of latitude and 8° longitude; or from Hazarah in the west to the Kali Nuddi in Kumaon in the east, and from Deyrah Dhoon in the south to Ramaserai in the north, over a tract containing upwards of 30,000 square miles. In this mighty tract there is such a quantity of land fitted for tea-cultivation as, if so used, would not only produce teas capable of supplying the whole of India, but the whole European market. . . . Nor is it necessary to occupy lands now used in growing grains. Let but the forest-land and the waste land be employed, and from them alone will be produced a supply equal to the consumption of Europe." Hemp, a plant indigenous in the Himalaya, can also be cultivated to any extent in the same localities; though at present it is in no great demand.

CHATTERTON.

(See the Engraving, p. 33.)

L

'Twas night, and like a pall the unstarr'd sky
Hung o'er the sleeping city; and the loud wind,
Shrieking and hissing like a curse, went by,
Leaving a fitful solemn pause behind,—

So wild, that beauty started from its dreams,
And misery from sleep's oblivious balm,
And listened trembling to the dirge-like screams,
And to the ghostly silence of the calm.

II.

In a garret, in sad keeping
With the weird and woful night,
Like a watcher o'er the sleeping,
Faintly glimmereth a light;
And near it is bent a stern pale face,
Heavy with sorrow, yet full of grace;
The burning gray eyes are flashing with scorn,
And the trembling hands in their fever have torn
Some locks of the flaxen hair.
He seemed a part of the storm that hurled
Its wild moun over the startled world—
That boy and his great despair.

III.

"Tis well, 'tis well! this wailing storm and I
Are meet companions in a voyage of doom;
Let us shriek out our two despairs and die.
The fame that ever from my hopes doth fly
Will hang all halo-like about my tomb.
The world that sees me die,—that does not see,
That recks not, cares not, how my heart doth break,—
Shall one day praise itself in praising me;
But not before my heart hath ceased to ache.
O God! O misery! how have I tried,—
How have I dreamed and worked and hoped in vain,—
Seen the gold dreams as they have paled and died,—
Myself a thing of glory, yet, like Cain,
Walking the earth wrapp'd in my hopes and pride,
My only two companions by my side!
Unloved, in this vast city all alone,
To make my memory pregnant with a glory
That will not live till I am like a stone
Unglowing with the magic of its story.
How I love life! and yet I would not live
Now that my dreams are scatter'd like a mist;
Not one is left for which to hope and strive—
Dead ashes that my burning lips have kissed.

See the black mass! a city full of souls
Not one like me—'tis better I should go—
Without a sympathy between our goals:
A God ungloried would be held a foe
Among these men of traffic. Gold, O God,—
Gold, gold would buy Thy throne amongst this throng!
Rather oblivion, lifeless as a clod,
Than sing, uncared for, all my heart's wild song
To these clay puppets as they cheat and plod.
How very sweet my dreams were;—like that speck
In the cloud-struck sky that seemeth bright and blue;
How bright and sweet! and now all, all a wreck,
A heaped-up mass of black, no speck of blue;
Nothing to love or hope or dream withal;
Not one sweet breast to pillow my hot head.
I feel my soul is broken in the fall;
'Tis but a ghost that babbles o'er its dead,—
Dead! ay, it must be so; I too must die,—
Die that the world may wako and weep and wonder,
And desecrate my ashes with a lie.
Hark, how the wind shrieks, heralding the thunder!—
Fit dirge for my dead hopes all unceas'd.
And whilst it recks the unloving world asunder,
I'll sleep—my anodyne its great unrest."

IV.

Fair woke the morning: storm and night and sadness
Slept in the tomb;
And the crimson sun, with all its life and gladness,
Cropt round the room,
Revealing the broken spirit and its madness
Gaunt in the gloom.

F. R. N.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE,

MAKES A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.

"The early bird gets the worm;" and "The cow that's first up gets the first o' the dew" (Scotch).—All languages bear similar testimony to the value of early rising. *E.g.* "The morning hour has gold in its mouth" (German).—*Morgenstund hat Gold in Mund.* "The fox fears not the boaster at night, but the early riser" (Servian). But there is another side to the question, since "For all one's early rising, the day dawns none the sooner" (Span.).—*Por mucho madrugar no amanece mas aina.*

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE. "Four eyes see more than two" (Span.).—*Mus veen quatro ojos que no dos;* and "Pope and peasant know more than the pope alone,"—*Su più il papa e un contadino che il papa solo,* as they say in Venice.



MUSIC IN EDUCATION.

WHETHER we English are or are not a musical people, is a problem that is perpetually being solved, but has never yet been satisfactorily or consistently settled. We are driven to widely different conclusions on the subject almost daily. Crowded oratorios, concerts, operas; the vast increase in the demand and supply of musical instruments; the cheapness of music, and the fact of its forming an invariable constituent of modern education,—all this would seem to decide the question at once in the affirmative. But, on the other hand, when we consider the nature of our "popular" music,—that which is performed at evening-parties, is whistled in the streets, and finds favour on barrel-organs,—can we maintain our position? Can we maintain it when we listen to the playing on the pianoforte of nineteen out of every twenty school-girls just "finished," and having had the advantage of lessons from experienced masters? Above all, when we hear the comments of their general audience, who applaud the "splendid execution," "firm touch," &c.; by which terms they recognise Jane or Laura's scrambling achievement of the showy difficulties invented for them by the *maestro* of the hour,—ponderous dashings at grand chords, with sublime disregard of right or wrong notes, the loud pedal happily mistifying all sounds in one fog of uproar and vagueness? All this is, in fact, rather to be looked on as an athletic exercise than a musical performance. It may, and doubtless does, develop the muscles of the elbow and wrist; but not one whit the taste for music that we hear so much about. The untaught child who goes singing about the house, or finds for himself the notes of "The Lass o' Gowrie" on the piano, which he plays with one finger all through to a self-invented bass, has more innate love of "the science of sweet sounds" in his soul than three-fourths of the accomplished young ladies who enchant society with their cadenzas, variations, *morceaux de salon*, and other elaborate trifles.

There is no good reason, however, why this should be. It seems to be simply one of the many cases in which people sacrifice reality to show. Music is regarded as inevitably *de rigueur* in a polite education as geography or the languages. But music, being a matter of taste and feeling, and not only of intellect, can by no means be learned in the same manner as French verbs or Pinnock's *Catechisms*. There must be a spontaneous delight in its study, an instinctive passion for that special form of beauty which we call harmony, or the student of music will never become a musician. It is waste

of time, therefore, when one who is indifferent on the subject is set to practise three or four hours a-day on the piano, in order to become a finished player. Granted sufficient perseverance, the mechanical difficulties may of course be overcome in time. But what is gained? Not music, be assured. Feats of dexterity may awake our wonder, but will never touch our feelings. Dreary "scales" and interminable "exercises" are as interesting to the ear of a true lover of music as the meaningless flourishes and *lours-de-force* with which too many accomplished pianists are content to spend their time in wrestling; for indeed it were a mockery to call such real hard work *playing*.

Among professed artists this style of performance is rapidly falling into desuetude; and we would hope that the fact argues a corresponding improvement in public taste. The "classical" style, as it is called, is gaining ground daily in all kinds of music. We confine ourselves to the pianoforte at present, however, as being the most domestic and universal "music-maker" of our English homes. And the music generally in vogue for this instrument affords an apt illustration of the wider general truths. We no longer at concerts hear those lengthy airs *con variazioni*; nor those tremendous fantasias, wherein one poor little tune used to be dragged in like a prisoner, guarded by a detachment of fierce chords, and was straightway subjected to all possible twistings, jerkings, and other tortures, till he died at the end of the piece with a bang and a crash and a fine *tremolo* on the key-note. Difficulty is no longer the only or predominant feature of all performances. The greatest pianists of Europe count it enough to fill their ambition if they can worthily interpret sonatas of Beethoven, concertos of Mendelssohn or Weber, which, in point of mere manual dexterity, may be mastered in one quarter of the time necessary to spend on the laborious brilliancy of the old school.

Let private performers, let both teachers and pupils, take a hint from this. There is doubtless an average amount of musical taste and ability existent among our educated classes. The mistake is in over-taxing and forcing it in individual instances. Laura,—who practises four hours every day before she can execute her grand piece in the murderous manner we have adverted to,—who either hates the very sight of the piano, or at the best looks on it as an enemy to be struggled with rather than a dear friend to talk with and to receive delight from,—Laura, if she were not compelled into attempting difficulties she cannot conquer, might very possibly succeed in deriving and bestowing some amount of real music by means of her misused pianoforte and much-tasked fingers. She has an amount of taste, which, properly cultivated, might become a resource and an enjoyment to her in future years, difficult to over-value. But under the present system of things, the germ of taste, not strong enough to burst through opposing influences, is smothered with what is supposed to be the necessary drudgery of a musical education. Take heart of grace, Laura; begin anew with some sweet simple strain of Haydn or Mozart, or even of Donizetti or Rossini. Let your capacity extend beyond the limits of what you attempt. Music is not to be fought with, but to be tenderly welcomed and cherished. Throw by those ponderous "pieces" thirty pages long; abjure those uninteresting *études*, which profess to exercise nothing but the fingers, and on which you spend so many precious morning hours;—unless your love of the divine art be powerful enough to make even *exercices pour les doigts* pleasant to you as moans to a great end, throw them aside. By themselves those said fingers are nothing, though they have all the exercises ever invented perfectly at their control: they are but—as the dictionary to the writer, the colours to the artist—tools; worthless in themselves, valuable only inasmuch as they are soul-directed.

But Miss Jane, on the other hand, has no inclination whatever for music. Her ear is defective, she cannot sing the simplest air correctly, she has the vaguest idea of time. It is sheer absurdity to apprentice her to *Euterpe*, as it were, in the same way as a boy is set down to learn car-

pentering or watchmaking. As reasonably might the latter be attempted in a case where the boy lacked fingers or eyesight.

In a word, let the taste and feeling for music, where it exists, be fitly cultivated, but never forced. In the rarer instances, where it is altogether absent, have the grace to resign peacefully what can never be possessed worthily. Let all musical efforts in such cases be at least strictly confined within the tolerably wide area of *dance-music*. Quadrilles and polkas in such cases are advantageous, in the same way as empty rooms, wherein children are allowed to play because they cannot do any mischief there. Besides which, it must be added, that they are susceptible of giving a considerable amount of pleasure to many classes of listeners; a result never to be obtained under the ordinary conditions of ambitious young-lady performances.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSTRUCTION AND USE OF SPECTACLES.

DEAR MRS. HOME,—As you invite in your prospectus any contributions that may add to the improvement or welfare of your family circle, I send you my little offering, which, though small as a grain of mustard-seed, contains a germ which I know (as an experienced old man) will grow in value, and become of national importance; and therefore cannot be scattered better than in the good soil of the *National Magazine*.

It is a simple suggestion regarding the *right use of spectacles*, or rather the *right construction of spectacles*, for the purposes of reading, writing, &c. I am not going into the subject scientifically like an optician; but from my own experience and common sense, I gather that ever since spectacles were invented,—which, I believe, was in the year 1300,—they have been till very lately badly constructed, and the mode of wearing them injurious to the eyes. Nearly twenty years ago, it occurred to a friend of mine that, though he required the magnifying power of glasses to read or write or see objects that were near to him, but did not require them to see distant objects, it might injure the natural powers of his sight to be constantly looking at all objects through the artificial medium and wrong focus; he therefore had a pair of spectacles made of two semicircular lenses (instead of circular), by which means, when he looked down to read or write, he saw through the half-circular glass; but when he raised his eyes to look at more distant objects, he looked over the half-glass, and thus enjoyed his natural vision. This plan he also thought likely to prolong the powers of sight. He has since told me that his anticipations were realised. This important idea of my old friend has been caught up within the last few years by some opticians, who have better applied the idea than my friend did by his semicircular lenses.

Spectacles may now be had with nearly circular glasses (the top part of the lens being only a little flattened); and the desired object of being able to look over them when not reading is effected by making the bridge, which rests on the nose and connects the two lenses, to stand higher than the glasses, by which means they sink below the eye, thus:—



THE NEW FORM.



THE OLD FORM.

I have myself worn spectacles for thirty years; and though necessary for reading and writing, I always found them very trying to the eyes when I was obliged, by having them on, to look at every object, distant or near, through them for perhaps twelve or fourteen hours every day; and, as every one does, found them excessively annoying in moving about the house or walking down stairs. I have for the last twelve months made use of the new glasses, by which I find my eyes greatly relieved; and the absence of all annoyance from wrong focus, and the pleasure of enjoying the natural sight when looking up from the paper or book, is beyond expression: for, be it remembered, that though it may be necessary in the study or the counting-house for the author or the merchant to have his spectacles on his nose for twelve hours, ready for the action or the word, yet the actual use of them on the paper off and on may not exceed four hours; the eyes during the remainder of the time being taken off from the book or paper for purposes of meditation, reflection, exchange of books, &c.

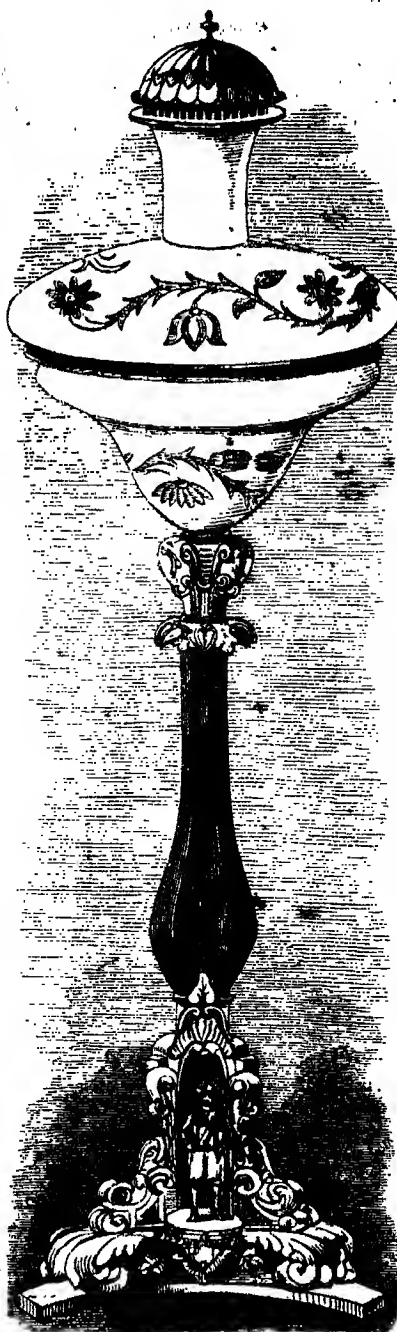
My remarks, and my experience on the importance of this improved spectacle, of course apply more particularly to long-sighted people, which the aged generally are, and not to those who are short-sighted, and possibly require the glass more continually for objects that are distant as well as for those that are near.

To be deprived of the natural freedom of vision by totally surrounding the eye for twelve or fourteen hours with an artificial lens and an absolute focus, for a definite distance only, is, I believe, injurious to the mind, and must have some effect upon the character.

That there is a reciprocal action between the eye and the mind, which it is childish to suppose can be arbitrarily dispensed with, might easily be shown by every-day experience; but which, perhaps, for my purpose, is best verbally and definitely borne witness to by the acknowledgment of Sir Isaac Newton, who, in writing to Locke on what he suffered from looking too long at the sun, says: "The spectrum of the sun began to return as often as I began to meditate on the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight, with my curtains drawn!" I will only add, How destructive such a mere organic effect must have been to the otherwise free meditations of the great philosopher!

CONTRASTED LIVES.

We know something of the lives of those around us; but our knowledge is very partial, our experience very limited. There are griefs, as there are joys, into which even the dearest friend rarely enters, the outside world never. Yet even with vision thus clouded, how much there is to consider thoughtfully in differing fates; how much might be learned



INDIAN MODERATOR LAMP. [GARDNER.]

of faith, patience, and contentment, did we regard our fellow-creatures with more sympathy, and meditate more earnestly upon what we saw!

But we blindly judge by appearances, or at the best argue from circumstances. Where these are favourable, we find it difficult to imagine other than happy results. We do not remember that we all of us bring more to circumstances than they can possibly bring to us. The spirit that receives is the true fate. In other words, it is only inasmuch as we are in harmony with the Giver of all things that we can be truly blessed by His gifts, whether they be of flowers or thorns.

"They must be very happy," we say, mentally enumerating and summing up certain external advantages and possessions. And we are astonished when, the veil being suddenly lifted, we some day catch a glimpse of shadow and gloom, instead of the radiance we had presupposed to exist.

On the other hand, we equally wonder when we see cheerfulness and contentment going hand-in-hand with trial, poverty, or privation. That affliction must make people miserable, that difficulty must inevitably include anxiety, incessant, wearing, and depressing, are propositions which to many logicians appear incontrovertible and only reasonable. It is in the natural order of things that it should be so, they maintain; and lift their hands, as at a miracle, when they plainly see this "natural order" subverted.

And how often it is so, many a one will testify. How many can recognise in the brightest serenest person of their acquaintance some invalid, necessarily exempted from two-thirds of those pleasures and enjoyments which the most ordinary life possesses in itself, and bearing besides the ever-chafing burden of weakness and suffering! Either the negative or the positive ill were enough, we say to ourselves, to darken a life. Yet it is not so. Look farther and deeper, and we shall see, far below the sharp stones and tangled herbage of the surface, the fountain of peace springing frothily up, making beautiful and fruitful even that which to our careless eyes looks so desolate and bare.

We pity the poor in purse, the weak in limb. But rather should we com-

passionate that poverty of the soul which neither affords a fit welcome to prosperity, nor possesses the cheerful courage with which to encounter adversity. Strength of spirit causes the life of the cripple to be more truly happy than that of many a one who glories in the lusty vigour of his manhood. The riches which make life valuable are not contained in gold-mines or coined in earthly mints. Contrasts enough there are in human existence, but we are apt to mistake very often on which side turns the balance of happiness.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness,"—ay, and its own sweetness too.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. V.

PAINTED BY ARTHUR HUGHES.

APRIL LOVE.

Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret;
Eyes with idle tears are wet,
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

Alfred Tennyson.

APRIL LOVE.

This picture of Mr. Hughes's, which was exhibited at last year's Academy, is one of the sweetest love-poems that has delighted England since Coleridge's "Genevieve,"—a poem which was indeed written with the feather from an angel's wing and with ink distilled from the brightest amaranths that grow beside the everlasting gate.

Story Mr. Hughes has none; but he has done better than being merely dramatic or picturesque—he has painted for the heart as well as the eye. His scene opens in a bower, and the season is that portion of spring which melts into summer. Some quarrel has hurt "love" with its "jar and fret;" but it has passed now. The lover bends in anguish under the weight of her too sweet forgiveness; and she, with at once the tear and the smile in her face,—is she not a perfect embodiment of *April Love*?

In detail the picture is full of quaint beauty and grace. The knotted and wrinkled bark of the woodwork of the arbour, the heraldic ivy-leaves, the glimpse of bright foliage through the doorway,—all conduce to the painter's effect. As for the maiden, she is the most ladylike and sweet of pictorial creations. Her head is most beautifully poised, and its curls hang lightly and airily. The eyes are very tender and tearful, and the fine chiselled mouth seems to quiver as the planned grass in the meadows does when the breeze summers through. The jewelled heart round her slender neck, and the flower in the lover's hand, are excellent poetical thoughts, and not the less so because they are obvious. Love, so difficult to paint and describe, has been done justice to by Mr. Hughes.

EPISODE OF HORROR

IN THE LIFE OF A STRONG-MINDED FEMALE IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

My name is Clementina Sparesbanks. I am a single gentleman, possessed of high bird-like aristocratic features, and a spare yet athletic person. My age is thirty-seven years; but I do not call myself an old maid, as I hold it presumptuous to anticipate Heaven's decrees in that respect. And though I am at present, and have been for the said thirty-seven years, self-sustaining, it is by no means definitely settled that I should always remain so. I have been always considered a strong-minded woman. My poor dear mother, who is dead and gone, thought so. I entertain the same view; indeed, it has ever been my aim so to regulate my life that perfect dignity combined with extreme affability, a strict observance of the most rigid propriety balanced by benevolence to the weakness of poor humanity in others, have hitherto characterised me.

This very summer my nephew, Jacob Sparesbanks, returned from school for the vacation. He was fifteen, and uncommonly intelligent. Though he often used expressions which I failed entirely to comprehend, he assured me they were much in fashion, and perfectly understood at school. One morning this dear boy proposed to me that we should together make a short pedestrian tour (I was to pay the expenses), urging that Jack Harles and his sister had done so, and derived both instruction and amusement. Dear Jacob I he evidently felt as if I were a sister to him, and dwelt unceasingly and in glowing terms on the delights of being like wild Arabs, with no trunks, free as the air, and never certain where to dine, leaping like roebucks up the magnificent mountains of Scotland, and again crouching in the heather.

I resolved to enter into his ardour. I had studied Scotch so diligently as to be able, by the aid of the glossary, perfectly to understand the dialect as represented in the Waverley Novels. I had also perused with attention *Christie Johnstone*; and though I had never attempted to pronounce the language, nor had I, indeed, heard it spoken, I had no doubt

of being able to catch the accent after intercourse with the natives. I had more than once walked seven miles in one day. Every one agrees that under excitement all powers are doubled, and should I not be excited? My costume was modelled under Jacob's directions. A pair of boots were made for me, laced in front, decorated with drab cloth and brass; the toes were worked in hieroglyphics; their weight and beauty were excessive. I was unable to practise walking in them in the house as I had at first intended, as the nails which studded the soles either rooted me fast to the carpet or tore it up by handfuls. After several falls, therefore, I reluctantly relinquished this idea. For the rest, my gown was as short as my views of propriety admitted, and on my head I poised an enormous brown hat. I carried a sandwich-case, and Jacob bore a knapsack and small flask.

Thus armed to the teeth, we commenced our travels; and early one fine summer morning we alighted from the railway-carriage at an obscure station situated on the north coast of—shire in Scotland, and made our way over what appeared to me exceedingly rough ground towards the sea. I must confess, that within the first half-hour my new boot hurt my right foot dreadfully, and I went rather lame. Jacob said, however, that this inconvenience would soon wear off, which it did, after a fashion; for before long my left foot was even worse, so as materially to lessen the visible limp, and make me devoutly wish to take a turn on my hands. My nephew, innocent of the reason, declared with delight that I was "right as a trivet, and stepped out like an old game screw." I hardly understood this phrase; but as it was evidently intended as applause, I held my peace. Why should I tell my dear boy that every step I took made me feel as if I had two great gimlets boring holes in my heels? We walked eight miles, Jacob said; but I think he was mistaken; *I know* it was eighteen; and then we sat down to dine within view of a small row of mud cottages, which closely overlooked a swelling black sea. Unluckily Jacob took it into his head to sail in a boat, to see the caverns and rocks to better advantage; and I was to clamber up on to St. — Head, whence I might look out for him, if I would.

The day was lovely, so I ascended the height in question. I thought twenty times that my beating heart would break my ribs as I panted up the steep. At last I cautiously crawled to the edge of the precipice which overhung the sea, and inserted my heels and elbows so dexterously into the soft nooks as in some fashion to nail myself safely on, in the form of an impaled bat or spread eagle. Two steep crags lay to my left, one in the arms of the other, if I may be pardoned the impropriety of the simile; gashes of white quartz lay across them like snow-wreaths in the hollows; a pale scanty green clothed the dentilated tops; then came a stratum of rock, of purple-pink hue, mottled thickly with grass; then an abrupt black wall, and sobbing and hugging the sides was the dark gurgling water. Upright blocks of granite rose in the midst here and there to a great height, being, I doubt not, as many feet above the sea as their base was below its level. They stood their ground, isolated and self-supporting. Thousands of sea-birds were on the wing, whirling and screaming. Two or three were riding on the waves, floating over each swell like water-lilies sleeping in the sun. Now and then a seaweed-covered rock was left bare of water for an instant; I should hardly think it saw the sky for more than a few seconds each day; and round, and beyond, far and wide, for many and many a Scottish mile, lay the vast expanse of dim blue waters, specked by scores of white sails pushed out by the wind. Those sea-birds distracted me sadly; they flew above my head in circles, uttering long plaintive wails, and anon sharp impatient bitter cries, which sounded like "Go back, go back!" What did they mean? What could they want? Why were they not self-supporting like me? Below, to my right, the high cliff, chiefly composed of red sandstone, sheltered a miniature harbour for fishing-snacks, some dozen of which were anchored therein after their night's voyage. Women

and children were visible at times, and fishermen lounged about inertly, mending their nets. In addition to the visible abodes, the cliff was hollowed out and channeled in such a manner as to afford dwelling-accommodation for more of these amphibious mortals. I endeavoured to compose and elevate my mind, as well as securely to fix my person. I contemplated the dreadful yet interesting fate which awaited me in case I slipped and sank into the cold embrace of the never-satisfied ocean. I depicted to myself the horror of my friends on learning my tragical death. Presently this train of reflection was broken through by the appearance of a small skiff rounding the point. A couple of fishermen in scarlet caps were urging it on, and dear Jacob was gracefully reposing in the stern. He afterwards told me that he could at first hardly believe his eyes, beholding me perched like a female osprey on so inaccessible a spot. He waved his handkerchief; I would have done the same, had I dared to take my elbows out of the hollows. The vessel then rounded another corner, and was lost to my devouring eyes.

I hope I am not tiring my reader by this apparent lingering over minute details of little interest; but I shrink with natural bashfulness from approaching the horrible termination of that day.

When Jacob rejoined me, we started again, and for several more weary miles we trudged on. Whenever we got down on to the shore, the cliff uniformly rose up so abruptly, that it was at the hazard of my life that I attempted to ascend it. More than once I seemed to myself to be wriggling in the air, supported solely by Jacob's hand; and proceeded otherwise we could not, as where the cliff projected the sea was many feet deep at the base. No sooner were we on the "brae-head," and it was impossible for us to descend again, than a ghastly ravine stretched itself across our path, with briers and furze at the sides, and a bog at the bottom. A sea-mist likewise came on, which first hid the sea and then the cliff; it obscured alike the sky and the track, and would, I believe, have hidden Jacob himself, had I trusted him for one instant from my side; but this, I need hardly say, I did not do, but persisted in firmly holding his hand. Our motto was ever, like Excelsior, "Onwards, upwards."

It was about 8 p.m., that, thoroughly tired, we tramped into the village of —. It may be that my step was less elastic, and that Jacob's young moustache drooped so pensively as to be nearly invisible; but in me my native energy bore me bravely up, and lifted me nicely over the stones. We addressed ourselves to a decent road-side inn, but learnt that it was more than filled with travellers. It was, I ought to mention, Saturday night; and I found that the folks were disposed to regard with small charity and cold looks any unlucky pedestrians likely to cause trouble on the Sabbath-day. We proceeded further up the place, followed by a troop of children in a savage state. At the only other place which bore the semblance of an inn we were sturdily assured, that "Yil we might hae, but beds we shouldna." "They thoct that Tibbie Mackie up the toon let lodgings to travellers, but they were no sure; and she mightna care to be fashed wi' tramps on the Sabbath-e'en." On we journeyed to Tibbie Mackie, an aged and cankered female, who came out of her house to "glower" at us, and inquire, "where the, puir soger-lad and that daft woman had come frae;" and then informed us that "her house was let to kent folk." So we proceeded further up this odious village, attended by an escort which increased momentarily in numbers. Every one refused to take us in, until I could have sat down and wept over their hardness of heart.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity!"

as poor Hood says.

At length, among the silent gazers around, one grave dark woman, after staring steadily for some minutes into a waterbutt, as though to collect inspiration from its depths, uttered in a solemn voice this remarkable sentence:

"I aye lets lodgings to decent bodies."

"You are the woman for us, then," exclaimed Jacob.

We did not hesitate to consider ourselves "decent bodies;" and, in the hope that our hostess might prove the same, we followed her into her house.

"Ye'll be man and wife noo?" she said interrogatively.

I answered with dignity that we were otherwise connected, and required accommodation accordingly.

We entered her kitchen, at the further end of which were two box-beds. My readers north of the Tweed will understand what these were; but for the benefit of the uninitiated, I would remark, that they are beds inserted in the wall, like shelves in a wardrobe, or an oven, with this difference, they can't be drawn out. Between them was the passage down which it was presumable the other apartments were to be found. A great turf and wood fire blazed in the wide chimney, old, black, rambling, and vast as it was. About a dozen herrings were swimming in grease and frizzling in a frying-pan, filling the air with their odour. Eight wild-looking young people, with their long hair dangling about their necks, were crouched round, eyeing us askance, and pushing each other into view.

Mrs. Jean pulled out a black pipe, exceedingly short in the stem, and having lit it, composedly puffed away. I was resolved to be accommodating, at any rate for that evening; so when she stuffed and handed me a similar article, I placed it between my lips, having previously explained to her that I preferred it without the tobacco being ignited.

Presently, an oldish man with a pack on his back entered. He was attired in a suit of rusty black, and had a very red nose.

"Can I have a bed here?"

Mrs. Jean responded, without taking the pipe out of her mouth, in precisely the same words as before, "I aye lets lodgings to decent bodies."

So he likewise seated himself; and the scene appeared to me to resemble more or less an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Being, I confess, sorely tired, I requested to be conducted to my bedroom. Mrs. Jean arose, and we proceeded along the passage,—which I discovered was only four feet long, and without a door at either end,—into a small room, in which were three beds; and the floor of it was of mud, or dirt, as children call it. One little window, composed of a thick pane of green glass, was fastened into the whitewashed wall, so as to give small hope of light, and none of air. Not another article of furniture was visible; and the good woman set down her candle, and, with her arms a-kinbo, looked round with an air which said, "Now what do you think of that? Are these not lodgings to set before a queen?" Now, my heart sank within me; but having the fear of man and also of woman before my eyes, I merely said, "Is this *my* room?" To which she answered cheerily, "Ye'll lie i' that bed; for women aye lie safer than men (parenthetically), and your lad will lie i' that bed, and the packman—decent mon—will lie i' the corner;" whereon she quitted me.

Some dreadful moments passed in dumb horror on my part. Violated propriety, injured modesty, stood aghast. Long venerated conventionalities were to be set at naught; and I, a single gentlewoman, against whom scandal had never yet lifted its forked tongue, was to be placed in the most delicate and questionable position. However, I recalled to memory all the suffering that had been endured by my sex since the creation, and braved my nerves to face the dread inevitable. I first rolled away the pillow and sheets, which looked as if they had afforded shelter to some score of decent bodies and their travelling companions. I was firmly resolved that not fear of torture or death should induce me to undress. I rolled my gown as tightly as possible round me, lay down, and drew the counterpane over me up to my chin. My first trial was Jacob's entry.

"Aunt Clem, where have you put yourself?"

"Here!" I exclaimed, dashing off my covering and sitting erect on my couch, so as to show him at once that I was in full dress. I then recounted to him our fate.

Poor nephew Jacob seemed a good deal more overcome than I anticipated or even wished; for he turned away, sitting down on his bed, and hiding his face in his hands. From the convulsive motion of his shoulders, he was evidently sobbing. At length, a kind of hysterical laugh warned me to recall him to actual life.

"Jacob," I said, "turn hither."

"Yes," he said, "Aunt Clem;" and his eyes were betrayingly bright, and the tears actually stood in them.

"Yes, Aunt Clem; what am I to do?"

"Do?" I said desperately; "do as I have done, and get under your counterpane dressed as you are, and pray that we may neither of us be eaten up alive before morning."

"Nor burnt," he added piously; "for that pedlar's nose in the kitchen looks red-hot enough to set the bedclothes on fire; and spontaneous combustion is a common thing in this country."

"Wake me," I said, "if you think such a fate will really befall that disreputable wayfarer."

"I can kick you in a friendly manner," returned Jacob; "for I see my feet are close to your head."

Before long, the packman really came in. Under these trying circumstances, I braved the immediate dread of being smothered, and modestly drew the coverlet entirely over my head. In less than one minute his clothes were deposited in a little stack on the floor, and he was in bed. I was a prey to the most agitating thoughts and fears. However, the night sped on, and I slept.

It seemed the middle of the night, when a heavy tramp broke on my ear, approaching nearer and nearer. Mrs. Jean entered in her night-clothes, followed by what was undoubtedly the largest militiaman I ever saw in my life. Jacob kicked me violently about the head and shoulders; but it did not need that to call my attention to this gigantic apparition. Mrs. Jean again quitted us; and once more I shrouded myself under the coverlet, but this time in speechless terror. I cautiously uncovered one eye. There stood the young colossus in the centre of the room, raw-boned, large-cared, with his yellow hair shorn half-way up his head behind to allow of his leather stock.

Moments flew on; still there he remained, apparently quite undecided where to bestow his huge person. Desperation nerved me. I had often heard of the powerful effect of the human eye. There was a hole in the counterpane the size of half-a-crown, and to this I applied one orbit, firing it with as much of a Van-Amburg expression as I could call up, and kept it unblinking and sternly on him. He gazed at it in return for full five minutes like one spell-bound. Exhausted nature could not have endured much longer, and that very eye was *just about to wink*, when he made a startling noise, and commenced flinging off his things at last, to my extreme relief, depositing himself in the "decent mon's" bed. The tossings and groanings of that unhappy son of Mars were something wonderful. He snorted and snored, turned and writhed, until I heard the pedlar exclaim:

"Heeh, you wearyfu' mon, you gar me gang clean daft. Can ye no refrain frae daein yer maw'nual exereecese i' bed?"

While I was trying to think whether this adventure could ever be so shaped as to admit of its being written even in my private diary, I fell asleep, and slept, I confess, soundly.

The woman appeared again, attired as before, in dusky white, and shook up the soldier, saying with a sort of pathos, "Get up, my bonnie laddie; you've a weary tramp afore ye."

So he thrust himself into his uniform, and cast one awe-stricken glance at my couch; but my one eye again glanced fiercely at him out of the porthole, and he disappeared.

Now, when the fresh sun streamed broadly into the little mud-floored, low-roofed chamber, I just popped out my head, thinking I would have one glimpse of the pedlar; and I hope I may be pardoned if I laughed at aught which was unwomanly and derogatory to behold. On his head was a conical white night-cap. His nose hung over the sheets

like a rich ripe tomato. It is to be supposed he found the atmosphere warm, for he had thrust his feet out at the bottom of the bed, and at that very moment was engaged in reconnoitring his toes, fanning them gently backwards and forwards, wagging them separately, and regarding them stedfastly, probably with admiration. I counted their number,—ten toes, as black as ink, and distinct as obelisks,—and having noted their colour and appearance, I hid myself again, feeling that if the packman were airing his dusky extremities, it was no business of Clementina Spareshaunks to spy into his recreations. When he vanished, which he did in due time, I summoned courage to leave my restless couch also.

Never, never shall I forget the nature of that night's reflections! It has ever been a consolation to me to think that under those trying circumstances I bore my part with fortitude and courage. That day I transferred to Jacob my purse, and returned home more than satisfied with that eventful episode in the life of a strong-minded gentlewoman.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

ART AND NATURE, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By GEORGE W. THORNBURY. Hurst and Blackett.

THE author of this book prefaces it with the intimation that some of its chapters are the result partly of "notes made on the back of his passport during many tramping artist-tours." For other chapters he sought his inspiration no further than in a Cheapside-walk, beginning them when the "ice was jostling and grinding against the great Thames bridges, and concluding his work when the old City lay panting, open-mouthed, for air under the blaze of a summer's sun." These miscellaneous influences are all vividly reflected in his pages.

Mr. Thornbury has the eye of an artist; he beholds pictures in every thing, or rather suggestions of pictures; and with a few bold strokes of his pen—we were about to write pencil—he makes us see what he sees, and enjoy what he so evidently enjoys. His very preface (and we all know what it is to shudder at a preface) is in itself a pleasing little chapter. Who does not feel a sympathy with the man who, in a hot August afternoon, casting longing glances at the corner where leans his old notched and worn Alpen-stock, builds up strawberry-ices and imagines them "Alpses" crimson with sunset? Who has not shared with him the delusion that the gratified bow of the smiling landlord was an honour peculiar to himself? Who would not glow at the remembrance of his "first palm-tree," his "first view of the Tiber?" Nevertheless, we had rather turn over the contents of our artist's portfolio, his sketches with their broad contrasts of light and shade, his effective little touches of scarlet, so dear to all painters, than we would stand before his finished picture. Elaboration, whenever displayed, is at present with him too visibly an art, and we cannot join at present in his longings for larger canvas and larger brushes.

Mr. Thornbury is a Londoner, and a worthy and admiring son of his great parent, whose face he has known and loved from childhood. Let him speak for himself.

"Do you know a city, reader, with miles, thousands of miles of streets; with houses—huge blocks of brute matter, pierced with holes, no more, as far as regards any hidden laws of beauty; yet at twilight toning down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendour of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of Purgatory. For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of colossal darkness veiling life, is there any thing to equal

London by night? It may be ruin, it may be dead empire; but there it is, gliding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repetition which is incontestably sublime.

Talk of Paris, with its glittering whiteness, its fountain-squares, its columns and arches, its monaster domes, its swift narrow river, chained and subjugated by bridges, its stainless sapphire air, and light, laughing, restless crowds,—what is that to London, on a bright March blustering day, with its million chimney-pots, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its torrent-rush of endless crowds, rough and tumultuous, and its great canopy of vapour, fire-voined, now sun-smitten, now driven up in tempest-heaps, now thinning and growing glorified with light?

What pictures by night! Walk for hours, walk till the foot grows sore and the brain grows weary, still lamps, lamps, and floods of moon and life, rushing, toiling through a thousand veins. Set your face westward, and determine to tear through this wearying sooth of life, and get into the green fresh fields, for which you gasp like a parched lizard—you cannot do it. Three hours—still houses and lamps and streets; you turn back and obey your doom; for the country flies you, or you are pursued by the houses."

Where there exists strong moral contrasts there will be always poetry. Nor can we wonder that our author finds so much of this kind in London. We must add, however, that much of it exists in the moral suggestiveness of the objects described, rather than in such forms as directly express beauty, and the charm of which is independent of their associations. The expression of London may be poetical; but, with rare exceptions, as much cannot be said for its physique.

The chapter on indoor and outdoor life,—the life of London and the life of the continental cities, with Paris at their head,—is sketched with spirit, and on the whole with discrimination. For example:

"English life is domestic, French is social; and in those epochs we characterise their best aspects. English life being more concentrated and restricted, has a tendency to become narrow and selfish; French life, too diffuse and too varied, has a tendency to become frivolous and restless. The English tradesman wanting dinner, paces slowly to the murky dining-room, say of an alley in Fleet Street, dives silently into his walled-up stall, in a place dark before two o'clock, at least in winter. The Frenchman goes, say to the Palais Royal, and sits down with four strangers at a marble table open to all eyes. Ladies are there, unshaded at and unheeding; crowds of soldiers are laughing and chatting; the room is elegant and the ceiling painted. It is no more like Wine-office Court than an Esquimaux hut is like the Louvre. But the Englishman likes the comfortable,—that wonderful word foreigners admire, but laugh at. He likes the snug home-feeling, the old waiter, the fireplace, the sanded floor: his fancy is one of association, and deals with the past as much as the present. But the Frenchman is altogether a being of to-day.

The Frenchman is gay and vivacious, so are his theatres, his statues, his shop-fittings, his manners. Abounding in animal spirits, his work appears effective and unstudied. The Englishman is dull, heavy, and laboured, weighed down by a dyspeptic sense of climate, air, and diet. The wine-drinker carols the songs of Béranger, all about love and the *danse* and *la belle France*. The beer-drinker flies to gloomy declarations of freedom, and ballads with tragical conclusions. Contrast London and Paris: the one with its many bridges, sable river, miles of dark roofs and smoky clouds, through which emerges one mighty dome crowned by a glittering cross; the other, a sunny mass of brightness, with fountain-squares, roads lined with trees, triumphal arches, columns, showy statues, and stately buildings;—the one city full of quaint nooks and odd surprises; the other of broad piazzas and records of greatness; the one all smoke and fog and blackness, the other all gold, azure, and sky and sun. The one city drives us indoors to escape melancholy, the other out of doors to participate in its beauty. Imagine rows of little marble tables down Cheapside; imagine black walled-up shops, like so many private vaults, stretching along the Boulevards. A Frenchman is educated by the society of the café, by its elegance and splendour; there he learns to prefer others to himself; to respect the weak, and he does not elbow or tread on toes, or bully waiters, merely because the waiter is polite and well-mannered as himself. There is no position to earn, to fight for, or to maintain.

Clubs and cafés: here are the two nations sketched in two words—aristocratic and republican,—the splendour of the nobles, the splendour of the middle-class. Plate-glass mirrors,

marble, and gilding, for twelve pounds a year, and for three-pence a night. . . . Pride is rich, and content with private reality; vanity must have every building an altar to its own glory. Pride is the idol of London, vanity of Paris. Two or three Wellingtons, Sir Robert Peel, a king or two, a duke and a queen, are almost all that London can set against all the records of national glory that adorn the city of the Seine."

The substance of this has often been said before, but there is a freshness and piquancy in the manner of saying that makes it new.

Further on, under the heading of "English Manners and French Manners," Mr. Thornbury recurs to what is evidently a favourite topic. He observes:

"A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite; an Englishman to regret the trouble it costs him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, and impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems strengthened by habit. His back is india-rubber, his limbs caoutchouc, his hat-brim is metallic, and looks never the shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy at the first meeting does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold cautious bend of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round a corner and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at a café-door in hope of meeting a friend. . . . Long ages of trying to please has made a Frenchman disposed to bow upon very small provocation—too small we think. Long ages of stiff-neckedness and doggedness have made us rather inclined to break than to bend. If you shake up a Frenchman from a sleep, the first word that he murmurs will probably be '*merci*!' I should be sorry to repeat the exclamation that a surly Englishman would most likely utter. We regret to say it, but duty impels us, French politeness is an instinct, English politeness a lesson badly learnt."

This extract at once illustrates the writer's merits and his faults. He is quick to perceive, but in too much haste to classify. True politeness, we apprehend, is pretty much the same in essence every where; and we think Mr. Thornbury somewhat undervalues his countrymen in those cases where the quality really exists.

Allowing a little for a lively imagination, is the portrait above drawn quite unknown to us? O my countrymen, have you never slipped round the convenient corner when you saw Smith with pre-occupied air proceeding up the street; or had Smith been the first to catch sight of you, could he have resisted a favourable opportunity to do likewise? We inquire of our conscience, and it answers "guilty."

On his own artist-ground we are indebted to Mr. Thornbury for showing us the nicer varieties of Dutch art. The amateur is apt hastily to regard a Dutch boor as a Dutch boor, whether painted by Teniers or by Ostade; but it is not so.

"The world of Teniers is a disreputable, second-rate ale-house world, very far on this side heaven. His men do not love, they lust; they do not drink for society's sake, but to get drunk. They are mean, selfish, dirty, and despicable. Yet such were the men who tore De Witt to pieces, and shouted as William stooped towards England. Louis XIV. longed to have them as his subjects; and such men as Vane and Bradshaw yearned to make Holland and England one republic. The fact is, it is only a nest of oddities that Teniers paints—men that he has seen through windows in dusky streets, startled by their sudden shout as he mused by, looking out for stray sunbeams and chance glooms lurking all day under archways. . . . In the streets, Bon Jonson himself could not be more alive to humour. His characters are almost as individualised as those of Dickens. His ale-houses have a jug hung up for a sign, with sometimes a spoon beside it—a sufficiently obvious allegory to the traveller. Not infrequently there is a garland round the jug, and often, too, a sign with an heraldic bearing. Below always the same large-nosed toothless men, with loose breeches and looser morals, play at bowls, shoot at the butts; and dwarfish men eye them with dull eagerness, their hands behind their backs, and heads thrown forward. The storks who build in Dutch roofs are passing in the air careless of the arrows. In the distance is a spire, where the men once a week pray. At Teniers' dances there is always a man asleep and snoring, a pair of lovers, a man filling his pipe, a group of critics, a wealth of vegetables, and the immemorial brass-pan. The man who fills his pipe does it with protruded lips and arms and face, and the man who sings over his ale does it with wry mouth and shut eyes. The Dutchman does not care much for natural things done naturally, but prefers odd things

done oddly. Still his world is a dismal world, noisy with pots hammering on a thousand tables, noisy with drunken Dutch shouts and curses, the upsetting of barrels and chairs, and the angry tearing of cards. There is no blue sky, no children, no pure love, no fathers, no home, no religion. Ostade is gold, and Teniers is silver. One is clear; the other full of gloom and mystery, and suggestions of scenes without, above and below the spectator. From his rooms in some dim corner you always see a staircase winding up to another room, where the fancy will wander; or a corridor is flung open, and we have a glimpse of voluted vine-leaves and an azure sea of air. He loves children too, and paints them as a father would. There they stand gaping at the Jew spool-seller and the knife-grinder, and have not moved on for two hundred years. He does not seem to despise his bores so much as Teniers does, and paints them with more approbation, more lovingly, and less as abstractions. His Sir Toby Belches are merry disreputable fellows that you long to know. They are not always boozing and settling by themselves; but we see them feeding their children, saying grace, or leaning over their door-latches in a quiet noontide of contentment. Ostade seems a happier man than Teniers, and lives in purer air with more sun in it. We are glad to escape from that constant stench in Teniers of smoke and ale. . . . Even in a hall at an inn, Ostade must widen the scene by a glimpse of outdoor nature, and so brings in a pile of boughs to decorate the room. Always kindly is this Dutchman; his large eye warms and dilates when he sees a poor man thanking God for his loaf and soup; and he always smiles unconsciously when he sees a child, the bird-man just fresh from God's hand, a creature wearing still a little of the angel, its breath having something of the fragrance of our lost paradise. . . . We are indebted to these Dutch painters for fitting up a fresh chamber in the palace of art. A snug fire-lit place, sunset-lit or fire-warmed with Ostade; wintry and bright with Teniers,—a strange place full of disreputable toppers, with ale-mouthed flagons and pewter-lids, old beer-jugs, and long fathom-deep ale-glasses, and short fat pipes, and subtle clattering dances, and matches of quills, and fringed drums and banners, crimson and blue. Drows of calm dappled kine in quiet rich meadows, with glooms of level bright canal, and clumps of silvery willows, and bathing glows of Cuyp sunniness, and dashes of black and white-horsed troopers, and flashes of red pistol-smoke, and drifts of jangling troopers howling and slashing, and rooms piled up with flowers and bas-reliefs, and glimpses of a kitchen full of a wealth of brass pans and white-rooted onions, and coming down a dusky winding stair a gallant in gray and blue, and a fair Friesland girl nestled up in a scarlet bodice trimmed with puffy snowy swan's down."

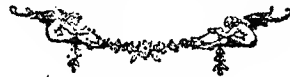
Hogarth has a long chapter to himself, and the great painter of dramas is evidently treated *con amore*. After a biographical and anecdotal introduction, we leave the man, and pass to the painter.

"Hogarth was rather a great satirist who chose to paint, than a great painter who chose to satirise. He is essentially the painter of London life, and as arrant a cockney as was ever awakened by Bow bells. Yet gifted with a divine and piercing insight, London became to him as a mirror in which he saw reflected all those passions and follies of the great world that make the angels weep. His characters wore wigs and cocked-hats; but they are of all time, and are as like Adam as they can well stand. He is a caricaturist, yet always true to nature. His works are enough alone to prove the truth of physiognomy. He is, however, by no means a mere buffoon. There is, indeed, a certain lurid atmosphere about his pictures that always makes me regard them with a cold creeping of the blood that is almost a shudder. His vice is very vicious, his black badness intensely black. . . . His pathos is rare, but deep. When he sheds a tear it moves us, because it is a tear sullenly and reluctantly shed by a strong man. There are always children to calm his crowds, and his deepest vice has some touch of innocence to keep up our faith in the possibility of goodness. His madman laughs, but the nurses sorrow; his idle apprentice curses, but the broken-hearted mother weeps. When the sea of beggary and vice scuttles and roars about the wretched praying man in the hangman's cart, there is one woman to shed tears on his coffin. . . . Hogarth's minute touches of humour are innumerable. What can be more admirable than his 'Ten Commandments' with the crack running through them, the poor-box with a cobweb over the slit, the miser's shoes soled with pieces of the cover of a Bible, and his poor poet's scheme for paying the national debt! Few things are more felicitous than his speculator's complicated machine, all wheels and pulleys, for drawing a cork, and the starved cat looking wistfully for food in the open plate-ost. . . . Hogarth has had no imitators because he is imitable; he had no predecessors, therefore he was original. He taught us all, painters or not, one lesson—that seeing deeply one age is to know all ages. Of Hogarth alone of painters it may be said, that

he was never monotonous, never wearisome, always in earnest, always in good-humour, always English."

It is an ungrateful task to find fault where we have received so much pleasure; but truth compels us to state, that though a pleasant and brilliant gossip, our author shares the weakness of most gossips, and pays too long visits. He has dropped in with the intention of spending the evening with you. For the first hour you are delighted, you laugh, you think to yourself you shall never tire of so pleasant a fellow; in the second, the talk loses somewhat of its point, the interest becomes strained, and perhaps evaporates altogether. So with *Art and Nature*. For some time we read because we can't help it; we rub our hands, put our feet on the fender, and congratulate ourselves on having got hold of a good thing. And though this is quite true in the main, later on we read because we have been pleased, and cannot yet realise that we are not quite so much so.

Curiously enough, one reason of this abated interest is the unrelieved picture-writing in which Mr. Thornbury indulges. Every page sparkles and glows, or at least aims to do so. One who understands the laws of art so well should have avoided this monotony of brightness. Still, whoever takes up the book at intervals will find much to arrest, charm, and even to instruct. True, all that is valuable might have been compressed into much less space. "Where to end—eternal difficulty of writers!" exclaims the present one. It is a difficulty which he has not yet surmounted. Nevertheless the present volumes display a sense of beauty so fresh and individual, with powers of observation and comment so keen and vigorous, that we shall gladly hear Mr. Thornbury wherever he begins again.



THOUGHTS ON LIFE, BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN IT.

If, in love, "the woman who hesitates is lost," the man who hesitates *has* lost; how much, he will learn the next time he tries.

Is it wicked to suppose that virtue is easier to the gentler sex than charity? Women are, however, doing more for women in these days. See the Institution for Governesses. Moreover, woman never looks so like an angel as when she is forgiving one of her own sex.

ALWAYS cut up savagely a man who announces that "he makes a point of speaking his mind," as he is sure to have a disagreeable one to speak. A good fellow may speak his mind, and be a good fellow still; but he will not state it beforehand.

I AGREE with a certain old writer, who maintains the hood is the legitimate head-gear for females in England. The old ecclesiastical flowing robe and hood, lined with rich soft white silk, would make a pretty girl look irresistible. Depend on it, also, that the hood is as flirtatious an instrument as a fan.

As a general rule, a speculative mind will not be prone to intensely metaphysical writings, such as the two Coleridges. They prefer hard sayings on which to speculate for themselves. The book of Proverbs and Bacon will be their favourites. They do not want to be carried along, but set a-going.

WOMEN have an aptitude—nay, a positive liking—for being oppressed, provided it be done with skill and discernment.—N.B. Let not every stupid fellow think, therefore, that he is able to do it.

I CONSIDER sherbet a rascally acid potation, which no one who has a regard for his stomach should ever touch. For a summer beverage, I recommend the following: Into a large

crystal goblet, half-filled with spring-water, pour a frothed glass of red champagne, then drop a lemon-water ice into it.

He has not thoroughly enjoyed tobacco who has never smoked the hookah of the East. The oil which exudes from the cigar on to the lips is a nuisance. This is all left floating on the perfumed waters of the hookah, and the smoke is further cooled and purified by the amber *narguile*. For the sort of tobacco, I proffer the Latakia as most fragrant and creamy, if it can be procured genuine. Then, O what luxury for a true believer! As the intoxication of inhaled ether is to imbibed brandy-and-water, as love-making is to matrimony, so, O reader, is the hookah to a cigar.

I'm inclined to think the real difference between a man's and a woman's heart lies in the woman's power to trust. All else may be masculine—understanding, pursuits, &c., even a freedom from the usual category of female vanities; she may have forgotten how to blush, and learnt never to fear; but so long as she can trust, she has not lost the true woman's essence. Women may fairly claim an exemption from the native suspicion and selfishness of men in this respect. There is about their loves a fearless *abandon*, a genuine exemplification of "making idols to find them clay." I know a woman who had a masculine intellect, an indomitable will, and ambition sufficient to remove mountains, could ambition have stood for faith. And yet in one solitary instance trust was even there—it lay like a gem enshrined in her heart, bright and pure; and in this very one weak part she was deceived. Alas for woman!

ANALYSE some brilliant talkers, and they will be found purely reflective. A man of this description, properly to develop his powers, requires more than one listener. The greater number the better. Like prisms, the many-sided are the most effective. In a *tête-à-tête* they become monotonous, and resemble a looking-glass that reflects only one image.

NEXT to a lover's love, there is nothing like a lover's hate.

DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHT. MOT.

THE idea of the external character of this house has been taken from that dreamy style of architecture which marks the last vital period of Gothic art prior to the return to classical models, or what is phrased the Revival. It is not for us here to comment on the anomaly of no style of *our own* existing. Perhaps, after all, it is not an anomaly; perhaps it may be clearly traceable to the confusion of ideas which at present prevails in art,—to the hesitation between reverence for antiquity and the natural impulse to *think for ourselves* independently of antiquity. We cannot, however, enter into those considerations; they would occupy too much space. We have given a design for a dwelling,—a *home*, in a form of tangible expression which will still appeal to the sympathies and feelings of many in the land, as it formerly did to those of our forefathers who originated it. Our last villa was in Italian architecture; this country-house is in Tudor, so called from the race of kings under whom it was developed. There is an irregularity in the buildings of this period as singularly conducive to picturesqueness of effect as to convenience of disposition; and perhaps they are, above all others, those which harmonise most finely with the luxurious wildness of natural scenery.

Although an olden style has been adopted, we have not adhered to the internal dispositions of the period, as quaintly described by a certain Dr. Boorde in his *Dyeterie, or Regiment of Health*, published in 1547. "Make the hall of such fashion that the parlor be annexed to the head of the hall, and the buttyre and pantrye at the lower end thereof; the cellar under the pantrye sett somewhat at a base; the kechyn sett somewhat at a base from the buttyre and pan-

trye; coming with an entrie within by the wall of the buttrye; the pastrie house and the larder annexed to the kechyn. Then divide the logginges by the circuit of the quadrivial courts, and let the gate-house be opposite, or against the hall doore; not directly, but the hall doore standing abase of the gate-house, in the middle of the front entering into the place. Let the prevye-chamber be annexed to the great chamber of ostate, with other chambers necessary for the buildinge; so that many of the chambers may have a prospecte into the chapel."

If modern civilisation and requirements have not originated new styles of architecture, they imperatively demand very different internal arrangements from those which suited the tastes and mode of life of peoples who have for centuries passed away, leaving, however, behind them, in their domestic habitations, much that casts an instructive and deeply interesting light on their customs, ideas, and inner life. With us it will not be so. We build for ninety-nine years, smiling in our selfishness at the idea of an ancestral home, in which our descendants might say:—"By this fire-side our ancestor mused; that terrace was his favourite walk; in this oriel he loved to sit and gaze at the glories of the setting-sun, bathing in a mystic glow the much-loved distant hills." The wigwams of Indians will not be more completely swept away in two hundred years than English domestic habitations of the nineteenth century. But it is good for *trade*, say some. So let it be: the mistake will some day be discovered; in such commercial absorption all the finer feelings of humanity must disappear.

The accommodation in the design under description comprises, on the ground-floor, a spacious hall and open staircase; a passage leading from the former to the kitchen-offices, the door at the entrance to it cutting off disagreeable noises and odours arising from cooking and cleaning operations. The dining and drawing and secondary drawing rooms are so planned that, on opening the doors, a view is obtained *en suite*, terminating at the bay-windows, commanding prospects into the grounds; and the library is conveniently placed for quiet and retirement. In the servants' department are kitchen, scullery, and closets. In the basement below is ample space for dairy, wine and coal cellars. On the first-floor level, five bedrooms, a boudoir, one dressing-room, and closets, are conveniently arranged. It will be at once perceived that there are principal and servants' staircases. Two bedrooms for servants, together with a lumber-room, are proposed to be formed, partly in the roof, over the kitchen-offices at the rear part of the house. The house is intended to be erected of brickwork, with stone dressings to the quoins, windows, &c.; and the average cost may be set down at 2300*l*.

In our next we shall try what can be done for persons of more limited means than we have yet considered.

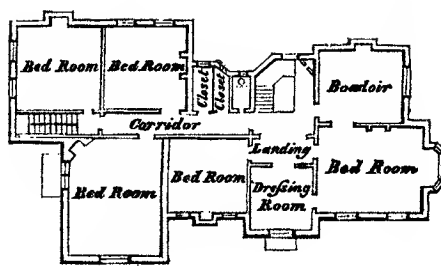
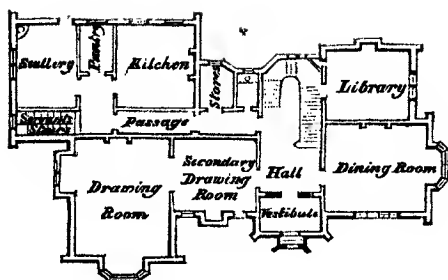
SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

At sunrise he went forth, his lady-love to meet;
At sunset still he came not, tho' his step was light and fleet.
At sunrise she looked forth, smiling o'er the castle-wall;
At sunset she looked forth, and fast her tears did fall.
At sunrise he had donned his suit of purple pall;
At sunset it was sullied with a dark stain over all.
At sunrise her fair maidens filled with wine a cup of gold;
At sunset still it reddened in that massive goblet old.
At sunrise his joy-song was echoed far and wide;
At sunset he lay mute with an arrow in his side.
At sunrise she had braided her locks with meikle care;
At sunset she tore wildly that long and flowing hair.
At sunset she had wandered upon her mournful quest;
At sunrise she had found him, and lay dead upon his breast.

F.



DESIGN FOR A TUDOR COUNTRY-HOUSE.



Scale of Feet.

GROUND PLAN.



FRONT ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.

A TALE OF THE LOTHIANS.

"Ye are out late on the hills to-night, Jean; why are ye no at hame? It's a wild night."

"A wild night ye ca' it? ay, it's a bonnie night, wi' the wind whirling and screaming round ane. As I crossed the brig a while syne, it scooped under it in a fearsome manner."

"But it's ower late for ye, Jean. Ye'll be happening some harm."

"Naeboddy wad harm me; for I'm mad, ye ken. They ca' me daft Jean, ye mind;" and a cunning smile stole over her worn features.

"Come hame wi' me, then," returned the girl, laying her hand coaxingly on Jean's shoulder, "and sup brose wi' us. Father and mither wad be blithe to see ye."

"I canna doo that, Miss Annie," said Jean; "there's mair wi' me than ye ken o'. I maun be doon i' the craigie by this. He suld want me. He ye no hear him ca' 'Mither, mither? The water grips sae; come wi' me, Miss Annie; I hae business for ye. It was your hair was sae gowden, and your e'en were sae blue, they made his heart sair to see them," she continued dreamily.

"No, no," said the girl hurriedly; "I winna come to night, Jean; my father wad be fashed."

"And ye'll no come, Miss Annie Cameron?" returned Jean, peering wistfully in the girl's face. Then she sprang off singing, "Heeh, he lies doon, doon i' the craigie-hole, doon i' the burnie, and the green rushes grow aboon him." Then she snatched both the girl's hands. "Miss Annie, ye maun come syne or late; there's great scant o' water."

Annie released herself. She was not frightened. Who would be frightened of "daft Jean?" "Puir Jean, gude night, Jean. I'm vac for ye; gang to your hame."

The mad woman stood looking for a moment vacantly after her, as she walked with a blithe stately step rapidly on. On the left rose steep a high hill of slaty stones, with here and there a patch of long heather and foxglove. On the right was some sedgy ground, and then an abrupt fall; and, from the gurgling monotonous noise audible, one would guess a mountain-stream held its course below. Black moor-hills stretched away again on the other side. By and by the ground grew less rugged and stony. Annie Cameron descended swiftly down into a hollow, crossed a slender foot-bridge, then came to a copse of stunted birch and alder trees hung with pale-green moss. From this she emerged into a lovely glade of fine soft herbage, bordered with wood; fairy rings and many-coloured fungi lay around on the stained damp ground. She carefully avoided stepping on these. And now she was on the moor-hills again, following the sheep-track, which was her sole guide. Her feet bruised the whortleberry, and crushed the wild thyme; and this last, like many another thing, gave out in dying its most fragrant odour. As if a thought had suddenly struck her, she turned round, and looked intently back. Her eye ran along the course of the burn until it rested on a high dark prominence, with a very steep fall on the left side. There against the sky was the dim outline of a human figure, tossing its arms and walking to and fro. The girl seemed half undecided. She glanced upwards; the gray clouds were drifting fast over the sky, and evening was rapidly closing in.

"The creature's glowering ower that craigie-rock again," she muttered. "It's an awfu' sight. She's sae fond of the place, puir body, syne Georgie was found there. I'll ask father what turned her mind sae; for he anco said he kenned, and that he minded when she was the bonniest girl i' the village." She came by the burn-side once more here, and turning suddenly round a corner, was at once on a spot of great natural beauty. A low thatched rambling farmhouse lay in a sort of hollow; and the light in the window, and the strong smell of turf burning, spoke of warmth and comfort.

At sight of home, the girl sprang forward, and in another minute she was in the house. A large peat-fire blazed on the hearth. One or two bare-legged high-cheek-boned

laddies were clustered round, with half-pages in their hands, coming busily, and accepting with wary discretion the dogmas therein inculcated. A delicate-looking woman, with a sweet oompy countenance, welcomed her with, "The laddies hae been wearying for you, Annie; they wanted you to read them their bit lessons." The girl removed her bonnet, and masses of sunny yellow hair fell thick and heavy on her neck. A pair of calm, trusting, soft gray eyes were quite in unison with a very lovely and pure-looking young face. One would say her features told of Puritan fathers and forefathers. The wife's eye brightened as a well-known foot-step was heard on the threshold. The door opened, and a man entered, with his plaid round him, and his dog at his heels. He was a tall man, and might be a score of years older than his wife; but time had not bent his wiry athletic frame, though it had sown his dark hair thickly with gray. As he unbowed, in spite of the shaggy eyebrows which half hid keen bright eyes, and the rigid square setting of the jaw, his face bore a strange though rugged resemblance to his daughter's. This was old Willie Cameron. For near three hundred years his family had lived and toiled on that land, and had gone to dust in the same kirkyard. There he stood, a genuine descendant of his old Covenant ancestors,—of the men who had struggled and bled and died for their stern quaint creed, given for it their heart's blood and soul's travail,—of the women, who had been quietly martyred, and had died gladly. Well, their faith might be gloomy, but it supported them gloriously when death stood at their right hand; and hardly any creed can do more. Annie took her father's bonnet and plaid, and set for him a roughly-carved oaken chair with a reverent grace which became her well. The supper was placed on the table, and the young ones drew round. It was not long before Mother Eve prompted Annie.

"I have been round to Stratherglen, father; and as I came round by the burnie-stones, who suld I meet but daft Jean. Was she always sae miserable in her mind and sae sadly demented, puir thing?"

"Nae, Annie. It's a sad tale of wrong wrought by man, and suffered by woman. I'm an auld man now; but it seems like yesterday that I remember Jean the fairest, merriest girl in the hills of —. She had dark-blue e'en and a sort of chestnut-coloured hair; she has them still; but her e'en are wild, and her hair is tint wi' gray, and her face is strewn and seared wi' sorrow. She was a slender bit of a lassie then. Angus M'Kenzie played false to that poor girl; and the wee bairn which she bore into the world had a graceless father and an unwee mother, who with such shame and grief could hardly lift up her stricken head. Then it pleased the Almighty to lay his hand heavily on her; and her mind was distraught with strange fancies. Day by day she bided about the kirk-door, waiting, as she said, for Angus M'Kenzie to keep his promise to her. He never came; and soon he left the village entirely, where, indeed, he was ill looked on by all. Her boy Georgie grew up a fine bold boy, and his mother's heart seemed wrapped up in him. She often groeted; and the doctor said that was a gude sign; indeed, her raving fits came not so often, and not so fearsome to behold. In the coldest winter blast, when the snow was driving, or when in summer the thunder and lightning and storm were heavy in the hills, and a' folk were glad to bide at hame, she wad be the night lang on the muir among the heather, skirling ower the hills and fens. They said a full moon or a wild wind made her sae she couldna bide in doors. It came frae all this that the white slim girl grew into a meagre, gaunt, weather-worn woman, fleet o' foot, and muscles strung and knotted like the tawse. She lo'ed her bairn weel; and, considering she was out of her mind did just wonderfully by him. He had black e'en like his father, and was a wilfu' laddie. You can all remember when the unfortunate laddie was found drowned in the doop pool under the Black Craigie? How it happened nane can tell. He was sixteen years auld then, and weel able to take care of himself. One doctor hoped that the shock of seeing his body

taken frae the waters, wi' the white face and lang dripping black hair, wad be of service to her mind; but she didna greet much then, and I wondered at it. But frae that day to this she's always hanging ower the craigie; and there's a strange glint in her e'en."

"Do you no think medicine wad heal her?" asked Annie.

"The hand of the Lord is on her," answered her father solemnly; "and He who has laid the burden will remove it when He sees fit to do so."

The remnants of the meal were laid aside; the usual simple prayer offered up; and soon all beneath that roof slept in peace.

That cold wan light which betokens the break of day appeared over the hills, as a female attired in somewhat patchwork costume walked quickly along the sheep-track. Presently she quitted it. Hill or plain, rough or smooth, she never relaxed her pace. She crossed a bog, and splashed in ankle-deep unflinchingly; then out again, crossed a mountain-ravine, leaping with the activity of a goat from point to point. At last, she approached a group of cottages; she passed them, and then reached two straggling hovels at the far end of the village. She stopped at the door of one of these, put her finger through a hole in it, and unfastened the inner latch. It opened into a narrow passage, with a door again to the left. A voice was heard over the stairs, "Heeh, Jeannie, where hae ye been, woman? Ye suld keep better hours;" and a hard, anxious, though kindly face appeared.

"Dinna harry me, Maggie, wi' your daffing; I'm sair weary, and I'll just gang to my bed."

She turned into the room. The walls were painted some dark colour, so that dirt might there repose unobtrusively; and the brick-floor was some inches thick with accumulation; the ceiling was black with smoke; and the smell close and unwholesome. Some peacock's feathers were fantastically arranged against the wall; and a three-cornered cupboard, that had once possessed glass fronts, contained some marvellous specimens of pottery. Jeannie took off the article that did duty for a gown, and then the poor creature knelt down before the glimmer that lingered in the fire, and chafed her hands, talking to herself as she peered wistfully around her. Her scanty clothing revealed a wonderfully emaciated skeleton-like figure; and hanging from a bit of string round her neck, a half-sixpence lay on her withered breast. In a few minutes she was in her bed, but not to sleep, apparently; for she leant out, and addressed an imaginary audience:

"Heeh, sirs, and ye are kind to come and see the puir body; but ye mair keep your distance, for I am, ye ken, to be treated with respect;" and she waved her hand with a strange dignity. "The auld wives ca' me daft Jean; but I'm no that; I'm just mair gleg than they who ca' me sae. Many a crooked skein hae I unravelled; but stann' back, boggars and gentlemen all. I'm Lady Jean o' the Isles, ye ken; and I wad speak wi' ye aunt my son, the king o' the Isles." Then she sobbed, "But I'm whiles gran' and I'm whiles puir;" and she rocked herself to and fro. Then she suddenly demanded angrily, "Gude woman, what gars ye peer over the Black Pool sae? I'm just seeking my puir son, laird, and I never had but one. Heeh, auld wife, dinna rive the lang weeds i' that gale! It's his black tye ye hold sae tight, and it's his hair twining 'mang the burnic-stanes. Ho lo'ed so weel the lassie wi' the gowden hair; and noo ho lies sae gran' and still." Then she sang, "Green grow the rushes, O, ower my laddie; and the water-lily blows, and the dead leaves twist aff the trees and swirl ower his head." There was a pause; and she recommenced much more rapidly and in a higher key, as a red flush stole over her face, and the veins swelled in her temples and neck: "Black-e'd Angus was a rare thief; he took all frae me that I had to gie, and he said I was to be his ain wife; and lang, lang I bided by the kirk-gate; but it's many a day synce, and he has no come. What, ye here, Gowiepe o' Strathpen? and ye, too, Dame Elpce?" and she pouted her skinny fingers.

"Aye gock, and aye girn, ye auld randy wives, ye taunie no'er-do-weel that ye are. Bide wi' ye, ye tell me? I'll bide nae wi' ye;" and more than one imprecation mingled with her raving. At length she leant back exhausted; her mutterings grew almost inaudible, her wanderings were gradually hushed, and soon the poor maniac sank to rest; and we will hope sleep brought peace to her poor heart.

High on the hill-side, a gray stone building reared itself modestly. The plantation of Scotch fir-trees which flanked it were all one-sided, showing by the bare leafless aspect which they presented that north-east winds in their pitiless storms affected even fir-trees. Patches of corn and potatoes were close round the garden, not perhaps exhibiting the appearance of high farming. Facing the house the ground broke away abruptly. At the foot of the hill was a little thicket of birch and hazel trees. You could not see the silvery trout-stream which they sheltered; but you might hear its low-toned song. Beyond this lay the vast range of — Hills; those near looking craggy, terrible, and black; while the far-off ones were softened and rounded by distance, and shaded with purple by the mist. This building was the manse,—a word dear to many a Scottish heart. No beggar ever went thence unrelieved; no heart was turned away quite uncomfortable. Many a young love-affair has been advised on there by the minister's wife, who, austere in principle, but so gentle and womanly in practice, has counselled still to wait and still to hope, still to love, until at last two glad hearts have blessed her.

She was seated in the parlour. Now to describe her. As soon as she turned her face, we don't know how it was, but you loved her; she looked so good and so comely. Her hair, which, it must be owned, was more inclined in hue to red than golden, was now threaded with a few gray hairs; a broad forehead, and large benevolent joyous blue eyes, were further set off by a peach-like complexion that many a young girl might have envied.

Mr. Hume entered. He was pale,—not a strong pale, but an asthenic paleness,—with a relaxed system and excitable nerves. His light hair was brushed carefully back, revealing a rather narrow but venerated forehead; his uncertain glance and weak voice completed the description. He fidgetted about. "Mary, you'll do that?" and "Mary, do this?" and put me in mind to call at Wilistonlaw?"

"Yes, James; I'll bear it in mind."

Then, "Mary, you will put on your bonnet; the kirk-bell will soon be in."

She knew it was full early, but complied with his wishes, and was soon slowly wending her way down from the manse. She sighed once or twice; perhaps she reproached herself for feeling a little impatient at her husband's perpetual fears and warnings. She wished he had a little more unconcern and courage. All women love courage. He was not, perhaps, the *beau idéal* which her girl's dreams had shadowed forth; but she had married him, and had done her duty, reverencing him as a minister, and trusting and loving him as a woman should do her husband, shielding his defects, and folding an angel's wings over his weaknesses.

Mrs. Hume entered the church, with a kind word for each person in the little waiting crowd outside; and the service commenced. Annie Cameron stood there, humbly bending her head like a drooping lily; and many an old shepherd wrapped in his plaid, with his hard bronzed face, was there too. These had walked a dozen Scottish miles that day, and now stood with unbending knee true to their Puritan observances, but reverential, quiet, immovable. Several dogs were crouched about, remaining on sufferance, and their behaviour was so good as to deserve the favour. Some dozen verses of those ancient paraphrases had been sung, when the door opened, and a woman came in with a scared air, and dropped into the nearest seat. It was "puir Jean;" and Mrs. Hume bent forward and gave her an encouraging glance. The minister, with that sort of frank simplicity which is often found where, in country districts, pastor and people are

much bound together, spoke out his thoughts, and continued his prayer :

"Lighten, O Lord, we beseech thee, if it please thee not altogether to take away, the sadness of heart and the distress of mind of the one on whom thou hast more especially laid thy hand. Let not her night last for ever, nor her punishment be more than she can bear. Thou hast directed her feet to thy house this day; as a sorely-afflicted woman, O God, have mercy on her."

There was a solemn pause; Jean bent down her head, covering her face with her hands, and the tears oozed between her bony fingers. Then she rose up, and tottered out. Mrs. Hume was returning along the same path to the manse an hour later. The sun had withdrawn itself, and the air was heavy with coming rain. She heard a voice singing "Green grow the rushes, O"—not a Sabbath chant, certainly—and instinctively she started forward to stop it; then checked herself. It could be no one but "daft Joan." She turned the corner, and beheld, seated on a rock, the expected culprit. Her naked feet were wet and bleeding; and in her hands was a garland half twisted; a few autumnal flowers, faded and pale, some dead leaves and bright nightshade-berries, with a handful of rushes, were gathered and laid by her side. How to finish the garland with these was apparently what Jean was puzzling over.

"I was glad to see you at the church to-day, Jean; but why did you not stay for the blessing?"

"My mind aye havers; I canna bidde lang onywhere," said Jean, with a weary air.

Poor Mrs. Hume! she had intended to have administered a rebuke, and likewise to have glanced at the sin of fashioning a garland on the Sabbath; but it all died away on her lips as she met the glance of that mindless eye.

"How have you cut your feet, Jean?"

"I dinna ken; the stanes i' the burn, may be. Ye see I was hurried; for Geordie called me frae the kirk; and I was greeting, too; the minister made me greet; it's lang syne I hae dune that. And yet Annie Cameron wadna come. My bonnie white lily, wi' its yellow threads on its white leaf. She does ill to say 'Nay, nay;' she's to be Geordie's bride, ye ken."

"But, Jean, poor Geordie's dead, you know; he was drowned in the craigie-pool. How should he have a bride?"

"He's nae dead; an if he were dead, sal he nae hae his gowden-haired lassie that he lo'ed sac weel? But he sal." And she sang "The craigie hole shall be their bridal-bed;" adding, "I hae smoothed it this many a day; but the waters aye pit the stanes out o' their place." Then the expression of her eye changed. Something that poor creature saw,—a spectre, perhaps, but real enough to her. "Do ye see Geordie, Mrs. Hume, close by ye? O Geordie, man, dinna glewer sae at me."

Mrs. Hume felt a strange thrill. "Jean, my woman, Geordie has gone to heaven, where you must look to follow him."

Jean answered not, but gazed sadly into space; then suddenly sprang up, saying, "She mairn come; he shall hae his bride yet!" and almost fled out of sight.

When Mrs. Hume returned home, she told her husband what she had seen, adding, "I'll warn Annie Cameron to be wary with that poor crazed creature. She's always hanging after the girl; and Annie is but a slender bit of a thing."

"You will do well," said Mr. Hume. "I think all the parish would sorrow the day any harm came to Annie Cameron."

That craigie was a fearful and yet a beautiful place. The little river, which ran noisily and merrily elsewhere, was hushed here. It fell into a deep basin, where it lay stilled and cold, and its depths were clear and deep. The gray rock jutted out steep and precipitous, hanging over it with jealous care that none should profane its haunts; and from out of the clefts sprang wild grasses and straggling hardy shrubs; and its garment of gray and green lichen clothed lovingly its rugged and naked sides. Far off, black hills spurred into the sky, crowned with heather, strewn with torrent-washed stones. But here the green moss hung tangled and forlorn

to the birch-trees; the wind swept in its sighing and dying notes, like the moaning of an *Æolian* harp. But not one ripple passed over the haunted pool. Its waters seemed to be unstirred, as though the wind had no power over them. Well might the wind sigh and moan. A swallow flew sharply zigzag over it twittering, and hurried to roost its wing on some less eerie place. Then came a murmur of voices that grew louder each instant, and in it were mingled children's cries and the deeper tones of men and women. There was a little crowd hurrying along in the direction of the craigie, and foremost, leading them on, came "daft Jean," dancing, springing, and wildly tossing her arms. She advanced so swiftly, that even the men were breathless. But one slender figure kept pace with her untiringly; that woman was Mrs. Cameron.

They were close to the craigie-pool now. Strained and fearful eyes peered into its depths. What did they see? Would that its waters had been less clear! A fair girl was enshrined there. Her long yellow hair was tangled among the stones, waving like river-weeds; and her face was turned upward, and the waters moving over it made it wear a strange smile. Her hands were crossed peacefully; she slept quietly enough. Then there rose a shriek such as those rocks had never heard before, and I pray to God my ears may never hear again.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

(To be continued monthly.)

The records of English science at this period of the year usually resolve themselves into a description of practical applications, to which, therefore, our remarks will on this occasion be chiefly directed. The process of iron-refining discovered by Mr. Bessemer is still running the gauntlet of cavil and objection, after the manner of most new discoveries, and, so far as we can judge, with every chance of passing well through the ordeal. It will be remembered that one of the earliest and strongest objections made to the process of Bessemer was to the effect that the iron produced by it would not roll. In reply to this, we are enabled to say that a sheet of iron no thicker than paper is now in our possession, having been rolled out from a mass of iron prepared by Bessemer's process. We are furthermore able to say, that, having been thrown into communication with the overseer of perhaps the very largest iron-works in these isles, he informs us that Bessemer's process has been tried on the premises in question with favourable results, and this under circumstances of much collateral difficulty. Whilst we now write, arrangements are being made in that establishment for trying the process on a very large scale, subjecting it, in point of fact, to the *experimentum crucis*. We probably shall witness the experiments, and shall of course take care to make known the results, whatever they may be.

Reference has been previously made (p. 60) to the process of Captain Uchatius, and the difference between his and Bessemer's mode of operation. Equally great, to our appreciation, is the functional difference between the process of Bessemer and another patented (we think in 1849), which consists in blowing a mixture of atmospheric air and steam upon molten iron in a reverberatory puddling furnace, though the plea of similarity has been set up. A legal decision has, however, just been given, affirming Mr. Bessemer's distinctive right.

The autumn of 1856 will hereafter be associated with much of importance in connection with the electric telegraph. Some experiments recently performed on the premises of the telegraph office in Broad Street, under the superintendence of Professor Morse, have demonstrated the possibility of transmitting electric power without relays through a subterranean conductor upwards of 2000 miles long; hence, assuming that the inductive retardation of water is not greater than the inductive retardation of land, the question whether it be possible to transmit electricity to the extent of affording practical telegraphic indications

across the Atlantic is solved. Those persons who are more aware of the dictum, as popularly set forth, that electricity travels with at least a velocity of 200,000 miles per second, will perhaps think that the passage of electricity through an insulated wire aqueously submerged to any distance was a matter of course. This very natural mistake results from incorrect popular notions of electricity. The electric fluid is still spoken of as if the existence of such fluid had been really demonstrated; when, on the contrary, every successive advance into the domains of electric science adds proof to the testimony already existing, that what is popularly termed the electric fluid is a mere condition of matter, and not something added to matter. At any rate, the expression, that electricity travels at the rate of at least 200,000 miles per second, is only true for one kind of conductor,—copper-wire, one particular gauge of copper-wire, and under the specific proviso that the copper-wire be surrounded with atmospheric air. If an insulated conductor be surrounded with water, Professor Faraday demonstrated, what might have been theoretically inferred, that the complex laws of electrical induction come into play, and that the flow of electricity (still to adopt the conventional idea of a fluid) is retarded.

It may here be observed, that a ready means of transmitting electric or electro-magnetic telegraph indications for any distance is afforded on land by the relay-battery system, as it is called, which may be described as a process by means of which an expiring current of electricity, far too weak to work a telegraph, is made to turn on more electricity, and thus bring aid when required. Evidently, the relay-system is unavailable in the instance of submarine telegraphs. Whilst on the subject of electric telegraphs, it is only just to mention that practical Englishmen have begun to see and to admit that the needle-system of Cooke and Wheatstone yields in every important element to the printing telegraph of Professor Morse.

Not the least amongst recent telegraphic achievements is that of laying down, under the auspices of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, an efficient network of telegraphic wires throughout our Indian Empire, even to the confines of Birmah. The fact cannot be denied, that we, in our little isle, have not adopted the electric telegraph to such an extent as both its merits and our own comfort and well-being demand. The day may perhaps come when towns, and perhaps even districts of towns, will each lay on their several mains for time and telegraphic purposes, as they now lay on mains for the supply of water and of gas. Switzerland is in advance of all other European states in the facilities it gives of telegraphic communication. Twenty-five words for one franc, whatever the distance, is the Swiss tariff.

Brother Jonathan has been recently letting Britannia see the extent to which he has been going ahead in the construction of heavy ordnance on the *canon obusier* principle, ordinarily translated by us as the *Paixhan gun system*. The *Merrimac* U.S. frigate, for some time anchored in Southampton water, is armed exclusively with the so-called Dahlgren ordnance. They are Paixhan, or shell, guns, only differing from the ordinary cannon of that description in their enormously increased thickness at the breach, where alone the brunt of explosion has to be borne. The *Merrimac* has not one solid shot on board, and is therefore committed, à l'outrance, to the Paixhan, or incendiary, principle. Whilst on the subject of cannon, it may be well to intimate that Mr. Abel, chemical director of the War Department of the Arsenal at Woolwich, has returned from Silesia, whither he had been sent by the Government to examine and report upon a system of iron-refining by means of gaseous fuel. Mr. Abel's report to the Government has not yet been presented; but we have reason to believe that it will be expressive of satisfaction in respect of the process.

A correspondence has been going the round of the newspapers relative to the probability of discovering coal near London. The unsuccessful issue of artesian boring for water near Highgate originated this curious discussion. In defer-

ence to the opinion of Mr. Prestwich, that the green-sand strata might yield a profitable water-supply, the artesian boring in question was carried on. Instead, however, of meeting with the green-sand, anomalous strata were encountered, which some geologists imagine to be of the new red-sandstone series. If this hypothesis be borne out, coal may be found after the new red sandstone has been pierced through.

Glancing to the progress of continental science, we find that the inhabitants of Zurich are preparing to light their town with gas distilled from wood. This has already been done in Munich, where the resulting gas is not only more free from disagreeable odour than coal-gas, but its illuminative power is greater in the ratio of six to five.

The recent instances of poisoning in England by the combined agency of strychnia and tartar-emetic have induced the German philosopher Von Sicherer to examine the influences which tartar-emetic exerts in modifying the agency of strychnia and embarrassing its chemical discovery. The assertion had been made, that strychnia could not readily be discovered in the presence of tartar-emetic. Von Sicherer proves this notion to be unfounded.

Admiral Du Petit Thours has availed himself of an official voyage to Peru to make investigations relative to the process of mummification followed by the Incas, and to obtain some interesting specimens of pottery from Peruvian tombs. These specimens he has consigned to the keeping of M. Adolphe Brongniart, already so well known for his researches in the chemistry of ceramic art.

In the department of foreign agricultural chemistry, M. Bobière has arrived at the conclusion that the ammoniacal part of guano, which is usually dissipated and lost, may be effectually retained by mixing it with animal-charcoal; he therefore recommends this practice to agriculturists. We hardly think, however, that a material so expensive as animal-charcoal will commend itself to the good graces of British agriculturists, when peat-charcoal, so much cheaper and nearly as efficacious, is close at hand. Finally, in the matter of foreign science, we have to intimate that the theory of endemic and epidemic diseases, said to be correlated with the presence or absence of ozone, will want looking to. In Italy, Professor G. Campani has written a paper *Sulla carta ozonometrica a ioduro di potassio*; and in France, M. Cloez has presented a thesis to the Academy of Sciences;—both monographs going far to prove, if not absolutely proving, that the ozone test-paper is affected by the sun's rays, moisture, and other agencies besides ozone: hence it is not worthy the reliance hitherto placed in it.

DYSPEPTIC FANCIES.

I AM no diner-out. My digestion is not good enough; and I have often thought that my soul knows more of my gastric juice than pineal gland. In fact, dinner is the death of my thick-coming fancies. They are exhaled, killed, and leave nothing behind but a *caput mortuum*, an empty flagon, a dry wine-cask, a pumpkin with no seeds, a lantern with no light in it, Roger Bacon's brazen head without its voice. When I have dined, draw, O draw the curtains close, and wheel me to the fire; then let your conversation murmur like a summer brook, and I will, in half-sleep, half-dream, make mind-pictures of the past, and believe that when I was young I was both healthy and happy. For dinner is to me now the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

I conquer, but am beaten; I do ignominiously succumb before the fierceness of mine own attack, and only handle my arms valiantly at last to cry quarter shamefully. O grief, an empty platter gets the better of a full stomach! I retire from the wreck of the feast helpless and discomfited; the *disjecta membra* of fish, flesh, and fowl, mock my futile triumph and combine to haunt me afterwards. For I bear down upon the table like an Arab charging his foe, but I go away from it like a heavy Dutchman full of cabbage and

sour kraut. I have the lack-lustro eye of the stupid man, the slow tongue of the modest man, and the dull wit of an unfeeling lawyer. I confess my torpidity. Norfolk dumpling shall have his heavy jest at me, and I will not answer; jokes as flat as his own fields shall not stir my bile; I will hear without understanding; I will smile without knowing why; my comprehension shall not even rise to the height of a gross story, which, like a musk-rat or a fox, is filthiest at its tail.

If I had at such a time enough imagination remaining, I would curiously divide my stolen wits among the dishes on the table. Here a piece of salmon ran away with my best joke, there a slice of beef blunted the point of a smart saying; I lost the thread of an argument among the nice intricacies of a partridge's wing; and was reduced to plain yes or no in the battery of a danson-cheese. Even such wine awakes not my drowsy spirits; my understanding lies like a log by a winter's brook, and all of good it contains is a dead residuum of defunct jests and extinguished witticisms. If any one accosts me, my brain lumbers up heavily in an answer; if I attempt a pun, 'tis nothing but a flash in the pan; and while the piece hangs fire, my questioner turns to his neighbour, and asks him who that silent gentleman is. Then as I sip my wine, and hear politician-tinkers boasting of their power to mend the old state-kettle, young men impudently flippant, old men lugubriously dull, I think, shame be to me, of nothing but sleep; yes, I think also of roses, and waterfalls, and little birds singing their madrigals, and fountain-heads, and pathless groves, and a soft couch in the meadow-grass, or a loving lounge on my own sofa before the fire. By and by these after-dinner voices come to me as from a distance; my mind enters the vestibule of sleep, and catches only the far-off echoes of a prosaic world. Then I make odd blunders in connecting the dim sounds which reach me. A sober piece of philosophy ends by declaring that Miss — has fine legs; and I catch a line of poetry industriously quoting the last Mark-lane prices. Somehow or other, the question of who did what, and what somebody else said, mingles itself with volcanoes in the moon and the correct longitude of Kansas on the American Question. Words, too, cease to be signs of thought, or shape themselves into preposterous meanings. Louis Napoleon last week knocked down two policemen in the Strand; and the Emperor of Russia is enjoying a six weeks' relaxation at the treadmill.

But it is when I am alone in my own chamber that I relish mostly these vague after-dinner reveries. With a powerful sense of the importance of my reasoning faculties, I feel an odd pleasure in catching now and then glimpses of the strange realm of fancy. I have not patience enough to pursue an idea to any length, but am conscious of passing from one state of dreamy imagination to another with what would be a most ridiculous celerity, were I not absolutely incapable of feeling surprised at any mental inconsistency. Sometimes the hedge which separates the two strips of fairy-land is a short doze, a true sip of the Lethoan draught; or, it may be, a noise in the street, or a knock at the door. Sleep, however, at such a time is an inconstant mistress, and at one moment kisses your eyes, and at another runs from your embrace, anon lulling you into the preparatory hush of supine slumbers, and anon leaving you to start up, take an idle glance at your book or newspaper, and straightway subside into your former dreaminess. O, then I have pressed the remembrances of years into the limits of a passing thought! Then have I waved back the shadows of the too-busy present, and stood face to face with my other self—the self of the past—the vague dreamer on those heathy wilds, or cleaving the blue lake-waters, or rambling with thee, O M——, thou brave and kindly heart, together frightening the green gods of those antique woods by wild laughter-shouts at our impossible German. Ah me, what blissful memories rise up and do obeisance in the charmed circles of youth! Love was not all madness or delirium, fair —, when, in the wild tangled wilderness,

thy brown eyes launched with each glance an argosy of hope upon my sea of life; thy sighs the winds which filled their sails, thy eloquent blushes the sunbeams filling their summer sky. Shipwrecked I remain, and the dust of years has passed over thy head, soiled the amaranthine locks of youth, and buried thy beauty in the narrow touch of one short memory. Well, perhaps, it is so with us all, that we may learn to discover in our dearest thoughts, in all enchantment of our feelings, the winding-shoot and cements of their own death. Youth is but a transition period, and the present but the sheath of that chrysalis, the future. And now

"Sigh softly, ye summer breezes; and sing
Your faint melodies, ye mystic horns!"

for I am in my unreal remembrances—the trance of uncarthly memories, the dreams of some mysterious past. I believe with Plato in the pre-existence of the soul; else why should I have recollections of a life of which this seems but an after-birth? For methinks at some time I have lain upon the slopes of wondrous hills, turreted by flames of sapphire and of gold; sweet voices have mingled round me in the liquid music of immortal song; while hands have pressed my own, soft cheeks have been laid to mine, and on my bosom have I felt the thrill of other celestial life pulsing against me like the tide of the sea upon the shore; or again, it is as a little child running alone down a leafy lane. I come to a white cottage, cool in the fiery flashes of hot noon; therein at night the pale moonbeams lie across my bed. But who stands at the gate; what little hands are clasping mine; what soft kisses are showered upon my lips and cheeks? I see a face that life has never seen. I hear a voice that never smote my ears on earth. A graceful shadow runs in my walk, or chases with me the undissipating bubbles of impressive youth; or standing both together, looking on the western sun, I feel her tearful face pressed close to mine, and then we weep, for that sun journeys to another sky, and I must follow it.

I am willing to account for some of these fancies by supposing them to be chance recollections of books read to be forgotten. It may be by the help of my own imagination I keep up the delusion. Yet, take them for what they are, I would not exchange them for all the prosaic grandeur of kings and princes that wisdom ever chose to moralise on. They are my *terra incognita* whereon I rule sole lord; my fortunate isles, and the sea is ever mild and the skies ever blue; they are a centre of quiet in the vexed Bermoothes of this world, the true succedaneum of life's toothache, the elixir of youth's decrepitude, the shadowy sunshine of a mournful day.

Let ill-natured people sneer, and call them the freaks of the fancy when reason sleeps, the giddy frolic of children who have an empty house to play in. I am too happy to care; for these my dreams, if dreams they are, are sworn friends and fairy playmates with other beautiful children of the mind. And as I wave my ideal wand, through half-shut eyes I see the landscape of a fairer world; a lovely maiden lying by a singing stream; a meadow sloping downwards to a lake; forest-ground barred and crossed by moonlight; a silver swan looking on its motionless shadow; a cave lit up by fairy lights; a torrent dashing fiercely through some mysterious glen; still rides the brave knight with his vizer up; still heavenly Una loads her milk-white lamb; still shines the treacherous heaven of Armida's smiles; still dance the cloven—"Eh, eh—what, Susan? Coffee? Yes, you may bring me a cup."

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

By WALTER K. KELLY.

* HE IS MY FRIEND WHO GRINDS AT MY MILL, that is, who is profitable to me; a vile sentiment, if understood too absolutely. But the proverb is rather to be interpreted as offering a test by which genuine friendship may be distinguished

from its counterfeit. "Acts are love, and not fair speeches" (Span.).—*Obras son amores que no buenas razones.* "If you love me, John, your acts will tell me so" (Span.).—*Si bien me quieres, Juan, las obras me lo dirán.* "In the world you have three sorts of friends," says Chamfort; "your friends who love you, your friends who do not care about you, and your friends who hate you."

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN IN THE BEST-REGULATED FAMILIES. "There is a skeleton in every house," or, as the Spaniards have it, *No hay casa do no haya su talla, talla.*—There is no house but has its "Hush! hush!"—The English proverb is generally used in a jocular sense.



CORRESPONDENCE.

NEIGHBOURLY SYMPATHY

HOMES, particularly country-homes, might often be surrounded with a happier and more congenial neighbourhood, if those well off knew better how to evince the sympathy they perhaps really feel for their less fortunate brethren. It is not enough to urge the *principle* of sympathy; its details must be studied, its manifestations guided with judgment and delicacy. In my own experience, for instance, I have seen labouring boys and young men, with gloomy faces and reckless bearing, who were treading an even course of ignorance, neglect, and hard work, to be continued on into old age, downward to the grave.—I have seen such awakened to the consciousness that they were men, otily by speaking a friendly word, and giving them a smile now and then. I have watched the progress of these friendly salutations, and have more than once seen such youths emerge from amidst their lower and more wilful associates, and take a higher stand, as if all at once their better thoughts and feelings were brought into play; and thus, by aiming at being respected, they have themselves become "respectable."

How often, also, do we meet the older man who was once in "good circumstances," but who "failed," and is now reduced; who was once courted and smiled upon, but who is now passed unnoticed by all his "respectable" but cold-hearted neighbours. How shabby and sad and disconsolate he has looked, all the less able to bear his present privations and neglects from having once enjoyed prosperity and flattery! Now he lifts his head only to see others turn from him; but in the midst of his dejection, how often have we seen the drooping spirit raised, the haggard look cheered, by some one of kindly heart among his wealthy and respected neighbours stopping to greet him, to speak a few words, or, if riding by, give him a smile or a nod.

It is astonishing (till we think of it) how much of blessing such little attentions may bestow on the otherwise neglected and fallen. In his now reduced condition he may perhaps get his loaves from the Union; but man cannot live by bread alone. How many cold silent minutes are there when the heart yearns for a genial glance and sympathising word,—when it longs to feel that it is not spurned or forgotten by every body!

Thus we see that the benefits we can give to others are not limited to those whom we bought with money. Comforts like these cost the giver nothing, and they are among the choicest fruits of benevolence. Let no one say he is too poor to give. An occasional meal to the hungry, a letter written for one who cannot write himself, advice or information to those who need either,—such manifestations of sympathy and kind feeling will cheer a neighbourhood, however poor, and lighten and sweeten the air of many homes—none

more than that from which the kindnesses emanate: for it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive. D.

ART IN THE DWELLING.—No. II.

WHAT inscrutable blindness, obtuseness, or obliquity of vision, could it have been which caused our ancestors for long generations to be contented with such ungainly furniture, such hideous decorations; such tiggly household articles of all kinds? The wealthy were perhaps worse off in this respect than the poorer classes, inasmuch as the latter could not attempt to adorn their dwellings. Wooden platters and brown pitchers are not pretty things, it is true; but their sturdy simplicity redeems them from contempt. Where there is no assumption, failure cannot follow. But the more ambitious of those days ran after fashion even as do we of this present lustro of this present century. They expended much money, time, and thought in fitting up their houses. Those heavy mouldings, those funereal recesses, were not planned without due deliberation; those tall awkward mantelpieces were decided on in wise conclave; the narrow windows, letting in as little of the light of heaven as might be, were adopted advisedly. So with the furniture. The massive angular chairs, the mammoth sofas, were in accordance with the "taste" of the age, even as was painted china and huge-patterned chintz. Happy the dame who could ornament her withdrawing-room in the magnificence of two or three of those great jars, whereon and around which, dragons, butterflies, beetles, and flowers marvellous to the botanist, disported in aerial abandonment, or were ranged in dignified procession! Window and bed curtains, chair-covers, and cups and saucers, followed after the same style of art. Grotesqueness in form, gaudiness in colour, incongruity in pattern,—such was the ideal which the artists of those days so felicitously realised.

Who was it that first ventured to step in and work by slow degrees a change in the existing order of things? Who dared to make the first attack on the staunch Conservatism of taste, by hinting, and then showing the advantage of such inventions as French windows, low mantelpieces, light cornices, pretty-patterned paper-hangings, and chintzes of a livelier pictorial interest than the dragon-haunted ones of yore? Who suggested the idea of curved chair-backs, sloping sofas, and circular tables? Who originally lifted up his voice and declared the wonderful doctrine that other forms of ornamental design were possible besides the great orders of the griffin, the pseudo-Greek, or Egyptian, the monstrous floral and entomological, and that (best loved of all by the tasteful decorators of the period) of the scroll and isolated head—sometimes a man's and sometimes a lion's—which frequented the centre of sideboards and pier-tables, the arms of chairs, and the knockers of doors, grinning defiance to all beholders?

But perhaps fully as much as to these great reformers do we owe to him who first endeavoured to make the common things, the daily requisites of life, beautiful. The manufacture of cups and saucers, jugs, plates—the whole range of household crockery—has undergone a great change within the last five-and-twenty years. It is the fault of the purchaser, not of the manufacturer, now-a-days if the utensils on table and sideboard are not graceful and fair to the eyes, in shape, colour, and pattern. Beauty, in this respect at least, is as cheap as ugliness, and is even more easily obtainable. It is quite a matter of difficulty to procure a cup and saucer of such uncomeliness as the example here given. But some years since, they thronged the shelves of china-shops—tho', ay and worse than they. Tall and awkward, or short and thick, with straight and angular handles, they seemed to revel in their uncompromising hideousness of pattern and form. Large scarlet flowers occupied the centre of each, or a black butterfly or huge beetle added interest and lent pleasing associations to the breakfast or tea table. But now the cheapest of such things are fashioned gracefully, as in fig. 2, which, in its chaste simplicity of form and



DOMESTIC UTENSILS AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

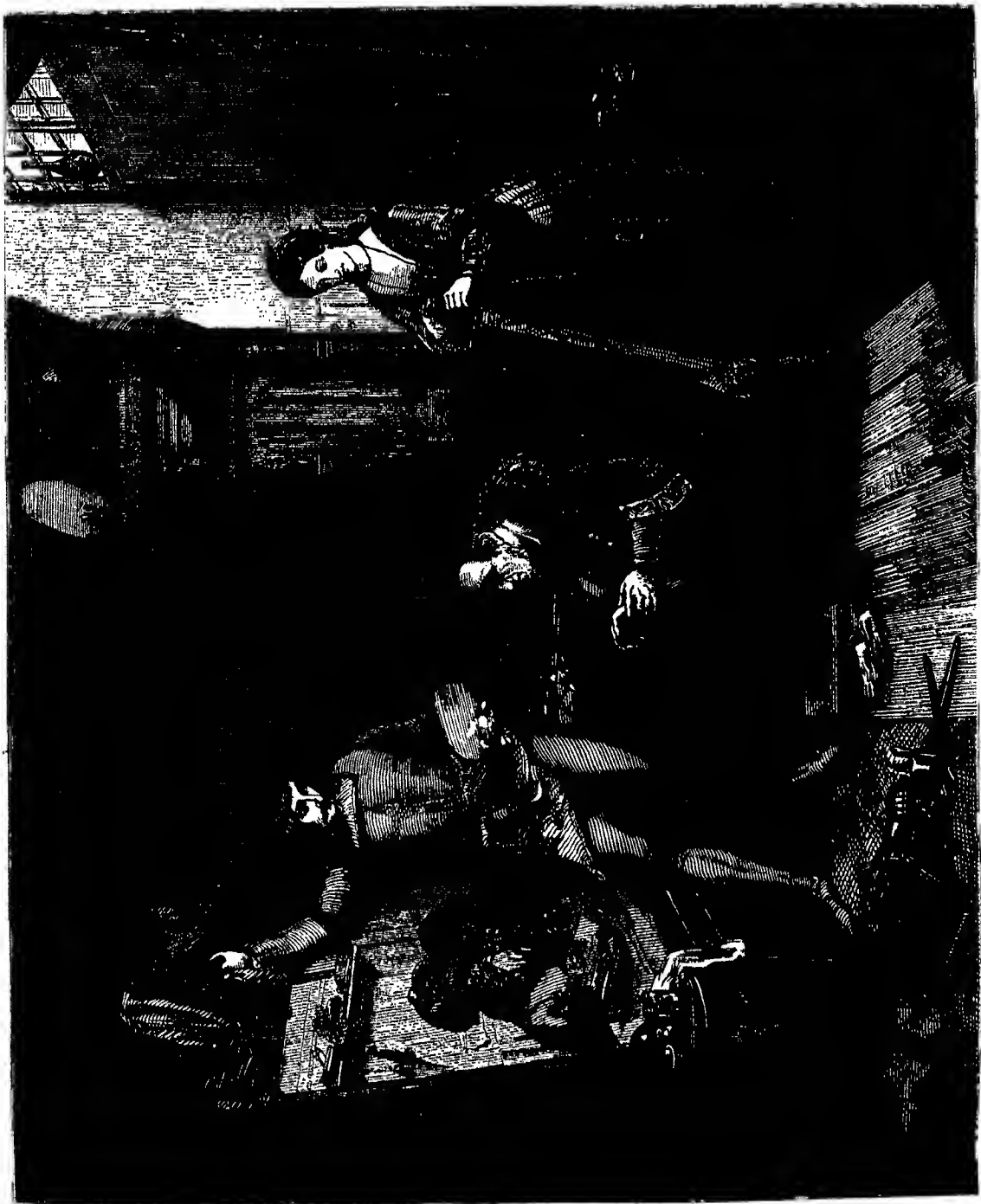
colour, puts to shame the uncouth elaboration and gaudy tinting of the costly tea-services of twenty years ago. Fig. 3, again, is a pattern generally adopted in more expensive china; the handle twisted like a tree-branch, the pattern, a slender twining wreath in gold round the rim.

To revert to jugs. The history of jugs, if there were time to discuss it, might afford some instructive examples. *Could* any thing in so innocent a material as pottery, be more uncomfortable to behold than the ancient ewers which held water, or their gaunt and grim younger children which contained milk or cream? Midway between these two was the jug specially furnished for the dinner-table, of which fig. 4 is a portrait. This, in its day, was doubtless considered rather admirable: it was manufactured of handsome ware, and much tracery and other ornate decoration was expended upon it. Other jugs were fashioned on the model of fig. 6, which were made in "sets" of three or four, and for many years seem to have been the popular "useful" jug. Who does not recognise its familiar yellow cheek? It abounded in kitchens and sculleries, whence it oftentimes emerged into parlours or bed-chambers, so wide was its range of duties. Such a good thing could scarcely be too generally adopted, it was evidently thought.

In the present day, however, the china-warehouseman would probably offer pattern fig. 5, or something similar to it, for a table-jug; while for hot-water or milk, one like fig. 7 would be found as strong and useful as a less graceful article. Moreover, the jugs for kitchen use may now be had of far comelier appearance than those which in former days

sufficed for drawing-room or sideboard. Even those, dear to the housewife's eyes, wherein the neck is wide enough to admit the insertion of the hand in cleansing, are not so unmitigatedly awkward, or so absurdly rotund, as of yore. Improvement, in fact, is making way. The world is to be congratulated thereupon. A few years ago, a teapot on the model of fig. 8 would not have been received with disfavour. There is a manifest ambition after beauty and dignity in this design, but with a result that reminds us of the gait and aspect of a cock of the Cochin-China breed. It is of choice porcelain, tenderly finished in every particular, and has doubtless been accustomed to be spoken of as a very handsome teapot. One almost feels compassionate towards even a piece of pottery that has lived beyond its day, and finds itself in an uncongenial world, where its best points are not understood. People's ideas of handsome teapots have undergone a change since that was designed and executed; but we must not allow ourselves to exult too soon. Among metal teapots there is abundant opportunity for reform. The best of them are much lacking in grace of form and harmony of proportion, while most of the commoner kinds are altogether at war with any thing like symmetry or elegance. The example we give in fig. 9, though a great improvement, still shows how much is left to be done in this department of domestic art-manufactures.

*** A CHRISTMAS NUMBER is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced.



PAINTED BY R. REDGRAVE, R.A.

QUENTIN MATSYS.

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. II.

QUENTIN MATSYS.

ABOUT the year 1470, when our English barons were foolishly picking handfuls of white and red roses to wear in their helmets instead of blanch and crimson plumes, there lived in the rich town of Antwerp, not very far from the lazy Scheldt, a young blacksmith and his aged mother.

Now by blacksmith we do not mean one of those swarthy fuliginous sons of Hercules, with ten-horse power of arm, who, in our English forges, crunch up iron-bars as boys would wheaten straws, and drive fire out of glowing horse-shoes; but rather a sort of armourer, who to-day tempers a poniard to give the *coup de grace* to some cut-throat Burgundian or bullying Switzer, and to-morrow is delicately moulding the iron flowers for an abbot's chapel-door, or the iron lace-network for a lady's pearl casket.

The strong lad, whose father has gone the journey from which no traveller returns, toils hard to support his mother, who is one of those dear cheery old souls, with rosy withered-apple cheeks and perpetual knitting, that the Dutch painters long afterwards delighted to sketch on sunny afternoons. Poor boy! he grows thinner and paler; works so hard that he looks prematurely old; up early, up late; never goes to the guild-banquets, where the burghers dip their beards in the red wine that gleams in the golden cups. He has no eye for the fair maidens who watch him at his work. His mind is ill at ease; for the black wolf Poverty howls at the door, if his weak arm rests hammering but for a moment. Poor Quentin! he so kind and true and fond, has grown harsh, almost fierce, in his short quick answers; and he sighs and sighs, and stops for a moment only to press his forehead with his hand. There is a weight and a gnawing at his heart, and his head seems of evenings as if it would burst. The sunlight, to him is muddy, and the moonlight fog. At last his strength fails, for three months he is sick, and then recovers but to find there is no work!

"Ah, my dear son," says the old woman, "three weeks ago,—the day before the blessed Saint Basil raised you out of the bed your father died in,—Master Walter Huygens sent for his breastplate, finished or unfinished, and off it went; for he, good master, was going to the weaponslaw in the Scheldt meadows, and needs must have it, good soul. The Lord who feeds the ravens will feed us—the widow and the orphan."

A knock at the door.

"Is Master Matsys, the ironworker, in?"

"I am Matsys."

"I am John Artevelde, the chief master of the Glovers' Guild, and we want an iron covering of Gothic work for the Glovers' Well in the market-place, for which we are ready to pay handsomely, so the thing be good and well fashioned."

An hour after comes an order for an iron staircase for the college at Louvain; and the day after, a commission for twelve small statues of the Apostles, for the solemn annual processions of *la Confrérie des Lépreux*. He toils night and day, beguiling his spare time with trying to paint. Sometimes he thinks he really has genius, and may perhaps do something after the manner of Van Eyck.

The great day comes round, as heat drives out cold, and cold heat. It is an April morning, and again earth grows into a transitory semblance of paradise. To-day the well-case is to be uncovered, and the procession of the confraternity, bearing the wonderful images, will pass through the city to visit the cathedral of our Lady, and to present offerings at her shrine.

The crowd rolls and sways like a wheat-field when the wind is on it. Like a ninth wave comes the murmur announcing the masters of the Glovers' Company.

Cries every where, as the hoarding falls to pieces under the hammers, of "Most exceeding admirable!" "Marvelously wonderful!" and "Very pretty piece of work!" Over the iron network stands an iron knight holding an iron glove. This Matsys,—there he is, pale and weak,—shapes

iron as if it were clay; his metal leaves are crisp and of delicate shape; his boughs strong, twining yet massy. "Excellent craftsman!" is the cry. And now the procession passes, look at the little statues they throw to the people:—his work again. An eddy in the crowd, and a woman's scream. The young blacksmith has fainted—some say from joy, others from exhaustion of his long toil.

"Who is this wonderful craftsman?" said a blue-eyed daughter to her father, the rich painter.

"I think they call him Matsys; but they're low people."

From the slight trouble visible in those eyes, there is, I should augur, some interest in the maiden's heart for the young blacksmith who has swooned. They meet very often, and quite by chance—quite;—in the market-place, at mass, in the dim chapel, where a rain, as of saint's blood, glorifies the floor. There have been blushes, eyes bent down, and low whispers. The youth has taken to painting passionately day and night; for Ann tells him her father has promised her hand to one of his pupils, and will marry her to none but a great painter. He has seen through a broad window, which a stone shaft cut in two, two misers creaking and chucking over their ill gotten gains,—pearl-brooches for hoods, stray jewels from prodigals, and fat bloated bags of round gold-pieces, all stamped and lettered. Through the foggy-yellow lattice-panes he heard them count and laugh and rub their dry claws of hands, till "Red-cloak," the Indian parrot, learned by heart their "five and four's nine and four's thirteen;" and he determined that that should be his first great picture. He began to paint,—really hoping to do some enchanted thing with his golden oils, brushes of hog's bristles, and purple and yellow earths.

Six months after the procession, the father is manoeuvred into coming to see some new work by the ambitious blacksmith; and all unconscious brings his daughter with him. Our readers will readily divine what follows—the earnest admiration of the father—the pause and agitation of the lovers—the avowal—the momentary anger—the gradual yielding—the full and cordial union at last.

A century after that day, long after the hundred bells in the great four-hundred feet steeple of our Lady's church had hushed their clamorous approval of these two hands—the white and the brown one—joining, a wise man of Antwerp wrote upon the blacksmith's tomb, in golden letters, this line—

"Connubialis Amor de Mulciber fecit Apollem,"

"Love made an Apolles out of a blacksmith."

Now this is all very well; but in sober truth, Matsys, though good for his time, painted in a somewhat hard, Chinese manner. His chief works are, the "Descent from the Cross," painted for Antwerp Cathedral, the "Mary Magdalen," of which Dr. Waagen speaks very highly, in the gallery of Corsham House, and the "Two Misers" his best known picture, which is, we believe, in the Royal Gallery of Windsor; this last is the painting shown in Mr. Redgrave's own picture. Matsys' well also remains, and the iron knight has not yet dropped his glove.

Mr. Redgrave's picture is worth all Matsys ever painted. How admirable is the bleared wonder and senile chuckle and delight of the old connoisseur, who is so purse-proud and overbearing! how infinitely good the proud pleasure and gratulation of the Italian-eyed painter! As for the daughter, she is the pearl of Anvers, and is as lovable a piece of womanhood as ever wore sunlight for hair.

Mr. Redgrave was the son of a manufacturer, and destined—if destiny had not set her back against the counting-house-door—to have entered his father's office, and spent his life in compiling ledgers. His good star, however, led him, in the course of commercial travels with plans and designs, to roam about moors, watch wild flowers, and, in fact, draw from nature. Dissatisfied in all other directions, but hopeful in this, love of art soon led him to the Royal Academy as a student. After some struggles, and much climbing of other

men's stairs, which always bruise the shins of genius, this amiable and gifted artist achieved a success in his "Gulliver on the Farmer's Table," which was bought and engraved. He was now fairly before the public, and could not be again forgotten. He had commented on Swift's pantomime of satire, and revived the old lampoon which delights us in every age. In 1838, he painted "Ellen Orford;" a pathetic scene from Crabbe, in which the tender and warm heart of the painter began at once to beat visibly. In 1839, came "Olivia's Return;" and he proved his sympathy with the true homeliness and pathos of Goldsmith. "The reduced Gentleman's Daughter" and "The Governess" were of the same excellent and universal school.

In 1840, Mr. Redgrave became an Associate. Nor was the honour prematurely bestowed; for his delicate sense of the poetry of the domestic sentiments was now well known. In 1842, his old love of landscape worked through again, and has since continued the master-passion of a busy and anxious life. Perhaps a life in London has, as in other painters, only made the passion for open nature and pure fresh colour a thousand times stronger. No dead weight of circumstances—while a chance remains—can crush out the life of a strong purpose. In 1842 he produced his "Woodland Glade," and in 1846 "The Brook." Away melted his "Castle Builders," "Poor Teacher," "Sempstress," "Departure," "Governess," "Sunday Morning," and "Country Cousins;" and in came "The Moorhen's Haunt," "The Forest Haunt," "The Solitary Pool," "The Lonely Woods," "A Poet's Haunt," "The Wood Mirror," "The English Homestead," &c. Even the superintendence of the Department of Practical Art, the cares of students, and lecturing, have not prevented Mr. Redgrave producing such pictures as "Griselda attiring," &c. It is perhaps by the "Country Cousins," now at the Vernon Gallery, that this artist is best known to the public. We need scarcely remind our art-loving readers of the excellent contrasts of that picture,—of the bashful boy and the hopeful mother, of the supercilious patron and the sneering women. It is a pity the picture is so hot and chestnutty in tone.

In landscape Mr. Redgrave is remarkable for his minute and graceful poetry. His nature is domestic, he loves repose, and soothing scenes, not of sensual drowsyland, but of leafy solitude and balmy calmness. He is perhaps a little too minute in manner; yet he is a prodigal of trouble, and works with a patient white-heat of love impelling his hand. His leafage is rippling, and has a strange depth and multitude about it. His brooks run to the sweetest and most pastoral tunes. His woods are never preyed on by wild-beasts of winds and wave, but rustle with perpetual summer. He is the Shensone of painters, and sometimes runs into falsetto; but his is not the strain of the overtasked throat—it is not affectation or want of judgment. There is about his painting something of the old ballad feeling, an almost conventional purity, and a deep sense of inlying and unshakable repose.

THE TILT-YARD.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

Noisy ran the blue and orange;
Noisy ran the red,
Like a flight of crimson birds
With their broad wings spread;
Lusty, all in scarlet,
Ran the sturdy grooms;
And O, wherever broke the spears,
The tossing of the plumes!

Then the black and silver,
Then the blue and brown;
But John of the Beard in yellow
Carried away the crown.

He rode—the spears in shivers
Flew up. In ran the grooms;
And O, wherever spurred Sir John,
The tossing of the plumes!

Then came the black and russet,
The murrey and the blue;
Never to any tilt-yard
Rode such a merry crew.
The ladies laughed—a rippling wave;
Smiles spread through all the grooms;
And O, wherever snapped a spear,
The tossing of the plumes!

SHEERNESSE REVISITED.

By JAMES HANNAY,

AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY, R.N."

AFTER a certain amount of continuous residence in London, —however much you value the old town,—a peculiar weariness of it comes over you,—an undefinable cockneyism has stolen upon your spirit; your nerves are not what they ought to be, and you fight shy of harmless droves of cattle; you wake languid, after sleeping restlessly; a book of travels makes you "spooney" about the East, and you long to be strolling in Malta, at the risk of meeting Belphegor. But what if private *désagrément*s just tumble on you while in this state? A Mr. Snobson lays claim to the authorship of your favourite novel, and involves you in a correspondence with a country-paper. The sight of a great library oppresses you. What's to be done? Why, pack up your traps, and remove yourself, the *placens uxor*, and young Iulus somewhere within smell of the sea. *On revient toujours*, &c.; and there is nothing like a dose of salt for the purgation of the Scandinavian blood.

So this, you see, is what your humble servant did in the commencement of this last summer. But as, like a kite, one cannot fly farther than the string of London allows, I went to no more distant place than the village of Mouthend on the Nore. A pretty little village it is, just opposite Sheerness, some eight miles across, commanding every thing that goes in or out of the river, set in a rural neighbourhood, green, rich, leafy, and flowery, and kept fresh by the rolling tide from the North Sea. The Cockney proper has a kind of notion that it is not salt enough (a point on which he is naturally a judge), so goes further, and swelters at Margate. One tins, to some extent, escapes him; tries the water, and finds just the regular acrid and vivid salt stuff one wanted; and settles in comfort on the "Marine Parade" for the summer.

Ah, how one enjoys the sniff of the breeze! The tide is on the move to come in, and its flow (the tide being the exactest image of life you can get) makes every thing seem alive again. First, there is a long clear line of silver across at right angles with the pier, and you hardly see it move. Presently you look up from your book through the window, and see the old stranded smack *Duke* all encircled with it. Gently and gloriously,—just lightly rippling in the breeze that is coming up too,—the waters find their way over everywhere, and make a magic transformation of the place. In an hour or two all is afloat; the sprit-rigged boats wake and move, and go prettily bowling through the water. The influence extends to yourself, and brings you out too; and night finds you better already, oblivious of Babylon and its cares, and watching the pulsing of the Nore light as it comes and goes through the dark with a cheerfuller heart than you have had for many a day. You resolve to pitch your tent here, and make the best of it.

Mouthend you find, though naturally a pleasant, is artificially a dull place. Society—there is as good as none. The county, like other counties one knows, has been long

cut up like a cake, and sold in slices to all comers. There are fellows called "lords of manors" (who stick up boards on the beach warning you not to meddle with the poriwinkles); but their business is to own the place, it seems, and not to improve it. Like other big men of little places, they are mighty particular about their rights; and I am told that no Mouthendian of an improving turn can get land to build on or other similar encouragement. The railway company is vigorous; but of course a railway favours locomotion rather than residence, and prefers a thumping good excursion for the day to the comfort of a handful of quiet families. So, somehow the village has never fulfilled the promise it once gave, when the late Queen Caroline took up her abode there,—I suppose, to try and forget her husband. By the way, the old woman who dipped the Princess Charlotte is still extant, and ready to dip the loyal who may be interested in that reminiscence. But—alas for the vagueness of tradition!—the queen's country-house was pointed out to me as having been occupied by *Queen Elizabeth*! Poor old "Bess in the ruff,"—whose birthday was kept by the London 'prentices almost till the other day,—have you come to be confounded with a Queen Caroline? Yet, a few miles off, is an old place that belonged to Queen Boss's mother's family,—the Bullens, or Boleyns,—and where Nan Boleyn had no doubt been in her time; indeed, the old woman who shows it asserts (tradition again) that she was beheaded there!

However, our present business is with the sea and the seaside-life. Those blue fellows in Guernsey frocks are, of course, the boatmen; for the working-classes (barring the traders) are divided into—1st, watermen; 2d, donkey-drivers. Two standing amusements (after you have bathed, strolled along the cliffs, and lounged in the shrubbery) are open to you—to take a boat, or to take a donkey. The visitors generally—guided by what subtle sympathy I cannot say—prefer the donkey. All day long they gallop these animals without mercy; and the *asinarii*, or donkey-drivers, are prosperous men. Indeed, the boatmen grumble—and I must say with some justice—at the indifference of the visitors to the water. If there is a sea "a bacey-pipe high," observed my favourite *employé*, they are terrified. Won't even this fine afternoon tempt them? I wonder, as I haul aft the main-sheet and shoot out of the corner under their noses. Sometimes one's boat did serve as a decoy-duck, and got some of the honest fellows a job. But if not, why how one enjoyed it oneself all the same! A more pleasant hour spent in a May afternoon I cannot fancy, than lounging in the storn-sheets, with the tillor under your arm, with a fresh breeze, going clean full,—turning down to windward, say, and passing the fleet of shrimpers,—or, with the sheet eased off, running away to look at some fellow who, with studding-sails aloft and aloft, is passing up or down. The summer lights up land and water; and in its white glare you see the batteries away at Sheerness shining, and the sides of the distant line-of-battle ships in the harbour seeming to glitter with fire. Not to omit a vulgarer consideration, viz. the appetite attained thereby, and which a gray mullet caught up the coast this morning is well calculated to reward. The gray mullet wants, indeed, the romantic beauty of colour,—he wants the classic reputation of his *red* kinsman (him for whom in olden days one went seining in the Mediterranean), but is he really inferior? The red, however, are sometimes to be got out of a mackerel-boat; for (as the well-informed reader knows) they are found among the mackerel-shoals, like gentlemen among common people.

Well, we are bowling along, and chatting with our boatman, and of course we hear something of his news or views. They are a simple race of men, the Mouthend boatmen, who in summer keep these boats, and in winter go fishing in smacks. They have a most wholesome indifference to politics, and the common blackguard-story literature does not seem to have reached them at all. Simple, civil, hard-working men, who talk about boats and about nothing but boats; whose only notion of literature is an account of a yacht-race,

and their only ambition to have a fine fast galley. Indeed, they have a point of view which, while respecting it, I must nevertheless admit to be but narrow. Their fixed idea is, that every gentleman ought to keep a yacht, and that the whole duty of the British aristocracy is summed up therein. "Let him set a example," they observe of the squire. Of course, however, they laugh at certain personages who, by meddling with the sailing of their own vessels, have been known to lose a race,—or at Stodge, Esq., who, wanting to have the *éclat* of a yacht without pecuniary disbursement, keeps two or three old men in his cutter *Pomposo*, who have scarcely strength enough to hoist the mainsail among them. You see we had the elements of comedy at Mouthend as elsewhere. One met on the pier a smart young man, looking like a French cook, who proved to be the owner of a most lovely foretopsail schooner; a grocer from my own neighbourhood turned up in a moustache and glazed cap (I thought he had been from the Crimea at first); one Pigskin swaggered about immensely, on the strength of a small cutter, which I suspect he got for a bad debt, &c. But I felt the true satiric thrill of old days when a naval gentleman from Sheerness, who was going to dine in the neighbourhood, came over in a *gunboat*. "Gad," said I, "the service must still be going to the *dévil*, as it was in my young days! I'll have a run over to old Sheerness, and see how the place looks."

So, there being a leading wind and the tide serving, we "up stick" and off. It is a small boat that we are in, but as stiff as a church; and as the puffs come down she shoots ahead gallantly, and the long black pier seems to shut up like a telescope as you leave it behind. You pass all kinds of craft, large and small, on the way. The shrimpers alone from a fishing-village a few miles up form a large fleet, and dart about, with the wet nets paying over their sterns, and the bronzed rough fishermen attending to them. Generations of these men have fished this coast, and year after year have come out with the tide from their ancient village, to go in again with their brown heaps of shrimps wet and dirty, and boil them. There is a fish-train now by the railway; and if one of the fleet is late, perhaps he will engage that tug which you see lying off the pier waiting for a job. A very different craft is yon ponderous barge with immense copper-coloured sail, laden with hay, which is beating up the river. What a tub! you think;—but "bless you, sir, the way barges is built now, they'll sail as well as many a brig or schooner." Improvement every where—in any thing where money-making is the object—you observe; but do we improve quite as fast where it is the national honour and the position of England in Europe that is at stake?

As we drew nearer the harbour, the hull of the flag-ship loomed large, and her ocheored side grew distinct. The breeze from the Kentish shores was full of the smell of orchards and gardens and sweet country. The martello tower looked as white as Lot's wife after her transformation. The water was rippling and forming itself into whirling eddies as we crossed the harbour's mouth. We were in a few minutes in all the full animation of the scene. Two line-of-battle ships were before us, in all the tranquil magnificence natural to them. There is the little admiral's yacht, tidy and trim. Far away you see old dismantled vessels; to the right a batch of gunboats, with black hulls, raking masts, and small funnels. Gunboats were not in fashion in my day, so I viewed them with curiosity, and found them astonishingly neat and light-looking after the nonsense that I had read about their unwieldiness in some newspapers.

I cast my eyes over the harbour, and felt that it was quite a kind of sentimental journey that I was making. It was here that, in 1840 (pardon the egotism of this paper, gentle reader), I joined the service. 1840 is yesterday to the old generation of course, but to me it seems an age ago. Was it oneself or somebody we seem to know imperfectly that came here a little green lad—all full of happy ignorance?—rapture that, however ignorant, one secretly prefers

to the knowledge and experience of to-day. You hardly realise it, yet it is true. Here fitted-out the old *C*—, Captain E. B— commanding; here stood the old *Howe*, where we proved that we could spell from dictation; here was the *Vengeur* hulk, so ugly and comfortable, where we slept our first sleep aloft, having been received at the stove-fire in the gun-room by H— and Lord E. C—, both mates then, both dead years ago. I did not ask for the *Vengeur* this time; but they don't seem to cherish antiquities at Sheerness. The *Ocean* is there, which so long bore Collingwood's flag. "*Ocean*, off Cadiz," dwells in the memory of all who have read the great good admiral's letters. Well, the *Ocean* is a coal-dépôt now! Are we so badly off for ships fit to be coal-dépôts that we must fall back on these bits of historic oak? I rather thought we had plenty of vessels just fit for the business. However, it does not matter now to Lord Collingwood; and he was a man who was glad in any way to benefit "the service." I dare say his spirit does not grudge her to the coal-business; but it would become us a little better in England if we paid more respect to the past, and the relics and symbols of the past.

On landing, I am bound to say, the difference between "now" and "then" struck me very distinctly—through my organs of smell. There is a kind of seaport smell, which defies analysis, but which takes hold of your nose with insinuating tenacity. Yet this smell must always have been here, and to my young enthusiasm was probably grateful as otto of roses. At least, it seems as if I had never felt it then, for it now appears as new as terrible. On this spot we—the youngsters—used to land often during the fitting-out; so I make for a hostelry which was rather popular in those days. Hither came B— and I, and tasted the ale critically, and flirted with the landlord's daughters. B— is in Australia now; the landlord dynasty is long gone; the lovely daughters,—where are they? I think of a walk which B— and I took with them along the shores of the poluphoisbois, and in pensive mood partake of refreshments. The hostelry itself seems to have lost caste since those days; or was it that we endowed it with imaginary dignity? I find myself quoting Sir Walter:

"The tower, the hill, the stream, the tree,
O, are they now as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?"

I suppose it was our animal spirits that made this inn seem an abode of comfort and gaiety, just as I recollect we thought it the height of humorous tradition to hear that in former days somebody had capsize the sentry in his sentry-box and left him imprisoned there till the morning. Where is our relish for this class of feats gone? The long dockyard-wall seems to me now the most prosaic of prose things. Is it possible that one is becoming "one of the old school"? Is it possible that the young fellows who have joined during this last half-dozen years look upon my old set (now lieutenants and commanders) as grim tyrants and their natural foes? The thought is enough to make a man feel wrinkles creeping over him.

But yet you meet old gentlemen at Sheerness who have been lieutenants since the time of my set's grandfathers,—men who remember Sir Richard Strachan,—who talk of the Walcheren Expedition and Lord Chatham's turtle-soup (for Lord C. had his turtle as carefully as some of our own "heroes" their yachts to-day), as things which happened quite lately. And when you meet such an old gentleman you feel more juvenile. He can tell you how the service has changed; and he will, too. Midshipmen were not gentlemen in those days; they had not servants, but cleaned their own shoes. The changes since our time seem insignificant when you hear facts like these; and yet the changes in our time have been considerable, too,—as I feel when I happen to meet an old friend and hear his chat. The only thing which does not change seems the system which leaves the unlucky lieutenants of twenty, thirty, forty years' standing, and more. Families take their turns

to enjoy the good jobs of the Navy. Once it was the Es, now the Bs have it. The Es were in their glory in my time; but somehow none of the connection emerged to renown during the late war. Nor did the Bs for that matter. But there were one or two young gentlemen heard of who were no kin to either Bs or Es, and these fared accordingly. Do you think I have not heard the story of young Pullet,—how he lost his leg, and how they delayed his promotion to lieutenant, so that for the said leg he only got *a mate's pension* (was this a wise bit of economy?): Now Somebody who ought to have influence in these realms tried to give Pullet a lift, and did not prove so powerful *pro* as the Admiralty *con*? And don't I know that much about the time Pullet was faring thus, Fitz-Rat was shot up over every body's head without even a pretence of right, justice, or decency? Such stories wander about naval places, like the smells mentioned above, and aptly represent the corruption which dishonours our country. To be sure, there was no cant about Fitz-Rat's promotion; it was a straightforward bit of the old favouritism. Even *it* was an improvement on the canting style of the favouritism of Balder Dash of the *Pestilent*, who used to pretend that his conscience forced him to reward the merit of the sons and nephews of cabinet ministers.

However, ten-years' mates are rare now, at all events; and my thoughts turn to old H—, our senior mate in the *C*— when I was last in this harbour. A red-faced, hasty, eccentric man H— was, fond of his independence, fond of his port. A younger brother (said rumour) had stepped before him into his property, but sent him at intervals bank-notes, which H— pocketed hastily, leaving the letters in which they came for perusal at some leisure-hour. He always, I remember, did me the honour to use my basin and other toilette-materials of a morning. I was rather his favourite; and when he flung a camp-stool at me, I don't think that he meant me any harm. *Apropos*, I hear that "bullying" is on the decline, and becoming unknown now. No youngster has the tip of his nose slit and salt rubbed in any more. "Cobbling" is rare; "colts" are few. Herseplay is left to the sister service, where what remains of it seems likely to be extinguished by his Grace of Cambridge. There was less of this kind of thing in the *C*— than in some other vessels; but that it raged fiercely in more than one craft is so certain, that there are men who, having left the service years ago, retain a perfect horror of it from the memory of this one item only. The old mates were rather a ferocious class; and it is a good thing for youngsters that men who "stick" now on the road up stick more generally at the rank of lieutenant. If I recollect right, assistant surgeons from the Highlands were a bullying breed once on a time; but now they have their cabins and mess in the ward-room, so that danger is over. Time is probably modifying altogether the state of things in which the "oldster" and "youngster" were natural foes. Under the old *régime*, it was hard to believe that the severity of the oldster was all for our good, as he constantly insisted. Probably he was wise in allowing us no grog but on Saturday nights; yet, for the life of us, we could not but believe that he rather meant to deprive us of the pleasure than to shield us from the dangers of that indulgence. I remember that I for one could never comprehend why, if McGrumph thought rum-and-water "pernicious," he was so fond of a tumbler himself! And I could not but think that he took a pleasure in "wallowing" a youngster altogether apart from his praiseworthy wish to improve the lad's morale.

In mingled recollection and roverie, I paced the streets, and then skimmed over the harbour. Old faces and old stories rose up in my mind's eye. A smart man-of-war's boat passed, and I suddenly thought of that exemplary disciplinarian who, in his anxiety to have his ship neat, performed an act of detail which merits the admiration of the profession. A goose which went loose on board attracted his curious eye, and what must he needs do but whitewash him! Whitewash the goose! . . . And between ourselves, reader, we laugh, but there are some recent vindications pub-

lished of our warriors which may well remind us of this fact. *Whitewashing the goose* is one of the standing employments just now of the well-wishers of our admirable "system." As one story suggests another, I am here reminded of an anecdote of the old *C*—days, which I may as well put on record. The *C*— was not considered in very brilliant order; in fact, was once or twice in my hearing called "slummy." But she was better than the *Harold*,—an odd illustration of the state of which vessel came out in a curious way, in a letter to one of the youngsters from his aged and respectable aunt: "Ah, my dear boy," were the old lady's words, "what were our feelings when we saw your noble vessel starting for the mighty deep,—when we saw your sails falling one by one!"

I forgot how the letter came to be read to the *Harold's* mess, but have often heard of, and can well fancy, the roar of laughter raised by the unconscious testimony of the venerable gentlewoman to the *Harold's* state of discipline. To be sure, much could not be expected from her captain, whose senility and debility required that he should be unrolled for duty and rolled up again after he was done with, like a turn-up bedstead.*

So this is old Shoerness! I exclaim for the sixth time; and mentally call over the names (as I used to muster the watch, though my watch-bill was not the most accurate in the profession) of our mess. Poor old H—, the ten-years' mate above-named, dead. Lord Edward C—, a polished kind-hearted gentleman, dead. M—, one of the clerks, a fellow with a great deal of fun and shrewdness, dead. So with several others. Of the five youngsters appointed when she was commissioned, two only are now in the service. Others who belonged to her in the higher ranks have left the service likewise. *Tempora mutantur*, to make an original quotation. There is this to be said for naval acquaintanceships: the very life of a ship, still more of a mess, is such that you know men well, and remember them vividly. I sometimes fancy I can see old H— rushing about in a huge seedy uniform-coat, with a bit of glove over a finger, which I fear he had bruised in a row; or the long, fair, handsome E—, who came up to muster his division with a little Thomson's *Seasons*, which looked like a division-list, and to whom a well-known tyrant behaved so ill at Beyrout. Still more vividly I recall dear K—'s cabin in the cockpit, and how he corrected my false quantities as he lay on the bed, and I sat and read Latin to him.

The old *C*— was not in the harbour. She never returned to it after a fine cold spring morning in 1840,—a morning, by the way, when I paid my first visit to the foretopmast cross-trees at the polite suggestion of a superior. A modified kind of mast-heading was still in use in those days, and probably is yet. We youngsters, having read Marryat, rather thought it fine to be mast-headed, and were, indeed, ultra-nautical for the first year or so; but this were odd.

But, hillo! the *C*— is not here; but another vessel that I know pretty intimately is. What is that fine two-decker with the round stern? I thought I knew her. The *Preposterous*, by Jove! "She is one of the best sailing-vessels afloat," says an acquaintance; "but screws are all the go now, as you know." Again I reflect on time and change. A paltry ten years have passed, and have achieved a revolution. It is not that assistant-surgeons have attained cabins, or that they call pursers paymasters, and clerk's assistants underwriters; it isn't that No. 1 "provides" a different batch of things from what he did. These changes are bagatelles. Whole classes of ships are out of fashion; and what is called a ship is a kind of cross between a ship and a steamer. Your man-of-war carries fire in her belly; and I hear that to sleep now in a cockpit is to be stewed alive.

I look hard at the *Preposterous*. The last time I saw you in Malta was not an auspicious occasion, my friend.

* It would be brutal to laugh at infirmities as such; but when a man chooses to take a command, he puts himself forward as fit for it—he provokes remark.

But never mind that. One of the blessings of memory is, that the disagreeable things fade away faster than the pleasant ones; or, indeed, why should a man wish for the faculty otherwise? Nobody vexes himself about his school-floggings, but for the most part remembers his school days as agreeable, and generally regards the past as a pleasant land he is travelling from. Were you in trouble then? Why, if so, your pluck and spirits seem, viewed in memory, to have been higher than now,—to have borne you up well. The instinct lies deep in humanity, and is a valuable and sustaining one; it helps to reconcile man to life.

My reminiscences of the *Preposterous* were fresher than of the *C*—; and besides, here she was—in the flesh, I was almost saying—let us say, in the wood. I resolved to board her, and visit her in the capacity of T. G. Of course, I was handed over to the quartermaster as "a gentleman who wanted to see the ship." In this capacity I might moralise my fill.

How dismally empty and cold your guard-ship "in ordinary" is! It is a little deserted village. What a contrast is the *Preposterous* to the ship I remember in Malta harbour, buzzing with human life, as she lay, roofed in with snow-white awnings, in the calm blue water! Then her mighty spreading yards were clothed with sails, furled neat and clean, and seeming to keep them warm; now they are black and bare as wintry trees. Then, she was all alive with blue-jackets and marines, and officers moved briskly about, and the boatswain's pipe sounded; and bright green and yellow shore-boats, with grapes, oranges, and melons in them, came alongside at noon. Now, she seems cold and empty; a few officers, chiefly clerks, are on board, looking after details about provisions, &c. The bright gilt board at the end of the booms has a glitter as of a hatchment about it. Every where reigns the dearest prose. The old ship will never be at sea again, you feel at once, and imagination grotesquely pictures a card hanging from her—"To let." What makes the contrast worse is, that she is not an old-fashioned vessel,—like the *Ocean*, for instance, where the spirit of Collingwood hovers about the coals, as above mentioned,—no, but a fine modern vessel, and a good sailer. The melancholy is not in the change only, but in the change being so quick.

The quartermaster conducts me round the main-deck, with a little cane in his hand. "The main-deck, sir; that is the ward-room, sir, where the officers mess. The guns, sir, you see—32-pounders. This is the way they are fired." And he steps up to the breach of one. Yes, think I. And I mentally repeat, "At the word 'fire,' No. 1 fires with a turn of the wrist, springing up to the safety-position on the left; makes up the trigger-line hand over hand," &c. "He provides also two priming-wires, two tube-boxes, four spare flints, two trigger-lines, a vent-bit, and sees the lock fixed and fit for use."

For the life of me I shall never forget those little bits of gunnery knowledge; and while the unconscious quartermaster goes chatting on, my thoughts have flown back to the old days. There used to be a cabin here, on the larboard side, which I don't see now; but in which we used to lunch at Malta on the ice and plum-cake brought on board during the ship's company's dinner-hour at noon by old Colet. He was a lean wizened old Frenchman, an ancient *émigré*, whose head they said had once been in danger, though a more harmless head I cannot fancy. The deck does not seem as high as it did in those days somehow, and strikes me as cheerless and cold with its long row of black cannon which have felt no change, and which glitter as brightly after polishing now as they did when I saw them first. You might rub some of us long enough before we should look as fresh as we used to do! It was between those guns that fellows used to sit and smoke cigars in the evening, and talk about the last general order and the races; and there I have seen old Bobo, who commanded the *Peaken*, sit and drink brandy-and-water while his brig was under sailing orders, and the wind perfectly fair. Bobo is, I suppose, extinct; he would never let the mainsail be taken off the *Peaken*; and he

"carried on" in his life as he did at sea, so has no doubt gone down.

Of course, when we got to the cockpit, my quartermaster pointed out the amputation-table. "Here, sir," said he, "amputations are performed when the vessel is in action." "And here," thought I, "we used to wash; and Popper dodged his tailor under the hammocks; and old Blimbo was furious at being shot with a soda-water cork when he was shaving." In fact, I could not keep up the T. G. any longer; I felt that I was an impostor, and I unbosomed myself to the veteran as having been in the "old *Preposterous*" when Ricks "had hor." This put us on a more honest footing; and we now compared notes about the changes of the time—that fertile theme on which sailors oven more than other men are wont to expatiate.

Why should one slide into fogysim so vory vory soon? Why should I somehow regret the "screw" movement, and shako my head, glance askance at the new youngsters and think them somehow not such fine fellows as we were? The *Populator* sails as well as the *Preposterous*, I dare say, and yet stooms too. Young Rasper at Swcaborg did just as well as our lot at Acre. Well, well, that's all right and reasonable. But somehow, revisiting any old scene is for the time a melancholy kind of business. It is like coming as an old depositor to the British Bank. Where, ah where, is the treasure that you had—invested—there in the olden day?

HANDSOMELY REWARDED.

A CLERK'S STORY.

Young, ardent, sanguine, of a poetical and romantic temperament, given to castle-building in the air, and prone to falling in love imaginatively, I hailed, one day in my early youth, an omnibus. The vehicle was going to Clapham, and so was I. On getting inside, I found half-a-dozen people going to Clapham also. One of the half-dozen was an elderly gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat. For some time my companion's manifestations were entirely confined to taking snuff and blowing terrible bass blasts on his nose. Presently he took from his pocket a black leather pocket-book, and opened it. It was full of notes—bank-notes. He began to turn them over in bank-clerk fashion. What did I see? Notes for ten, for twenty, for a hundred pounds; not one or two of each, but in dozens! There might have been ten thousand pounds in that pocket-book! The owner was evidently used to notes; there was nothing of tenderness in his way of handling them. He thumbed them over roughly and carelessly, and now and then tore one. He made no more account of them than I did of the sixpennyworth of coppers which jingled in the pocket of my first tail-coat, and which I had carefully counted to make sure that I had money enough to pay the fare before entering the omnibus. I did not feel altogether comfortable in my proximity to a man who could sport with thousands in this manner. I could not help feeling that he was an "uncanny" person to sit by. I may remark, by the way, that this feeling has increased in strength and intensity as my life has advanced. I have never been able to regard a person who sported pocketfuls of sovereigns as my follow-man. I have never felt any incontinence to make a friend of such a person; nor have I ever observed that such a person has been anxious to make a friend of me. It may be that dissimilarity of circumstances, like dissimilarity of natures, repels sympathy. In this instance, however, I was influenced by another consideration. Apart from the sense I had of the utter incongruity between a man with a pocketful of bank-notes and another with only sixpence in halfpence, I felt that there was a practical danger in sitting so close to exposed wealth. The pocket-book might, by mistake, get into my pocket; a note might get entangled in one of my buttons; the old gentleman might conceive he had been robbed, and I might be suspected and accused. I removed to the opposite side of

the omnibus. A poor woman, who was sitting on the other side of the gentleman with the notes, almost immediately followed me. I have seen the same kind of movement take place in an omnibus, when some one has come in who appeared to have only just recovered from the measles; I have observed dirty people shunned in this way.

The process of counting the notes was resumed, and I contemplated the operation at a safe distance. The old gentleman made a note of something—probably the sum total—on a blank leaf, and carelessly put the book in his tail-pocket. In the course of a few minutes all the other passengers were set down, and I was left alone with the owner of the pocket-book. He took snuff two or three times, following up each pinch with an obligato performance on his nose, and at length poked the conductor with his stick to signify that he wished to get out. I watched him as he walked across the road, until he became lost to my view in the crowd on the pavement. I was just beginning to indulge in some reflections with regard to the possession of wealth, and had made some progress in building a very pretty aerial castle for my own residence, when my eye was suddenly attracted by something black lying in the straw at the bottom of the omnibus. It was a black pocket-book—the black pocket-book! My heart seemed to leap into my mouth; I trembled from head to foot with agitation, my head swam, and I felt a momentary faintness. Suddenly recovering myself, I stooped down, and with a trembling hand took up the book. It was the same book beyond question. To satisfy myself, I undid its india-rubber band, and opened it. There were the notes—ten-pound notes, twenty-pound notes, hundred-pound notes—notes to the value of thousands. For some minutes my brain was a perfect Maclstrom of conflicting thoughts. I held the book almost unconsciously, and stared vacantly at nothing. At length it occurred to me that I must do something. Should I give it to the conductor? Should I call a policeman? Should I keep it and advertise it, or wait for its being advertised? Whilst hastily revolving these various courses, a sudden impulse impelled me to signify to the conductor that I wanted to get out. Hastily handing all the coppers I could grasp in my tail-pocket—which I have already said amounted to sixpence, neither more nor less,—I rushed off frantically in the direction in which I had seen the owner of the pocket-book disappear. I carried the precious book in my hand, holding it aloft, as Rolla does the child; and though I did not think of it then, the good citizens must have wondered not a little to behold me. I ran a long time, until I was nearly out of breath, and was beginning to think the old gentleman had turned down some by-street, or found his home in some of the houses in the road. I was slackening my pace, and cooling down to the determination of waiting to see the loss advertised in the newspapers, when, in a little lane diverging from the main street, I caught a glimpse of the owner of the pocket-book. I turned aside at a sharp tangent, and ran off in pursuit. Just as I got within a few yards of him, he stopped suddenly, slapped his pocket, appeared to remember that something had been forgotten, and abruptly turned round to retrace his steps. At that moment I met him face to face. It was a striking, a startling situation. For a moment neither of us could speak; I, because I was out of breath; the millionaire, because, probably, of his emotion. So we gazed upon each other in mute but expressive silence for just a moment; when the old gentleman opened his arms, like a father in a play, and I fell plump into them, as a herring may be imagined to drop into the mouth of a whale.

"Young man," said the millionaire, in a gruff but tremulous voice, and gently disengaging me from his embrace,—"young man, let me—" He did not get any further just then; but with a sort of elephantine emotion pervading his whole frame, took the pocket-book from my extended hand opened it, and grasping a handful of the notes, perhaps 5000*l.* or so, appeared to be about to offer me that amount, as a trifling acknowledgment of my services. Before, however, I had time to decide whether I should magnanimously



THE FIRST THORN IN LIFE. BY P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

prefer the acknowledgment in the shape of eternal gratitude, he thought better of his apparent intention, shut up his precious book, and put it in his pocket.

"Young man," he repeated, again seizing my hand, and apparently still too overpowered with emotion to give intelligible expression to the sense of obligation under which he felt himself,—"young man, I—I can never repay you. Such noble conduct as yours is not to be measured by the common reward of money; I shall remember you, respect you, young man, as long as I live; and I hope, I do hope—but there, there is my card, young man; call upon me to-morrow at six precisely—at six precisely. For the present farewell, farewell, young man." As he turned away he appeared to be about to give vent to the tears of emotion which had choked his utterance.

He had no sooner left me than the Maelstrom once more engulfed me, and twirled me down to its lowest depths, tossing me up again to the surface, stunned and confounded; I was the toy and sport of that Maelstrom all the way home, and it was not until the performance of a variety of the functions incident to daily life had in some degree calmed me down, that I was enabled to review the events of the day with any thing like an equal mind. It was quite clear to me, or rather it was not quite clear to me, that my fortune

was made. When I say that it was and it was not quite clear to me, I mean that I had a strong presentiment of the fact, without having any clear perception of the means. Here was an old gentleman, evidently a millionaire, to whom I had restored an immense amount of wealth, and who was so deeply grateful to me, that he did not conceive a handful of notes, amounting perhaps to 5000*l.*, an adequate reward for my services. Well, he had given me his card and invited me to his house. This at least was no dream—no fantasy of the imagination; there was his card before me—"Mr. Joshua Lobb, Paradise Villa, Clapham."

"Call upon me, young man, to-morrow, at six precisely:" these were his very words. What did they mean? What did they portend? I saw it in an instant. He meant to make a friend of me—to introduce me to his family—to point to me as his benefactor—perhaps to adopt me as his son. Then he said, "I hope, I do hope." What did he mean by that? It was as clear as day. Mr. Lobb had a daughter, a lovely daughter; I felt certain he had. On thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that I had never known a stout, rich, old gentleman, who took snuff and blew his nose like a trumpet, who hadn't a lovely daughter; besides, his paternal manner vouched for it. Nature would never have endowed him with feelings, which were evidently the feelings of a

parent, if nature had not intended that he should be a parent. It was conclusive, therefore, that Mr. Lobb had a daughter, a lovely daughter,—a dear delightful creature, who was the sunshine of his home, who had sweet blue eyes, a most amiable disposition, a pretty figure, and neat ankles. It was clear also, that Mr. Lobb intended and designed that daughter for my wife, provided—we happened to like each other. Ah! I saw it all. That was what he *hoped*. To be sure!

That night the witchery of sleep was confounded and brought to naught by the bright image of Emily Lobb. I was sure her name was Emily. That sweet name had ever been associated in my mind with every thing that was beautiful, and elegant, and amiable, and charming, in woman. It was associated with simplicity of manner, with tenderness of love, with neatness of figure, and—excuse me—with natty boots sitting well at the ankles. What a man, I thought at this point, is Mr. Lobb to give up such a treasure, to sacrifice so much for my sake! But I would not be ungrateful. No; he should dwell where we dwelt; and Emily, though mine, should still be his; she should tend him in his old age, and smooth his declining years. Emily should play him old favourite tunes, and I—I should walk by the side of his bath-chair. Bless him!

Next morning I was up and dressed at an unwonted hour. My toilette gave me some uneasiness. A shooting-coat was clearly not quite the thing for an evening visit; nor was a check-waistcoat. I had certainly a pair of black pantaloons; but there were uncomfortable symptoms of shininess about the knees, and of raggedness about the feet. Then my laced-boots,—clearly I required a new suit. But how? I was very short just then, and quarter-day was yet a week off. Simpson suddenly occurred to me. Simpson was not a relation in any sense, but he was a very good fellow; and he had frequently offered assistance in various ways. I applied to Simpson accordingly for the loan of ten pounds; and it may be interesting to state, that the request was *unhesitatingly* complied with.

"Simpson, my boy," I exclaimed, grasping his hand, "you have made my fortune." And as I rushed down his stairs, I caught a glimpse of his honest generous face staring after me in amazement.

Ten pounds and a ready-made clothing establishment satisfied all my requirements,—all, save a pair of patent-leather boots, which I bought subsequently of the Court-bootmaker at an alarming figure, on the strength of their being a royal misfit. The hour arrived, and I was set down in what I may call, as I no doubt then thought, "gorgeous array," at the end of the turning where I had restored the pocket-book. On inquiry, I found that Paradise Villa was situated near the end of the lane. A few minutes brought me to the gate. It was a charming spot. The windows of the elegant Gothic cottage peeped out through clustering honeysuckle upon a neat lawn, studded round with flowers and shrubs. There was a fish-pond, a conservatory, a dovecot, and a weeping ash.

"With seats beneath its shade.

For talking age and whispering lovers made;"

that was, for Emily, myself, and the old gentleman. It was Paradise indeed; and with a sensation of being there, I pulled up my shirt-collar and rang the bell. It was presently answered by a female domestic, who showed me into an apartment and took up my card. There was an odour of dinner, which, as I was hungry (having, through excitement, forgotten to eat any thing since morning), might have gone to my heart, had that organ not been already occupied in throbbing for sweet Emily Lobb. Still the hint of dinner was promising. It was an evidence of substantial regard on Mr. Lobb's part, which I should no doubt have appreciated, had I been in a less ethereal frame of mind. I had just time to erect my collar and arrange my hair, when the servant re-entered the room.

"Please, Mr. Lobb says, are you the man from Bulb's the florist's?"

This was addressed to me—to me! "Was I the man from Bulb's the florist's?" Was I the *man*?—the *MAN*? You might have knocked me down with a feather, with a hair, with nothing! To have found a pocket-book containing a fortune; to have restored that fortune, and redeemed a person from bankruptcy, beggary,—the workhouse perhaps,—and then to be called "a man." O, the terrible coldness, the crushing ingratitude of that word! I gasped for breath, and said sternly:

"Young woman, I am not the man from Bulb's the florist's. Tell your master that I am the *gentleman* who found his pocket-book."

To be called "a man"—to be supposed capable, perhaps, of carrying roots in a basket, or of calling for a bill! I looked at the royal misfits and drew a dagger—in the air.

Presently the tide of my indignation was arrested by the rustle of a silk dress on the stairs.

It was she! Emily! ha! coming herself to bid me welcome—perhaps—perhaps to embrace me. Just one glance at the glass, and I was ready to receive her. "Where is he?" I heard her ask in the passage. What rich melodious tones! what sweet utterance!

In another instant the door opened, and a female figure appeared in the entrance. I stood rooted to the spot, speechless, confounded. She advanced towards me, holding out her hand, and ere I could rush forward to meet her, she spoke:

"O, you are the poor man that found papa's pocket-book. Papa is very much obliged to you, and desires me to give you this."

I held out my hand mechanically and allowed something to be dropped into it; but the horrible obliquity of Miss Lobb's vision, the redness of her nose, and the fearful scragginess of her neck, kept me spell-bound. At last I looked in my hand, and found reposing in its palm HALFA-CROWN! How I found my way to the door, how I gained the open air, I know not; but I found myself on the gravel-walk, still holding the half-crown in my left hand. Awaking, as it were, from a dream, I looked up to the drawing-room windows, blazing with light; and without a moment's thought, and in obedience to a sudden and irresistible impulse, I seized the half-crown between the finger and thumb of my right hand, and throwing all the humiliation, indignation, and passion which struggled within me into my right arm, I pitched that half-crown right through the centre window. I heard a crash, a shout, and a scream, and the next instant I was in the lane.

* * * * *

I feel that this veritable history should carry a moral; but if I were to offer the moral which the adventure of that memorable day suggested to my wrathful mind at the time, I fear it would scarcely be one that could be considered to "adorn my tale;" since on my way home that evening, the best result of my dire experience was the making of a hardened resolution, never again to restore a pocket-book until there should be a distinct understanding that I should be adequately and HANDSOMELY REWARDED.

Nor will it be thought surprising that I should have remained unrepentant while the weary, and inconvenient, process of repaying, by instalments, my friend Simpson's loan of ten pounds periodically set before me the folly of which I had been guilty. Here, at least, is a good moral—the folly of counting one's chickens before they are hatched.

RICHARD FARQUERSON'S FORTUNE.

RELATED TO HIS CHILDREN.

By HOLME LEE.

I.

It was in the fever-time, that dreadful season which you must all remember, that I left home.

I came in one night to my tea as usual, at half-past six,—a rainy, unwholesome night it was,—and found my father

sitting over the fire with his head aching, and deadly sick: he was just beginning in the fever. Ten days after, he was in his coffin. There we all were—six of us at home, little and big—and nobody to earn bread for us. What were we to do? My mother,—she was a high-spirited proud woman, who had been decently bred and used to comfort in her young days,—looked at us dry-eyed. I distinctly remember her saying, the evening after my father was buried, as we sat about the fire just after tea: "Children, there must be something done; your father has left us nothing but debts, and we cannot starve."

Some of us were old enough then to dislike the mad speculation my father had undertaken; I say *mad*, because it was impossible we could know so early how well it would turn out for us. The first idea was, of course, to close the shop, and seek some quiet private occupation. My mother thought of dress-making; but several people came and asked her to try it,—selling the fish and game, I mean,—and after a few days' consideration she determined to do so. I don't know that any of us objected, or that our friends fell off in consequence. A man who understood the trade came from London and managed it, and my mother kept the books. She was a very clever upright woman; and though I have come across many clever women in my lifetime, I never yet met one who was her equal. In the course of eight years she brought up her family,—Willy, the youngest, died four months after my father,—paid off every farthing of previously accumulated debt, and laid by a sufficient maintenance for her old age: then she shut up the shop. Are we ashamed of it now? Most certainly not. If ever—being a man of property—I am carried away by the vanity of imitating my betters, and desire to bear a coat of arms on my carriage, I shall take for my crest a crayfish with the motto, "By this I rise."

The young ones got a better education than I had the chance of. I was fifteen when my father died, and had just been apprenticed to a printer. I hated the business, and asked my master if he would cancel my indentures. He said he would if my mother agreed, thinking that I was going to help her in the business, though that was a long way from my intentions, and from hers too; for she never suffered any one of us to go near the shop. My sisters went to the best schools in the town (and here, let me acknowledge, that, knowing our former position and our present difficulties, every where friends turned up for us); they had all they wanted as far as books and masters went. My mother used to say, "Children, I cannot give you a fortune, but I will give you an education suitable to the station in which you were born, and you must each work your way back to it for yourselves." We have all done so, thanks to her. I had no distinct idea when I left home of what I wanted to become. Adventure and change were the vague hankerings in my mind; at all events, I did not want to be a printer. I told her so one Sunday night, when all the children but Maggie had gone to bed. She looked rather puzzled, and asked, "Then what do you want to be, Richard?"

I said I did not exactly know, but thought I should like to be a merchant. She did not speak decidedly, but conveyed that to get into a merchant's office required a very high premium. Now, in some book or other,—I ought to recollect it, but don't,—I had read of a man earning his way to great wealth from a beginning of half-a-crown. I started in life with threepence-halfpenny. No more was said then; but I gave my mother two kisses instead of one that night when I went to bed; and, as soon as it began to dawn in the morning, I got up and ran away from home.

II.

And this is what I began life with. My black cloth Sunday-trousers with threepence-halfpenny in the pocket, black jacket and waistcoat, one shirt on my back and another in my bundle; also two extra pairs of socks; and

Maggie's present to me on my last birthday—a little shilling Testament;—that was all, so far as I recollect.

It did not enter into my head at first what sore hearts I should make at home by my flight; but Maggie has told me since that great was the dismay when it was found out that I was gone. My mother hoped for a week or two that I should come back, and fretted continually; but at length she made up her mind to it, and said: "Richard is an honest lad, and he has a good spirit; he will not starve."

I did not starve, but very near it, as you shall hear. It was a Monday morning in September when I ran away; a very raw morning, drizzling and misty. I could not have chosen a worse time if I had looked out for it. I started straight along the road, stopping now and then to look at the guide-posts. The first said, "London 189 miles;" that was a long tramp; but I kept my eye on the end of it, not on the hardships by the way, or I should never have got thoro at all. I took my breakfast in a wheat-field, where the grain was half ripe, my dinner the same, and my supper the same: it did very well, only I am afraid it was not honest, though I had done it fifty times before without a qualm when I was not hungry. At nightfall I was at a distance from any village, and the drizzle had changed to an even down-pour. I was glad to come in sight of a roadside inn. I meant to beg shelter for the night in some of the out-buildings. I was big enough and strong enough to rough it and not care, looking to the end—mind, always to the end. There were some grooms and people hanging about the doorway, waiting for the night-coach, which changed horses there; and besides them, a gentleman with a carpet-bag, waiting to be taken up by it. He stared at me very hard, as many people had done in the course of my day's journey, and at last said very snarlingly, "You're a runaway, my lad, aren't you? Tell truth, and shame the devil! I ran away from school myself; it is enough to make a fellow run away! Are you going to sea? I went to sea—runaways always do; but I came back." He took it all for granted, asking his questions and answering them in a breath. The coach arrived as he was speaking; and he immediately bustled off, and mounted to the only vacant seat on the roof; and then called to me to hand him up his carpet-bag, which I did, and he threw me sixpence for my trouble, thus increasing my capital to ninepence-halfpenny. The coach drove away in a few minutes, but stopped before it had gone fifty yards, and the strange man screamed out at the top of a stentorian voice, "Here, you runaway lad, take that; it'll be of use to you, may be;" and as the vehicle rolled on, a scrap of paper fluttered down into the mud. I took it up, thinking of bank-notes, but the paper was too thick for that; and when I brought it to the lamp over the inn-door, I saw that it was merely the outside of a letter, with a name and address—"Mr. Morley, 18 Great Walton Street, London." I put it into my pocket, and asked the ostler if I might have shelter any where for the night, in the stable or barn? He said he would ask his mistress. She was just within the doorway, and met the request with a very curt refusal, and turned round to look at me, as I stood outside in the rain, dripping at every angle and point. Having considered me a minute or two in silence, she said, "You've run away, have you, young man; how old are you?" Now, even at that age, I was averse to questions. I was not going back; and therefore I determined to stop interrogatories which might lead to my being discovered by one decisive answer: "I'm old enough to be my own master; if you'll give me a shelter I'll be thankful; if you won't, say so, and I'll go elsewhere." She immediately said that I might go in.

The place where I passed the night was the kitchen, clean, warm, and cosy. I slept like a top on the long settle, after a gratuitous supper of bread, cheese, and ale. I had only to answer one more question—was my father living or dead? and the woman was like a mother to me when I said that he was dead. In the morning, rested and refreshed, I started on my second day's journey.

I thought of them at home a good deal that day.

III.

I got to London on Saturday. I cannot say that I was very dilapidated; for I had slept under a roof every night and had fed in the cornfields by day. It is surprising how much you can go through with a stout heart, youth, and health. But having got into the great Babel, I found myself alone. Think of that: *alone* and penniless,—for all my capital was gone now,—*alone* in London. There was no ripe corn growing any where near the steps of St. Martin's Church, on which I slept that night. Fortunately it was fine, though frosty and chill; and I don't care to acknowledge now that I shed some tears on the old stones, thinking of my mother and the rest of them at home; perhaps, also, I was rather hungry: it is most likely. I can't throw any romantic glamour over the prosaic facts of that Sunday if I were to talk till doomsday. When I woke, stiff and cold, the sun was rising, and the houses looked taller than they have ever done since; and my last idea on falling asleep was my first at waking—an idea I did not get rid of all that day—that I had got nothing to eat. I attended service at St. Martin's Church in the morning: not looking quite a mendicant, but very nearly so; in the afternoon I had a siesta in one of the parks; and towards evening, memory quickened by appetite, may be, I bethought myself of Mr. Morley and Great Walton Street. I inquired my way, lost it, found it again, and finally came to a stand opposite a large important house; then I felt profoundly that I did not look what is called "respectable." I was not a waokling, so that a four-and-twenty hours' fast had not exhausted me; but my clothes had a week's dust on them. However, up the steps I went, and rang the bell; a livery-servant opened the door, and I asked if Mr. Morley was at home. Yes, he was; but he never saw company or transacted business on a Sunday. I was not company and I had no business; but I took the back of the letter and asked the servant to carry it to his master, which he did. I have heard since that he thought I was one of Mr. Morley's poor relations from the country. I waited on the step for five minutes or more before he returned, and when he did, looked very anxiously for his message, as you may think.

"Master says he'll see you; come in." And in I went. "You'd better leave that *here*," indicating the bundle, "and rub your shoes on the mat."

The man was quite civil, being, I believe, familiarised with folks coming for help. Mr. Morley was a good man.

I followed him upstairs, and into a room where Mr. Morley and two children were sitting at a table covered with dozzert. Doffing my cap at the door, I made a pause there.

"So you've got here! I said you did not look like turning back," cried Mr. Morley. "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"Found your friends?"

"I had none to seek."

Mr. Morley turned full round and faced me. "Come and sit down, and tell me all about it. What school was it? Here's Tom means to run away soon; the amusements are so mild. At his school they take them to teetotal meetings by way of fun. Now what's your grievance?"

"I've not run away from school," said I, rather diffidently; "I've run away from home because there are too many of us for my mother to keep, and I want to keep myself."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Farquerson."

"I knew a Farquerson once—James Farquerson; he was a rich merchant at one time, but he failed. He had a son Richard—any thing to you?"

"My grandfather lived in London, but he died long ago; it may be the same. He was unfortunate in business I have heard my mother say—"

"His son Richard was unfortunate too, I should think; he was a man whose vocation it was *not* to succeed in the world. How about your father?"

"He was very good-humoured and fond of company. My mother's fortune was lost in my grandfather's failure."

She had money left her too, but it was wasted; my father lent some, and I don't know how the rest went. My mother does not speak much about it. We were in debt when he died, but she means to pay every body in the end."

"Richard Farquerson—the one I knew—liked racing and botting. He settled at Warleigh when he married, intending to carry on business in connection with his father here; but they both came to ruin together."

I blushed. Warleigh I had come from, but I would rather have kept my secret. Mr. Morley had his eye upon me.

"You're Richard Farquerson's son; I know you by that turn of the lip. He stood my good friend more than once."

"How so, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a warning to me," was the abrupt and very unexpected response. "Where have you got your pith and spirit from? not from father or grandfather, I vouch for it."

"From my mother, sir."

"She must be one in a thousand. I remember your father. I was a lad then in James Farquerson's office. The most lively, thoughtless, reckless young fellow he was; looking forward to a handsome competence, and throwing his money about as if it had been chucky-stones. We were at the same school; and there he was all for tops, kites, marbles, and allocampane. We proposed to run away together; but he could never make up his mind to climb the playground-wall, and I ran away alone. He was successively apprenticed to a civil engineer, an architect, and an attorney; and each master was so obliging as to cancel his indentures after the lapse of a few months. Then he went to sea, and turned up again, like a bad halfpenny, at six weeks' end: a sea life did not agree with him; indeed, nothing did agree with him but his ease and his pleasure, so he subsided upon a stool in his father's office. I have heard him tell the story of his youthful mischances as an excellent joke, and have laughed with him and thought him a fine fellow, though I had begun to go steadily in the mill, and work there. He never worked; he used to lie in bed till half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and be threatened through the keyhole with cold pig by his Aunt Jane. He had expectations from her, but offended her."

"Will you have a piece of cake?" asked the little girl whom I had noticed at my entrance into the room. She was standing in front of me with a great wedge of it in her fingers offering it to me. I took it, and ate it slowly, not as if I were particularly hungry, though every crumb was precious; and she watched me with a very earnest attention as if she had never seen any thing like me before. I was rather ogreish, no doubt. Her father ordered the boy who sat still at the table, cracking filberts and listening with all his might, to pour me out a glass of wine, which he did reluctantly. He was a pale small creature, with mean features, and not more than ten years old to look at, though he was thirteen; the girl was pretty, and prettily dressed in a white muslin frock and blue sash. They were cousins; Cousin Tom and Cousin Nollie they called each other. After I had drunk the wine, and was listening again to what Mr. Morley talked about, his words grew involved and indistinct. Will it be beloved that I fell asleep?

When I woke up with a great start, the children were gone, and a servant was bringing in candles. I sprang up, and began to stammer an apology.

"Sit down again, I have not heard all I want to hear, or said all I want to say," Mr. Morley interposed. "How many of you did Richard Farquerson—did your father leave? Tell me all about it."

So I began and told him all I knew: how things had not prospered with us, and how we were getting behind-hand with the world when my father took it into his head to open that shop; what a grievance it was to my mother; and how he died of the fever a fortnight after it was begun, and left six children unprovided for.

"Richard Farquerson all over! he was one of those careless ne'er-do-wells, who are kept by a social providence for the encouragement of charitable and indulgent persons. I

remember how he used to rave against skittish fortune, and swear she had a spite against him, whom he was doing every thing in his power to spite her. And he is dead?"

"Two months ago."

Mr. Morley was silent for several minutes; at last he said suddenly, "What do you expect from me; what do you want with me? I know nothing of you. You've not come begging—I can't offer you a shilling."

He evidently expected me to say something more, but I did not; I only got up to go away; indeed, I had no claim on any one.

"Where are you going to-night—nowhere particular perhaps? then you may stay here, if you choose. As I said before, your father did me a good turn once, and I'll pay it to his son," said Mr. Morley. "Now the first thing you'll do will be to write to your mother."

"I'd rather not, sir, until I see my way," said I. I did not want them at home to know any thing about me until I could say that I was above need and getting on.

"Not see your way! It's straight forward; every body's way is straight forward, if they would only keep to it, instead of edging off in search of something grander or pleasanter than what they see before them. You'll write to your mother, Richard Farquerson, and tell her that you are safe and have found a friend; even if you don't tell her more. It is your plain duty, sir; quite as much your duty as it was in the first instance to run away. Then we will have up the cold beef."

I wrote the letter with pen and paper that he gave me there and then; but it never went. Well, I've been sorry for it since.

After the cold beef I went to bed in the "cousins' room." Mr. Morley had hosts of country relatives who came up to town periodically to be helped on in the world by him; and until they got a step, they occupied this little green bedroom at the back of the house. When I entered Mr. Morley's office it was supposed that I was one of these many poor country-cousins, until Tom let out the truth.

IV.

It was not until I had been away from Warleigh six years that I let them know at home where I was and what I was doing. To be sure, once in every few months I dropped them a line to say that I was in the land of the living; but I wanted some day to surprise them all. It was a very foolish ambition, and by the time I had been six years on the world I found it out. I was not going to be rich by any sudden stroke of fortune; and if I waited until I grew independent in the ordinary course of events, why, I thought, I may wait until I am a middle-aged man, and there is no mother left to rejoice over me. So just before I went abroad, I wrote her a long letter, telling her all about my doings since I left Warleigh, and promising to go down and see them all when I came back from Rio, whither I was sent on Mr. Morley's business. Her answer did not come till I was just on the point of sailing; and the nearest word to a reproach that she said in it was: "You would have spared me many a sleepless night, dear Richard, if you had written earlier." I knew her quiet way, and how much pain it hid; and I declare those few words cut me up more than any others I ever heard.

Well, I was away at Rio two years,—a long two years they were, I assure you,—and when I came back to England I got a holiday, and went home to Warleigh for a month. The changes in those eight years! In the first place, there was the old house converted into a respectable place again; the shop had vanished, and was become a parlour, where my good mother sat in her easy-chair, with her knitting on a little round white marble table, which she told me had been the slab once upon a time. Maggie laughed about it, calling it her mother's "vanity;" and, "Indeed," says my mother, "what would have become of you children but for it? You ought to feel a respect for it." And so in our hearts we do. Maggie has many a jest about what she calls

our "aquatic origin." "Like Venus, we rise from the sea," she cries, and my mother bids her hush. My mother sees no fun in it; to her it was a hard trial, and as such will always be remembered.

Maggie was grown up, and looking old for her age, which is only two years more than my own; but you might see she was a predestined old maid, even if the mourning-ring on her finger had not let you partly into the poor girl's romance. Marian, my second sister, was married and gone from home; and Leua, the youngest, was out as a governess in a great family. But it was Christmas-time, and they both came to Warleigh for a few days, and also Henry, from his situation in Manchester.

"I shall perhaps never see all my children around me at one time again," said my mother; "I am getting old in the world." But she has had us all around her many happy Christmases since then; and some of us with very considerable additions, or incumbrances,—which shall we call the great boys and girls that are growing up about us into men and women so fast, that our own youth is quite thrown back into the shade? Not incumbrances, I think.

V.

I had managed Mr. Morley's affairs at Rio, which had got into some entanglement, so much to his satisfaction, that when I went back to town he let me have a small share in the business, and make ventures on my own account. I began to get on then; for my speculations, though on a small scale, prospered, and paved the way to greater; every body must have a beginning. Long before I went out to Rio, I had vacated the little green "cousins' room" for lodgings of my own, but had still continued a very frequent guest in Great Walton Street; and I had not been there more than twice after my return before I made a discovery which did not please me, indeed it made me a miserable disconsolate dog for months: it was that Mr. Morley destined his daughter Ellen for her cousin Tom. Mr. Morley told me himself one night when we were alone in the dining-room; perhaps the old man suspected; but no matter.

Tom Fletcher was one-and-twenty then; a pale-faced, undersized, insignificant, poor-spirited creature. I could not abide him. Ellen was eighteen: a rosbud, a merry, laughing, kind, warm-hearted girl she was as ever breathed; and quite as friendly towards me as she was that first night when she gave me the big lump of cake out of her hand, and my boy's heart was vowed to her for ever for the kindness of the act.

When Mr. Morley and I went upstairs after I had heard the news, I was naturally very dull. Tom came in soon after from dining at his club, and had tea. Ellen did not like Tom any more than I did; and when she was not ridiculing him mercilessly (she had a sharp tongue—as what woman who is worth a chip has not?) she kept him at such a distance that he did not dare speak to her. She was in one of her icy moods that night, and Tom would have been much more comfortable in a shower-bath than he was under her society civility. She had fathomed him long ago; but she had promised to marry him when almost a child, and before she knew what marrying meant. She began to change her mind now, and I was the cause of that change. I was as much in love with her as a man could be; and if she had a fondness for any body besides her father, it was for myself. We were both well aware of this some time before we ventured explicitly to say so. It was on this particular evening, if Ellen had not found me out before, that she made the discovery of my affection for her, though I had not my assurance of hers so early.

Tom asked her to sing; and instead of making any of the thousand-and-one excuses that girls are generally so ready with, she simply replied, that she was not in the humour. If Tom had not been such a mean scoundrel, I could have pitied him for the contemptuous coldness that Ellen threw into all she said to him, though that was little enough; but Tom knew that her father was on his side,

and bore it philosophically enough. He confided to me,—I could have beaten his infatuated vanity out of him with relish,—that Nellie was crazed in love with him; but as she was quite safe for him, he should take a little longer time to sow his wild oats. He had set up a house of his own at a short distance from town, and there he received his own kind of company that he could not bring to his uncle's house—very low company it generally was. It used to throw me into the wildest rage to think that my pure little Ellen could ever be the wife of such a creature; and if I had not seen her so thoroughly set against him, I don't know what I might not have done.

Tom left before me that evening; and when he was gone, Ellen recovered her good humour; she would sing for me with once asking. I cannot exactly tell how it came about, but Mr. Morley having dropped asleep in his easy-chair, we began to talk together in an undertone by the piano, and I told her about all of them at home, which I had never done before. She listened with a great deal of interest, and asked a good many questions respecting my mother and sisters; and how I had enjoyed going home after so long an absence. And I said, "It was very pleasant to be there, Nellie; but I was glad to come back here: it always seems home to me most where you are now." She turned very red, and looked away as she shut up the music-book. I was startled at what I had said, for she seemed frightened, and I did not know whether she was angry or not. "Nellie, are you angry with me?" I whispered, catching one of her hands in mine and holding it fast.

She was very white now, and her eyes were shining as if there were tears in them; but "You had better go away, Richard," was all she said, and she gave a hurried glance at her father. I was very much disposed to linger, but she reiterated, "Go, Richard; go now." She remembered her miserable tie to her cousin Tom; while I, for a moment, felt that I was not acting right by my benefactor. Afterwards, when it came to the point of seeing the woman I loved sacrificed to an evil-minded man, who would break her heart, I threw that and every other consideration to the winds, and spoke out. But the time was not yet ripe for that.

VI.

Another year went over our heads, during which interval Mr. Morley retired almost entirely from the management of his commercial affairs, leaving them in the hands of Tom Fletcher. I was surprised how my good friend, who, in other matters was an acute far-sighted man, could be so hoodwinked to his nephew's real character and pursuits. Perhaps it might be that he had become habituated to him by long dependence, and the young man was too cautious ever to let his vices become obtrusive; that Mr. Morley was deceived there is no doubt, for Tom had entire possession of his ear, and influenced him to undertake several speculations, which, if hinted at by another, tenacious as he was of his commercial credit, the old man would have scouted as rash in the extreme. The firm was "Morley and Fletcher" then. Mr. Morley hinted to me that it might be "Morley, Fletcher, and Farquerson," if I had a mind; but I have never regretted the lost opportunity. Tom certainly possessed business talents, if he could have kept straight; but I disliked his course of proceedings so much, that I withdrew from Mr. Morley's office, and began on my own account. There was in consequence a slight coolness between us for a short time; but it wore off, and our friendly relations were again resumed. It was on the first evening that I dined in Great Walton Street after this temporary coolness that Ellen and I spoke openly to each other. I found her looking ill and depressed; and by dint of a few questions, extracted from her an admission that Tom Fletcher was hateful to her, and that the thought of a marriage with him was most repugnant to her feelings. Her father had been desirous of hastening it, that he might resign all business anxieties, for which he began to feel himself un-

equal, into the hands of his son-in-law; and she, fearful of encountering his displeasure, had not dared to speak out her abhorrence. It was a very critical moment; I could by no means be sure of Ellen's feelings, and a rejection would have mortified me beyond expression. That she liked me, I know well enough. Well, there she sat, drooping before me, her cheeks all lily-white, and the tears glittering in her pretty eyes; and I stood shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, not venturing to bring my fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, until she looked up at me and began,

"You know, Richard—"

I only knew one thing at that moment,—how much I loved Nellie; so I cut her trembling little phrase short, and told her so. She blushed, and made no answer; but she did not pull her hand away or bid me go this time, so I stayed. And presently, "But how shall we tell my father?" asked she.

"Leave that in my hands, Nellie," I said. "I will tell him when he comes up from the dining-room. You can run away, if you are afraid."

"I am afraid, Richard. His heart was so set on my marrying Tom, that if you had not spoken I think I should. I don't like to grieve him. But, Richard, what if he is angry? He never was angry with me in his life. How can I bear it?"

I choked her, and bade her have courage.

"I will have courage for you, dear Richard," said she; and though she was trembling like a leaf, a colour came into her face and a sparkle into her eyes, that told me love for somebody put that courage into her shrinking little heart.

When Mr. Morley came in, she went away to her bedroom, and I spoke to the old man, and told him all. He was a fiery man and an obstinate man, notwithstanding his many good points, and at first he went into an awful rage, calling me all manner of traitors and serpents and knaves; refusing to listen to a single plea, and finally forbidding me ever to set foot within his doors again, or to hold with Ellen any correspondence either by word or letter. He fetched Ellen from her room, and tried to make her, in my presence, promise never more to hold any communication with me; but the brave girl, though she wept bitterly, refused to do that.

"I should break it, father; I should break it the first time I saw Richard," sobbed she; "and indeed I cannot marry Cousin Tom, for I hate him."

Mr. Morley threw upon me a withering look. "This is your doing, Richard Farquerson," said he bitterly; "this is the sort of requital you make to me who took you out of the streets. You are a base ungrateful scoundrel, sir, and I wish never to see your face again," and much more to the same effect. Then to Ellen he said, "If you don't marry your cousin Tom Fletcher, while I live you shall with my consent marry no man; and if you marry without my consent, I will throw you off and have no more a daughter."

His voice sank at the last words, and Ellen clung weeping to his arm. "Don't say any thing more, father; don't say hard things of Richard," cried she; "I never liked Tom. He does not care for me, and he would kill me soon, I know he would. Richard, can't you say something?"

To see her stretch out her hand to me, as if for help, throw the old man into a terrible fury. "Begone!" he exclaimed. "Out of my sight, hound—"

"Mr. Morley," said I very quietly, but in a way that checked his vituperation, "you will be sorry for this one day, but yet not half so sorry as you would have reason to be did you force Ellen to become Tom Fletcher's wife. But you will not force her; you will be true to me, Ellen, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, Richard; but go now."

And as my staying seemed only still more to infuriate her father, I reluctantly departed, sore enough and angry enough, as you may well imagine.

I tried to see Ellen the next day and the next after that, but was always refused admittance; I wrote, but my letters

were returned to me unopened, so that I knew they had never reached my darling's hands. At last I found out that she had left town; but where she was, was a mystery. Four months elapsed, and I was still in the dark about her, and very wretched at times, when one night the post brought me a very tiny billet written in pencil: "Have patience, dear Richard; I know how you have sought me, and am ever your faithful Nellie," was every word it contained. But that was precious. The post-mark outside was "Dawlish;" and off to Dawlish I went, and mooned about the sands morning after morning for a week, but never caught a glimpse of my Nellie; so I supposed they were gone away again from thence, and returned to London.

I met Tom Fletcher a few days afterwards; and from the sullen hang-dog look he gave me, I knew he had received his final dismission by Ellen; and that was some comfort to think on, where there was so little else that was cheering.

It was not until six months, or rather more, after the fiery scene in Groat Walton Street, that Nellie and I saw each other again, and that was across from opposite sides of a crowded concert-room. Mr. Morley was beside his daughter; so, though I got as near to them as I could, I had no speech of her. I thought she looked rather graver, but prettier than ever. The next day I risked another letter, which got into her hands, and she sent me a reply. "You may write to me openly, my dear Richard," she said in one part of it; "for though my father is still as firm against you, and as angry as ever, I have told him my resolve; and he says, 'You may take your own way, Nellie, to a certain extent, but marry any body but Cousin Tom you never shall;' so we must live in hope of better days, dear." Bless her kind heart! that "hope of better days" made me quite my own man again; and I went to work in my commercial concerns with a vigour and spirit that prospered well. There were just at that juncture fine openings for enterprise in the Australian trade, and I took a very successful advantage of them. I used to say to myself, "My Nellie is my good fortune;" and so she has been all my life through since the moment her father took me out of the streets.

VII.

For the next two years I progressed steadily; but Tom Fletcher, who had a larger capital to work with, made several splendid speculations. I knew how proud of him Mr. Morley would be, and how his praises would sound in my Nellie's ears. Experienced people spoke of Tom as a rising and most fortunate man; and the firm of "Morley and Fletcher" was of the highest standing in the commercial world. But unhappily Tom grew top-heavy in the bewilderment of his successes, and was smitten with the dangerous and seductive ambition of building up a colossal fortune in no time. He took into his foolish head some belief of his having been born under a lucky star, and predestined to immense wealth. I have been told, that he thought nothing in which he embarked could fail; and that he was in the habit of encouraging timid speculators to join in a hazardous scheme by saying, with inflated assurance, "Throw your doubts to the winds. Why I am in it: the thing *must* succeed." But Tom's lucky star turned out a treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp, which led him considerably out of his depth, and sunk him in irremediable quagmires of difficulty. The whole City was electrified one fine morning to hear that "Morley and Fletcher" were in the *Gazette*. Their liabilities were enormous, and several smaller firms fell with them. Tom had been in much too great haste to get rich to be careful of his own means; and several disgraceful transactions came out in the examinations before the court. Mr. Morley was heart-broken; this close to a long and honourable career, this assassination of his good name and his credit, almost killed him. Nellie wrote to me in their distress, and begged my help, which, indeed, I was only too glad to give. But nothing was saved out of the wreck: Tom Fletcher was penniless, and Mr. Morley had nothing left but his wife's fortune, which had been settled on his daughter. They left the house in Great Walton

Street therefore, and went to reside in a small cottage at some miles from London, near Richmond.

One might have thought that this catastrophe would have opened Mr. Morley's eyes to Tom Fletcher's misconduct; but instead of that, he only seemed more than ever bound up in his interests. This was the period of the railway mania; and Tom turned sharebroker. With his natural genius for gambling, he made his thousands one day and his tens of thousands another, and has said since that at one period he did not know what he was worth. Mr. Morley himself was bitten by the popular frenzy, but not until the bubble was on the point of bursting. He drew Nellie's little fortune out of the funds, and entrusted it to Tom to double; but Tom, aware that the golden day was at an end, and having realised nothing out of his speculative gains, took possession of his poor old uncle's money, and decamped. This was the cruellest blow of all; but no pursuit was made after him. Mr. Morley only said: "Let the graceless scoundrel go; he was my sister's son;" and he escaped accordingly.

VIII.

My Nellie was a gem. Instead of pretending to think I might wish to break off our engagement as some would have done, she showed a perfect confidence in me, and wrote: "Dear Richard, you are my only hope; will you come to me? My poor father is almost mad, and I know not on which hand to turn. But you will not fail me, will you, Richard?" Directly I got that pitiful little letter, I posted off to Woodside, where they were living, glad in my heart, I believe, that they had only me to look to.

I met them walking in the sunshine on the road outside their garden. Nellie's arm supported her father, whose bent head and uncertain gait betrayed how terribly he had been shaken by recent disasters. I saw them some minutes before they perceived me, and had time to observe Nellie's face, which, pale though it was, showed no traces of anxiety. I cannot tell you how proud I felt to know what a sincere faith she had in me; and seeing it so happily expressed in the midst of real troubles was better than all. When she saw me coming towards them hastily, a brilliant colour flew into her face, and she put out her hand long before I was within reach, as if, dear soul, she were catching at a forlorn hope. "I knew you would come, Richard," said she; and then to her father, "Father, here is Mr. Richard Farquerson come to see you, and to ask after your health."

My kind old benefactor lifted up his face, and held out a trembling hand. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said he. "It is a fine morning out in the fields. My daughter and I are breathing the air for the first time to-day. Have you walked far?"

"It is Richard Farquerson, father," reiterated Ellen, slightly raising her voice. "An old friend, father; not a new one."

"Richard Farquerson, is it? I remember his father. There are great changes, sir, since then. We will go home, Nellie; perhaps Mr. Farquerson would like to sit down and rest a short time." He mumbled his words indistinctly, and his thoughts seemed all astray. I was most painfully shocked to see this fine mind so unstrung, and to see Ellen's eyes fill with tears as she listened to him. We turned back, and all entered the house together. Ellen led the way to a little parlour overlooking the garden, and Mr. Morley sat him down in a great chair by the window. As I removed my hat, he looked at me earnestly, and a dull red suffused his face. He remembered me then, and appeared embarrassed; but suddenly catching at another idea, he said in his old strong voice: "You know my nephew, Tom Fletcher, my sister Rosie's son? Well, sir, he has robbed his poor old uncle! He has taken his last penny, and left him to starve with his daughter."

"Not while I live, Mr. Morley," said I. Ellen came and stood by me; she was very pale, and trembled excessively. "Listen to Richard, father," said she. And then I spoke, and asked him to give me Nellie. The old man began to cry.

"Don't, father, don't; you break my heart," supplicated my dear girl. "Look at Richard, and speak to him."

"Would you have believed it of Tom Fletcher, sir? I loved that lad as if he had been my own son; I did indeed, sir."

"Let me be your son, Mr. Morley; let me pay you back one tithe of the great debt I owe you."

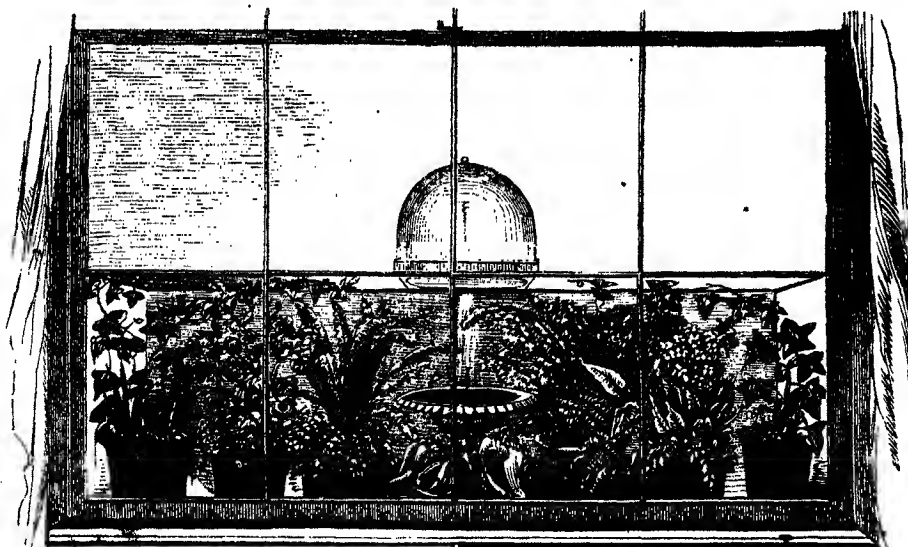
"Nellie has not sixpence, Richard Farquerson."

I was only too glad to take her as there she stood clad in her simple cotton gown and her fresh maiden beauty. I drew her to my side, and put my arm round her; while she leant her face on my shoulder to hide the tears that would come. When Mr. Morley saw us standing thus, he under-

stood all. "She is a good girl, Richard Farquerson; mind you use her well," said he tremulously. "If I have said anything harsh before, I beg your pardon heartily, sir. I was mistaken; I was deceived."

"Don't say another word; this moment cancels all," cried I.

And so Nellie and I were married; and she has been to me for nearly ten years the best, truest, kindest wife that ever man had. Mr. Morley lived with us long enough to see four of you about his knees; and then died in his daughter's arms very happily and contentedly, as you all know. And that is all I can tell you of my fortune, children.



A WORKMAN'S WINDOW-BLIND.



CORRESPONDENCE.

I HOPE you will not think me presumptuous in addressing you on a trifling Home affair that will perhaps be interesting to your readers, should you think it worthy of notice. The subject is a blind for the window of a workman's cottage. You well know that there are in use in every house blinds up as far as the top of the first row of panes—some of wood, some of wire, cane, calico, &c., and some of plants growing: it is on the last of these that I wish especially to speak, so far as relates to growing them in a manufacturing town. My house is situated in the midst of cotton-factories and chemical works; and I am delighted that I have not only overcome the difficulty of growing healthy plants, but that they answer every purpose of a blind, simply by a modification of your illustration on window-ornament,—a modification that is adapted to the purse and ingenuity of poorly every working-man. I enclose a sketch. [Upon this sketch our drawing is founded. Ed.] By it you will see that it is merely a slight wooden frame erected on the window-sill, and

glazed; the window forms one side, so that it makes a sort of Wardian case. It is so constructed that you can slide the sash up and down as usual to clean it and the plants. You will observe, too, that I have put a small fountain inside, supplied with water from a box placed on the window-sill above; a gallon of water lasting three or four hours, continually running. I may here mention the plants that I grow to perfection in it, viz. crocuses, hyacinths, primroses, snowdrops, ferns (of native growth), mosses of all kinds, wood-sorrel, ivy, musk, and fairy-rose. I may also mention a circumstance worthy of notice. It is a custom very common in Manchester to buy a bunch of flowers in the market on Saturday; but you will see them quite faded by Monday. Now if they are put into this case, they will keep very well for a week; I have kept some sorts fresh for a fortnight. The ivy is a piece I got, about four inches long, from an old crumbling ruin about twelve months back, and it is now about two yards long, and looks green both winter and summer. Some of my ferns are small roots brought home in a glass ginger-beer bottle when on a Whitsuntide ramble to Bolton Abbey.

When the case could not be made outside, it would only deprive the interior of about ten inches of room to have it inside. Make it the breadth of the window, and so that no dust can get in.

T. N., MANCHESTER.

* * * A CHRISTMAS NUMBER is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced. Among its contents will be "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT," a Christmas Tale in four Chapters, by WESTLAND MARSTON.

In the current Number of the same week will be commenced a TALE by SHIRLEY BROOKS, Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c., and which will extend through several Numbers.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. II.

PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DELAROCHE.

"The Death of Queen Elizabeth," which serves as frontispiece to our present number, had been prepared to exemplify the works of a great living artist in France.

We look at its composition, then turn the page, and, that page becomes a barrier between the living and the dead!

While the engraving was in course of preparation, the great master, of whose original picture it is the record, has suddenly died. He has just been borne to his last home by that phalanx of men—writers, savans, painters, sculptors, musicians, and certain statesmen—who are never absent when one of their brethren, even the humblest, calls them around his tomb. To a funeral they are more faithful than to the gayest feast; neither business, nor pleasure, nor even ill-health, can prevent them from rendering the last honours, or uttering the last sad farewell to the dead. It is indeed a very noble and touching spectacle to see the long file of uncovered heads, whose fine and powerful developments bespeak the elect amongst the great intelligences of the French metropolis, following in bowed-down reverence the bier of a brother or a sister artist or poet, and giving the sacrifice of their time to the heart, as they stand in unstrained sorrow around the open grave of one of their brethren.

These funeral and melancholy solemnities have of late followed each other in too rapid succession in Paris. In little more than a year these same groups of mourners may have been seen winding through the thickly-crowded and undulating avenues of the cemetery of Montmartre, and standing at the graves of Madame de Girardin, of David d'Angers, of Adolphe Adam, and now, of the distinguished and lamented Delaroche.

He has been taken from his two young orphan boys, from his admiring pupils and his numerous friends, unexpectedly, although his health has long been delicate and vacillating. It received a shock in the death of his young wife, which was the signal, although long since given, of his own demise. She was the only child of Horace Vernet, and was the idol, as well as the ideal, of her husband; and never, from the time of Beatrice, has poet or painter dreamed of a purer model. Her features are portrayed in the head of "Saint Cecilia," in that of "An Angel," in "A Madonna," in "A Mother's Joys;" but her most perfect resemblance is in the *Hennicycle* of the *École des Beaux Arts*, under the symbolical figure of Gothic Architecture.

Paul Delaroche was one of the many who rose from an obscure origin, and who, after battling with necessity in all its shapes, succeeded in acquiring honours, reputation, and fortune. He earned them most legitimately by working out with continuity and conscience his own personal tastes and tendencies; by thinking, reading, feeling, and observing, not with the schooled eye of a follower, but by taking the initiative in a new order of ideas and of study. Delaroche was the first who deserted the school of David, with its antique and classic subjects, and who inaugurated that which is called the romantic school; that is, the choice of subjects drawn from events and personages of modern times. It is to England and English literature that French art owes principally this disenchantment from the frigid laws of classic art. The works of Shakspeare, of Scott, and of Byron, were, at the commencement of the career of Delaroche, read and revelled in by every young lover of literature in the French capital, and exercised a constant influence on French authors. The commotion they produced was carried into art, and *romanticism* was the order of the day.

All the early paintings of Delaroche prove how much he was attracted by English literature, and that he was influenced by the same idea which caused Scott to teach history through romance.

One of his earliest pictures exhibited, and which attracted impatient crowds to the spot where it hung, was the "Execution of Lady Jane Grey." She is represented

in all her beauty and innocence, with bandaged eyes, stretching forth her hand to find the block on which she would lay her young and lovely head. The pathos of the scene is felt at a glance; and the picture extorted admiration even from those critics who opposed, with all the spirit of party, the then new school.

"The Children of Edward" was another theme taken by Paul Delaroche from English history; and perhaps may be reckoned amongst the most perfect of his works. The young princes are sitting on an old carved-oak bed. They are in close contact with each other in their forlorn youth. The youngest has an illuminated missal in his hands; but his eyes are turned away, as if some strange and sinister sound had diverted his attention. A lurid light soon under the chink of the door seems to give a reason for the fear written on his knit brow; while the loving and true instinct of a little spaniel, which is watching that light in an attitude of surprise and terror, shows that danger is near. Nothing, however, draws the elder brother Edward from his fixed melancholy. His coming fate is written on his pallid death-like face; the fair eyelashes half cover his dark eye, heavily borne down by his weary prison-life. His whole figure, his pendent legs and arms, have lost all elasticity, and he seems to have sat motionless since he last sought to wile away the hours in huckling, with boyish awkwardness, his name on the oaken bedstead, "King Edward V." The two heads are finely contrasted; the linen of the bed, its hangings, the oak panelings, and the whole story, have reality and truth in them.

"Miss Macdonald and the Pretender," "Cromwell contemplating the remains of Charles I. in his coffin," "Charles I. insulted by soldiers in the house of Cotton," "Jeanne d'Arc interrogated in her prison by the Bishop of Winchester," "Strafford, on his way to execution, receiving the blessing of Archbishop Laud," with the "Last moments of Queen Elizabeth," show how much the mind of the artist was attracted by the tragic scenes of English history. They are all *chefs-d'œuvre* in which many distinct qualities meet—truth, finish, and elegance in the details; noble and elevated expression in the figures; and a poetic feeling suffusing as with an atmosphere the whole.

The "Queen Elizabeth" is a picture of the largest dimensions that Delaroche ever painted; but therein is not its merit. That is seen in the mode in which he has treated his subject. If he had wished to write a moral with his pencil on the vanity of earthly power and grandeur, he could hardly have done so in more vivid and effective language.

The Queen's state at this period was thus described by the French ambassador Beaumont in his letters to Paris: "It is certain that a deep melancholy is visible in her countenance and actions. . . . She will take no medicine, nor can she be persuaded to get to bed. For the last two days she has been sitting on cushions on the floor, neither rising nor lying down; her fingers almost always in her mouth, her eyes open and fixed on the ground."

There she lies, that mighty queen of England, on silken cushions it is true, but very low. The varied draperies of velvet and ermine, of fine lace and lawn, which envelop her, cannot conceal the lank withered limbs beneath, nor the crown those thin gray hairs, nor the rows of costly pearls the faded wrinkled neck. She is dying, but in anger. Her queenly command has been disobeyed, and the dearest wish of her woman's heart frustrated. . . . Her own royal signet, which would have saved her favourite Essex, if it had not been detained by the faithless Lady Salisbury, is brought back to her; and she, the queen, is as impotent to recall him to life as to repeal her own death-warrant. Her ruffled features bespeak her powerless fury while she exclaims, "God may forgive her, but I never will!" and yet she is about to appear at that bar where she will have to answer for the death of Mary of Scotland.

The picture is full of suggestion, and speaks to the thought as well as to the eye. The head of the queen is very characteristic. There is much skill in the position in-

to which her figure is thrown. There is nothing of studied attitude in it, but it is truthful as difficult in its drawing. Some hardness of outline may be traced in the heads of her women, who are standing behind her, feeling or feigning grief for their dying mistress. The earl has a fine head, and the personages in the background have the bearing of functionaries of a court. The mass of light thrown on the principal figure has nice gradations, and joins, by intermediate colours, the dark background. Paul Delaroche in this picture, as in many others, shows himself a master of a great difficulty in the distinction of the nature of white draperies, which he paints most carefully. The colouring of this, as of most of his paintings, is energetic, sober, and, although without glowing vivacity, not deficient in harmony. He does not take rank high as a colourist. In that respect, as in other characteristics, he stands apart from any class or school.

Two pictures, which are pendants, and which are known in every capital in Europe by the very beautiful mezzotinto engravings which have reproduced them, have still higher qualities than any of the preceding, and show Delaroche's prolific invention, and in this instance, *par exception*, his success in colour. These are the "Death of Mazarin" and "Richelieu conducting Cinq Mars to execution." They are two pages of French history, with ample annotations. The wily cruel Richelieu, himself almost dying, and on whose face is read "the ruling passion strong in death," is gliding in his gilded bark down the brilliant Rhone, towing after him another vessel, in which his victim Cinq Mars is seated, at whose execution the cardinal intends himself to preside at Lyons. The gorgeous sunlit river-scene, so bright and pure, and the rich habits of the gay courtiers in Richelieu's barge, contrast powerfully with the two principal personages—the one pallid in his terror, the other placid in his triumphant cruelty.

In the pendant to "Richelieu," it is Mazarin,—another of those priest-ministers who governed France at that period of its history with such subtle sway. He, too, is dying, but on a bed of down, cheating the approach of death by playing cards. He is surrounded by courtiers and ladies, amongst whom are his seven famous nieces, whom he sent for from Italy to make their fortunes under his own eye;—girls of low origin and of no education, but who, once in France, soon learnt the *courtisanes* of the palace. Their ambition was equal to that of their uncle, while their rich Italian beauty aided them in making the first and noblest alliances in the French court. It is said that the princes who derogated from their rank by marrying the nieces, did so to secure the protection of the all-powerful uncle; and, as said the Prince de Conti to one of his friends who reproached him for the misalliance, "It is the cardinal I married."

"The Murder of the Duke de Guise" is another subject taken from the dark history of France, and treated by the master with a Shakspearian hand in dramatising the event. The dead body of the duke lies extended at full length in one side of the picture. The aggregation of murderers is on the opposite side, amongst whom is the mean King Henry who has instigated the crime. What is seen and felt at a glance is, that the moral strength and majesty is with the corpse; its expression, even in death, is "sovereign sway and masterdom." In all that group, combined of assassins and a sneaking king, there are weakness, pusillanimity, and baseness;—and thus Delaroche has so wielded that powerful weapon in art, expression, that he has given by it the power of life to death. On the brow of the Duke de Guise ought to be written,

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

There is one other work to which we must refer. Those who know the magnificent engraving by Henriquet Dupont will acknowledge that that work is in itself a host—the Hemicycle of the *École des Beaux Arts*, the largest fresco-painting which exists, and which occupied four years of the life of Paul Delaroche.

It was like a great public calamity, that terror which burst upon Paris one day in the month of last December. "The *École des Beaux Arts* is on fire!" "Paul Delaroche's fresco reduced to ashes!" There was a panic from one barrier to the other. The people knew the Hemicycle of the *École des Beaux Arts*. Happily alarm exaggerated the misfortune, and that magnificent painting, although burnt and defaced, was not destroyed. Artists of talent have been for several months engaged in its restoration. They perform their task *ex amore*, for the love of the master, and for the love of art. It was confidently hoped that when they had restored its subordinate parts, Delaroche himself would have completed the work by repainting the heads. Providence has not permitted the realisation of this hope; but Delaroche has left a reduced copy by himself of this celebrated painting, from which, as well as from the engraving of Henriquet Dupont, the heads can be restored.

The subject of this magnificent fresco is Poetry and the fine Arts. These noble themes have their personifications in those great men who have given them their material form in picture or in poem. All those mighty names that have covered England, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Flanders, with their glorious works stand grouped, not only yet with precision, in this hemicycle. Three countries full of genius! There are women too, as symbols of history and architecture,—beautiful forms and divine faces; the themes for Dante and Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, in whose company they mingle; models for Raphael and Correggio, brilliant enough to be those of Titian and Veronese, enough to sit for Rubens and Vandyke, gentle and lovely as the wife of the great master who has displayed to our eyes genius *en masse*, and beauty in its noblest and most perfect aspect.

This admirable fresco is with one accord pronounced to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Delaroche. There is so much breadth in its composition, that the eye takes in the *ensemble* at once; and so much clearness and precision throughout each part, that it becomes a delight to study the portrait of each hero, the costume and every detail of character.

A hundred other works might be named of this indomitable master. Like Ingres and a few other fellow-artists, he had not exhibited his pictures for several years, owing to over-susceptibility, and what was certainly a very blamable impatience of criticism. It was only in his studio that his works were seen by a chosen few; so that many of his pictures are less known to his fellow-citizens than to the more favoured amateurs of different capitals in Europe.

The physiognomy of Delaroche had something of the old Roman and Stoic combined,—a great regularity of noble features with much severity of expression. Severity, too, belonged to his character, though tempered by a kind heart. His forehead was lofty and expansive; his eye dark, and often veiled by melancholy or dissatisfaction. He was cold and reserved in manner; indeed, his disposition seemed scarcely in keeping with the fervid *romanticism* of which he was the early apostle, and showed him more of the reformer than the impetuous revolutionist.

His was a life of labour, study, and progress. He never, in his last moments, wearied of his pencil; and his capacious forehead hinted an almost exhaustless power of creation. He was at fifty-nine, having crowded into thirty-nine years of occupation the labours of a century for any ordinary artist. He leaves a rich and encouraging example to his numerous pupils, and a noble heritage to his orphan children.

HOW TO ENJOY A COLD.

By STEPHEN LEIGH HUNT.

Arr-choo!—In spite of the utmost provocation to discontent, we have an immense notion of making the best of all things; not mere difficulties and annoyances, but grievous bodily afflictions, no matter what:

"Look always on the sunny side,—
 'Tis wise and better far;
 And safer through life's cares to glide
 Beneath hope's beaming star.
 The springs of rosy laughter lie
 Close by the well of fears;
 Yet why should merry fancies die
 Drown'd in a flood of tears?"

Why indeed? even though, as now, they—that is, the tears—are rolling involuntarily down our cheeks in all the incorrigible exuberance of what people foolishly and noneeasily call "a bad cold." A "capital cold" it would be, if they did but know how to enjoy it. Christmas-parties, balls, and pantomimes will afford ample opportunity; and therefore we venture to offer a few suggestions, hoping at least to deserve the thanks of our readers.

First, let us observe, as regards all kinds of illness generally, and colds in particular, that people are ever prone to make the worst, instead of the best of them. The greatest soother of sickness is patience; and the wisest thing that all persons can do, when suffering pain, either acute or otherwise, is to endeavour to forget it; simply because the mere effort, earnestly made and persevered in, will materially assist whatever more direct and efficient means may be adopted to get rid of it. Brooding over any bodily suffering only gives it encouragement, inasmuch as the mind is then actively assisting and aggravating the ailment of the body; but let us make the most of a temporary cessation from the infliction, and there is a probability of its being dispelled altogether. Now the pleasure of getting rid of pain is undeniable; and having achieved that, the best thing we can do to render the cessation permanent, is to enjoy sound sleep, which, though a very simple and ordinary gratification at other times, becomes now an extreme luxury, such, indeed, as we never should have known except for the previous suffering. The same may be said of many of the remedies used for the alleviation of pain: a hot bath, local applications of an exceedingly cold nature, or a delicious draught for cooling fever and quenching thirst,—a draught like that of hock and soda-water,

"Worthy of Xerxes the great king,"

and not to be equalled by "sherbet eulimied with snow."

Here, then, we have a positive pleasure that could not be enjoyed unless we were ill; and we now proceed to show how, bearing in mind the broad theory applicable to all kinds of illness, a cold in particular may be rendered a source of the greatest gratification.

You have one all over you, as "violent" as may be—one that is not to be sneezed at, that will confine you to your bed, compel you to take medicine, and restrict you to broth and barley-water. There you are, then, ill—happy fellow!—very ill! You have not the least conception how much you are to be envied. The mere fact of being in such a condition renders you an object of interest and anxiety. Every body in the house is ready to wait upon you, and all you have to do is to lie still and enjoy your bed, while other people are bustling about indoors or out of doors all day, undergoing the fatigue and irksomeness of their ordinary avocations. You are ill; you are to do nothing, not even to get up to breakfast, but to have it brought to you in bed,—occasionally a very welcome indulgence, even in warm weather, and a positive luxury in winter, when the coldness of the mornings, evinced by artistic delineations of frost on the window-panes, often suggested to you the idea that to have a fire for the grate, and a cup of chocolate for yourself while the fire was burning up, would be a very pardonable, if not commendable, delectation. Now you are not only compelled to revel in it, but are made an object of sympathy on that account; it is so very lamentable to see you propped up with pillows, and cosily encased in a warm shawl around the throat and shoulders. You are not to be hurried over your breakfast; there are no engagements to fulfil; the note you have despatched implies an exemption from them all. You have nothing to think of but the enjoyment of

your chocolate aforesaid, or perhaps tea and muffins, which you may munch and sip as leisurely as you please, while reading a magazine or newspaper. At last breakfast is over, and you have become tired of reading; down go the pillows to their usual position, and after some gentle hand has smoothed and placed them comfortably, you sink back upon them overwhelmed by a delightful sense of mental and bodily indolence. What a blessing it is to have escaped the ordeal of shaving, even for one morning! only think of that; and remember also, how the warmth of the bed will encourage the growth of your beard, compelling you, of course, to send for the barber when you have got well enough to leave your room again. Hark! there's a knock at the street-door—somebody you don't want to see, probably: "Master's very poorly, and obliged to keep his bed." Ha, ha! keep his bed, eh? no such thing; it's the bed that keeps him—snug and warm, and in a blessed state of freedom from all annoyance. Every body is agreed that you are very poorly, and are not to be disturbed about any thing. You complacently abandon yourself to the idea, nestle your head luxuriously in the pillow, pull the bed-clothes over your chin, and resign yourself to a delightful doze. You awake feverish perhaps, and thirsty. Well, there is some barley-water at your bedside, delicately flavoured with a little lemon-juice and sugar,—a sort of primitive punch, pleasant to the palate, and not at all likely to prove provocative of headache. You raise a tumblerful to your lips, and drink with intense gusto. What a pleasure it is! well worth the infliction of the worst of colds. To that alone you are indebted for the intense enjoyment of such a simple beverage;—but you are so feverish, you say; so much the better.

Now just endeavour to recall to mind the wildest fiction, either in prose or poetry, that you have ever read—something very pleasing and highly imaginative: a fairy-tale will be as good a thing as any. Go to sleep thinking of it, and you will dream—dream, said we? We were wrong, for the fiction will become a glorious reality, as complete as any opium-eater ever realised! But, alas, you wake once more, and return to the vulgar commonplace of mundane existence! A sharp rap at the bedroom-door makes you further conscious that you have been revelling in what is termed a delusion; but never mind, reality has its enjoyment, and here comes some one to console you for the loss of the ideal—another corporality like yourself—intent on feeding you with chicken-broth and boiled custard; much more substantial fare than the fairies would have set before you, and extremely enjoyable now that you are ill, though at any other time you would have rejected it as insipid. O, it's a fine thing is a bad cold for teaching people not to let the palate become vitiated by luxurious living! "Very nice," eh? but you would "have liked a basin of mullagatawny better, and some wine-sauce with the pudding." Shocking depravity! the pleasures of a cold are simple, and you must learn to enjoy them, remembering that the malady is one of frequent recurrence. Probably you will remind us that you may have to take medicine—and what of that? Many medicines would be found extremely palatable, if we were not prejudiced against them. We have seen an infant drink cod-liver oil as if it had been milk. Why, what is the matter? you have upset all the broth over that beautifully white counterpane! It was our fault, but we did not intend to shock you. Come, try the pudding, and do not let your imagination combine any medicinal sauce with it. You have eaten it all; that's right.

Now allow us to suggest that a very little ripe fruit will not hurt you; in the winter, a few grapes, roasted apples, preserved pears, or sweet oranges; in the summer (should a cold then visit you) some strawberries, raspberries, currants, peaches, apricots, nectarines, or a few slices of melon—a variety which will hint to you that perhaps the best time for taking a cold is in the summer, especially as the heat of the weather will enable you to get rid of it whenever you may think proper, while the winter colds sometimes tend to deny you that privilege. But to return to

your present condition: you must not lie there and allow your mind to get either into a wearisome state of vacuity or unpleasant reflection. Send for a book from the library—some novel that you have never read; and if it is too much trouble to read it yourself, get some one to read it to you. It is a capital plan always to endeavour to forget an illness by means of some quiet and absorbing enjoyment. Doubtless you are fond of music; and if you hear any good band strike up in the street, we recommend you by all means to detain them. You will get up perhaps in the evening, and prepare yourself for a refreshing night's rest by having your bed made. Should a friend drop in who can give you a game of chess or cribbage, be sure to avail yourself of the opportunity, if you feel inclined for such recreation. Do not sit up late, or get into any exciting conversation; but go calmly and quietly to bed, take your basin of gruel, finish with pills or globules according to preference, lay your head on the pillow, and go to sleep. Tomorrow it is most probable that you will be well, or only sufficiently indisposed to render it prudent that you should stop at home; when you will indulge in a stronger and more relishing diet, pass the day in a dreamy state of inactivity, or enjoy yourself vivaciously in any reasonable manner you may desire.

Should you think proper, reader, to adopt our philosophy, you will find that this paper only contains a bare outline of the enjoyments or alleviations (if you prefer that word) to be gained from a cold, or any other among the host of ailments that do not bring with them positive pain; and even among these there is scarcely one, however acute, which will not admit of some mitigating enjoyment. Finally, let us remember, that the mere circumstances of being watched and most carefully tended by those we love, the kindness with which they bear our peevishness, and the desire they display to do every thing they can, either to diminish our suffering or to aid our convalescence, are pleasures that can scarcely be too much valued, not only because we either are or ought to be duly impressed with them at the time, but for the further and more substantial reason that they become delightful reminiscences and bonds of affection for the remainder of our lives.

The National Magazine.

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LIFE OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

[Chapman and Hall.]

WHAT do you know about him, O well-informed General Reader? "Not much certainly," replies that amiable many-headed monster, with becoming candour; and then, with his usual unmisgiving self-satisfaction, he adds, in an off-hand way, "Of course I know that he was a great impostor, pretending to impossible arts; and getting money out of people, and honours from princes, for casting nativities, predicting future events, and searching after the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone. Besides, I know that he was found out at last to be a trickster, and was disgraced and ruined. He died of starvation, I think."

Such is the sum and substance of the General Reader's information concerning one of those learned and high-souled philosophers who were the pioneers of free thought and free citizenship in Europe. It was their patient labour in learning, and their martyrdom for teaching what they believed to be truth, that made the great sixteenth century the mother of the nineteenth.

Mr. Morley, who wrote the *Life of Palsgrave* and the *Life of Jerome Cardan*, has just published a *Life of Cornelius Agrippa*, which we, having some previous knowledge of the

subject, have read with hearty admiration and interest. Paraphrasing a line in Sheridan's "Odo to Scandal," we must apply it to Mr. Morley's literary works:

"At every book a reputation lives."

Now such a result is worth writing a book to attain. All authors are not creative geniuses; but one of the very next best things to a new, true, and original book, of any kind, is a book which destroys error, and restores a man who has been maligned to the good opinion and respect of mankind.

In his *Life of Cornelius Agrippa* Mr. Morley has done this completely. No one henceforth who reads English can blamelessly speak of poor Cornelius as a charlatan and impostor. Incited by reading Mr. Morley's charming book, and to the intent that others may be incited to read it too, we venture to say a few words about our old favourite.

It is hard to part with a preconception. But if you wish to know what Cornelius Agrippa really was, you must begin by banishing from your mind all ideas of him as a grim, lightning wizard, poking a furnace, or muttering incantations over a caldron,—as a Faust-like recluse, sitting in a Gothic chamber, wearing a dark robe and long beard, with a book of magic open before him, a divining-rod in one hand, a crucible in the other, and the *Abra-cadabra* written on parchment hanging round his neck. Lovers of *Hudibras*, too, must forget some of Butler's abuse of the *pseudo-alchemists* of his day, as well as the passage about Cornelius which contains the lines:

"Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
 'T' the garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor; and the cur
 Read to the occult philosopher,
 And taught him subtly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain."

It may, however, be remembered, *cum grano salis*, since Agrippa did write a remarkable book on the Vanity of Sciences and Art, and another on Occult Philosophy. Also, he was as fond of dogs as Charles II. or Anne of Denmark. Moreover, among his household pets was a pretty little black dog, called *Monsieur*, who used to sleep in his bed room, sit on his study-table, or on his knees while he read, and play about among his manuscripts at its pleasure. In short, little Monsieur seems to have been to Agrippa what Diamond was to Sir Isaac Newton.

The main facts of his life are these. He was born of noble parents, named Von Nettesheim, in the then powerful and commercial city of Cologne, in the year 1486, just three years after the birth of Raphael. The ingenious compiler of *Things not Generally Known* may put among his *A's* the following piece of information, and its classic root. All children born with their feet foremost were called *Agrippa* by the Romans. To this circumstance of his birth Cornelius Von Nettesheim owes his surname. At a very early age he showed great intellectual power, and his natural gifts were improved by the best culture of the time, especially in languages. Printing had only just come into practical operation; but there was a press in Cologne, and the young Cornelius, like all boys who love reading, devoured every book he could lay his hands on; and as most of those treated directly or indirectly of magic, alchemy, and astrology, he read them as he would have read *Le Grand Cyrus* in the following century, or the works of Dickens and Thackeray in our own. But when he came to read for something more than curiosity or pastime, seeking in books the knowledge most congenial to his own mind, it was to the newly discovered Greek classics that he devoted himself,—to them and to the Hebrew Bible and Cabala, and the Christian Fathers. Greek had long been, in every sense, a dead language to the Latin Church. The fall of Constantinople, in 1453, drove into Western Europe learned Greeks, who did what modern refugees do to earn a livelihood—they taught their language. Before he was nineteen, Cornelius seems to have acquired a great deal of the knowledge, false and true, which was then to be got from books; and had mastered all the personal

accomplishments befitting his rank. He then went to the court of "Kaiser Max," as he was familiarly called, the great, rough, jovial, and decidedly clever grandfather of Charles V. He was sent by him on a mission to Paris; and there, with his friend Landulph, he arranged a queer plot for securing a part of Spain to Austria. It involved much personal peril to himself as a military leader. He was seven years a soldier in the emperor's service; but the life of a scholar was his heart's desire. For this he strove, while fate was always adverse. But "conduct is fate," and Cornelius's conduct was not calculated to procure him peace and competence in a university, or any where else, in those days. He stood between two fiercely raging parties. He was a Catholic by education, habit, and instinct, yet he denounced bitterly many abuses in his own Church; he sympathised with Luther, Melancthon, and Zuinglius, was their personal friend, yet could not take part altogether with the Reformers. Like the bat in the fable, he was done to death between the beasts and the birds for belonging exclusively to neither section of creation. This is the real reason why Cornelius Agrippa's reputation has been so maligned. He belonged to no party, therefore no party was interested in his defence, and all parties were ready to attack him.

In all minor matters, too, he seems to have shown want of tact and business-like sharpness in perceiving how and when to do a thing. He was just the opposite of his acquaintance Erasmus, who knew how to keep himself out of harm's way, and to turn every thing to account.

Cornelius wrote a treatise to prove that women are by nature superior to men, and addressed it to his patroness Margaret, governess of the Netherlands; but he did not publish it till he had left her service. His work on Occult Philosophy was written when he was under twenty-three years of age. Magic, in the ordinary sense, is not taught in it; but the highest and purest religion pervades it. Mr. Morley says, the text of his "three books on Occult Science" might be, "In all things have God before your eyes;" and Cornelius concludes the whole work with these words:

"For you only have I written whose souls are uncorrupted and confirmed in a right way of life; in whom a chaste and modest mind, a faith unwavering, fears God and worships him; whose hands are removed from all wickedness; who live with decency, sobriety, and modesty;—for you only shall be able to find the doctrine set apart for you, and penetrate the arcana hidden among many riddles."

Mr. Morley gives a compendious account of this work, from which a thorough knowledge of its contents may be got. As he truly remarks, "the science halts over the earth, but the philosophy flies heavenward." There is much in this book of his to arouse the *odium theologum*. But his chief offence against the Church of Rome is in his satirical and destructive book on the Vanity of Sciences and Arts. This was written some years later, after adversity had begun to take the joy and hope out of his happy, impulsive, generous nature. Mr. Morley gives also an abstract of this treatise, from which most readers will learn more of what Cornelius meant than from the original itself.

If Cornelius had been bold enough in thought to carry out his principles to their legitimate issue, and firm enough in will to act in accordance with that result, he might safely have published this book as a Reformer. As a communicant of the Church of Rome he could not publish it without bringing a life-long punishment on his head. *It was une des choses qui ne se pardonnent pas.*

Every body is tired of Galileo, and the half-dozen other great men whose stories are always cited as instances of the tyrannical suppression exercised by the powers of this world against the discoverers of a new portion of the Universal Truth. A reference to them on the present occasion is so obvious, that we avoid it, and offer Agrippa instead as a stock-martyr. But Cornelius differs from them in one essential point. They were martyrs, he was only a victim. Martyrdom was evidently not his vocation; he did not utter his opinions and stake his life for them; he would gladly

have escaped the worldly consequences of exposing what he conceived to be the errors and the corruptions of the dominant power of his generation. Yet he was far too keensighted not to be aware that his work on the Vanity of Sciences and Arts dragged the supports from it. He was prepared for a sort of circular duel, as he had hit hard all round the encyclopædia. Listen to the words of Cornelius himself:

"They will all run me down," he says, in a preface to the reader, and conjures up a pleasant vision of himself, with the followers of every art and science clamouring against him, every pack with its own cry. "The obstinate theosophists," he says in his climax, "will cry me down for heresy, or compel me to bow down to their own idols. Our scornful magistrates will demand of me a recantation, and I shall be proscribed under the great seals of the world-supporting mon of the Sorbonne; but I write this because I see men pulled up with human knowledge contomning the study of the Scriptures, and giving more heed to the maxims of the philosophers than to the laws of God. Moreover," he adds, "we find that a most detestable custom has invaded all or most schools of learning, to swear their disciples never to contradict Aristotle, Boethius, Thomas Aquinas, or whoever else may be their scholastic god, from whom, if there be any that differ so much as a nail's breadth, him they proclaim a scandalous heretic, a criminal against the holy sciences, fit only to be consumed in fire and flames." He urges, accordingly, his apology, if he should seem to speak too bitterly against some sciences and their professors. "How impious a piece of tyranny it is to make captive the wits of students to fixed authors, and to deprive their disciples of the liberty of searching after and following the truth!"

Is not this admirable? Yet a man like this was accused of the meanest tricks of the charlatans and conjurers of that age. A glorious age it was, for all its errors,—glorious through the very men whom the next low-minded age turned into ridicule. In that age, men like Cornelius and his friends struggled hard to get at truth; with earnest unworldly minds they strove to see through the thick Cimmerian darkness which had so long enveloped the region in which man's best faculties should find exercise. Their greatest difficulty was this, that they had to find out for themselves (*and for us*) what was possible and what was impossible for them, with their limited means, to know. Great, noble, pure hearts! How patient and wise with the best wisdom were many of that race of experimental philosophers, now so glibly condemned as visionary enthusiasts or mere impostors! How many of them worked on through life unrewarded but by the work itself; and that work but the work of an intellectual navy—digging out the rubbish and laying the foundation of the beautiful palace of science, which is now rearing its glorious pillars and beginning to reveal its true proportions to the patient and highly-gifted experimentalists of this generation! The so-called dreams of the alchemists may one day be realised; and schoolboys in the twentieth century may perform with ease that transmutation or *reduction* of metals which was the *summum bonum* of science in the imagination of the wisest men of the sixteenth. The old philosophic alchemists did a good stroke of the world's work, and the world is beginning to understand it. Useless as most of their labours seem to be, they were yet indispensable; because it is clearly a part of the Divine plan for man's life that we should learn with great pains many unnecessary things, in order to ascertain what things are really of importance. We forget who was the wise man who has said this truth in better language.

Cornelius was a Rosicrucian; one of that Christian brotherhood of philosophers who fought with all weapons, secretly and openly, against stupidity, ignorance, sensuality, and worldly vices. The Rosicrucians receive their just praise at the hands of Mr. Morley. They were originally real philosophers, actively seeking and communicating wisdom, often following false lights, but doing so with pure hearts and lives.

Cornelius was three times married. His two first wives were all that he could desire, though the first was the superior woman. His last wife was bad in every way, and he was obliged to divorce her. By the two first he had

children. Through his opponents, the dignitaries of the Roman Church, he was deprived of every appointment which he was able to obtain by his learning and uncommon endowments. Driven from city to city, without means of supporting his motherless children, embittered by the cruel malevolence of his foes, Cornelius, during the last years of his life, is a melancholy testimony to the instability of human fortune. He died alone, of care and want, away from his children, and ignorant (as the world is to this day) of what was to become of them. A scurrilous epitaph was inscribed by the monks on his tombstone at Grenoble.

Cornelius appears to great advantage in his domestic and social relations. His friends and his wives loved and honoured him above all men. A pretty picture of his household may be conjured up by reading the following passage in Mr. Morley's book. How much it tells of the goodness and affectionate disposition of the philosopher!

"While Agrippa was away from home attending a wealthy patient dangerously ill at Mechlin, his secretary wrote home—news to him. His little wife—no rare thing in those days—could neither write nor read. The tone of these letters, in which even the scribe writes affectionately, shows how peacefully and pleasantly his home was ordered. Let us dwell upon it, for it is the last glimpse of his happiness that we shall have. The wife had been in weak health since her last confinement. 'All is safe at home,' ran one of the reports; 'your wife becomes stronger and stronger every hour; the children are happy, chirrup, laugh, and grow. Mary,' (that was the nurse, called in the household Mury the Greater; there was another little maid, called by her master Mary the Less) 'Mary sedulously watches over your wife's health; Tarot, Franza, Musa, with the conebines,' (those are his dogs) 'day and night make themselves heard, and threaten torture against thieves; but they trot so constantly about the lawn that I fear lest they be changed from dogs to garden deities, or husbandmen, or at any rate, philosophers,—that is to say, of the academic sort. For the rest of the company here, the nurse nurses; Hercules' (a man-servant) 'is house-keeper; Aurelius works in the laboratory. All, in fact, goes well. I set at rest your notary, who came here in your name. I wonder that you did not give me any kind of hint about him. Every thing else I have done to the best of my ability. Your wife bids me write this that you may address yourself with an easier mind to the healing of your patient, and be able to come back to her the sooner. She wishes you fortune, health, and all the happiness you ask, and desires to be very much commended to you.' Agrippa replied in the same tone,—these letters were passing in the middle of July,—especially inquired about the progress of a slow distillation that he had left behind him to be watched carefully in his laboratory, and, in a postscript, said that if the young servant to be sent by the master of the oratory came, he was either to be received into the house, or sent to him at Mechlin. 'Your most ancient wife, Mary the Greater, and the host of dogs salute you,' was the answer. 'We were on the point of sitting down to dinner when your note was brought; how sweet it made the dinner of your little wife it is beyond my speech to tell.'"

Who can believe, after reading such things, that Cornelius Agrippa was a man whose memory the world should willingly let die? His was not a very great and original mind; but he was a philosopher and a truth-seeker. He was not a man who practised the arts necessary to succeed in the world, and be honoured of men.



THE CONVALESCENT TO THE PHYSICIAN.

A SONNET BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

FRIEND, by whose cancelling hand did fate forgive
Her debtor, and rescribè her stern award,—
O, with that happier light wherein I live
May all thine after-years be stunnèd and starved!
May God, to whom my daily bliss I give
In tribute, add it to thy day's reward,
And mine uncurrent joy may'st thou receive
Celestial sterling! Ay, and thou shalt thrive

Even by my vanished woes: for as the sea
Renders its griefs to heaven, which fall in rains
Of sweeter plenty on the happy plains,
So have my tears exhaled; and may it be,
That from the favouring skies my lifted pains
Descend, O friend, in blessings upon thee!

THE WEDDING-DRESS.

BY MARGUERITE A. POWER,
AUTHOR OF "EVELYN FORESTER."

"So the year's done with!
(Love me for ever!)
All March begun with,
April's endeavour;
May-wreaths that bound me
June needs must sever;
Now snows fall around me,
Quenching June's fever
(Love me for ever!)."

"Ay, love me for ever!" The poor soul closed the book that lay open on her knee, and, through tears that made the landscape swim, looked out of the lattice by which she was sitting.

It was early autumn—autumn at the time it is sobered but not yet saddened by the thought that winter is coming. From the casement, round which clustered heavy masses of odorous clematis, spread, in the foreground, a little lovely garden, checkered with sun and shade and glowing flowers, among which the brown bees roamed all through the bright hours, while beyond, a broad, blue, distant landscape stretched itself away to the far horizon.

In the quiet room within all was hushed and still as without; such a pretty room, so English, so peaceful, so homely, yet with such a touch of elegance in its simple old-fashioned arrangements. Its polished oak furniture, its dark wainscoting, its Indian china cups and bowls, its wide fireplace with steel dog-irons, its deep latticed windows,—all belonged to a time gone by, and yet all were kept in a state of neatness and careful preservation, that made them as fit for service as on the day of their completion.

In a corner, the tall clock ticked its "ever never, never ever" drowsily; a blackbird sat still on his perch; a great tabby cat, that had long ago given over glaring at him, subdued, as it seemed, by the passionless atmosphere of the place, lay winking with her paws tucked under her; and the very flies ceased to buzz and torment as they are wont to do in autumn, once they get within the stilly precincts of the room.

And outwardly quiet as the rest sat its mistress, looking out with unseeing eyes towards the horizon.

She was one of those women of whom we have little experience, but who our instinct tells us at a glance have survived a great sorrow that has altered their nature, and that is ever present with them as their shadow, which they have learned to bear from sheer necessity, but which they have never accepted or got resigned to. She was not young, nor handsome, though she might once have been so. Her dress was dark, simple, strictly neat, and put on with that unconscious taste and care that marks a sense of innate propriety and refinement, totally apart from vanity or the desire to attract; and her smooth dark hair, marked here and there with a single thread of silver, was braided under her quiet white cap.

"Ay, love me for ever!" she repeated, compressing her lips over her teeth till they became bloodless. "The last words I said to him the last night I ever looked on him. O, if I could but see him once more, tell him to his face, calmly, as I could now, what a hell he has made of my life; how he has turned the current of my nature, blasted all that was best, nourished all that was worst in me, taken from me the love and trust in God and man,—O, if I could do this, then I could die in peace, were it even by his hand! Peace!—for twenty years I have been pining for the only peace I can ever hope for—that of the grave, and it will not come.



THE DANCING-LESSON. BY R. T. ROSS, A.R.S.A.
[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

Now I know, that till I have seen him, spoken to him, *cursed him*, I cannot even die. But that thought is something to live for: it is a fearful thing, a life without an object. No hope, no aim, no tangible desire, good or bad; and twenty years of this existence have proved too much for me, strong as I thought myself. I do not pray. God does not listen to the prayers of such as I am; and indeed I have no thought to ask any thing of Him. He has afflicted me too heavily; He has laid on me a burden He knew I was not able to bear. I was proud; yes, and He has smitten me just where I could least endure to be smitten.

'There may be heaven, there must be hell;
Meanwhile there is our earth here—well!'

She got up, replaced the volume of poems on the shelf where it stood with several others, and, taking her knitting, began working with the outward placidity of one whom the habit of strong self-command for years has enabled to perform the routine of daily occupation with ease and skill.

We must go back two-and-twenty years. Esther Eyro was then eighteen, the only child of a rich farmer, who, as well as his wife, doted on her, and fully believed her to be a marvel of all human perfection.

She was very pretty, not without cleverness, proud, willful, headstrong, though possessed of qualities that reasonable and wholesome culture would have nurtured into virtues. Her affections were deep and strong; she was generous, unselfish, sincere, and self-devoted.

But this culture was denied her. Every caprice of hers was accepted; every wish gratified, every word and act tolerated, if not applauded; and worst of all, perhaps, she received that dangerous degree of education which calls into play a woman's vanity and love of display, which renders

her unfit for the exercise of simple duties, and leaves her mind as uncultivated as before. She acquired, in short, a smattering of accomplishments at a provincial boarding-school, and at sixteen returned to her father's house, a *gentle miss*, utterly unsuited to take her place in any station in society.

Poor Esther! her motto might have been, "I know nothing, and despise all things"—all things, at least, within her reach. Profoundly ignorant herself, she had no patience for the ignorance of those around her. She turned up her nose at all homely interests, occupations, and pleasures; and she had no resources within herself to supply her with others. The consequence was, an endless pining for a change of position, a discontented longing after excitement of any kind, above all, a craving to enter that paradise of fools of the middle class, the *yelept genteel society*; that mean, trifling, struggling, truly vulgar medium between the society of the unpretending grade, which comprises all who honestly and simply gain their bread by their labour, of whatever nature that labour be,—a class from which it originally sprang, and which it affects to despise,—and that of the upper walks in the social scale, the members of which, in turn, despise and ridicule it, while it seeks to ape their ideas and manners in preposterous caricatures, and cringes at the feet that contemptuously spurn it.

And thus two years of Esther's life passed after her return from school.

During this period she had had various opportunities of marrying well, and settling in the position to which she was born; but such a destiny was, of all others, the one least suited to her ambition. The farmers' sons who sought her alliance had coarse hands, talked agriculture, and could not, any one of them, sing Haynes Bailey's ballads. She

must have a gentleman, that is to say, a man who performed no manual employment to earn a livelihood, and who was eminently genteel; Esther's notions of a gentleman going little beyond these limits.

And at the end of the two years she found a gentleman such as her dreams had presented.

James Stowell was the son of a man who had begun life as a small attorney in a country town, who had scraped together—no matter how—a certain capital, and who had finished by establishing himself as a money-lending lawyer in London. The trade thrived, and the elder Stowell, in order to secure a consideration that would insure a fresh supply of clients, adopted a style of vulgar luxury that, to a certain degree, achieved his purpose.

His son soon outstripped him in the course he had adopted. Good-looking, plausible, and with a peculiar talent for suiting himself to the ideas, peculiarities, and weaknesses of those with whom he came in contact, James Stowell twisted and whoedled and wormed himself into the society of the youth of a class considerably above his own. Gaming, the turf, and other such amiable devices for the dispersion of money and credit, soon made very considerable breaches in the Stowell possessions, and led to an interview between the father and son, which terminated in the former assuring the latter, by no means politely, but very energetically, that the present debts of honour (so called) once paid, he, the son and heir, must contrive as he best could to live on a certain, and not very liberal allowance.

Of course James Stowell had not the slightest notion of living on any thing of the kind, and fresh debts were contracted, which Stowell senior resolutely declined to pay. The consequence was, that James found the atmosphere of London, Newmarket, and Goodwood, wholly unsuited to his constitution, for the time being at least, and that he considered the air of Yorkshire (there is a good deal to be done there in the horse-dealing line) likely to be of some service to him.

So to Yorkshire he went, and somehow fell in with Esther Eyre.

Times must have been very hard indeed, or the notion of marrying a farmer's daughter would have been the very last to have entered the head of our hero.

However, they were hard, and the notion therefore found admission. It was an idea that cost nothing to take into consideration: nothing better at present loomed in the horizon. He might try the thing cautiously, and if the hope of a more favourable or satisfactory *dénouement* presented itself, James Stowell was not the man to let any foolish considerations, any quixotic scruples, interfere in his arrangement of affairs.

So Esther Eyre's little fortune was soon, in imagination, stowed in the very empty pockets of our youthful adventurer; and to Esther herself, as the key of the coffer, nothing less, he began to pay assiduous court.

And so at last she had found the prince who was to free her from bondage! This was perhaps Esther's first thought. It may seem strange that the earliest impression of a girl of eighteen should be a selfish and a worldly one. But I think most people who have carefully studied life, and bought their experience thereof, will have discovered the mistake which exists in supposing that it is ever in early youth that the most pure and unworldly and golden-age ideas are uppermost.

Early youth craves pleasure, excitement, the enjoyments that proceed from the lust of the eye, the gratification of the senses, as children prefer butterflies to nightingales; and all that tends to insure it these fancied treasures it grasps at eagerly. A few years later, the dormant soul awakes, and demands possessions of more solid worth. It learns that Love walking in the mire may be happier than Indifference in a carriage,—that a *tête-à-tête* over the fire may possess charms such as the crowd in the ball-room never know,—and that certain words of earnest heart-spoken proso

may sound incomparably sweeter than the strains of all the *prima donnas* in civilised Europe.

But in the meanwhile, before the woman's heart has awakened, it is apt to think complacently of being Mrs. So-and-so, with a house of its own, and freedom to come and go, and dress itself, without mamma's dictation and papa's grumbling at its milliner's bills.

The hour of waking is ever a critical one, and generally decides a woman's destiny; for it is not all women—far from it—who ever do come to the second birth, that of the heart and soul. Those, the many, that are not destined to arrive thereat possess the same notions, somewhat hardened, somewhat solidified, somewhat more materialised even, at the end of their career than at the beginning.

Esther began by admiring James Stowell immensely, and by being extremely pleased and flattered by his marked attentions. Such a man was not often met with in the society to which she belonged, but in whose circle she felt herself degraded by moving; and vanity was the first sentiment awakened in her breast.

Soon this gave place to a real and intense affection, into which she rushed with the headlong impetuosity that marked her character. Stowell saw his advantage at once, and sure of her,—for like many women, proudly intractable in all other relations of life, she was ready to be made the slave of a lover,—he began playing a game of fast and loose that bound her yet more to him, from the insecurity of her tenure, at the same time that it rendered a withdrawal on his part, should he deem it advisable to adopt such a course, all the easier.

Finally, the speculations in horsecflesh, that principally led to his bending his steps to that part of the country, not proving so successful as he hoped, and duns becoming dangerously impatient, he finished by making up his mind to propose to the farmer's daughter. What her reply to the proposition was need not of course be stated. The views of her father, however, were not quite the same as her own. Apart from his blind affection for his daughter, Mr. Eyre was a sufficiently shrewd and sensible man, and much of what he saw and heard of young Stowell led him to mistrust his motives and himself, and to look on the notion of his becoming the husband of Esther with any thing but satisfaction.

For this emergency our hero was quite prepared; but he well knew Esther's influence in the household:—on it he counted, and on it he worked, exciting the chivalry and flattering the pride of the poor foolish girl, by laying all his cause in her hands, and leaving her to fight out the domestic battle alone. As usual, she conquered by alternate prayers and reproaches, entreaties and sulks; and very unwillingly indeed, and with sorrow and mistrust, was the paternal consent accorded.

And so the wedding-day was fixed, and the wedding-dress ordered; and Esther was perfectly happy.

It was the night before that great and memorable day, and James Stowell spent the evening as usual with his bride-elect. Things having come to a crisis now, the father had resolved to make the best of the matter. The mother, who saw only with her daughter's eyes, good woman, and had never therefore objected to the match, was shining in the reflected radiance of her child's felicity; and Esther was too deeply happy to be demonstrative of her joy.

At half-past ten, a late hour for the farm, James Stowell rose to go, and Esther accompanied him to the porch, lingering over the last "Good night." It was June, with June's white moonlight and faint night-winds stirring the climbing roses in the trellis, and bringing the breath of new-mown hay from the meadows. A pensiveness stole over her, which James tried to laugh away; sentiment sat ill on him, and it was always the last resource to which he resorted. Nay, any one but that poor blind girl might have seen there was a touch of rallery and even impatience in his mode of treating her.

"Good night, my dear," he said; "you must let me be

off now; for I have letters to write, a quantity of things to do, before I can get to bed. Don't you let yourself be getting into the dolefuls, my little wife; that's right!" as she looked up smilingly at the magic syllable. "Keep up your spirits, and be looking in beauty to-morrow, do you mind? Good night;" and he kissed her hastily, and was off without replying to the last words she whispered in his ear:

"Love me for ever!"

The morrow came, and Esther was up and dressed in her bridal attire, and prepared to start for the church. Shall I confess it? even then a little touch of vanity, of conscious superiority over her somewhat awed and deeply-admiring bridesmaids, over the good simple people assembled to the wedding, had its place beside the deep love, the solemn sense of the duties of her new position, in her mind.

A letter was brought her, and she paled and started at sight of the well-known hand.

"My dear Esther," it ran, "matters, which it is impossible for me to explain at this moment, render it *indispensable* for me to go to town by this morning's mail. How unfortunate! I'll write as soon as I can, but I don't know when that may be. Keep up your spirits. Yours affectionately,
J. STOWELL."

No date, no address given, no means of communication afforded, no hope held out, and for regret—"How unfortunate!"

She felt the bitter mockery of every word in the very inmost recesses of her soul; she knew at once that all was over for ever, that there was nothing to be done or hoped for, or wondered at even; and in an instant there passed before her opened eyes a vision of those thousand minute instances of heartlessness and indifference on his part that had hitherto escaped her.

She took off her wedding-dress, and packed it in a little trunk quietly and silently. All the other relics and tokens of this shattered love—they were neither costly nor many—she burnt with his few letters; and then she announced to her parents that she meant to leave the place for ever. Prayers and tears having failed to move her, she went, accompanied by her mother, to an aunt in London, with whom she remained, visited constantly by her parents, till their death, followed by that of her sole remaining relative, left her to take up her abode alone in the world.

At the age of thirty she came, a grave, staid, middle-aged woman, to settle in the cottage where I have first described her; and here, under the maiden name of her mother and aunt,—for she had cast aside her own with every other vestige of the past, except the wedding-dress, fading and yellowing in the trunk,—she resided with a little servant-maid; shunning all society, all companionship, without a friend or an interest in the wide world, and finding in the monotonous routine of her every-day employments, performed only for herself, varied with a little desultory reading, sometimes of good books, sometimes of bad ones, a very insufficient resource against the wearing bitterness of her spirit.

Truly "it is not good for man to be alone," when the solitude is peopled only by such phantoms as those that crowded round Esther's hearth; and worst of all it is for any human creature to abdicate the duties, hopes, labours, and sympathies that God in mercy gives to every one of us, however barren his lot.

Who all grow better or worse as we get on in life, softer or harder. Esther Eyre got worse and harder.

Of all the relics of the past, Esther had reserved but one—her wedding-dress. It seemed strange that among the *souvenirs* connected with that past, that which of all others was calculated the most to recal the agonising pain and mortification of her life should be the sole one to be preserved. But it was done in that very intention.

As she took it off on the day that was to have been her bridal one, she made a silent vow to keep it precious as a memorial of that suffering, and the hatred to which it had

given rise; so that if ever a day came when the recollection of what she had undergone should soften in her heart, a look at it should steel her again. In the little black trunk, in which her hands had that day placed it, it now lay; and often—not that there was any need to revive the cankering bitterness of her soul—she would, when alone, unlock the box and gaze at the poor, crushed, yellow garment, once so fresh and pure, and muse and bitterly philosophise over it. This was generally at night; for her nights were often sleepless, and when the vexed spirit refused to let the body rest, she would rise from her bed, open the trunk, look long at its contents; then closing it, and restoring the key to its usual place under her pillow, return to her weary couch to brood over her wrongs and her sufferings till daylight.

And this was the life she had led for years, and the life she looked to leading, without change or break or improvement or mitigation, till the day should come, might it be far or near, that would call her away, she gave no thought whither.

Later, however, a new thought had dawned upon her, —a feverish desire, vague in form, intense in degree, to see her former lover, accuse him of his perfidy, and relieve her long pent-up concentrated suffering by pouring it out, not in the hope of gaining pity or sympathy, but as a relief to the bitter burning hatred and vengeance that devoured her.

For years she had heard nothing of him; she knew not if he were alive or dead; she had no possible means of communicating with him, or of obtaining information concerning him; but the passionate desire for this supreme occasion worked in her a superstitious conviction that it would be brought about, and to it she looked daily with strengthening assurance.

And this was the only hope and aim she had given to her existence.

"And you shall see how the devil spends
The fire God gave for other ends."

The drowsy clock had slowly struck eleven when Esther left the hushed and quiet little room to go to her bedroom, which adjoined it.

The white window-curtains had been left open, and the moonbeams lay still and spectre-like on the bed. She opened the lattice and looked out. Though the season was different, the aspect of the night was strangely like that of the one when, upwards of twenty years ago, she had last parted with James Stowell; there was the same repose, the same pure light; and while she gazed with hard dry eyes, a breeze brought the same perfume of new-mown hay, of which the second crop was ripening.

"Love me for ever!"

her parting words that night, how strangely had they come before her again this very day! Did all this mean anything? Perhaps so.

It was past twelve when she went to bed, and near daylight before she fell into a deep slumber.

From this a faint noise, yet more, a vague consciousness of some unusual presence, disturbed her, and, without moving, she opened her eyes; they fell on the figure of a man, whose back was to her, and who was stealthily engaged in forcing the lock of the little trunk that contained the wedding dress.

Her nerves were hard, and she saw all the dangers and all the requirements of the position at once; so she lay motionless, watching him, and striving to regulate her breathing so that he might not become conscious of her waking, assured that when he perceived what were the contents of the box, he would, if not disturbed, retire without injuring her.

At last the lock yielded, and the lid was opened; the man paused, evidently disappointed; then silently raising the dress, he began to search underneath it. Nothing! He rose from his knees, and turned towards the bed. The pale light of the night-lamp fell on both their faces as their eyes met, and they recognised each other.

Like a vengeful spectre, Esther rose in her bed, her face ghastly, her teeth gleaming from between her strained lips, livid circles round her glaring eyes.

"Then the time *has* come for our meeting!" she said. "Traitor, robber! truly you have worked out your destiny! O, I have thirsted, craved, yearned for this moment; and now it has come, I cannot find words to convey one-tenth part of the hatred, the loathing, I have for you! It was not enough that you robbed my youth of love, hope, peace, home, happiness; that you trod my pride under foot; that you made me a by-word in my own place; that you turned every wholesome feeling in me into venom; that you drove me forth from hearth and kindred;—this could not suffice you; but now you come, a midnight thief and house-breaker, to steal my wretched substance! Yes, look at that dress!—my bridal-dress!—such a wedding-garment is fit, in sooth, to introduce me into heaven, is it not?" and she laughed a fearful laugh, sitting up in the bed with pointing finger.

"At all events," she went on, "you have now given me the means of exercising material vengeance on you. Yes, my lover! yes, my betrothed! the country-girl you spurned did not die of love for your sweet sake. She has lived to—"

A wild choking yell interrupted her speech, as Stowell, seizing her throat, forced her down on the bed, crushing the pillow over her head, till sound and movement had entirely ceased. Then he removed them, and saw the blackened visage with its starting eyeballs glaring up at him, but fixed and sightless.

A few weeks later, the county-papers announced the execution of James Stowell, with an account of his career, for the wilful murder of Mrs. Esther Eyre, an elderly lady of somewhat eccentric habits, who had long resided at Linley, —shire, under an assumed name; the adoption of which could only be accounted for by her general singularity of deportment, there being nothing to conceal in her perfectly tranquil and blameless life.

SOLDIER, POET, AND BEGGAR.

SHILLER, in his poem "The Sharing of the Earth," relates how, after the husbandman, the merchant, the abbot, and the king had claimed and received their respective portions, last of all the poet came, and found that nothing remained for him; and that Jove, then, pitying his grievous despair, graciously invited him to enter the heavenly abodes as often as he would. Hence it is, perhaps, that Fortune seems ever to have had a peculiar spite against poets. While she has showered down rewards and honours upon statesmen, warriors, and churchmen—for them, the eldest-born of the creation, she has a dark and frowning face. Who does not know the old story?—Dante exiled, threatened with the stake, and dying of grief and disappointment; Marlow slain in a quarrel by a jealous rival; Massinger living in poverty, and buried as "a stranger;" Otway suffocated by the bread which charity had bestowed to save him from starvation; Savage yielding up his last breath in a prison, and indebted to his gaoler for a grave; Chatterton, famine-smitten and desperate, choosing self-murder rather than beggary. Such are a few names only from the long list of those whom the world *has* "willingly let die;" and whom it has afterwards striven to bring to life again by the vain oblations of a tardy homage.

There is another notable instance of life-long martyrdom, another witness to the truth that poets must

"Learn in suffering what they teach in song."

We speak of Luis de Camoens, at once the glory and the shame of the country which gave him birth,—soldier, poet, and beggar. Surely it must be he to whom Beattie referred in those well-known lines of "The Minstrel":

"Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war!"

The very time and place of Camoens' birth are unknown. It is conjectured that he first saw the light in the year 1525. His parents were poor,—for they had had no lucky venture in the golden Indies,—and proud, for noble blood flowed in their veins. Yet, though oppressed by genteel poverty, they sent Luis to the University of Coimbra, where he seems to have read to some purpose. He thoroughly mastered the Greek and Roman mythologies, of which knowledge he afterwards made ample use in his great poem. He studied also classic history, little more trustworthy than the mythology. He not only read, but wrote. There is very good evidence to prove that he joined in the general admiration for Petrarch's *Rime*; for he composed sonnets, and fell in love, though the latter accomplishment was not fully displayed until after he had left Alma Mater.

During his residence at Coimbra, Luis attempted to gain the friendship of Ferreira; but the "Horace of Portugal," who deemed no poetry worthy the name which was not polished down to the last degree of smoothness, treated our ardent student with contempt. For some years this disdain seemed justified. Camoens was unknown, unnoticed; Ferreira was winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Posterity has somewhat altered this judgment. Horace II. has probably never been heard of by some of our readers, while the author of the *Lusiad* is mentioned with Dante, Tasso, and Cervantes.

Luis soon became anxious to see more of life than a quiet old university city was able to show. So, from Coimbra he proceeded to Lisbon. There he fell in love with Dona Catharina de Atayde. Those who are interested in the "loves of the poets" will like to be told the day and the place of the first meeting of these lovers. This has been the subject of a close investigation; from which it appears that it was at a church in Lisbon, and on a Good Friday, or the preceding eve, probably in the year 1545, that certain bright eyes met each other and flashed unconscious sympathy. Behold them, dear reader,—this young man and this maiden,—spectators of the most solemn rites of the most solemn fast of their church. Yet, though spectators, every thing is forgotten. All passes before them like an unremembered dream. The supplications of the priest draw from them no response. The low wail of the *Miserere* rises unheeded. They see not the multitude on bended knee, nor the curling incense filling the vast vault with its cloudy wreaths. He with "saffron" hair and honest frank countenance, as yet free from grief's deep furrow and war's cruel scars; she with "soft radiant gentle eyes" and "unclouded air;"—they cannot choose but look and love.

Luis never did any thing by halves. Where any other lover would have made sonneteering but one of his employments, or perchance amusements, Camoens made these musical utterances of his affection his sole occupation. His passion uplifted him from every other thought. He renounced all literary and worldly exertions. How an idle young man who is both a lover and a poet would spend his time is not hard to guess. There is another problem not quite so easily solved: how did our hero support himself? Spite of Sir John Suckling's dictum, that

"Love's a camellion that lives on meere ayre,
And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare,"

we cannot help supposing that Luis lived on something beside this atmospheric diet.

However that may be, Luis got into trouble. "His attachment," says Sismondi, "gave rise to some unpleasant circumstances, in consequence of which he received an order to leave Lisbon."

Critics have not been able to discover what these "unpleasant circumstances" were. We hear of an "indiscretion," but no farther. Catharina was one of the ladies of the court; and doubtless the laws of etiquette were very rigid. This throws doubt upon another point. Did Catharina really love Luis? Here writers are not agreed, though the best authorities incline to think she did; there is even mention

made of a certain fillet wherewith she bound her hair, which she presented to her lover. This was the first and last favour which she granted. Luis was banished to Santarem; where he strove to assuage the pangs of absence by incessant outpourings of sonnets. Yet every line, we are told, did but add fuel to the flame, and at the same time increased the danger of his situation.

At length, finding this mode of life become unbearable, discovering, too, that his passion had powerful opponents to contend with in the lady's parents, who were rich as well as high-born, all the man rose up within him and rebelled against this ignoble thralldom. There were foes to be fought, and here was a soldier ready to do battle with the fiercest of them. Here he might win renown, and with renown his love:

"The warrior for the true, the right,
Fights in Love's name.
The love that lures him from that fight
Lures him to shame."

So he joins the fleet then employed against the African enemy; and like Maud's lover, rendered valiant and loyal by true affection, he sets forth ready to face the sternest trials, willing to meet death itself.

But though Luis became a soldier, he did not cease to be a minstrel. He entered upon his new life with no little pride. He felt that he united the characters of hero and poet. At length, after long cruises in the Mediterranean, he saw war in earnest. A battle took place before Ceuta. He fought as a brave knight, a true poet, a faithful lover, should fight. But fortune, who had hitherto shown herself very little propitious, afflicted him with a sore disaster. A cannon-ball struck the deck where he was standing. A thousand splinters flew up in all directions; one fragment struck him in the right eye. Thenceforth he was deformed and semi-blind.

After the battle he returned to Lisbon, thinking that his services might procure him some employment; but in vain. One project after another was tried without success, and his scanty resources daily dwindled away. The eastern world seemed the only field open to him. He had no wish to go thither, for he deemed it "the grave of every honest man;" but, with an indignant protest against the country which had treated him with such ingratitude, he left all that was dear in the old world, and turned his face towards the rising sun.

In the spring of 1553, a little fleet sailed down the Tagus, under the command of Commodore Fernando Alvares Cabral. The *San Bento*, in which Camoens had embarked, was the only ship which reached its destination. The three other vessels foundered long before they reached Goa. In this fortune seems to have manifested unwonted kindness; but the "injusta neverca" was merely preserving her step-child for future miseries.

Luis landed at Goa in September, and at once cast about for an employment. Yet even in this land of untold wealth he was destined to taste the bitterness of being "out of work." His heart did not fail, for he was a brave man; brave not only in fighting with an armed foe, but in wrestling with want and poverty. He encouraged himself in the words of the great Roman poet, who was hereafter to become his model:

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

After some little time, Camoens joined the armament which, at the request of the king of Cochin, was sent by the Portuguese against the Pimenta Isles. The campaign was short and decisive; yet the victors suffered as severely from the deadly climate as the vanquished from sword and gun. Next year Luis volunteered under Vasconcelles against the Red Sea pirates. He passed the winter in the Isle of Ormuz, which was like "the Garden of the Lord" for richness and beauty. Every thing around tended to soothe the wounded spirits. Once more the pen was taken up, once more a bright vision flitted before him in well-remembered grace.

But even in this voluptuous eastern paradise there was other work to do than sigh. While staying at Goa, Luis had seen, with all the indignation and shame of a true patriot, the manifold abuses and corruptions of government. Too honest to be worldly wise, he wrote a bitter satire upon the governor and his administration: at least the *Disparates na India* ("Follies in India") was considered very sharp at that time; though the reader of *Punch* would find it difficult to discover where the point lay. The viceroy felt sufficiently wounded; and to mark his high displeasure, banished Luis to the island of Macao, on the coast of China, 1556. Slight punishment indeed for a poor author who owned scarcely a meidore in the world.

From Macao the exile, with sword in one hand, pen in the other, made an excursion to the Moluccas; but in vain. Neither by soldiering nor by versifying was he to win this world's riches. He returned to his place of banishment, and there obtained the office of "Provedor dos Defunctos," or commissary for the effects of the deceased. The profits of this appointment were, we may believe, not very large, or they would never have fallen to his lot.

It is well for posterity that Camoens' engagements were not numerous. During the abundant leisure which remained to him, he wrote the greater part of that poem, which, inasmuch as it preceded by some years the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, was the first of modern epics. He had previously bestowed much time and attention upon it, and was now anxious to bring it to perfection.

For five long years he wandered among the stupendous rocks and caverns of his prison. There is one particular grotto that still bears his name. Travellers describe the varied landscape of forest, sea, and shore, as seen from thence, to be beautiful beyond all fancy. Here Luis was learning "in patience to abide," was gaining day by day

"The equal temper of heroic hearts
Mado weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield."

At the end of the five years, Luis obtained permission to return to Goa. On his way he had once again to wrestle with wind and wave. His ship foundered, he himself was scarcely saved by clinging to a floating plank. Of all his hardly-earned fortune, nothing was left him—nothing but his own dear child who was to land down his name through most distant ages. The *Lusiad* was borne to land by its almost exhausted author, who, shivering and breathless, looked about for trace of human being. For once he seems to have met with no little kindness from the dwellers on the Mecon river-side.

Soon after Luis had returned to Goa, the governor, who had been on friendly terms with him, left India; and another Pharaoh arose who knew not Joseph.

Our poet had not been in India many months, when his enemies (for enemies he had, though apparently without reason) accused him of misappropriation and malversation of the funds which he received in virtue of his office. He was arrested, and thrown into prison, in the year 1561.

In canto vii. of the *Lusiad*, the author makes a touching allusion to the hard trials which every where awaited him:

"Wees succeeding woes,
Belled my earnest hopes of sweet repose:
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours o'er my destined head,
Foul calumny proclaimed the fraudulent tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary goal."

He soon proved how unfounded were the assertions of his accusers. Yet, though no longer considered a criminal, the prison-gates must still be shut upon the debtor. His creditor was a rich man, the debt was small. Luis besought the viceroy to liberate him. Even here, in this first request which he ever urged on his own behalf, there was no fawning, no servility; but a manly petition, coupled with a satire upon his persecutor.

Once more at large, our hero devoted himself again to

the great pursuits of his life—poetry and warfare. During the winter, the pen was rarely out of his hand; in the summer, he joined various expeditions, and showed himself bravest among the brave. About this time, it is supposed that, having already lost his few nearest and dearest friends, he received intelligence of the death of Catharina. He had never ceased to cherish the memory of that first meeting, when one form alone was visible amid the crowd of celebrating priests and kneeling worshippers.

One would like to know more about this lady. History does not tell us whether she died as Catharina do Atayde, or whether she took another name. Imagination would picture her remaining unwedded, refusing all offers of marriage, that she might dwell upon the dear remembrance of her first and only love. But whether a husband closed her dying eyes, or whether the name of Luis de Camoens was sighed by her last breath, to the poet himself she was still the same, tender and true—his ideal during life, and now his guardian-angel.

The *opus magnum* was at length completed. Its author knew its real value, and, hoping that others would know it too, determined to go back to Portugal. There was but one hindrance. He had no means to defray his passage.

Just at this time, a scolding friend, though really basest among the treacherous, Pedro Barreto by name, and recently appointed governor of Sofala, invited Luis to accompany him to his new province. He readily consented. Too late, he found that all the fair promises which had been made to him were as false as fair; that Barreto had only been anxious to retain the brave soldier-poet in his service, and having once ensnared him, treated him with contempt and all "the insolence of office."

In this condition of dependence, Luis suffered more than under all his previous ill fortune. Poverty, and even a prison, were easier to be borne than

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

But friends were at hand. Landing at Sofala, on their homeward-bound journey, they offered Luis a free passage to Europe. He gladly assented. Not so Governor Pedro. He, finding his prey about to escape from his toils, arrested Camoens for a trumpety debt, but which he knew the poet had not wherewithal to pay.

The friends, indignant at this manifold baseness, subscribed the sum amongst them, and bore the prisoner off in triumph. This time there was no shipwreck, for Luis was to be preserved for the final act of the life-long tragedy.

The *Santa Fé* reached Lisbon in the year 1569. After an absence of sixteen years, the wanderer again sets foot upon his native soil. How many other travellers were thus returning each day, laden with the lightest of all burdens, untold piles of wealth! But no such good fortune had befallen our adventurer. For others, indeed, he had sought favours; for himself nothing. He scorned to use a venal pen, and always held up to ridicule or reproof corruptions in high places. Thus he came back to his country as poor, indeed poorer, than when he left it; only he bore with him that whose worth could not be counted in current coin: he had sailed from Lisbon as the scribbler of a few sonnets; he returned to Lisbon as the author of the *Lusiad*.

But sorrow and disappointment await him here as in all other places. The capital is smitten with a sore disease. The plague is carrying off its hundreds of victims. No one is now in the mood to listen to poetry. Epics must give place to litanies, dirges, and funeral masses. It is true that the young King Sebastian did grant permission for Luis to dedicate his work to his royal self. In 1572 the poem made its public appearance. It even excited some attention, and passed into a second edition in the same year. Regal munificence granted a pension of, allowing for the decried value of money, twenty pounds. Surely Camoens must have been an ungrateful grumbler not to have been satisfied with so generous a gift. He was not content. He even found it difficult to "make both ends meet."

Worse than this, he suffered a poor black servant, who had accompanied him from India, and who remained faithful to him through all these hard times, to go begging about the streets. Truly a most undignified proceeding for any one making pretensions to literary celebrity. Yet for all that, Sambo would pace the thoroughfares, beseeching passers-by, for the love of the Blessed Virgin and Child, to bestow a few crumbs on Luis de Camoens. And who is Luis de Camoens? Alas! not even the poor black himself could have answered that question. He knew only that Luis was a very good master, very poor, very kind, and nearly broken-hearted.

One more scene ere the curtain falls. The king, young and headstrong, is bent upon an expedition against Africa. His counsellors warn him of the danger, Camoens beseeches him to remain at home. In vain. Sebastian loves an army to fight against the Moor. Knights from all parts of Portugal come flocking to the royal standard. The proud host crosses over to Morocco. They fight, they fall, and with them the glory of Portugal.

Camoens, who had endured so much personal and private distress, could not survive the disgrace that had befallen a country which was no fatherland for him. He was seized with a violent fever, and then, wifeless, childless, friendless, surrounded only by a few monks, he dies in a public hospital, 1579.

Shortly before his death, he wrote these touching words: "Who ever heard that in so small a theatre as that of a poor bed Fortune should wish to represent such great coldnesses? And I, as if they were not sufficient, place myself at her side, because to endeavour to resist such ills would appear offentery."

Luis was buried by charity. His shroud was borrowed, to be repaid with hundredfold interest on the day when the "cup of cold water" shall not be forgotten.

Sixteen years after this pauper-funeral, a certain sculptor was ordered to erect a statue to the memory of a certain Luis de Camoens, whom people were beginning to think was something of a poet after all. True, he died in obscurity and poverty; but ample amends can be made. Alternately persecuted and neglected in his life-time, still all can be atoned for.

True, the fathers have slain the prophets; yet the sons will build their sepulchres.

A FULL PURSE NEVER WANTED A FRIEND. An empty purse does not easily find one. "The best friends are in the purse,"—*Die beste Freunde stecken in die Beutel*,—is a German view of the matter, somewhat too broadly expressed. There is less exaggeration in the Italian saying: "Let us have florins, and we shall be sure to find cousins,"—*Abbiamo pur fiorini, che troveremo cugini*.

WALTER K. KELLY.



MISTRESS AND MAID.

It is good and pleasant to see the right relation existing between these two members of the social family. Why is the sight so unfrequent? To which side belongs most blame?

"Bad servants" proverbially form a common theme of conversation among matrons; and bad mistresses are no doubt discussed with equal freedom and emphasis in the kitchen. Often enough, it must be admitted, there is actual incapacity or ill-behaviour on the part of the maid. Among

a large proportion of this class there is a sad lack of that integrity which, in the first place, would not allow a woman to take a situation for which she was not qualified, and secondly, would prompt her when "in place" to do her utmost willingly, and as a matter of simple honesty, for the mistress she has engaged herself to serve.

But, on the other hand, so much depends on the mistress herself, that she can scarcely be held blameless in the majority of cases. She seldom considers that her duty to her servants is as morally onerous as her servant's to her. Very few would allow that they have failed in that duty quite as signally as the maid they so bitterly complain of has failed in her's; and yet how often is this the case! To be all that the mistress of a household, the ruler of servants, *ought* to be, does indeed require a combination of the rarest and most admirable womanly qualities. Patience, ~~foresight~~, discretion, firmness, charity, forbearance, and an impeccable temper,—all these are needed. How many women are there in the world, with every advantage of education and refinement, who possess these qualifications for being in the true sense *good mistresses*? Yet almost every woman marvels greatly when her maids fall short of the standard of perfection, although the maiden should surely have additional allowance made for her failures and shortcomings in proportion to the slenderness of her social and educational opportunities.

There is injustice here—unconscious or thoughtless often—but a kind of injustice that pervades society in more directions than one. A mistress should strive thoughtfully and earnestly to *rule well*, that is, kindly, consistently, and firmly; it is her duty to do so quite as much as it is her servant's duty to *serve well*. Failure in either of these mutual obligations involves the risk of failure in the other; and inasmuch as the mistress, it is to be fairly supposed, from her superior mental and moral cultivation, her position and her power over the other, has the most responsibilities, it is simply right that she should bestow some thought and study upon the question, and at least be mindful of the fact, that the duty is not all on the servant's side, nor the claims limited to her own.

A conscientious and sensible mistress will often make a good servant out of very unpromising materials, and must always necessarily exert a considerable influence upon her domestics. The worst of them recognise, that though gentle, she is not weak; though strict in demanding their fulfilment of duty, she is carefully mindful of her own; while the better among them would at once appreciate both her kindness and her firmness. And it may be noted that perfect kindness to servants is not only quite compatible with undeviating firmness, but is, indeed, comparatively worthless without it.

Consistency is the magic sceptre which alone rules and orders worthily and felicitously, whether in kingdoms, republics, or the household commonwealth we speak of now. Thus, the good mistress is able to feel and manifest all kindness and sympathy to her servants without in the slightest degree impugning her dignity or swerving from her rightful position as mistress. Familiarity between persons of such relative social degree can never be productive of any good result. The self-respect of both is forfeited when either steps from out the individual limits of her duty, or forgets "her proper place." The handmaiden's vocation is as honourable as her lady's, and she should be to the full as jealously mindful of its proprieties, and as careful to maintain its dignity. In dress, manner, and speech, she should alike be cautious never to *presume*, but to maintain her *own* position worthily. From the highest to the lowest, we all lose ourselves when we forget this golden rule, and strive to seem what we are not. Though a mistress be exacting, unreasonable, capricious, or fretful, or combine all the cardinal sins of mistresshood in her person, it by no means necessarily follows that the maid should meet them by insolence or carelessness. Rather it should be her worthy ambition to proceed quietly with her own duty, under what-

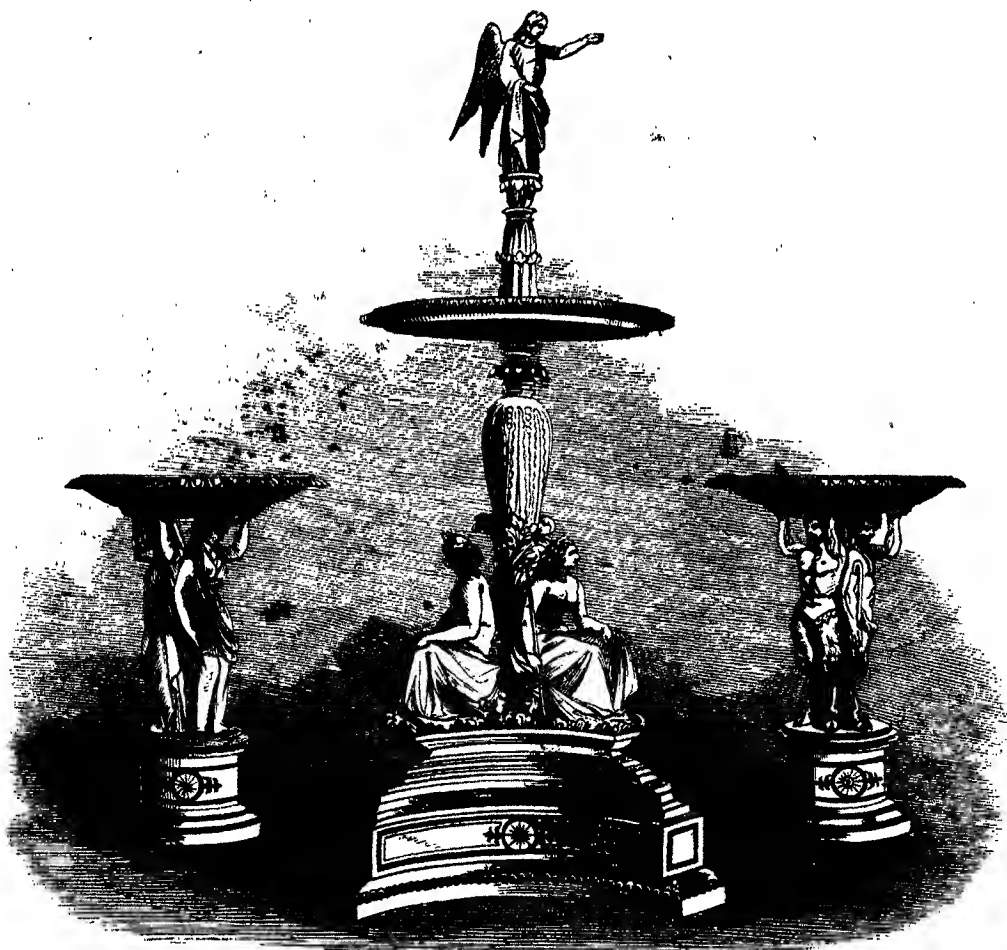
ever provocation, while it continued her duty, and abide by the issue.

On the other hand, though a lady be tormented with bad servants, she need not be utterly distracted from the even tenor of her way; she need not condescend to the loud-voiced displeasure, the incessant fault-finding, and interminable complainings, we so often hear under such circumstances. Granted that the maid is really idle, dirty, deceitful, or careless, as the case may be, *scolding* is not the weapon with which to encounter such household enemies as these ill qualities. A few earnest words of remonstrance have at least a chance of being remembered, which the long tirade of fretful lamentation *never* has. A rebuke, firm but not harsh, and couched in as short a sentence as possible, may leave some impression; while, though you scold for the whole day, you will never make Martha penitent for the falsehood or neglect which has aroused your indignation. Scolding causes human nature to feel angry, not sorry. It is thus that we so often hear, in the recital of the mistress's wrongs, "Not only did she do so and so, and spoil such and such things, but when I spoke to her about it she became quite insolent." Yes, your scolding aroused her indignation; and insolence is the natural form which indignation takes with the ignorant and ungoverned; as natural to her as scolding to you, and both equally wrong, equally unwomanly. If, therefore, the lady's instinctive sense of womanly dignity does not hinder her from *scolding* her servant, surely the higher Christian principle might do so, which would enjoin that she should not cause another to offend.

Let the mistress, in the first place, decisively and clearly lay down to her servants the rules she desires shall be observed. It is a good plan to have these rules, together with the distinct duties of each servant, &c., written down as tersely as possible, and numbered, so that easy reference may be made to any one of them. Where these rules are broken, the fact being clearly ascertained, point out the infraction at once, gently, but with sufficient emphasis to constitute a warning to be more careful in future. Make every allowance for a first breach of discipline, and even afterwards, have patience for many times following, where you can detect the wish to improve. In all such cases it is important to nicely hit the balance between severity and necessary strictness. Servants must of course know that they cannot be disobedient with impunity. One time should be allowed, due caution given; but if all such indulgence prove ineffectual, if the fault remains unrectified, and the negligence becomes persistent, there can result but one issue. Willful carelessness or disobedience is not to be tolerated. Justice cannot deal with it; it must be left to mercy to excuse and palliate it and other utterly insurmountable disqualifications—falsehood, drunkenness, and dirt. Short of these, much may be borne with.

But it is remarkable that the turpitude of domestics, as revealed in the mistresses' dismal chronicles, rarely reaches this point. Smaller faults swell the huge list of servants' misdoings. Jane is saucy, Martha is careless, Rebecca does not get up in the morning, Sarah goes out on Sunday with flowers in her bonnet and flounces to her dress. Now there scarcely exists the woman who, rightly and judiciously dealt with, might not in time be cured, or at least made to improve, in regard to any or all of these faults. To commence with the sauciness. Jane is never saucy twice to the mistress, who knows how to show quietly and decisively that, while it cannot ruffle her own dignity, it infinitely lowers Jane herself; that impertinence is, in fact, not only wrong but foolish; and that, finally, it is the most dangerous test to apply to a mistress's patience, however gentle she may be under other provocations.

Carelessness and want of method, again, are matters of discipline, and may assuredly be drilled into all but the most hopelessly stupid, provided the mistress has the ability, the time, and the will to be the teacher. Example will shame the most sleep-loving into earlier rising in the morning; and if you object to the hardship of trying this plan,



DINNER SERVICE. [MADAME TEMPLE.]

remember charitably, that sleep cannot be so precious to you as to the one tired night after night with the day's active labour. And, for the flounces and the flowers! Be indulgent in thinking of the folly; be instant in pointing it out to the foolish girl herself. Show her that it is not *you* she injures by such vanities, but her own self-respect and respectability. You are not angry with her; but you are sorry for her. Personally she does you no harm; but relatively, as your servant, and one of your family, it vexes you to see her making this one first step in a wrong direction. How many a young woman might have been saved from all the long list of ill consequences so often accruing from and commencing with *love of dress*, by some such firm but kindly remonstrance from her mistress at the first! But too generally, it seems, we actually expect more virtue from our "maidens" than we are prepared to render ourselves in regard even of this specially feminine foible of vanity. It is preposterous, it is unbearable, it is quite shocking to see Sarah with flounces and furbelows! &c. O, take heed ere you cast the first stone! We women, who at least have been taught better things, and ought to entertain worthier aspirations, should be very tender and careful over our less fortunate sisters. Even were we ourselves immaculate, still to them we should be indulgent—slow to condemn, gentle to reprove. But as the case really stands, let us ask ourselves if we really have any claim to "lay down the law" in these matters. Are our consciences quite clear of such

things as vanity, frivolity, and the like, whereof we discourse so severely when we perceive them in Sarah and Jane? We all share the one woman's nature. It is apt sometimes to be a hasty, wilful, pettish nature; and its very yearnings after something more ideal, ill-directed often, lead to the empty pride, the love of admiration, the vanity and vexation of spirit we deplore.

Mistress and maid are alike *women*. Do not forget, silken-clad lady in the drawing-room, and be merciful to trespasses in tempor, speech, and behaviour of your sisters in the kitchen, even as you hope for mercy.

*** An extra CHRISTMAS NUMBER, richly illustrated, is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced. Among its contents will be "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT," a Christmas Tale in four Chapters, by WESTLAND MARSTON, with Designs by WILLIAM HARVEY.*

In the current Number of the same week will be commenced a TALE by SHIRLEY BROOKS, Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c., which will extend through several Numbers.

In the same Number will appear a full Page Engraving of "The Rescue," by J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.

New arrangements calculated to give a more practical character to the contents of "THE HOME" will be then explained and begun.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MR. JERROLD is now in his fifty-fourth year. Born in 1808, at which time his father was manager of the *Sbaerness Theatre*, he went to sea, when twelve years of age, as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His last voyage in this capacity was when the ship on board of which he served brought over a portion of the British wounded from Waterloo. After the Peace of 1815, he left the Navy and was apprenticed to a printer in London. He had worked as a compositor for some years when he made his first attempts in literature as a theatrical critic. At the age of twenty he wrote his *Black-eyed Susan*. During the four-and-thirty years which have elapsed since that well-known play first moved and delighted the nightly crowds at the Surrey Theatre and at Drury Lane, Mr. Jerrold has continued to act on the public with his pen, as a writer of drama after drama,—as a writer of essays, sketches, and tales for magazines, and for separate publication,—as one of the chief contributors to *Punch* since its second number,—and as the editor, in succession, of several monthly periodicals, and two weekly newspapers. The result has been that we now possess, as the collected body of his writings, a considerable number of volumes; and that whosoever, either in Britain or out of Britain, knows any thing of contemporary British literature is familiar with the name of Douglas Jerrold.

Very few celebrated men stand the test of being personally seen and listened to. It ought not to be so, but such is the fact. Most decidedly, however, it is not so with Mr. Jerrold. Personally he is one of the most impressive men in London. His gait, courageous, somewhat wild, but sensitive face—with a dash of Nelson in it, as well as in his spare figure—would arrest attention even where he was not known. And then his talk, wherever he is known! By this time it is no secret that he is reputed in London literary circles to be the wittiest man going. In grave, downright, or discursive conversation, or in eloquent and varied monologue, there may be others of our metropolitan men of letters who come up to him, or surpass him; but in the one quality of wit, and, above all, in the faculty of instant, pungent, flashing, hasting retort, he is believed to have no equal. Not that he is a peculiarly argumentative or combative man, far less that he is really cynical or ill-natured. His ordinary or spontaneous talk is bright, free, various, anecdotic, fanciful, and often very earnest, though still characterised by the play of wit. But the fashion of "wit-combats," even among friends, has not yet gone out; and often where there is no difference at all, or where, if there is a difference, it is a perfectly amicable one, something will be said by some one present containing within it the elemental possibility of a jest,—a jest confirmative, a jest critical, a jest sarcastic, a jest dissolvent, a jest personal to the speaker, or a jest purely arbitrary and fantastic. Then is Mr. Jerrold's moment. A flash, and it is out! Away somewhere among the affinities, ere one could count two, the thing has been caught; a word has been doubled up, an analogy seized on the wing; two ideas that had lain apart since chaos are suddenly brought together; the quickest hearer has it first; the laugh goes round like a cracker; and, just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at the end of the table cries out, "I see it," and sends round the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical, or sarcastic, or dissolvent, the speaker may go on at the peril of another; when it is personal and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes a part that does not elicit from him half-a-dozen of supremely good things of the kind described. To recollect such good things is proverbially difficult; and hence many of Jerrold's die within the week, or never get beyond three miles from Covent Garden. Some, however, live and get into circulation—a little the worse for wear—in the provinces; and not a few have been exported. One joke of his

was found lately beating about the coasts of Sweden, seeking in vain for a competent Swedish translator; and the other day, a tourist from London, seeing two brawny North Britons laughing together immoderately on a rock near Cape Wrath, with a heavy sea dashing at their feet, discovered that the cause of their mirth was a joke of Mr. Jerrold's which they had intercepted on its way to the Shetlands. A collection of *Jerroldiana*, we should suppose, would be found as good, of its kind, as a similar collection of the witticisms of Sydney Smith; not so numerous, perhaps, nor so rich and unctuous individually, but many of them fiercer and more keenly barbed.

All this is so well known, that there is no harm in saying it here. And on this score alone Mr. Jerrold would be remarkable among his contemporaries. The power of saying brilliant and truly witty things is in itself a form of intellect. And in whatever degree of estimation this form of intellect may be held, as compared with others, it is so rare in its higher varieties, that those who possess it pre-eminently have at all times been men of mark. But it would be a great misconception of Mr. Jerrold to think of him solely as a wit in this narrow sense. If he is to be described by the word "wit" at all, then the word must be understood, not in its present restricted sense, but in the larger and more general sense in which it was used in the days of Ben Jonson, and for a century afterwards. We have already said that even his social talk, out of which his witticisms are scattered, by no means consists of witticisms, but is only seasoned by them. They are the glittering particles of his talk, but not its substance. He is a man of keen, strong, energetic intellect, taking interest in a wide range of topics, and not holding the gift of his wit, as is too often the case, on the miserable constitutional condition of always flying low. In the course of a varied, and often hard life, he has acquired a large store of experience,—many reminiscences of men and events, an intimate knowledge of the weaknesses and follies of the world, and a sharp perception of characters and motives; but he has preserved through all a fresh and enthusiastic spirit, an unspoilt faculty of scorn, and an admiration for what is fine and heroic. He is the very reverse of a *pococurante*; and in an age of commerce, it is not Plutus that he worships. Add to this that, though in the main a self-taught man, his culture, even in the scholastic sense of the term, is more extensive than that of many who pass as scholars. While a printer's apprentice he was a hard and diligent reader. He taught himself French and Latin, and read enough in both to be quite at home in allusion to what is best in the classic literature of either. But it was in English literature that he revelled. From the age of Chaucer, down through that of Shakespeare to the later ages of the Restoration, Queen Anne, and the Georges, he read with ardour and with no stinted choice, though preferring naturally the poets and their nearest kinsmen in prose; and to this day there is no greater lover of Shakespeare and our higher poets among us, and there are few whose acquaintance with English literature as a whole is more effective and genuine. Very few other keep up so steadily with our contemporary literature; and his tastes and preferences there are not for what is common or low in intellectual pitch, but for what is high, beautiful, or original. Tennyson has no more appreciating reader, and his admiration for Browning is something special. In short, there could be no greater mistake than to think of Jerrold primarily or exclusively as a wit or humorist. The basis of his nature is fire, fervour, a keen and even vehement sensibility to wrong, or what seems to be such. On this, by the exercise of a strong and inquisitive intellect, he has piled a number of opinions and acquired ideas on social and other topics; and wit, after all, is but his intellectual instrument in the act of expression. Only in this way will his wit itself be understood, or his writings properly interpreted.

By a large proportion of his compositions, Mr. Jerrold

does belong to the class of humorists, or comic writers. It has been said, and said truly, by a great critic, that the predominance of the humorous at any time in a literature is an omen of its approaching decrepitude; and certainly the tendency to the comic has at present reached such a point in our British literature, that a check might be administered with advantage. But humour in due proportion has its function: every free nation ought to have its *Punch*; and in humorists like Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, and some others that might be named, we have—even were their genius solely that of humour—not only such functionaries of the class as we can afford to have, but such as every healthy literature ought to have. It is needless to say that, as humorists, the three writers whom we have named have their characteristic differences. Every one knows that the humour of Thackeray differs essentially from that of Dickens, and that the humour of Jerrold is unlike either. In Jerrold the fiery element of personal feeling is more continually present; the imagination is not permitted the same passive and prolonged exercise of itself, but is more trammelled by an immediate purpose. His humour, as compared with that of the others, is as cognac compared to wine; less of it at a time serves. They may be read on and on to almost any length by those who enjoy their respective styles without a sense of satiety; he sooner chafes and fatigues even those who relish him most by his pungent and abrupt sentences. Hence, while his shorter sketches—such as his inimitable “Caudle Lectures,” and some of his other contributions to *Punch*—have been so popular; while he excels in brief single delineations of character; and while all his writings abound in sharp and delicate observations, and in the truest turns of wit and comic fancy (and it is observable how rarely his wit in writing takes the mere verbal form of the pun),—he has by no means been so successful as his two great contemporaries in comic fiction on the scale of the extensive novel, where imagination of scenery, imagination of incident, and imagination of physiognomy and character, combine to produce a broad and continuous story. With the exception always of Mrs. Caudle, and perhaps of Mrs. Jericho and Sir Arthur Homestead in *The Man made of Money*, he has not, by his tales, added to our British gallery of comic portraits characters that remain so distinctly and permanently in the popular memory as the Piekicks, the Wellers, the Swivelers, and other numberless creations of Dickens; or the Major Pendennis, the Mr. Foker, or the Captain Costigan, of Thackeray. “The truth is,” says one of his critics, “the moralist, the satirist, prevails in Mr. Jerrold over the artist. His creations are in most cases but vehicles for some feeling or opinion” (this is shown, by the by, in the names he gives to his characters, which are often, like those in Ben Jonson’s dramas, rather formal labels than names); “and it is more rarely that, laying aside intention and preference, he revels in his own fancies. As in Æsop’s fables, the moral is often in the mind first, and the fiction is made to order. This very defect, however, is the obverse side of a merit. Consider Mr. Jerrold as a man of thought and feeling working in the element of fiction; and then, giving him all the more credit when he does from time to time contribute an original physiognomy to our portfolio of comic portraits, you will yet cease to regard this as his proper business, and will be content if his tales are so constructed that each of them, the names and figures vanishing, shall leave its impression as a whole.” To this we may add, that the moral fiction, if not so popular a form of art as the fiction pure and poetical, still is a form of art. And in this style of art, not only are some of Mr. Jerrold’s shorter tales, as in his two series entitled *Men of Character* and *Cakes and Ale*, fine specimens, but even his longer and continuous fictions, such as *The Man made of Money*, have striking points of merit. The canons of invention are here different from those which hold in the pure novel; but there are canons of invention here too. When Mr. Jerrold, in his *Man made of Money*, makes the hero literally what the name implies,—a living personage, whose flesh consists miraculously of

bank-notes,—it is clear that he had in his mind a type of comic fiction different from that of the natural comic novel. The type may not be popular; but it is legitimate, and has precedents in Swift and other authorities in our fictitious literature.

But whatever may have been Mr. Jerrold’s success compared with some of his contemporaries in the direct fiction or tale, there is a kindred department of imaginative literature in which his supremacy is admitted. He is almost alone as a writer of genuine English comedies. It is a curious fact, that since the rise of the English novel, the English drama, as a form of true and classic authorship, has declined. Since the middle of the last century, there has been abundance of play-writing and farce-writing to supply the passing wants of the stage; but there have been few men of genius who have applied their genius conscientiously and carefully to the continuation, by sterling new works, of that which was once the favourite form of our national literature. In true English comedy, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and one or two others, break the long interval between us and the days of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. Of this form of literary art Jerrold, in an age of farce and scenic show and beggarly translation from the French, is almost a solitary representative. The thirteen dramas which he has reprinted among his collective works, beginning in order of time with his *Black-eyed Susan* and his *Rent Day*, and ending with his *Time works Wonders*, and others lately represented, have upheld on the stage, and uphold still, wherever they are acted, the reputation of simple and classic English comedy; and when read at home, they charm equally by their plot and construction, and their brilliant and witty dialogue. Indeed, those very peculiarities of his genius which operate against him in the novel, fit him for mastery in the comic drama. Here also his English style is seen to perfection; the conditions of the dialogue and the rapid action suiting it exactly, and leaving probably helped to form it.

No more as a writer than as a man is Mr. Jerrold exclusively a wit or satirist or humorist. As Dickens and Thackeray, though from the general form of most of their writings they are called comic novelists, have written much that is not to be classed as comic, and have intermingled their most comic writings with passages and episodes of quite another order (to such an extent, indeed, that they might preferably be spoken of as novelists or writers of prose-fiction, with no adjective appended), so it is with Mr. Jerrold. Many of his writings are rather essays, or descriptive sketches or fantasies in prose, than satires or compositions of mere wit; and in all his writings, even the most purely witty, there are touches and passages of pathos, simple description, criticism, and argument. Some of his shorter tales are pathetic and poetical throughout. His earnest nature, too, is perpetually breaking forth in direct invective; and occasionally he couches his meaning imaginatively in an apologue, or in a species of ghastly allegory, reminding us of Swift’s description of the Strulbrugs, and of similar passages in some of the German humorists. Of course, however, it is in his writings as a journalist that his direct opinions are most explicitly manifested. To almost any man of letters the position of a journalist is a trying one; and this not merely from the necessity which it imposes of hurried writing, but from a deeper reason, inherent in the nature of the position itself. It is the required duty of a journalist to be perpetually saying *ay* or *no* on questions as they arise; whereas a man, left to himself, has many other things to do in the world than to say either *ay* or *no* on questions, and may often meet with cases in which neither the one nor the other would seem appropriate, but only silence or wonder or speculation. Hence the position of a journalist, by an over-cultivation of the *ay*-and-*no* habit, is a sad trial of intellectual sobriety. The proper men to be journalists, accordingly, are those who already, as men, have made up their minds *ay* or *no* on a great number of contemporary social topics. From what we have said of Mr. Jerrold’s idiosyncrasy, it is clear that in cases

tial respects he has the vocation to be a journalist. Not only is he a man of certain pronounced tendencies of opinion, he is a man who has long ago said ay or no to himself on many individual points of current controversy. Hence, as a journalist on what is called the "liberal side," he is consistent with himself from first to last. It is in his nature also, we believe, to limit his emphatic advocacy one way or the other in this capacity to those cases, or their direct corollaries, on which he has independently as a man made up his mind, and so to leave a large margin for agreement, mutual tolerance, and further consideration. Within the field of his fixed social and political beliefs, he gives and takes hard blows; and as the editor of a weekly journal of immense circulation, his influence one way or the other is undoubtedly great. At present this editorship and detached weekly contributions to *Punch* divide his whole activity. One cannot but hope, however, for his return in due time (if even serially, as before in the pages of *Punch*; but, better still, in separate and completed form) to pure and uncontroversial literature. The drama he seems to have given up as thankless; and we hear of no tale that he has on hand. Why not break new ground in literary biography? Nay, why not in autobiography?

ACTINISM.

THE nature of light remains a profound mystery. Notwithstanding the many delicate experiments which have been made by the most accomplished investigators with a view to ascertain its nature, the problem remains yet unsolved, and we continue profoundly ignorant in regard to it. Two opinions in regard to this strange element have divided the scientific world, both of which are supported by a nearly equal amount of authority. One class of philosophers asserts that light consists of inconceivably minute particles of matter, thrown off from the luminous body with great velocity and in all directions. The other believes it to be a fluid diffused through all nature, in which waves or undulations are produced by the action of the luminous body, and propagated in some such way as sound. On this *questio vecata* we have at present no occasion to enter, as the views we have to state are reconcilable with either theory.

Whatever be the nature of light, it is certain that it is not simple or homogeneous, as was formerly supposed, but is compounded of particles which are guided by separate laws, and characterised by very different properties. A beam of common light is now found to consist of rays, or pencils, which can be entirely separated from each other without the character or properties of any of them being changed. The separation to which we refer can be accomplished in a variety of ways, and by the instrumentality of different agents, leading us to suppose that the association of the constituent parts in common light, whilst it fulfils great and beneficent purposes, is not essential to its existence, or in any way necessary to the development of the properties of its constituent parts.

Common light has been found to consist of luminous rays, heating rays, and chemical, or actinic, rays.

We propose to endeavour to illustrate the complete separability of these different rays from each other before proceeding more particularly to consider the *chemical*, or *actinic*, rays, the laws by which they are guided, and the properties of which they are possessed.

The separation of a pencil of common light into its constituent parts can to a large extent be accomplished by its refraction through prisms of different substances. If we take a beam, or pencil, of light proceeding directly from the sun, which has been admitted through a small circular aperture into a dark room, and refract it through a prism of flint-glass, a spectrum is formed upon the wall of the room, composed of bands of different colours, and which are seen to be possessed of different degrees of refrangibility. The luminous ray is broken up or separated into the various colours which,

when united, compose *white light*. But the prism has done more than separate the luminous ray into the colours of which it originally consisted; it has to a large extent separated the heating and chemical rays from the luminous, and from each other. For if a thermometer be held successively in the different colours of the spectrum, it will be found that the heat increases from the *violet* to the *red end*; the heat of the *orange* being greater than that of the *yellow*, and the heat of the *red* being greater than that of the other colours. But what seems most extraordinary is, that at a point *beyond the red*, which is perfectly dark, where not a single luminous ray falls, *the heat is greatest of all*: proving that there are invisible rays in the sun's light, which have the power of producing heat, and which have less refrangibility than red light. Had the heat-producing rays of light been obedient to the same laws as those which produce by their refraction the different colours of the spectrum, then it is obvious we should have found the greatest heat in the yellow band, where the light is most intense, and should have found it gradually diminishing towards the red and violet extremities; instead of which, we find it greatest beyond the spectrum altogether, and apparently existing in the different colours simply on account of their proximity to that point.

The discoveries of Mr. Seebeck* afford us an additional proof that the heating rays of the sun's light have no necessary connection with the luminous rays. That gentleman found that the heating power of the colours of the spectrum depends upon the substance of which the prism is made. Thus with water the greatest heat is in the yellow; with sulphuric acid, in the orange; with crown or plate glass, in the red; and with flint-glass, beyond the red. Now these different points in which the highest temperature is found depend entirely upon the refractive power of the material for heating rays, and seem to have no connection with the refractive indices of the same substances for luminous rays, since the refraction is smallest for heating rays in those substances in which it is greatest for luminous. But the finest and most palpable illustration of the truth that the heating and luminous rays of light are entirely separable from each other is, the fact that the rays of the moon are absolutely and entirely destitute of heat. The experiments which have been made to ascertain the fact place it beyond the possibility of doubt. The rays of the full moon have been converged by large concave mirrors, and by lenses to a point, in which the bulb of the most delicate thermometer has been placed without the faintest indication of the presence of heat being obtained. The light of the moon, although absolutely destitute of the heating ray, is still possessed of the other properties which are understood to characterise light. The prism will separate its luminous rays into their component colours. It is possessed of chemical properties, as is shown by her influence on the insano, by the decomposition of fish-meat, and especially by the fact, that calotypes of her surface of great beauty and perfection have been obtained.

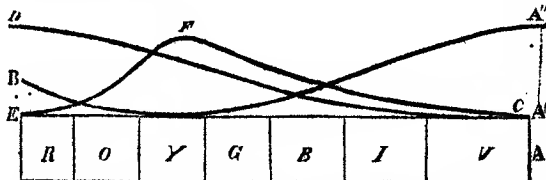
The discoveries of modern astronomy have shown that the sun is not, as was formerly imagined, a blazing mass of fire, but an opaque body, like the planets which accompany him in their wanderings through the fields of space. He is discovered to be surrounded by different atmospheres of great depth, the outermost of which consists of luminous phosphorescent masses, which give light and heat to surrounding worlds. The *lower atmosphere*, laden with dense masses of clouds, shelters his surface from the intense light and heat generated by the *upper*; so that the light and temperature even on the sun's body may not be greatly superior to that of some of his attendant planets. It is now generally believed that the sun's rays produce heat only in certain conditions. In passing through the spaces which intervene between the planets,—spaces, which if not absolute vacuum, can only be filled with matter in its rarest and most attenuated form,—the rays of the sun are believed to

* *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. No. I., p. 258.

be entirely destitute of heat; whilst heat is understood to be produced by some inexplicable chemical change which takes place during their passage through the atmosphere. This opinion is supported by the fact, that on the tops of the highest mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the sun's rays fall unchecked, a very low temperature prevails, while in the valleys the temperature is continually high. If these views be correct, they confirm our position that *light and heat have no necessary connection with each other*; that the *heating rays* of the solar beam are under the control of different laws from the luminous, and may be entirely separated from them.

Again, the *chemical* may in like manner be separated from the *luminous* rays of light. If we return to the consideration of the spectrum formed in a darkened chamber by the refraction of a solar beam, we shall find not only that the luminous rays are separated into their component colours, and to a large extent separated from the *heating rays*, but that they are also to a very considerable extent separated from the chemical or actinic rays. The late Mr. Ritter, of Jona, found that the different parts of the spectrum had different chemical properties; and that one part, viz. the most intensely *luminous*, was *entirely destitute of actinic activity*. We have seen that the greatest heating power was found to exist at the *red* end of the spectrum. Mr. Ritter, however, found that the greatest chemical, or actinic, force existed in the violet, and was found active even beyond the violet. Muriate of silver, for example, became *black* beyond the violet, less in the indigo, still less in the green, &c. The diminution of force, however, was not gradual towards the opposite end of the spectrum; for the actinic force being greatest at a point beyond the violet, diminished towards the yellow, where it was nothing, and then increased again towards the red, and was found to exist even beyond it. The varying actinic force might be represented by a waving line, in the same way as the illuminating power of the different bands of the spectrum is shown by Dr. Herschel.

In the figure, the intensity of the chemical force in the



different parts of the spectrum is illustrated: λ is the point of greatest intensity, a little beyond the violet; $\lambda' \lambda''$ is the measure of that intensity; x is the point where it is nothing; at x it has again slightly increased. The chemical and luminous rays of light may be sensibly separated by a very simple experiment. If a camera-obscura adapted for taking photographic pictures be fitted up with a single convex lens, it will be found, after a few attempts to take pictures, that the chemical rays have a different focus from the luminous. If the prepared sensitive plate be placed at the distance from the lens at which the most distinct image is formed on the ground or shade glass, a confused and indistinct picture will be obtained. Every object in it will be hazy and ill-defined, showing that the rays which printed the image had met at a point different from the surface of the prepared plate. If, however, the plate be placed at a point considerably nearer the lens than the focus of the luminous rays, a sharp and clear picture will be produced. A glance at the figure will at once make the reason apparent. The point in the spectrum where the light is most intense is at x , while the point where the actinic force is greatest is at λ . Even with the best achromatic lenses, the foci for luminous and chemical rays are always different, although the difference in the latter case is much smaller than in the former. Now the fact that the two kinds of rays have different foci, when refracted through the same lens, shows that the luminous and actinic

pencils are obedient to different influences, and are controlled by different laws, and may consequently be separated from each other without the distinctive properties of either being impaired. This conclusion is strengthened by the circumstance that lenses of different kinds—such as double convex, plano-convex, meniscus, and achromatic lenses—which have precisely the same focal distance for luminous rays, have very different foci for actinic rays. The form of the lens lengthens or shortens the focus for actinic rays, while it produces no influence on the focal length for luminous rays; showing that the one kind of pencils is obedient to laws which have no control over the other. A satisfactory proof of the complete separability of the actinic rays from the luminous is obtained by employing a lens of *yellow glass*. If a photographic camera be fitted up with such a lens, although a perfect and beautiful image will be formed by the luminous rays refracted through it, yet not one single actinic ray will be transmitted. The most sensitive plate may be exposed in such a camera for any length of time without the slightest vestige of a picture being obtained. Such a lens will transmit a greater amount of light than any other colour, because at the yellow band in the spectrum the light is most intense; and yet it will not transmit a single actinic ray, because in the yellow the actinic force is nothing. If, on the other hand, a lens of violet-coloured glass be employed, although the image formed upon the shade-glass be much less brilliant, and at the point of adjustment for chemical rays be hardly visible, an intense and beautiful calotype-picture will be obtained; because in the violet light, while the luminous intensity is small, the actinic activity is greatest. This reasoning indicates the kind of lenses which ought to be employed by those who are unable or unwilling to be at the expense of costly achromatic combinations. A single meniscus-lens of violet-coloured glass will, after a few experiments to find the chemical focus, give the photographer far more satisfactory and perfect pictures than many combinations for which large sums have been paid. These remarks also suggest the reason why one lens, or system of lenses, is found to perform more rapidly than another. If the crown-glass selected for combination with the flint have a bluish tint, the lens will be rapid; if it have a greenish-yellow tinge, it will be slow.

Whether the actinic pencils can ever be practically separated from the luminous, so as to be made alone available for the purposes of art, remains to be determined. At present we cannot employ them without their being to some extent associated with the luminous. The possibility of their practical separation, we imagine, has been made sufficiently apparent. Could some substance be found capable of transmitting the actinic pencils, while it rigorously refused to transmit all others, we should then be able to subject them to a more rigorous analysis, and obtain more definite information regarding the laws by which they are controlled.

The same experiments and reasoning show the separability of the *actinic* rays from the *heating* as from the luminous. For as we have the greatest heating-power residing in the red end of the spectrum, while the greatest actinic is in the opposite, or violet, it is obvious that the two kinds of pencils are possessed of very different degrees of refrangibility, and may, like the others, be entirely separated without the nature of either being, so far as can be perceived, in any way changed. The fact to which we have formerly referred is conclusive in regard to the proposition before us, namely, that the rays of the moon, which are absolutely destitute of heat, are possessed of such chemical activity as to give a perfect representation of her surface on a sensitive plate, when an equatorial telescope with clock-work has been employed as this photographic camera.

We have thus seen the possibility of separating the luminous, the heating, and the chemical rays of light from each other, and have found that the points of their greatest intensity in the solar spectrum are widely separated from each other,—that being possessed of such different degrees

of refrangibility, we cannot regard them as controlled by the same laws,—that, so far as can be observed, the separation in no way affects the character of the rays so separated, since they appear to be characterised by the same properties when acting alone as when acting in conjunction with each other. The opinion strongly suggests itself from these inquiries, that the *luminous rays* found in a solar pencil *alone constitute the element of light*; and that the heating and chemical rays found in the same pencil cannot be regarded as an integral or component part of light, but must be regarded as distinct and separate elements, essentially different in their nature, and controlled by different laws. Whether they proceed from the same source—the phosphorescent luminous envelope of the sun—is a question which cannot be positively determined. The heat-producing rays, we have seen, there is some ground to believe owe their existence to the atmosphere, being generated by some process which we cannot explain during the passage of light through its mass. This theory would explain to us the reason why the planets in the vicinity of the sun, and those at the greatest distance from him, could enjoy a nearly uniform temperature; the temperature being dependent, not upon their distance, but upon the density of their atmosphere.

The actinic rays possibly owe their existence to the action of light on the electric atmosphere which surrounds our globe, or to its contact with some other and unknown element in nature. But upon this subject it is useless to speculate. We are too profoundly ignorant to do any thing but theorise; multitudes of facts must be accumulated ere a patient induction can point out to us its nature or its source.

Regarding it as a distinct and separate element in nature, let us come to consider what is known in regard to *actinism*, and, as far as possible, to investigate the laws by which it is controlled. The existence of chemical rays has been long known. The blackening of horn-silver in the light was known to the ancients. To their influence have been traced long ago the various and gorgeous colours of the vegetable kingdom. To them also, in the animal kingdom, have been ascribed the sable hues of the African, and the peachy tints on the cheek of youthful beauty. To their discolouring properties the bleacher owes his art, and the painter his want of immortality. It is only, however, of late years that the chemical properties of light have been carefully considered. The discoveries of Daguerre and Talbot have invested the subject with a peculiar interest,—an interest which every improvement in the beautiful art of photography seems to intensify. The former of these philosophers found that a plate of silver, made sensitive by the vapours of iodine, could, by the chemical change produced by the action of the actinic rays, have a perfect picture of an external object impressed upon it; and the latter, employing as the sensitising agent the muriate of silver, found that various kinds of surfaces could be prepared, on which delicate and beautiful pictures could be painted by the actinic rays. Since these important discoveries, the art of photography has steadily and rapidly progressed; until it has attained its present proximate perfection.

The experience of the most careful and accomplished photographers has determined the fact, that the element (called actinism) on which they depended for their success is by no means constant or uniform in its activity. The photographer naturally inferred that, as it was associated with light, it would be most abundant on those days when the solar beams fell unchecked, and when the sun had attained his meridian brightness. But although this supposition was frequently correct, it was by no means invariably so. It often happened that after making his arrangements to take pictures on a bright and beautiful day, he found that only feeble and imperfect pictures (and that after a long exposure) could be obtained; whereas it frequently occurred, on days comparatively dull and hazy, that pictures of great sharpness and beauty were obtained

with the greatest ease and celerity. Every photographer knows, from his frequent disappointments and failures, that there is nothing more capricious and uncertain than the continuance of actinic activity. At one period of the day it will be found intensely active, and in a few hours it will be found so languid that pictures can scarcely be obtained. An exposure of a couple of seconds will often be amply sufficient to impress a picture: while at another period of the same day, and with the same instrument and materials, a couple of minutes will be requisite to fix the same object, though at both times the light may seem equally strong. The abundance or activity of the actinic rays seems to depend more on atmospheric changes than upon the intensity of the light. When the barometer has fallen very low, the amount of actinism is generally small. If the clouds be surcharged with electricity, and a thunderstorm be obviously impending, perseverance in calotyping during such a state of the atmosphere is useless. The direction of the wind also seems to have a large amount of influence. A south or west wind we have found to be highly favourable, while our experiments confirm the experience of another amateur, expressed in the doggerel

“If once the wind incline to north,
Lead not the wretched sinner forth.”

The different seasons of the year appear also to be characterised by a greater or less amount of actinic energy. In summer, it generally remains more constant; while in winter, although on some days more intense than in summer, it is much more variable. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that in some regions of the globe actinism is found almost invariably active, while in others it scarcely exists at all. Over the whole continent of America it is found extremely active, and wonderfully constant,—a circumstance which explains the great beauty and perfection of American photographs; while in the Indian peninsula, photographic pictures are obtained at all times with very great difficulty. The different countries of Europe are sensibly different also in their general actinic activity. Although the observations which have been recorded are too few to enable us to form a correct judgment, it would appear from the few facts known, that while there are minor changes in the intensity continually taking place in all regions, there are great zones or belts encircling the earth in which it is invariably more intense and constant.

It would be of immense importance for the solution of the interesting questions regarding actinism, and for the advancement of the art of photography, if experiments were made simultaneously at different parts of the earth's surface, with a view to ascertain the *direction, intensity, and variations* in the actinic streams which probably encircle the earth. A careful registration of the amount of actinic force during the times of *atmospherical, electrical, and magnetic* changes, could hardly fail to lead to the possession of much interesting and valuable information regarding this strange element.

The National Magazine.

Papers to be returned if not accepted must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer, and stamped.]

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.*

GERALD MASSEY entered the royal company of English poets at a single step. He showed the signet, it was recognised at once, and he passed in; a notable exception to the majority of his brethren, who have had to fight their way inch by inch across the charmed threshold. But it is not to be

* *Craigcrook Castle.* By GERALD MASSEY. London: Bogue.

marvelled at. There was a luxuriance in the beauty, a simplicity in the pathos, of the poems included in that first small volume well calculated to win the suffrages both of the critical and general public. The humblest reader might understand, the proudest could admire. His verses had a happy knack of setting themselves to the music of many a homely life, and making themselves a place in many an honest heart, whose own dumb poetry they had rendered into music.

"War Waits," which followed "Babe Christabel," contained some stirring lays, one or two of marked brilliancy. They were welcomed cordially at the time as "the rough-and-ready war-rhymes" they were styled by the writer, who himself appeared to claim no higher distinction for them.

Craigcrook Castle may therefore be regarded as the legitimate successor to that maiden volume of poems which achieved so remarkable a success in 1854. We are to view it as the work of a poet who has to maintain the position on which he already stands. To *hold*, as we all know, it requires greater *strength* than to gain; and we are bound to admit that the book before us does not exhibit the proportionate increase of strength which we had a right to expect. The florid prodigality of youth appears in nowise chastened. Sinew and muscle in many places is lacking; and the word-draperies with which the want is sought to be concealed are not always so felicitous as to atone by their grace for the absence of substantive power. It is, indeed, difficult to forgive the occasional lapses into eccentricities of a poet who has proved to us how sweet are his natural utterances, and how perfect in their every-day simplicity. We cannot consent to receive as poetry such epithets as "maternal meek," "mellifluous rest," "saintliest pure," &c. We protest against such lines as that describing the beauteous company on Craigcrook lawn as

"Surging a soul-ache of deliciousness;"

or that in "Lady Laura," wherein is imaged

"A face like nestling luxury of flowers."

Nevertheless, despite these drawbacks (and we would not hide, either from ourselves or Mr. Massey, that they are serious ones), there is unquestionable beauty in many portions of the book,—passages of vivid freshness, touches of simple pathos, that are nothing short of exquisite. Over-redundancy of epithet, or even occasional affectation of style, cannot and should not blind us to the charming "bits" in the opening description of Craigcrook—that

"... Emerald Eden nestling in the north."

It stands before us clearly and completely, from its "tiny town of towers," to the "dance and dazzle of roses," that are so intimate a part of its beauty. Or take this picture of a Scottish dawn:

"I rose betimes upon my day of days;
Through fairy forests of the lady fern,
Went up the wooded height to see the Dawn,
That now eternal picture fresh from God,
Quickened and colour into perfect life.
Quietly, quietly slept the world beside
The sepulchre of the dark, till Light awoke.
The haunting spirit of each lonely place
Seemed passing through the still and solemn wood.
What breath of life the breeze of morning blew!
What dowy smell and after-sense of showers
Came kissing like rich airs from secret shores
To those who sail in to the eternal dawn!
Bird after bird the sweet sharp stillness stirred,
As earth were warbling some new tune of joy
With which her heart gushed, and its radiance fired
Her face, as she arrayed to meet the morn.
The meek and melting amethyst of dawn
Blush'd o'er the blue hills in the ring o' the world;
Up purple twilights came the golden sea
Of sunlight breaking in a silent surge;
And Morning like the birth of Beauty rose
With sunny music up the sparkling heaven,
While, at a rosy touch, the clouds that lay

In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
Adown her pathway spread their cloaks of gold:
The silvery-green-and-violet sheen o' the sea
Changed into shifting opal tinct with gold:
And like an Alchymist with furnace-face,
The sun smiled on his perfect work, pure gold."

But with most unalloyed satisfaction we turn to the poem entitled "The Mother's Idol broken." This, on the same subject as the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," possesses, we think, touches of even more subtle loveliness, more direct heart-reaching tenderness, than the earlier poem. In its own fragmentary episodic fashion, it tells the story simply and sufficiently,—the sad sweet story that comes home to every woman's heart, and to many a man's also,—from the first joyful greeting of the "pretty softling, the baby-bud rose," the father's proud triumph in his "three little maidens," and the half-fearful delight of the parents in their "wondrous wee white rose of all the world," to the end, when

"Snow-white, snow-soft, snow silently,
Our darling bud up-curl'd,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White rose of all the world."

Nothing can be more true, more natural, or more beautiful in its pathos, than the expression of the after-feelings of desolation and bereavement, the yearning lingering retrospection of the lost one's "little tender ways" and "spirit-smiles." In this portion of the poem there are lines here and there that strike the heart electrically with a keen sense of reality. We forget the poet, the book, and the page; and feel as we might feel on coming unawares to a little newly-made grave, with the fresh free air, the life of birds and trees and sunshine around it, the smiling heaven above, and the agony of the mother's empty heart thrilling through it all.

Our space is inadequate to quote all we could desire; but some passages, at least, we must give.

"This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!
Our one thing left with her dear life in it.
Poor misers! o'er it secretly we smir
Our little savings hoarded up in heaven,—
Our rich love-thoughts heart hid to doat upon,—
And glimpse our lost heaven in a flood of tears."

We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.
At midnight, when men die, we strove with Death
To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.
Ere the soul loosed from its last lodge of life,
Her little face poured round with anxious eyes;
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropt content.

The mystery dilated in her look,
Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly caught
The likeness of the angel shining near.
Her passing soul flash'd back a glimpse of bliss.
She was a Child no more, but strong and stern
As a mailed Knight that had been grappling Death.
A crown of conquest bound her baby-brow;
Her little hands could take the hoirloom large;
And all her childhood's vagrant royalty
Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.
Love's kiss is sweet, but Death's doth make immortal.

And there our darling lay in coffin'd calm,
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow;
And o'er her flowed the white eternal peace:
The breathing miracle into silence pass'd:
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile;
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night:
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might tell on.
All dim the living lustrous motion makes!
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!
Naught there of our poor 'Splendid' but her brow.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf;
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world;
Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day.



THE LESSON. BY E. R. MARTINEAU.

"The child came back directly; and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing-lesson, of which, it seems, he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlour, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how, when he did sit down, he tucked up his sleeves, and squared his elbows, and put his face close to the copy-book, and squinted horribly at the lines—how, from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how, if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his arm in his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child, and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself," &c.—Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*.

Our early wede away went back to God,
Boaring her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it—two,
Our names! Ah, may they plead for us in heaven!"

To the end of this poem the spirit of quiet simple pathos is maintained. There is infinite sweetness in it all. The narration flows on calmly and naturally as a train of sad tender recollections that are *thought* rather than spoken.

"Lady Laura" has many passages of rich picturesque beauty, but it is defaced in more than one place with the faults we have before adverted to. The story, which is one now worn rather threadbare, of the lowly lover and the high-born lady, is vaguely told; and the love-songs, with their oft-repeated raptures and wealth of superlatives, are somewhat likely to cloy, we should think, upon all but the very hungriest appetites for that class of food.

Of "Glimpses of the War," more than one of the best portions have before appeared in "War Waits." Our readers will hardly need to be reminded of that lyric, earnest and enthusiastic, with its sweeping music as of the very tramp of men trooping onward to battle, beginning

"Our old war-banners on the wind
Were dancing merrily o'er them,
Our half-world hushed with hope behind—
The sullen foe before them."

The "Winter's Night in England" stirs recollections in us all. Who among us has not (but a little while since, though it seems long) felt the influence of that "mute and mighty Shadow" which was ever hovering over us then?

"Life's light burns dim—we hold the breath—
All sit stern in the shadow of Death,
Around the household fire,
This winter's night in England,
Straining our ears for the tidings of War,
Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar."

This has the true lyrical ring with it:

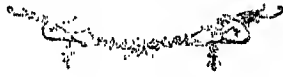
"Old England still hath heroes
To wear her sword and shield;
We know them not while near us,
We know them in the field.
Look how the tyrant's hills they climb
To hurl our gage in his grim hold!
The Titans of the earlier time,
Tho' larger limbed, wore smaller-souled!
Laurel or amaranth light their brow,
Living or dead, we crown them now,
As we sit by the household fire,
This winter's night in England;
From the white cliffs watching the storm of war,
Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar."

The story of the poet, "The Bridegroom of Beauty," though often lapsing into the sin of compound adjectives and accumulated epithets, has many passages of sad passionate music that we could ill spare. But we prefer the closing poem, "Only a Dream," which leaves us to shut the book in a spirit of much toleration for its faults, and admiration of its beauties. This last poem exhibits instances of both: images that are forced, lines that are "profitless,"

words that are "vain;" but, on the other hand, touches of description vivid and fresh as the colours of sunset—instances of delicate perception and intuitive sympathy that claim our appreciation and command our praise.

In the dedication, it is hinted that *Craigbrook Castle* falls short of what the writer intended to accomplish in his second book. "In other years," he says, "God willing, I may win a touch more certain, and a larger reach upon a harp of tenser strings."

We believe that he may; and hopeful and expectant of meeting him again, we bid him good speed upon his way.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

BY SHIRLEY HIBBERD,

AUTHOR OF "RUSTIC ADORNMENTS FOR HOMES."

We are a cosy quiet couple, not frequently haunted by cares or excited by varieties. We live just far enough from town to be free from temptations of pleasure, yet near enough to avoid lapsing into vapid dullness; in fact, we manage to combine town and country life together in our little household, and to adorn our rustic pursuits with a few of the graces of literature, and some touches of homely art. I might perhaps amuse you by a relation of our every-day life, its whims and oddities, and the utter abandonment to impulse to which, since our first wedding-day, we have been addicted; but it is the family we have reared that I think I may most profitably talk about, and, at the risk of being thought egotistical, I shall give you a brief account of it.

I venture to say that few strictly private families are so truly happy as ours, for though it comprises *thousands* of children of all ages,—some older than ourselves, many of them differing in temper and taste as widely as the pole differs from the equator,—yet the most perfect harmony at all times prevails amongst us, and the only anxiety that possesses us is to render each other happy. To be sure, the elements of "a row" are never wanting; and were the heads of the family for one single day to forget their responsibilities, bloodshed and cannibalism would make a total ruin of our model Agamemnone.

Ten or twelve may be considered a fair number for any ordinary family, and on such a limited scale, some little generalship is essential for the preservation of domestic peace; but, as I first remarked, our family consists of thousands—in fact, *we* ourselves have never attempted to form an accurate census, and frankly confess we do not know how many within a thousand or two are dependent upon us. If I tell you they are all children of adoption,—for as yet we are unblest with children of our own,—you will conjecture that we are keepers of an orphan-asylum, a workhouse, or a prison; but such ideas will vanish when I assure you that we are strictly private folk, renting a humble country-cottage, with a moderate amount of garden attached, and with a very pretty variety of rural scenery adjoining. The fact is, we are victims of a hobby. How many have gone mad, been ruined, traduced, ay, transported or hanged, for hobbies! Yet we live in no fear that *our* hobby will entail future penalties, for it is simply a love for animals; and the passion is fed and strengthened by a strong curiosity to learn more and more of their histories and instincts, their relations to each other and to the general scheme of nature, and, above all, their capabilities for human companionship. Our little house is a sort of menagerie; not in imitation of the Zoological Gardens or the Jardin des Plantes, nor yet on the plan of the Hospital for Animals at Surat,—for we have nothing about us that is obnoxious, and not a single cripple.

We are just now ready for breakfast, and we sit at the fire surrounded with cockatoos, macaws, and parrots. All the voices of the animal world salute and doafen us. *Old*

Poll, the pet of the parlour, can bark, growl, bleat, purr, or whistle, and in addition, ask for every thing she wants, and for many things she does not want. She can be insolent or polite; and, as a result of our teaching, she is a very expert thief. I could tell a hundred anecdotes about that one patriarchal parrot: how she takes tea from a spoon and beer from a tumbler; how she cracks nuts and drows like a cock; how she leaves her cage to steal sugar or fruit; how she can recite two complete stanzas of *Johann Gilpin*, and bandy small-talk with any body. When her noise and impudence ceases, we turn to the cockatoos, of which we have three elegant, docile, loving creatures: one pure white, with a crest that looks like flakes of turbot; another with pale-sulphur crest; and a third with white and crimson plumage—strictly a cockatoo parrot, the most loquacious of the whole family, but so gentle in her demeanour that she never was guilty of a single mischief yet. To visitors, the gray and green parrots, of which we have two each, are a perfect bore; they scream and yell and bark, and, if a chance were afforded them, would dig their pickaxe-beaks into innocent faces and hands; but these gentle crested favourites are determined to be loved, and at the first sound of a strange voice, up go their crests, down go their heads with a soft ejaculation of "Cock-a-too;" and if they do not get their accustomed tickling on the poll, they seem dejected for the day. As for Betty, the cockatoo-parrot, she says plainly, "Scratch poor Betty's poll; Betty wants her poll scratched;" and scratched it must be over and over again before Betty will turn to her bread-and-milk, and allow an interval for conversation. Then we have a pair of Australian ground-paroquets—two splendid macaws that dazzle the eye with their oriental plumage of azure and vermillion; a pair of slender and brilliantly-coloured lorises, that have never yet, and never will, acquire more speech than the utterance of their names; and a pair of Brazilian toucans, with enormous bills, and plumage more dazzling than the dress of a ballet-queen.

You would just think yourself in Babel, were you to be spiritually present when we sit down to breakfast surrounded by these, the noisiest members of our happy family. But if you were present in the body also, I would insure complete silence by one clap of the hand, and you should hear a pin drop if you wished it. Then one by one each should go through its performances of imitating a farmyard, a fiddle, a pair of bagpipes, or a series of incoherent but very comical speeches. *Old Poll* is the only one that would occasion trouble; and she is so self-willed, that you would have to take your chance whether she would take breakfast with us and talk like a Christian, or cough, bark, and growl you into a state of stupid deafness. But if all went well, *Polly* would be a polyglot; for she can gabble French, German, and Latin with very tolerable accent, and mix with her classical quotations the more familiar sounds of "Beer o," "Ba ker," and the words and air of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins." When Betty's turn came, she would, in a nasal singing tone, ask you some impertinent questions, such as "Can you spell Istactepetzacuxochitl Icoheyo?" and before you could give her an answer, such is her want of politeness, she would hurry through a whole string of small-talk; ask for tea, beer, cakes, nuts, grapes, and finish off with Quin's "incoherent story," which, with a slight blush, I confess to have spent the occasional leisure of a whole year in teaching her. While this went on the other birds would get jealous; and to keep peace, we should have to scratch to and fro proffered polls, and make a compromise with master Tommy, the elder of the green parrots, by the present of a chicken-bone for him to pick and chuckle over. The exhibition always finishes by feeding the toucans, which are the "lions" of the collection; we hand them each a choice morsel—a task which you might think dangerous, seeing that their beaks are large enough for the seizure of a fat baby, and you would think it no trifling matter to appease appetites having such formidable representatives. Yet, immense as are the horny appendages with which the toucan takes his

daily bread, his mode of eating is decidedly pretty and amusing. The food is taken on the point of the bill, it is then tossed high in the air, the immense jaws open like a pair of park-gates, and the descending morsel falls straight into the gullet with "a cluck" that makes one roar with laughter. The conjuror who catches knives and rings might take a lesson from these comical creatures.

It is not every body who cares to be shut in with such a gabbling noisy crew as our parrots; and fortunately we can give our visitors a choice between fountains and water-gardens, tropical and British ferns, and homely songsters; or accommodate them with the scientific seclusion of a cabinet stocked with living and dead insects, aquatic larvae that glide about like ghosts, beetles that kick and plunge in their vessels of water like imps on the verge of despair, together with tuna spiders, toads, frogs, and snakes, and a very attractive display of stuffed quadrupeds and birds, and some prepared and mounted skeletons of various animals. This cabinet-room is my own especial pleasure; *cara sposa* only finds her way there occasionally; and, indeed, none but choice scientific friends, who have sufficient enthusiasm to stare themselves tired with a solar microscope, or feed their imaginations into a "fierce frenzy" by discussing the technologies of entomological nomenclature, ever get permission, much less invitations, to enter it. The most attractive things there are the Aquaria and Water-cabinets, which together fill up the window-spaces, and shut out a large portion of the daylight. In the right-hand window stands the river-tank, pellucid as crystal, and luxuriant with many forms of bright-green vegetation. Within it five-and-thirty fishes glide and gambol, and exhibit their several habits and instincts. I should not mention this as a part of our happy family, were it not so in reality. In that vessel more than three-fourths of the funny innocents are as tame as cats; they know me, love me, and not only feed from my hand, but assemble when I call them, and obey my every look and motion as readily as if they were terrestrial kith and kin. There are three splendid tench—naturally the shyest of British fishes—now so familiar with the prison which has housed them for more than two years, and the keeper who has tended them during that time, that they not only flounder out of the dark weeds and rise when I call them to receive a few worms, but without the offer of food they will assemble at the surface and remain still while I tickle them, and seem to enjoy the operation as much as parrots do to have their polls scratched.

I have a whole school of Crucian, British, and Prussian carp, all docile and loving as is their nature; but one huge Prussian carp is the captain of the tank—the special pet, the ancient and trusty friend whom I ever delight to honour. He is a magnificent fellow, plump, iridescent, seven inches in length, and as playful as a spaniel. He commands universal admiration. His easy, gliding, and dignified motions,—for he is never in a hurry,—and his constant association with seven other of his kindred, who to him are as babes to a giant, and above all, his confiding fondness, make him a piscatory marvel. Whenever I enter the room, "the boomer," or "master carpenter,"—for those are the names he severally bears,—at once recognises my voice or step, and straightway he comes "booming" to the side, with his dolphin-like head and splendid eyes, and there poises in mid-water to watch me. If I sit down to write, he remains there, slowly rising and sinking, never leaving the side next me even for an instant; he seems to watch and listen; and I could sometimes bitterly reproach Nature that she does not allow him to speak. As to eating from my hand, or rising to the top when called, or rolling on his side to be tickled, these are commonplace matters; he will nibble my finger gently for ten minutes at a time, play with a stick, dart about at a game of touch, or assemble his little band of juvenile carpenters, and get up a frolic with them for my amusement. But he is a gentleman in every thing—easy, dignified, never put out; and if a shoal of sancy bleak or daring minnows steal the choicest morsel even from his

lips, he yields the point at once, takes no revenge, but looks with expectant eye to his protector for more.

As to chub and bream and dace, I have as many as the tank will support, all of them thoroughly tame. The minnows and bleak are "the fun of the fair," and the loach the untamable savages that hold aloof from the general society, and, spite of every kindness, persist in leading a life of their own.

Above the river-tank are the shelves containing my aquatic curiosities. There the ravenous water-beetles and their larvae, with other creatures of similar habits, plunge and kick in their crystal jars. Give them a minnow, how they plunge their fangs into the palpitating flesh, consume their prey piecemeal without first killing it, dragging the viscera from the trembling creature, or boring into the gills while it yet struggles for life! If now and then a death occurs in the tank, these carnivorous gluttons have the carcass tossed to them to riddle and consume; but as this very seldom happens, they have to remain content with slugs and earth-worms from the garden, which I find answer very well for every one of the flesh-eating aquatics.

In other jars I have specimens of the magnificent *Hydrous piccus*, the largest aquatic beetle found in Britain, and the most docile and harmless of the whole family; boat-flies; lovely specimens of Colymbetes, with jet-black backs and silver bellies; eccentric whirlwigs, that emulate the dervishes in defying giddiness; quaint species of water-scorpion; and that most curious of all the smaller inhabitants of the streams, the diving spider, with its silken cocoons suspended beneath the surface. These occupy a whole shelf; and a curious sight it is to watch their various motions and proceedings as they dive, spin, kick, quarrel, or engage in comical courtships.

But these are not the most prized among the minor members of my family. The shelf above them contains the rare treasures, though to the casual eye it exhibits nothing more than a row of crystalline jars filled with clear water and very emerald-green tufts of starchy vegetation. But here are my *Nitella*, my *Vallisneria*, my sorted species of *Chara*, *Riccia*, and *Lemna*; and if I want to observe the circulation of the sap in plants or the blood in animals, these jars supply suitable specimens, that under the penetrating eye of the microscope enable me to pierce at once to the most secret chambers of nature—to the fountain-head (materially speaking) of life itself, wherein I may observe the development of a cell, or the production of the primal germ of organisation. Some honoured members of my family are here, too. I have thousands of the living ghosts of gnats, dragon-flies, and beetles, that glide up and down in the clear lymph, like souls just taking shape, and with but one film of earth about them. Here, too, are small larvae of all kinds,—some ravenous as wolves, some that do nothing but jerk themselves into spasms, others that wriggle and twist into all manner of inconceivable forms. Here is a cluster of perhaps a thousand of the larvae of the common gnat,—a lot of lively jerking imps, that seem as if their bodies were made of spiral springs, and that conduct themselves as if life had but two pleasures to sweeten it—one skipping like Spring-heeled Jack, the other hanging from the ceiling by the tail, a la the American adventurer lately astonished us by his antipodean perambulations. Indeed, all the aquatic larvae that I have here—numbering some sixty different kinds—are given to this same feat of suspending themselves by the tail from the surface of the water; for in that way only do they breathe, by means of the plumes and rays and prongs with which their tails are furnished.

In other jars I have some pretty water-mites that are incessantly on the trot, not swimming or diving, but literally running hither and thither, as if at any depth and any where the water presented to their feet a solid surface. I have thousands of Cyclops, Monads, Vorticellas, wheel-animalcules, a few Hydras, and no end of common and rare infusoria, that, nightly occupy me under the glare of the microscope-lamp, in exploring their inner and outer constructions, their ac-

tions and instincts, and the many marvellous indications they afford of the perfection of the economies in things ordinarily invisible—the work of the same Hand from which the worlds themselves were launched, and which sustains without ceasing the balance of huge incomprehensible forces.

My other window is adorned with a marine collection similarly arranged. The tank contains the choicest of the gorgeous sea-flowers—

" Blossoms that ope in the oozy deep,
And ne'er lure the bee to their green retreat."

I have all the well-known anemones, and a goodly number of new and rare species. Some are like daisies, others like the bundles of hissing snakes the ancients wove around the heads of furies; one kind is an exact imitation of a rosette of blue ribbons, another of a coral-coloured chrysanthemum; but the most prized of all for glorious form and colour is the huge carnation or plumed anemone, which expands its thousands of living fringes into the form of a very fabulous carnation of mammoth dimensions. These are ever changing in form and aspect;—now they are lifeless lumps of jelly, now alabaster columns, now transparent balloons puffed to bursting with absorbed water, and again the flowery form predominates, thousands of petal-like fingers expand; and the sea-bottom, transferred to my room, shows me its floral gems, that rival those of the garden in splendour, but which move and change mysteriously, and show themselves to be endowed with a mute but wonderful life. Lifeless as they may appear for hours, their will at last determines them to prove that they can glide and climb and float and cling, ay, and grasp in an embrace of death whatever livelier creature may unwarily come within reach of their barbed threads and flower-like fingers.

Besides these, I have the pretty *Serpulas*, that make for themselves stony tubes; *Madrepores*, that build up ocean reefs, and that here in the glass vessel are positively manufacturing coral before my eyes; some crabs, that walk sideways on tiptoe, and that carry their eyes on stalks; and hundreds of other things, of which it would require huge volumes to recount the history or do justice to their beauty, and the intense interest they excite in those who delight in preserving them as objects of study.

After all, I think you would perhaps find more to amuse you in a little singing-party, to which we have assigned a room upstairs. This is the special care of my better half, who, indeed, shuts me out from any participation in its anxieties, though I am very freely admitted to the performances of the pupils.

In a snug attic, well lighted, adorned with a fountain and mirrors, the windows and skylights embellished with gay plants, a collection of about forty song-birds pass their time in as jolly a way as one would wish. You will think of happy couples and nest-building, and the maternal incubation of baby-broods of dicky-birds; but we long ago found out, as did Mr. Kidd, the prince of bird-masters, that a bird-room is not the place for breeding. If love sanctifies life, and gives it its noblest development, it also is the parent of strife and jealousy; it ruined Troy, its dark side blots with some vengeance or madness or villany every page of the world's history; and how should a community of such warm-hearted creatures as birds escape the desolating effects of a fire that warms when kept in check by wisdom, but which scorches and blights when passion only fans the flame? Not to philosophise, suffice it that none of the fair sex are ever permitted to colonise here: we have in other parts of the house a goodly number of happy feathered couples that enjoy connubial bliss and connubial cares; but in a general assemblage hen-birds are but a source of contention and bickering.

But what a merry and familiar lot are these bachelor-vocalists! how they

" Ring roof and rafter
With bagpipes and reeling"

from the first dawn of day to evening dusk, and even after

that for hours, if indulged with a lighted lamp! They are all familiar, too; they cluster round their mistress when they have their daily supply of buns and insects and seeds and paste; they swarm on her head and shoulders, and actually chaff at her in impudent tones and gestures, and make such a flutter and confusion and row as would drive a nervous person utterly mad. There are siskins, canaries, white-throats, tits, woodlarks, wagtails, buntings, linnets, goldfinches, redpoles, a young thrush, a pair of Java sparrows; a common sparrow, that has learned a few notes of respectable music, and that delights in quarrelling with every body about nothing; a couple of black-caps, a nightingale, and a most musical brambling, that imitates the note of every other bird, and almost equals the nightingale in some of his finest passages.

The garden is as much a menagerie as the house. I have my triangular Cochins and my squatty Bramapootras, my noble crested Polands and my neat little Sebrights, that look like poultry for a doll's house, besides a herd of tame jays and jackdaws, that drive me crazy by their destructive tricks. These would not interest you, for you see such things every where; but here is a flock of mountain goats that make a daily bleating on the adjoining common; they are pure Angoras, with silky fringes of milk-white hair hanging from their flanks to their fetlocks, and beards that would not disgrace the most hirsute Crimean hero that ever voted razors to be ridiculous. The father of the flock is a noble fellow—such horns, such a curly head and massive forehead, such a delicate splash of fawn on his withers, and, O, the purity of his snow-white back and silky flanks! He hears my voice or footstep; and away flies Billy, clearing the five-foot fence at a bound, and trotting towards me, with a playful air of defiance, and with an evident consciousness of his capability to represent a traditional dilemma. As soon as he comes within a few paces, he draws himself up on the very tips of his toes, then leaps up and curvets sideways, and finally springs forward at me, and butts full at my chest in a manner that would alarm a stranger unprepared for defence. But that is only Billy's mode of romping with me—it is always a rough kind of play; but the noble-hearted fellow always takes care that his frontal *sinus*, not his crescented *cornua*, shall make the bold contact that, were I not prepared for it, would make me measure my length at his feet *hors-combat*. His pranks are all of them characteristic; he will leap up and plaut his hoofs on my chest, and explore with his nose every one of my pockets to find a hidden bunch of acorns or a few bean-pods, all the while winking his splendid large eyes close to my face in a look of intelligence that is as eloquent to me as the richest flow of human speech. If I move aside, he will mount my back, plant his paws on my shoulders, and continue prancing up and down, and throwing his enormous weight upon me, till I yield the point he seeks and give him a choice morsel. What he will eat in this way is prodigious; yet the fare he seeks when turned out on the common is the dry and sapless leaf, the thorny sprouts of the whin or the hawthorn, half-withered clem-leaves, and, indeed, any thing that appears dry, tasteless, woody, and indigestible. It is a fact but little known, that goats *never drink*! this, coupled with their love of dry scrubby forage, enables them to crop fatness from bald granite, and completes their adaptableness to barren mountain-heights.

If I am bitten with any of that enthusiasm which is popularly called "a fancy," it is certainly a fancy for goats. I have kept goats of every known variety, from the sleepy and fertile Spaniard to the bold and sprightly Welshman, or the real chamois of the Alps. After all, I prefer these picturesque Angoras: they are the goats for the artist—every attitude is graceful, every line, from the beautifully-shaped head to the clean fetlocks and polished hoofs, is suggestive of sylvan solitudes and rocky heights. Of all the domestic creatures that associate with man in the conquest of the earth, the goat is certainly the most ancient and classical.

The earliest records of civilisation mention goats and sheep as representatives of pastoral wealth, and the most cherished property of the simple nomad patriarch; whose flocks were his household gods, his daily and nightly care, and his whole support during his bold migrations over pathless wilds. His great anxiety was to find a succession of "fresh fields and pastures new;" and the sheep and goats were the real founders of the earliest states and dynasties. In the records of later ages the shepherd has ever a high place. And though in the old chivalric narratives the horse is the subject of many a splendid apostrophe, the domestic life of antiquity finds its truest utterance in the associations that attach to flocks and herds; for the shepherd was always the predecessor of the husbandman or the builder of cities. The earliest and the latest pastoral equally derive freshness from the presence of the mountain goat. Longus, the first and most tender writer of pastorals, reaches his highest excellence where he paints the foundlings, Daphnis and Chloe, feeding their flocks together, and at the same time learning to love. Theocritus, the true cottage-poet of antiquity, gives us the most homely and rustic pictures ever sketched in pastoral verse; and in every group he places the goat in the foreground to suggest the flowery hills and knolls of wild thyme, amongst which his shepherds breathe fragrant air in the tendance of their flocks. Horace, thoroughly proud of his garden, was too much of a parlour-poet, and too much addicted to the shadow of Mæcenæas, to cultivate the truly rustic. But see what Virgil did in his highly polished pastorals and the graphic *Georgics* in honour of the jaunty, self-willed, strong-limbed, but tamable and affectionate Capricornus; and when John Keats shook the dust of the grave from the inner life of Greece, and rekindled the flame on the altar of Pagan worship, the shadowy pomp of Hellenic mythology received its finest finishing touches in his hands through the help of the sheep and goats and bees, that bleated and buzzed in the brightest of his sublime pictures. Then the goat was intimately mixed up with the origin of the drama: for tragedy, which was at first called *tragœdia*, or "the song for the eask," came to be known as *tragœdia*, or "the song of the goat,"—the eask of wine giving place to the higher prize of a goat in the public festivals.

Are you fond of bees? Here I have them in a house to themselves, aspect south-east, a causeway cut for them through the bolt of shrubs that screens them from the July sun, along which they pass in buzzing streams to the Bramble-hedges and clover-fields, that divide and splash the landscape round. I am passionately fond of my bees. Many a dreamy hour of joy do I find in sitting beside them on a summer afternoon, to watch them go and come, to note the several labours on which they are engaged, every one of which I can determine as well as a master who keeps a rigid register of the labours of his workmen. Some of my hives are of glass, some of wood, or straw with glass windows; and in times of commotion, when the bees insist on non-interference, I can retire to the roar of my hive-board, and watch all that takes place within the several abodes of concord and industry. You will not doubt the difficulty I have in determining the exact number of the members of my family, if I tell you that my hive-board now contains ten strong stocks, every stock-numbering not less than fifteen thousand bees—some, indeed, containing as many as five-and-twenty or thirty thousand, as I could prove by experiment. Roamur first hit upon a mode of counting bees: he weighed a swarm; the result was four pounds. Now a pound of bees contains five thousand individuals, and as many as half-a-dozen pounds of bees is the common weight of a strong and prosperous stock. Hence, if I tell you that nearly half a million hard-working folks recognise and love me as a father, you will at least allow I am a true *pater familias*, and, in that sense, more worthy than even old Priam of Troy, who, I think, was the father of *only fifty* children.

Of course I read the *Georgics* of Virgil, and make many a brown study over Columella and Schirach and Roamur and Huber and Cotton; nor do I forget old Tupper, who has

a grand place in my library—no, nor Wildman, nor Nutt, nor Taylor, nor any other true student of this wonderful insect. Here, indeed, I can verify with my own hands and eyes many of the most startling discoveries that have been made as to the habits and instincts of the bee, and become daily familiar with facts that the majority of those who *only read* about them *must* regard as extravagant fictions. I see the queen, surrounded by her state-attendants, every one of which right loyally faces the supreme female magistrate and mother of the state; never one of that dutiful train turning its back even for an instant to the royal mistress, who represents all, and more than can be imagined, of dignity and command concentrated into the compass of less than an inch. I see the progress and development of new broods, the deadly hate of rival queens, when it happens that two come into contact. As two claimants to a throne cause civil war in human states, so with the bees, that in every thing represent the *serious* side of human life in all its minutiae with wonderful accuracy. But the bees are the wisest; they never suffer the community to waste valuable energies in deciding a personal quarrel. They urge the rivals to single combat, and recognise the victor as their future mistress; the dead body of the vanquished being cast out from the city. There is no end to the marvellous in the history of the bee; and the studious possessor of them may have daily proof that neither classic lore nor modern scientific research has yet exhausted the catalogue of sober facts which in bee-history are every one too marvellous for credence, except to those who claim the bee as a member of the family. That they know and love their keeper, and submit cheerfully to his decrees, repelling the invading stranger from their causeway and neighbourhood, is the crowning mark of their sagacity, humble as they are in the scale of nature, and the trait that endears them to me more than any other; for I can safely say, "My bees know me," and give proof of it to any who shall choose to challenge their capability for distinguishing one man from another.

My catalogue does not end here—O no! I have my colonies of snails. The beautiful Roman snail, that weighs nearly an ounce, and that forms a delicious dish when dressed with parsley. Then I have amber snails in colonies, that fatten and propagate in huge flower-pots; and in my garden-tanks every variety of fresh-water snails and mussels, lizards, cray-fish, and crabs, and a vast number of other curious creatures with ugly bodies and unpronounceable names, that bask in the sun, or find happiness amid the tangle of water-weeds.

How do I get such things? Well, in various ways. I am myself pretty expert in collecting; but I have an agent who beats me hollow, and I think I could match him against any fisherman in the three kingdoms. He is a miserable nondescript of the genus *homo*—a wretched outcast, who has oxiled himself from home and every comfort to satisfy some internal longings for a life truly amphibious. He is stone-blind, and has but one companion—his dog. Winter and summer this strange burlesque of Neptune wanders daily to the Lea or Now River; and there wades without undressing, and in darkness and solitude captures *with his hands* any kind of fish, crab, or reptile that are known to haunt the waters. He is familiar with every creek and inlet and hollow for miles, and goes straight to his game by instinct, and unerringly takes it, whether in the steam of July or the frost of February. He then wanders, dripping from head to foot, to sell his cold booty to whosoever will have it; and to-morrow wades again, and, as he says himself, shall continue to wade till death clutches him amid the ooze and rushes. This Joe Bradley is in some sort a member of our happy family. We certainly have done our best to win Joe from his wandering ways; but though he is a sane, harmless, and grateful creature, he will not be tamed; and is now, in the bitter November frost, pursuing the calling of a seal or grampus.

All the other folks that cluster round us exhibit traces of contentment. Most of them are knit in strong household

bonds, and are very dear to us for their confidence and affection, and the many lessons they daily teach us of the ways and means of nature. Indeed, we lead a very merry life in the midst of so incongruous an assemblage. We wake to the bleating of goats and the song of birds; we breakfast with our parrots about us like a family-party, each having its own cup and saucer and fragrant allowance of tea and toast. We dine, like royalty, to music; for then the parrots give place to some little golden-plumaged pets that glory in the clatter of knives and forks and dishes. Tea and supper are also musical meals; for we train many of our birds to sing by lamplight. And we sleep very pleasantly with a faint odour of ash-tree fires pervading the house in winter; and all the rest of the year fragrances of all kinds are wafted through the open windows from our little flowery garden, or from the miles and miles of hawthorns and haycocks that stretch around us.

THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlour, gaily and prettily furnished,—snowy curtains, bright carpet, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass-kettles singing merrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But if it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry?"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlour but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall just have time to make you a nice hot cake;" and laying down her work good humouredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; "and I'm half-afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good, thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson." And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odour of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself) and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "O, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes; and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said it hadn't been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted-butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the landlady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields; and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy; "and did he win?"

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and he with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half-drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy-and-water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I suppose, by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Franconi in *The Wild Courser of the Desert*. Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky prank though," continued Harry; "for the horse, not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and tenpence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy,—"did you lose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever know. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The management of theatres has of late years so much improved, that they have become again, what they had long ceased to be, topics of interest to the critic on art. This result is due to the spirit, always productive in "fine issues," of liberty—to the abolition, some years ago, of that monopoly which confined the representation of the legitimate and poetic drama to the two patent houses. With the freedom of the stage an extension of the dramatic arena was achieved, and the light of genius thenceforth permitted to penetrate regions previously condemned by the law to desolation and darkness. The immediate consequences of this reform were the cessation of "the starring system" at the west end of the metropolis, and its corresponding rise in the east. At the period in which we are now writing, Miss Glyn is again acting at the Shoreditch

Theatre, the National Standard, and commanding the sympathies of a crowded neighbourhood by a refined and severely classical interpretation of the sorrows of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*. One distinguishing characteristic of this actress's style, in the phase to which it has now attained, is, that she never acts for applause, but having formed a fixed ideal, she adheres to it rigidly without reference to vulgar effect. She commands the hushed homage rather than the noisy demonstration of her audience, and consults her own taste rather than their opinion. In the character we have mentioned her acting throughout is sculptile, spiritualised, and chaste. In the statue-scene she now uniformly eschews the theatrical trick of rapidly turning the head on reassuming the appearance of life, and moves it slowly round, thus forfeiting the repeated plaudits that always follow the quick motion from its startling suddenness. In this are shown great judgment and courage. It is a wise reservation of strength, and a laudable sacrifice to high art. Its influence on such an audience, felt though not manifested, must be immense. The reticence of a great artist must teach them to despise the more demonstrative methods of the more stazy declaimer.

A similar manifestation has taken place at the Norton Folgate Theatre, called the City of London. Two artists, also of the Kemble school, but of longer standing than Miss Glyn, appeared at the beginning of November on the boards of that house. Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff's engagement was limited to three weeks; but during that period, short as it was, they accomplished considerable good. Mr. Lovell's play of *Love's Sacrifice*, Miss Vandenhoff's own drama of *Woman's Heart*, Sir Thomas Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*, and other high-class productions, were illustrated by the classical talents of both father and daughter. With such exemplars of histrionic art before them, the judgment of the masses by whom they are witnessed must receive sensible improvement and no unimportant amount of poetical cultivation.

Sadler's Wells, under Mr. Phelps's management, is well known as the theatre especially devoted to Shaksperian revivals. *Julius Cæsar* and *Taming of the Shrew* have been the more recent productions of the season. The latter gives Mr. Phelps the opportunity of appearing in a new character-part, that of Christopher Sly, the tinker, in which he is likely to add to the reputation already acquired by his admirable performance of similar eccentric rôles—Bottom the weaver, Justice Shallow, and Parolles. An opportunity may occur of our considering this actor's merits in full.

Such have been the immediate advantages arising from a wise legislative measure. The purification of the stage has been thus, to a very important degree, realised; and the education of the people has undoubtedly been promoted by contact with the histrionic talent that has found it profitable to travel from the west. But as yet no proportionate influence has been exerted on the drama itself, especially in its poetic form, which deserves more encouragement than it has experienced. Its day will come, however; near is it now far distant.

We have already noticed the performance of *Belphegor* at the Lyceum, under Mr. Charles Dillon. *The Musketeers*, and *Fabian; or, the Mésalliance*, have since been produced, in both of which Mr. Dillon has manifested great versatility, as well as the pathos for which he is conspicuous. The actor's benefit introduces him in a Shaksperian character, that of Othello, on which we may comment hereafter. A new farce by Mr. Harris, entitled *Doing the Hansom*, has also exhibited the comic talent of Mr. Toole in a striking point of view.

Since the spectacular production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, opportunity has only permitted the appearance of one new production at the Princess's. This is a trifle from the French, entitled *Our Wife; or, the Rose of Amiens*, which is mounted with exquisite taste. The piece itself has little novelty of design, and is quite of the "drama-to-order" school. But the work has been neatly executed; the acting is good throughout, and the costumes are especially noticeable for their richness and appropriateness.

The Haymarket has just produced a farce from the French *répertoire*, called *Family Failing*, a version of *Embroussa vous Folleville*, by MM. Labiche and Lefranc, in which Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Buckstone, and Miss Blanch Fame, represent a set of irascible people, whose explosive and detonating *angers* manifest their fury by the destruction of furniture and china, to the amusement of fashionable audiences. Here, too, an American actor, Mr. Murdoch, has lately established a reputation in such parts as Rover, Vapid, Charles Surface, and Mirabel, in Farquhar's comedy of *The Inconstant*; in the last of which he made his *début*. Though deficient in the ethereal lightness needed for some of these characters, Mr. Murdoch has vivacity, elocutionary power, and sympathetic enjoyment of the characters that he delineates.

A very poetical extravaganza, by Mr. Selby, has been produced at the Adelphi, founded on the Parisian ballet of *The Elves*, by MM. St. Georges and Mazilier. The English sub-title, *The Statue Bride*, explains the subject. The fairies give life to a statue for the gratification of a *blasé* count, who, by means of four magic roses, is permitted to impart to it speech, reason, grace, and love. The attributes are bestowed, but with each ten years are added to the old beau's life; who, when love at last is developed, is no longer an object fitted to requite the tender passion, which is accordingly diverted from himself to a young, rich, and handsome prince. The appointments of this spectacle are magnificent.

At the Olympic theatre the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan is, at the time of our writing, still to be deplored. But the attraction of Robson remains unailing; and the few novelties produced show how thoroughly the public can enjoy and remunerate dramas which have but their own merits and excellent acting to recommend them. Nevertheless, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as they were*, and *Maid as they are*, has been revived, and a farce produced, entitled *Jones the Avenger*, remarkable only as sheer nonsense, and for the power of Robson to evoke a dramatic meaning from very unlikely elements.



NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

It is proposed in future to divide "The Home" into departments, and place them severally under the care of writers who have made them their special study, and who can thus give to the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the fruits of their long experience. The MORALS and CULTURE of Home will be dealt with by a LADY. The NATURALIST, including under that term such study of British natural phenomena as we may all cultivate in the precincts of Home, will be intrusted to the well-known author of *Kidd's Journal and Book of Nature and British Song-birds*. The HEALTH-LAWS and matters directly connected with them, such as VENTILATION, have been placed under the charge of a PROFESSIONAL MAN. The articles on GARDENING and RURAL ECONOMY will be from the pen of SHIRLEY HIBBERD, author of "A Happy Family" in the present number.

Other topics that may arise will be similarly dealt with.

To be thoroughly practical will be the leading idea of "The Home," both in its letterpress and in its illustrations.

Correspondence, fresh in matter, direct in aim, terse and brief in style, is invited from all who feel interested in the subject.



NEW DESIGNS IN FLOWER VASES. [WEEKS AND CO.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

will be ready next week, Price Twopence each. The Supplement is complete in itself, and separately paged. The Two Numbers will contain together Four Page Engravings, and Three smaller ones, with numerous Contributions by eminent Authors. Thus:

Literature.

CHRISTMAS-DAY BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By LEIGH HUNT.
THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT: A CHRISTMAS-EVE STORY. By WESTLAND MARSTON. Complete in Four Chapters.
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MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE SCHOOL.

Art.

MILLAIS' "RESCUE" FROM THE FIRE. (Page Engraving.)
JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS CHRISTMAS TROOPS. By E. MORIN.
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W. HARVEY'S ILLUSTRATION TO "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT." (Page Engraving.)
GOOD DOG! FROM A WATER-COLOUR. PAINTING BY W. HUNT.
W. HARVEY'S ILLUSTRATION TO "THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS."
HANDS AND HOURS: A CHRISTMAS CLOCK. By E. MORIN. (Page Engraving.)

Also in those Numbers will appear, among other Contributions, the first Chapter of
A CONTINUOUS TALE BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,
Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. III.

PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.

THE RESCUE.

MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

"THE RESCUE" (1855), which we have chosen for our engraving, as offering one of the broadest specimens of Mr. Millais' composition and painting, represents a scene which may be too often witnessed in London. The house is on fire. The broad glow above casts the lower space into deep shadow; whilst the forms and colours which move under the lurid glare acquire a peculiar sharpness and intensity. Any one can see some such effect produced by his own coal-fire. The painter must have caught the aspect of the grander phenomenon from the real scene. A fireman is bringing down three children from the upper part of the house. The eldest hangs upon his shoulder, passive and resigned, and looks back at the danger he has escaped. One hangs upon his hip; the youngest leans from his arms towards the mother. The whole scene is understood at a glance. The condition of the children perfectly expresses the agony from which they have been rescued. The fireman himself is too strong a fellow to be moved by flame or contagious emotions; nevertheless there is a certain tenderness in his air as he moves the youngest child forward towards the mother. It was upon the mother that critics fastened as the least happy part of the picture. She "had not enough chest," and her face was "too calm"—too little moved by fear—too smiling. Now, if a woman knools down upon the ground, and stretches out her arms as far as she can forwards and upwards, the extension of the shoulders and the whole movement present the thorax in the very narrowest measure from back to front, and appear almost to efface the chest. Again, the expression of the countenance is not "calm;" it is the expression of perfect helplessness—the melting of the whole heart into one feeling of maternal love, and of the agonising delight succeeding to fear, in which a woman goes wild with tenderness. It is quite possible that many of the critics,—husbands though they might be, and fathers,—had never had the opportunity of seeing the female countenance so much moved by tenderness or delight. The wonderful picture *is* to be seen in nature and in Millais. Against another objection which has been made to the picture, namely, that the hue of the fire-light is "too crimson," the painter might safely appeal to a jury of firemen. Those who have not only looked from a distance on the yellow flames issuing from a blazing house, but have stood within it when its timbers were burning like charcoal, could tell how deeply red is the glare of a great mass of materials in that stage of combustion.

From this brief notice of one of Millais' most successful efforts, we pass to the consideration of that special school of English art in which he holds a foremost place, before noticing the painter's other works.

When the artificial school of poetry had reached its climax the Lake poets introduced the natural style, and with a common impulse they rather exaggerated the simplicity they restored. The history of art in our day presents a repetition of the same phenomena.

Removed to a great extent from active life by the artificial arrangements of the age, surrounded by a society in which the natural feelings are very considerably subdued, the student of art is tempted to derive his materials from schools which have preceded him. The painters of those schools lived in freer times, took the manifestations of nature more freely from their source, and caught that force of expression and action which the student now finds rarely to his hand. The Greek sculptor, who saw his models in the arena and in daily life, or the Italian master, whose splendid climate assisted penury in guarding the limbs of a fine peasantry from superfluous clothing, was constantly furnished with spectacles of life and action in their most vivid and least disguised aspect. The natural instinct of the artist renders him greedy of vitality; he desires to see it in its strongest form; and if he dwells in a constrained society, he goes from the animated masks which he sees around him to the less conventional forms of Greek sculpture

or Italian picture. But the copying of nature at second hand inevitably begets a disposition to imitate *manner*; the student falls into the habit of loarning, not that any particular action of a human limb assumes a particular form, but that when that action is to be expressed by himself his outline must take a certain sweep; and thus draftsmanship descends to calligraphy. English landscape has usually had nature for its "sitter;" but the English student of historical painting has been compelled either to take the moving "portrait of a gentleman" in a tamed society, or he has been driven from the respectables to the dissolute who would consent to be his models, with whom he found that nature, discarding restraint, had become adulterated. Hence the artificial tone which had crept over our schools. Hence the reaction which gave birth to the small but remarkable school of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren."

[To be completed in our next.]

CHRISTMAS DAY DIVIDED BETWEEN TWO WORLDS;

OR, FRAGMENT OF A DAY-DREAM OF THE FIRST HEAVEN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE reader must not suppose, from the heading of this article, that the object of it is to start questions in theology, or to oppress him with a feeling of seriousness too great for his Christmas enjoyments. Hearty and merry may his enjoyments be, as full of a very forgetfulness of the serious as becomes duties discharged, and the Source of all enjoyments thanked. The moment he has done what he can for others, and it is time for his festivities to begin, let him give thought itself to the winds, and turn his happy and happy-making face to nothing but the pleasures before him.

* As the feelings, however, on which Christmas itself was founded were of a religious, though at the same time cheerfully religious nature; as nothing befits truly religious feeling better at most times than cheerfulness; and as those who are best constituted to make their friends happy have moments nevertheless in the midst of their most social enjoyments—nay, by very reason of those enjoyments—in which the faces are missed that will never join them more, and the shadow of another world thus falls as if in rebuke on the brightness of this (or if not in rebuke, yet with a sudden and horrible sense of difference, and of loss irretrievable),—it is proposed in this fragment of a religious, but very happy, and indeed half-earthly and whole-Christmas vision, to complete the round of Christmas sympathies furnished by the current number of this publication, and fill up the little gap, not unnaturally left by the livelier and more seasonable portions of it, with a thought or two of comfort against the chances of those exceptional pangs.

The article is called a fragment, because it is literally such of a larger account of the dream contemplated by the writer, should he have life and strength left him for its completion. The dream arose, not from meditations on any received religious opinion, but from a domestic sorrow which occurred to him some years ago, and which no subsequent trouble, however surprising or vexatious, has hindered from daily presenting itself to his thoughts, often as a corrective to other sorrows, always in the midst of reflections more cheerful. The power, however, to reflect cheerfully at all, especially on matters connected with religion, is a blessing inestimable; and as dreams have had allowed and great influence in such matters, he would fain give his readers the benefit of certain seasonable portions of a dream, in unison both with religious and with cheerful reflections.

As the peculiar nature of it, however, would produce awkwardness in the narration if continued in the third person, the first person proceeds to speak accordingly.

I imagined myself, then, last Christmas Day in the act of dying, and at the same instant found myself living again, wonderfully light and strong, in a remote region outside our planet, which presented, nevertheless, to my enraptured

eyes a spot containing the ideal of an earthly home, such as I had often pictured it to my mind. It had trees about it, birds, and a hive of bees. A beautiful stream of water, with a boat on it, was at the door. The door was open, disclosing a room containing books, pictures, and musical instruments; and by the threshold, with a book in his hand and his back towards me, sat a young man, who, with an archness in his face of a kind which I had never witnessed before, and containing a wonderful mixture of consideration, tenderness, and joy, turned slowly round; and I beheld—whom shall I say? I have never yet had courage enough to utter his name with any lips, and I now would rather not write it. Let "tears such as fathers shed" speak his importance to me. He afterwards, on a particular circumstance being called to mind, which I lamented, threw himself into my arms; when a most extraordinary thing occurred, and a sensation equally extraordinary possessed me. He disappeared, and yet never seemed to have been so intensely present. I seemed at once to be celestially filled with his very self, and yet I did not embrace him at all, or even behold him. Finding him nevertheless somehow so surely with me, I asked him how it was; when I was answered by a voice out of my own lips, bidding me "look in the water." I did so, and beheld my son's face in my own, so completely was one being absorbed in the other. But the unusual transport was too much for a spirit which had been loosed from earth, not entirely and by death, like his own, but only in the temporary separation of a dream; and he resumed his individuality, and tenderly begged my forgiveness. He had supposed I was dead. Adding the words, "One moment," he again disappeared, not as before, but in separation; yet had scarcely done so but was again visible, and standing in the same spot. He had been as anxious as a blessed spirit could be that the dream which had thus brought me to him should not be disturbed; and in that moment of time, with a speed which our electric-telegraphs will render credible without depriving it of its wonder, he had been twenty-six millions of miles from where he stood, in order to look on my sleeping body, and squeeze a heavenly poppy on the bed. O, if you can believe any thing, believe it of heaven and love!

I now found that I was in the First Heaven, or that to which (as I imagined) blessed spirits first go after passing through certain stages of the earth's atmosphere, where they halt for greater or less portions of time during their transit. And this First Heaven was the planet Venus. The Second Heaven is the planet Mercury; and the "Third Heaven," of the ecstasies in which we have heard so much, I thus for the first time understood in respect to its number, for it is the Sun; which, omitting satellites, the retainers only of other orbs, is the third orb from the earth, the greatest heaven in our system, and the origin of all the terms implying thrice blessed. This Third Heaven, so called in relation to earth, is the first heaven of heavens in relation to the general universes of stars, and the great agent, under God, of all the life and beauty of our portion of it, though itself subordinate to that second and greater heaven of heavens (the next first of how many!), towards which, or round which, it is now speeding with all our planets about it, as if with eagerness to know some new divine purpose. What a speeder, and what a paradise! made of paradises unnumbered, whose hints of themselves on earth are love and flowers. And how well may its attendant orbs roll with a like eagerness around it, being all, though they know not why, bound and borne along on the same heavenly journey, and all partaking of a circulation like that of the very blood of heaven itself!

But upon these mightiest marvels I must not touch farther; nor can I enter at present, hard as it is to withhold myself, into accounts of other spirits who soon joined us, each in the reverse order of its date of departure from earthly life. Love and reverence, full of memories yearning to speak, would not allow me to say little; and the space to which this fragment must be limited allows not even that. Suffice

to observe at present, that in each of the successive heavens, to the first of which my dream had brought me, the inhabitants combine in their natures the choicest portions of the natures from which they have made progression, and some participation of those to which they are to attain. In other words, they bring with them the best portions of their human nature, its form and aspect included, and receive in addition an advanced nature, including portions of that which prevails in the heaven to which they will go next. Indeed, so to speak, the First Heaven is nothing but another and diviner earth, composed of all which it was best and noblest to have and to desire in this. Therefore in part it is humanly perfected, and in part angelically gifted.

The inhabitants lead the same lives, live in the same houses, walk in the same gardens, and behold the same skies, landscapes, and other sights, great and small, as they did on earth; but all of so perfected a kind, that no earthly objection, great or small, could by human being be made to them; and as they possess a share of the gifts, mental and bodily, which are attributed to angels, who are the inhabitants of the next, or Second Heaven (the planet we call Mercury), they are for the most part the real angels, or semi-angels, who visit and comfort earth; adding, by reason of their human experience, this special, though it must be considered inferior, sympathy to their graver ones,—that they enter into the pleasures as well as pains of the human societies in which they lived; enjoy, in a certain superior sense, the hearing of their conversations, and sight of their very pastimes; nay, have, like them, their favourite earthly holidays—one of which is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, our—Christmas Day.

The reader is not to suppose that any thing which is said in this article is intended to advocate such an absurdity as (I blush to introduce the word into it) *spirit-rapping*, or other like mechanical pretensions to the supernatural, which confuse and debase the spiritual standard, and refute themselves by their inconsistency and vulgarity. If the spirits thus introduced to us can rap, why can they not speak? if talk to us with such material things as knuckles, why not with tongues?—things which are also the more spiritual of the two, or at least more conversant with spiritual discourse.

But not to waste the reader's time on that clumsy contrivance, I return to my beloved people of the First Heaven. They divide the holidays to which I have alluded between heaven and earth; and such was the one I passed with them last Christmas Day—the day on which I dreamt that I had died. Such was that never-to-be-forgotten day, and such is the day, if their visits of my dreams prosper, which I hope to pass with them on the Christmas Day now at hand. The whole time was spent in alternately enjoying the identical old Christmas,—not even optimised (as far as they could help it) in heaven,—and in darting down, they and my spirit with them, to the Christmas on earth, smiling at some of the same music, rejoicing even in the good-natured and happy jests, and whispering consolation to "survivors" (*survivors!*) when tender recollections mingled melancholy with their joy, and awoke sighs which Heaven is pleased to hear: for the softest and longest-drawn sighs, or rather the wishes within them (for the sighs themselves are but sorry travellers), can reach heaven at all times with speed inconceivable; and the spirits for whom they sigh can be with them on earth as instantaneously.

O, enchanting beyond expression was that day to me, with the beloved household faces, young and old,—once supposed lost, now found, and known to be possessible for ever,—once breaking up habits and almost the heart with them, now restoring them, never to be broken,—once producing the doubt whether, if ever we could see them again, it would yet be possible for us to see them as they were—see them with the same lineaments, the same smiles, the same emotional aspects and manners throughout, with which we used to sympathise in joy and in sorrow, to laugh and to shed tears, to question and be questioned, and to interchange a

hundred domestic nothings, all great somethings to us; and here now all again realised, never to be so again mourned!

There is nothing great or little in nature, except as the heart makes it such; and therefore nobody must wonder that in heaven as well as on earth the commonest enjoyments of a Christmas Day could be repeated. God made laughter as well as tears, and mirth itself, when it is good, as well as the divine portions of melancholy. All else is owing to the dullness and hardness of the material through which He works,—material necessary and unmalignant, though producing transient effects that appear otherwise, but ending in flowers and fruits as beautiful as their roots appear black. With a wish, therefore, on that day (for as there is no depravity of will in heaven, every wish that can be realised in the particular sphere is indulged),—with a wish on that day, the room in which we sate became, first cold with frost, then warm and bright with a fire, then brighter with lights, then warmer with curtains, then lustrous with the glistening holly and its glowing berries. Even the mistletoe was not forgotten: and as there are deathless little children in heaven, there were veritable Christmas-boxes for them. I wish I could stop to describe them. No princes ever had the like; and yet they were like the good old Christmas-boxes, too.

Very joyous were those Christmas hours in the skies, and hardly less so those which we divided with them, and passed in the Christmas-keeping home on earth,—at one moment being those twenty-six millions of miles above the surface of the earth, singing earthly songs with earthly-sounding though celestial voices; and at another, mingling unseen with the earthly company below, while grace and love made their voices semi-celestial too; and the very want of the perfect celestialness made us feel over again the sweetest of earthly pities. Even I, assuming the privileges of the party I came with, ventured to kiss here and there a face that drooped awhile over some tender anxiety for myself; and though I could not suggest the thought as they did, of being perhaps present with those whom I consoled, I too, with spiritual lips, unfelt though not unrelieving, took away a portion of the tears that consoled my own trials.

THE NURSING.

BY Y., AUTHOR OF "IX. POEMS" AND "PAUL FERROLL."

How can thy mother be more bless'd
Than thus to feed thee from her breast?
What loss of time can sweeter be
Than thus to nurse thee on her knee?
In days gone by I loved the strife,
The motion, sound, and change of life;
I lov'd to talk, laugh, listen, roam,
And stir with mirth the calm of home.
But now my heart now feelings move,
Unknown when those were in their bloom;
And better than them all, I love
To nurse thee in this silent room.

I steal beneath the lamp, and trace
The dawn of beauty in thy face—
The woman's blessing—which shall bend
Around thee many a sudden friend.
I see thy large eyes, blue and bright,
The lash that shades their azure light;
I see thy finely-pencill'd brow,
 trac'd darkly on thy skin of snow;
Thy long small hand, thy curving lip,
The graceful posture of thy sleep,
Thy locks in infant mazes pill'd—
Alice, my fair and quiet child.
The days will come when thou must go
Free through the world wherein we live;
But, daughter, yet thou dost not know
More bliss than this fond breast can give.

My heart will bound to know thee bless'd,
My eyes will beam to see thee fair;
My hands in fancy oft have dress'd
With its first wreath thy sunny hair.
But O, I love to dream these dreams,
While scarce are lit thy morning beams;
And fed and rear'd by me alone,
Thou'rt all, and nothing but my own.
Twine round my hand thy slender finger,
Let thine eye on thy mother's linger,
Smile to my smile, thou dearest thing,
And wonder while I bend and sing.
Command me with each dear caprice,
Bid sound or silence come or cease,
Demand thy food with eye and lip,
And, satisfied, then sink to sleep;
And I will hold thee on my knee,
Beholding all my joy in thee—
My fairy-gift, my priceless pearl,
My opal-cup, my first-born girl!

HOW THEY KEPT CHRISTMAS AT UPTON MANOR.

A "green Christmas," they say, "makes a full churchyard;" though some are optimists enough to affirm that death so calls the aged more swiftly and calmly to their long home. However, the days of the year of grace 185— were drawing gently to their close; and on Christmas Eve the air was still balmy, the wet grass still green in hue, faded and stained as it was, and the red berries seemed rather dulled and swollen by the rain than bright and crisp with frost. A gentleman in full hunting costume, mounted on a dark, bony, game-looking, thorough-bred mare, of more weight and power than beauty, charged a small fence with as much glee as if he had been a boy. He was followed by his daughter, who sat her own handsome compact little charger in good style as it performed the same feat discreetly and well. She was an uncommonly guileless, handsome, boyish-looking girl—small, square, and yet undeniably elastic in the build; and her hair, worn in the *Jeanne d'Arc* style, which our glorious contralto Alboni patronises, had won for her the patronymic of "handsome Master Tuffnel." A small object was seen busily fumbling at the fastenings of a gate, which a groom hastily unfastened and threw open; and through it, with the dignity and composure of a king in a triumphal procession, slowly issued a small dark-eyed boy, seated on a very pigmy Shetland pony. His skin was of the hue which betokens birth in some warmer climate, and his tiny hands tugged steadily at the reins as he lifted his great melancholy eyes to his uncle. Now, next to his daughter Georgie, who was to him as the apple of his eye, Sir Mark Tuffnel loved his little nephew Patrick. His father had been Sir Mark's favourite brother; and when Colonel Tuffnel died in India, and Sir Mark was himself left a widower, he offered his sister-in-law and her son (the future baronet) a home at Upton Manor; and the presence of her gentle face was a comfort to "Master Tuffnel," as well as to her father.

"If you ride in that style, you will head the field, Patrick," said Georgie.

"Never mind, you'll lay back, save your charger, and surprise us all, my boy. I knew a fellow," continued Sir Mark reflectively, "who rode an uncommonly stubborn horse: Stick-in-the-Mud we used to call him. When Stick-in-the-Mud went, nothing could stop him; and when he stopped, nothing could stir him. He had a peculiar way of twisting his neck right round to stare at those fences he meant to take, and in the same way turning his face from those he intended to refuse. One day Kilham had him out with these very hounds, and came to a wide ditch with a neat little rasping fence on either side. Stick-in-the-Mud turned away his visage, and stood motionless like a *posé plastique*. Over we all went, and left Kilham pounding away with his long spurs and hunting-whip; the horse

standing like the statue in *Don Giovanni*, and its rider like one of the infuriated imps. We had a run of half-an-hour, then came to a check, and back again to the very same spot; and, if you'll believe me, there was Stick-in-the-Mud, and there was Killham, who had been thrashing away ever since. And he actually got the brush; for the hounds killed a quarter of a mile lower down. The horse was quite fresh, though Killham declared that flail exercise in a barn was a joke to that day's work."

"Now, papa, we must push on; indeed we must."

"Yes, uncle," rejoined Patrick, spurring Sholtie in token of vigour.

"Impatience, Pat, is your great fault," said Sir Mark; "why, you leaped the fence just now, when we old people bungled half-an-hour at the gate."

Patrick looked up from one to the other, to be sure he heard aright, and then pondered deeply. No one can divine of what children are thinking. He was possibly reviewing the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Here they passed through a little glade, and then by a plantation on to the moors.

"O, these moors, papa," said Georgie, "I do so love them! What a race we shall have, and no check—I hope!"

The scene had its own style of beauty. Many ranges of black hills spread round. Mists were perpetually floating about them, now clinging to their tops, and again letting the black peaks cleave them, and wrapping only their base. The winter sun gave them colour and a white brightness, causing often a kind of mirage, and making them appear either far or near. In these lonely districts a cockney would have had poor chance. To the left lay two large tarns glittering in the sun, flanked by black fir-plantings. Ragged stone-walls intersected the moors, and the gray-stone huts of the shepherds were scattered thinly about. Not a living thing could you see save a few mountain-sheep; and once a blackcock sprang up, wild and strong on the wing, with its hoarse cry. In the bogs, too, you might flush a snipe, which said "beware" to man and horse. Here our riders were joined by a group of gentlemen bound on the same errand. Foremost was Lord Pountney, with his keen, intelligent, sharply cut features, and his smile, a little "fin." He rode his three-hundred-guinea hunter, and his groom followed with one of equal value. Moulton of Moulton, the most inveterate rider of the lot, and a man who was regularly "spilled" at every fence; though, thanks to a hard head, he had not yet been carried home dead. Andrew Oaklands, a fat little gentleman, thrust rather than placed into his white leathers, with fun and *bonhomie* written broadly on every feature. A most open-handed squire the poor people called him. Then Mr. Cecil Gage, a handsome worn-out-looking man, with lines of bitterness and care scored indelibly on his physiognomy. He had been somewhat of a failure in life; he had missed winning the woman he loved, and omitted to keep the woman he married. He was a *divorcé*; he was without an heir, and people said also without a religion. Mortgaged acres, a slightly-damaged reputation, a jaded spirit, and the memories of a wasted life, were the laurels on which he had to repose.

Wasted!—that word has a peculiar dreariness about it. It is worse than loss; for we may believe, and comfort ourselves with the belief, that what *we* lose others may find; but "wasted" means that which has gone unprofitably and carelessly and miserably. "A wasted life!" that phrase has no equal in sadness and significance.

Captain Charlie Vardun rode by Gage. He looked, and perhaps was, one of the most thorough-bred fops that ever stood; and yet it is to be presumed from his honours won in the East, that he was one of "the Duke's puppies who fought well." He was clothed, as far as the lower part of his face was concerned, in a chestnut-coloured beard of extraordinary size; his head was shorn as nearly bare as may be. Large dreamy blue eyes, a long slender person, with almost a woman's hands and feet, wore his chief points; and for the rest, he seemed steeped in a languor and non-

chalance so excessive, that he gave you the idea he was either expiring of fatigue, or intended doing so as soon as it was to be done without annoying the company. Lastly came up a fussy, pompous, florid gentleman—Christopher Ridding—the *novus homo* in those parts; and rather behind him, a young tenant-farmer in scarlet, who was, and looked as if he was, more than half-ashamed of his costume. Sir Mark's quick eye caught it directly, and he inwardly determined to touch him up on the subject.

"Well, Sir Mark, and how are the covers, and where are we to find a fox?"

"There are two, Oaklands, they tell me, in the cover by the birches. Have you caught those poachers yet your men were after?"

"Not up to ten this morning," said Oaklands.

"They deserve a month, at least," said Sir Mark.

"I'm not one of her Majesty's justices of the peace," observed Gage. "I have never been any thing half so respectable—or stupid," he added *sotto voce*; "but I should give every man of them three months and hard labour, if I had the committing of them."

"By the way," said Sir Mark, "my shepherd tells me he found a dead fox in the low plantation." (Savage murmurs of "shame.") "I would rather a man forged my name than killed my foxes," said he decisively.

Omines in chorus, "So would I."

"But permit me, gentlemen, to observe," said the *novus homo*, "forgery is a very serious crime in—in a commercial point of view."

He turned very red after he had said this. Lord Pountney turned and regarded him with an air of the utmost surprise.

"A serious crime, no doubt, sir," said Sir Mark good naturedly.

"And uncommonly on the increase," put in Oaklands, in the broad Scotch accent with which he delighted to regale his friends.

"But to kill a fox," continued Sir Mark, "embraces so many crimes. It is first, wanton destruction; it is also theft, making away with another man's goods; burglary, entering by force into another man's domain" (for Sir Mark was not wiser in the definitions of the law than other country magistrates); "and murder, taking away forcibly and cruelly a life you cannot give back."

"But," urged the *novus homo*, "if you kill the fox sooner or later, I do not see—"

"That is not the point," said Oaklands; "we give it law. But to kill it without notice—notice and fair play—O, but it's not like a Christian or a gentleman."

"Follows forge every thing, though, now-a-days—the Crystal Palace, and all sorts of things," said Moulton, who could not entertain more than one idea at a time, and was of a recurring tendency.

"No one will ever forge a marriage-license," said Gage.

"It's all the curse of education," said Sir Mark; "if people could not write, they would be saved the particular temptation—"

"Of signing I O U's," put in Vardun.

"It is considered a genteel vice," said Lord Pountney.

"And an easy one," added Vardun. "By Jove! I've often thought I would turn forger, but for the horrid trouble they seem to have when they run for it at last."

"You speak less like a man than any one here," said Georgie Tuffnel in a low voice to Captain Vardun. "It needs me to remember that you wear a coat and hat, or I should forget the fact," she continued as an indignant colour mounted.

He reined in his horse close to her side, and said in an undertone, "I've been neither lazy nor backward in running after *you*, Georgie; and in the only thing I ever yet pursued with my whole heart, I have received my first check."

A faint expression of embarrassment and penitence flitted across her face.

"Because your affectation of indolence is a perpetual irritation to me. You were in the Balacava charge, or I might feel tempted to put you down at your own estimate; and then I should scarcely let you ride by my side."

Charlie opened his large blue eyes. "I assure you, Georgie, that charge was made by me simply because it was too much trouble to pull up my horse."

She looked hurt.

"Ah, Georgie, what is it you wish me to become? A windmill, with my arms perpetually sawing the air; or an eight-day clock, that goes on for the seven days in the clear delight of having done so much work to each minute, and looks forward with rapture to the being wound up and fresh started?"

"I would have you become something I might be proud to know, instead of—"

She stopped short, and lashed her horse forward. Even if the young lady had wished it,—and apparently she did not,—no more private conversation could have taken place; for they were by the cover-side, and all were on the *qui vive*.

Patrick dismounted with much caution, and carefully tightened his saddle-girths; then, rejecting the assistance of the groom, he succeeded, not without considerable difficulty, in hoisting his small person up again.

Hark! There is the view halloo! and the fox is away. Strangely enough, it is Vardun who is first on the hounds.

"Staan' bock," roared the old huntsman, at the top of his voice. "O, captain, keep your young blood for the finish; Miss Georgie is the most discreet rider; *she* disna' harry the hounds and override the scent."

This was with a glance of mingled reproach and scorn at the captain. Charlie flushed all over his face up to his hair-roots; he felt found out. Georgie smiled demurely. Now for it; with teeth hard set, hats jammed down, and sitting well down in the saddle, away they galloped, at first *en masse*, and then tailing off into groups. Beneath this rough black heather lay many a deep rut and treacherous hole, as was testified by the uneven course of the riders.

"Mind, Georgie, there's a bog there," said Sir Mark. "Now, Pat—well done!" as the little Sheltie cleared it in a desperation of fear. They poured down a steep ravine, charged the rocky stream at the foot, and up the broken ground on the other side. Arriving somewhat blown at the top, a rugged stone-wall stretched before them. Each horse was pulled well together, and they went over, in one fashion or other.

"Some one down!"

"Who is it?"

"Only Moulton of Moulton."

Again the cry of the hounds is heard, this time wafted softly in the distance. Another tearing race, Moulton heading it by some twenty yards. Then a sudden bend, and a large freshly-cut clay ditch stopped the way. Moulton came down again, left the impression of his head and face in the clay on the opposite bank, remounted and scudded away.

"Where's Pat?" demanded Sir Mark.

"In the hollow, on the other side of the wall," answered Georgie, ready to laugh.

They came to the ditch.

"That's Moulton's countenance, I swear!" exclaimed Sir Mark, eyeing the cast of that young gentleman's features grimly as he spoke.

"Can't stop to look at it, the pace is too good," said Charlie Vardun, as his horse made a dashing spring over.

Presently they crossed a break of low country, and a thick well-grown hedge presented its defying height. Oaklands rode at it, and into it; and, unable to advance either out or in, there he staid floundering.

"Don't scratch your boots so there," said Vardun, standing up in his stirrups and laughing, "but get out, there's a good fellow; you're filling the only gap in the hedge."

"Get me out," said the little man imploringly.

"Do you mean it, Oaklands? then here goes;" and Sir

Mark rode his powerful mare at his friend in such guise that they all crashed through together.

"Thank you kindly," said Oaklands, as he picked himself up; "never a friend would have done that but you."

"Some one's come to grief in that pond," said Vardun; "he'll be drowned to a certainty."

"Then here we are, in at the death," sneered Gage.

The young farmer was laid in it at that instant, in a position favourable for examining the sky. Good-natured Sir Mark stopped to lend him a helping hand, and pull him on to his legs.

"Who's your tailor, George?" he inquired, glancing at the gaudy scarlet coat and adornments. Then, seeing the shame-smitten face of the young rustic, "Never mind; come out in your old frock-coat and tops. Better luck next time, George;" and Sir Mark galloped away.

At last the scent was lost, the hounds came to fault; and a much-diminished field of riders, with flushed excited faces, and horses lathered and panting, stood in a circle while the huntsman made a fresh cast. Vardun looked half-mad, and Georgie stole little glances at him, thinking, perhaps, that he was not so very idle, after all. The *novus homo* had vanished altogether. To let our readers into a secret, he had missed the hounds rather soon in the day, took to a bridle-road, and seeing a ragged boy, he demanded, "Which way have the hounds gone, my good man?"

"If I had been on you big os, it is not I would have asked that question of yoz," was the answer of the ill-mannered youth. So *novus homo* trotted home in wrath.

But to return.

"They're on it," yelled the old huntsman. "Good, Venus; she'll find him yet. Back to the moors; he's away to the glen again."

Once more they settled themselves to their work. The second whip jumped off to open a gate; the horses poured through; and through the impatience of the hunters, his own horse broke his bridle and cantered off. Georgie was good-natured, and as she was lucky, caught the animal *en passant*.

"Bless your eyes! You know what I mean," muttered the enraged whip to the departing troop.

"Take your horse, Will," said Georgie, "and spare our eyes."

Will was taken aback; but no time for thanks. They gained a black summit, and before them lay a steep descent of broken rock and slaty stones. Several gentlemen jumped off and ran down, leading their horses. Andrew Oaklands tore past like an infuriated man, his mare with her head well down, and bit in her teeth.

"Stop man; get off; you'll be killed!" shouted Sir Mark.

"Hech, man, I canna' stop!" roared Andrew; and down he went at a terrific pace.

The hounds were fast leaving them, when the stone-wall before mentioned came in sight. What was that little object? A miniature man and horse, like the demons from the trapdoors, rose composedly out of the ground, and joined the now solitary pack; and when they killed a few minutes after, and the rest rode up, little Patrick had dismounted, and was standing, pale and dithering, among the noisy animals, ready with his tip to the huntsman, and modestly demanding the brush.

"Are we to have another run, Sir Mark?" asked the huntsman. "It will be our last for a time, I think; I fancy a frost is nigh."

"Do, papa," urged Georgie.

"With all my heart," answered her father.

The wind had changed, and now blow steadily from the north with an icy breath, and the sky was overcast with a dun gloom. They lit their cigars, and rode leisurely on. Poor little Patrick came in for his full share of chaffing and joking respecting his mode of saving his horse and stealing a march. His pony's mettle was now well up, as its fiery eye and steady pull at the bridle evinced. He would not be left behind this time.

Poor little Pat! there was more ill-luck in store for him than he dreamt of. A wide sort of fosse came into sight, on the other side of which was some twenty acres of uncultivated stony-looking ground. The little boy was some thirty yards in advance, and being in an omulous state of mind, erammed his pony gallantly at it, while the gentleman were chatting to each other in a desultory manner. Both one and the other lost their balance; the pony turned fairly over in the stream, and its rider rolled off its back; one minute more, and the animal struggled out; but poor little Patrick's leg was fast in the stirrup-iron. A sharp short cry broke from Sir Mark, as the pony, now unmanageable from fear, plunged on, directing all its efforts to rid itself of the little unfortunate object that was hanging head downwards to its side. Georgie, with cheeks like ashes, pointed mutely, and then dashed forward—not before Charlie Vardun though. Bravo, Charlie! where is your *doles far niente* now? The boy curled his little back, trying to lift his head off the stones, while with one hand he made a vain grasp at the bridle. A rasping drag, during which every one set their teeth and held their breath; then another plunge, and his head dashed on the ground with terrible violence; then a bound off all four legs, and that little white face was momentarily turned, with its imploring drawn look to those who were hurrying after. The pony bent round its fiery eye, and faced its enemy, as if to take aim for one powerful kick which should set it free. It stopped one second as it planted its fore-legs vengefully on the ground; but a strong hand had possession of the reins, and was compressing the bit against its jaws until it bent again.

Charlie Vardun had spurred on, and was now side by side, hanging from his horse so low that his bare head was even with the pony's mouth. Then he hurled himself off on to the ground in front of the animal; and with one hand he slipped the stirrup-leather, while with the other he riveted the pony's head to the spot. But the impetus was too great, and Vardun and pony rolled over together. Sir Mark was first up.

"My God!" he said, "is my boy killed? What shall I say to his mother?"

Tenderly as a woman could have done it they raised the poor child.

"Brandy!" Fortunately fox-hunters carry flasks; and before long the tiny colourless face flushed, and the large eyes opened.

"I'm not much hurt, uncle," was the first utterance of his childish voice.

Poor Georgie burst into tears, and Sir Mark gulped down a choking sensation in his throat.

"You will do, my man," said Oaklands approvingly; "and now put him into a basket, and we'll take him home."

The little group proceeded on their road.

"Charlie, my boy, you have a couple of ribs staved in at the least," said Oaklands cheerfully.

Vardun made a wry face; he was leading his horse by Georgie's side. Presently, "Georgie, have I been industrious enough to-day? I'll never be idle any more."

One or two large tears fell as she bent her head low down; so low indeed, that for one instant that enormous beard hid more than I consider it fair to report.

In sight of the manor, five men were waiting,—two determined-looking fellows handcuffed, an ill-grained old man, and a couple of gamekeepers.

One of the latter stepped forward and touched his hat. "Please, Sir Mark, we've got the chap that killed the fox; and likewise the two poachers, sir. We had a precious fight, too, for it."

Oaklands and Sir Mark exchanged glances; they both knew what each was thinking. Then Sir Mark walked towards the men, who eyed him with defiance.

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day, my men, and God forbid that the mercy which I have this day received should not be shown to others, as far as I can do it. Go home, my

men, and if you will, thank God for me that my boy is spared, and that my sister is not a childless mother. Let them have Christmas cheer without stint," he added to those around; "and their wives and sweethearts, if they have any. I wish every one to have as glad a heart as I have this day."

"It's well done," said Vardun in an undertone to Oaklands. "If we don't relax our game-laws, we must enlarge our prisons."

Little Patrick was laid in his mother's arms, looking almost himself again; and that night there was great cheer at the manor, Sir Mark's orders being that none should be turned away; and certain suspected characters found themselves warmed and filled in such fashion as greatly to open their hearts.

* * * * *

Snow fell heavily that night; and on Christmas morning the earth was softly clothed with its milken splendour. Did she wear the ecrement of the dying year, or was it the white bridal garment of the new one? A few flakes were still falling with their noiseless sough, fluttering reluctantly from heaven to earth. Yet from earth that white vapour rose, and to earth it must return; and not till it shall have dissolved to tears in its arms shall it be freed to exhale back to its home in the skies.

The gray tower looked down from its height, steadfast and grim. Beneath its shadow many generations had gone down to dust,—father and son, mother and babe, laid together in the sleep that knows neither dream nor waking. They had died in the faith handed down from one to the other, which had been strong enough to bear so many undoubting and fearless to the shadowy valley; and the spirit of hope seemed to linger round their graves. A knot of men, old and young, stood in the ample porch, clad in their best.

"So Master Patrick is better," said one; "I heard all his brains were scattered on the Twenty Acres."

"Nowt o't sort," rejoined a young man; "but it was a curious chance. It was through the captain it wasn't so, though. I was there, and saw it all."

"Well," said an old weather-beaten man, "it would have been the blackest Christmas Day we've had if that had come to pass."

"And you say Sir Mark has let off Poacher Giles and Big Ben?"

"Ay, that has he," answered the under-keeper; "and main sorry I am, so much trouble as we've had. But let me catch 'em at their tricks again," he said threateningly.

"Shame, lad!" said the old man. "Sir Mark has forgiven them because he would let them have what Heaven has given him,—a glad Christmas,—and not leave their wives with sore and grieving and shame-wrung hearts; and are you going to brew up black blood on this day? Shame on you, boy!"

The young man was silenced.

Just then Sir Mark passed through among them, his sister leaning on his arm; and holding his other hand, still with his infantine dignity of demeanour, was Patrick, his little white face attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, and a broad black bandage covering one temple. Captain Charlie Vardun and Georgie Tuffnel followed. She looked less like "handsome Master Tuffnel" than she did. Something more shy and womanly had stolen over her manner. And as for Charlie, he looked too proud and happy to be lazy.

Then the spirit of peace and good-will, which eighteen hundred years before was heralded from heaven to our world, was again breathed forth. Each man forgave the other his trespass against him; heart spoke to heart; and beneath that holy roof all discord was for that season hushed. And fox-hunter and fox-trapper, gamekeeper and poacher, knelt side by side without enmity.

And so they kept the Christmas at Upton Manor.

HENRY J. BAXXT.



GOOD DOG! BY W. HUNT.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer, and stamped.]

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITORS.

At this season, when all with one consent turn to genial memories and bright anticipations, we would say a few words on both, so far as they affect ourselves. We (meaning by the pronoun the NATIONAL MAGAZINE) have enjoyed as yet so short a life that it can only be measured by weeks. Brief, however, as the time has been, it has not been too brief for us to experience unstinted kindness. We came into the world, and found it homelike. We met willing sponsors in our contemporaries of the press. We had at once our place by the great social hearth.

Have we justified such a greeting? Have we fulfilled the promises we made?

Basking in thought before the Yule fire of the public, with the cheerful logs crackling on the hearth, and the holly-berries gleaming so brightly red, we will have no cold confidence with our readers; still less will we close our eyes to that which we hope ever to be the first to see—our defects.

A demand, large beyond our utmost expectations, caused at first undue but unavoidable pressure on all our arrangements: hence hurry, nightwork, imperfect printing, divided blocks, and all the thousand ills that illustrated books are so especially heir to. What we thought and felt at these disappointments we need not trouble our readers with telling; suffice it to say what we did—we remedied them as fast and as quietly as we could. May we not now point to "Burd Helen" in No. VII., the portrait of Charles Dickens in No. VI., "April Love" in No. IX., and—(we doubt not, though necessarily speaking beforehand)—to the present impression, as specimens of machine-printing unsurpassed in our country?

We have confessed for the past, and been—we are sure of it—absolved. Turn we now to the future. Improvement, the law of all time, is essentially so of ours. Arrangements, delayed hitherto by the difficulties already spoken of, are

now rapidly advancing with a view to increase the interest and value of the Work. English Art and Artists will have increased attention. We shall avail ourselves more frequently of the genial influences of humour in both our Letterpress and Engravings. Continuous Tales by some of our best novelists will appear in succession. Social questions will be frequently discussed in our Leaders. Our Critical Papers will appear regularly. The Home especially will receive far more practical illustration than has yet been afforded. The—but a truce to all this egotism. Christmas waits.

A welcome to him! The merriest of merry Christmases to all his worshippers! May the spirit of the time touch even the hardest of hearts, and widen the narrowest of minds. May grave practical men lapse for a while into blithe and kindly fancies. May sky-soaring poets find a Muse in every mother, wife, and sister; and learn—let it be said reverently—the fit moral of the season, that the Divine never approves itself more than when descending to the uses and the charities of earth. May the rich man be blessed in his liberal heart. May the poor be blessed even more by sympathy than by its offerings. May the neediest wanderer on life's highway feel that for this festival at least the world is a family.



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

I.

THERE was no particular reason why he should propose to her, or, indeed, to any body. Sensible persons,—he knew a few, but by no means invited their counsel,—might have told him to his face, as they told one another behind his back, that he must be out of his senses to think of marrying at all. But Mr. Herbert Disney was not at an age when one is very unhappy in the absence of good reasons or good advice. He was just two-and-twenty. Miss Georgiana Latrobe was three years younger. Neither had a shilling; and the date of the story is towards the middle of the nineteenth century, when, somehow, shillings were among the necessities of life.

Still, we must make all allowances for the effect of the admiration which an exceedingly pretty, almost beautiful girl of nineteen excites in the ill-regulated mind of a young artist of two-and-twenty. Georgy Latrobe was an exceedingly good excuse for a man's making a fool of himself. She could hardly have resembled the pictures of her which Disney was always painting, because, whether from his impressions of her face assuming the variety of phase which love thinks it sees, or whether from his inability to render any of his paintings faithful to the original (he is wise enough now to know that the less poetical hypothesis is the juster), none of Mr. Disney's portraits of Miss Latrobe are much like the others. They agree, however, in depicting a young person whose non-classical features, rich brown hair, and brilliant complexion, would have been the constituents of a charming picture in the hands of a true artist—and this Herbert Disney had yet to become. Few of those who are now his friends knew the young lady in those days; but there is reason to believe that, without being an accomplished girl, she played polkas (they had just come up) with spirit, and danced them with enthusiasm; drew a little,—just enough to torment Disney, who drew well,—with reckless criticisms on his own efforts; had read half-a-dozen books and half-a-thousand novels; had enough instinctive goodness to be angry at injustice or unkindness, and enough religion to consider it by no means right to dance or play at cards on Sunday evenings. A little hasty, but the haste

soon slackened; and very lively when pleased by the people around her, which was generally; for at nineteen we have not fully learned how disagreeable most persons are. This is all that tradition hands down about Georgiana Latrobe at the time we speak of; but there is better evidence than tradition that she must have had a very pretty foot and graceful arms, and also that she sometimes spelt a little carelessly. You will not fail to observe that the historian is acquainted with her family and with its archives.

Mr. Disney's studio was on a second floor in Soho Square; and this statement defines his position in the realms of art. It was difficult to say how he lived; and yet he did live, and in some comfort, and dressed with much elegance. If he had not done this last, he would have had no chance with Georgiana; for she had arrived at that curiously consistent period of feminine life when young ladies talk in wild delight of the reckless, careless, corsair-like bearing of the heroes of Byronic romance, and mercilessly refuse any partner who is not faultlessly attired. His atelier was as picturesque as is usual with artists who have not too many orders on hand to have ample time to arrange velvets and curtains and statuettes and nicknacks; and he looked extremely charming in the middle of it, with a crimson velvet dressing-gown, and golden cordage about his elegant waist. It is as well to solve the difficulty which has been adverted to. He really lived by his pen, and not by his pencil. The young person had been pretty well educated, and had picked up a large quantity of information which is called desultory, but which is eminently available in smart composition; and one or two editors, with whom the gentlemanly, ready, agreeable young fellow was a favourite, allowed him to counsel Sir Robert Peel, castigate Sir Bulwer Lytton, and encourage Mr. Tennyson, as each in turn came before the public; and to reward him with divers stipends, bringing him in perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds a year, for these services to the public. But he called himself an artist, and affected to set slight store by his literary and political achievements; though in silence and solitude he probably did what every body who ever has been worth his salt as a writer has done, namely, read and re-read his productions with an affection compared to which maternal love is but a mild form of attachment.

So, here is a couple of very nice young people, whose united ages amount to forty-one years, both of whom are tolerably clever and well-disposed, and neither of whom has any particular purpose or character, worldly means or reasonable expectations. And one of them has a fancy for taking upon himself the solemn and responsible position of a husband, and in due time, we suppose, of a father; and the other has not exactly made up her mind whether she shall be a party to the arrangement he proposes.

Mrs. Latrobe, mother of Georgiana, lived upon the annuity which devolved upon her on the death of her husband, an officer in the honourable and liberal East India Company's service. This we hasten to mention, because we are sadly afraid that, having alluded to the small income of our Herbert,—who is, moreover, a mere writer and artist, and not in a "profession,"—and to the dowerlessness of Georgiana, respectable readers may grow suspicious of being introduced to scenes of penury, to clamorous tradesmen, ferocious bailiffs, and other horrors of needy life. Nothing of the kind. We are happy to be able to assure respectability, that, like Richardson with Sir Charles Grandison, we can exclude pecuniary difficulties from our story. This announcement will, we trust, afford a relief to many excellent persons. Mrs. Latrobe had a very sufficing maintenance for herself and daughter; and when she gave her pleasant little parties, sherry was sherry and champagne was champagne. She was a very comfortable woman, and liked life and living; and though a dyspeptic tendency, imported from India, occasionally gave her a fit of depression, during which she usually announced herself as about to resign this mortal existence, and caused a physician who had gained his reputation by humouring his patients instead of

curing them to be summoned for her special consolation, she speedily got over both the complaint and the dolefulness, and celebrated her recovery by a dance and a supper. She was a very affectionate mother, and her counsel had done much to prevent Georgiana from stooping, and to form her very graceful manner of using her white neck and shoulders; but it is doubtful whether the motherly idea of duty had led her to much interference with the development of the young lady's mind. But nobody had formed Eleanor Richards' mind, when she was put on board the *Woglohah*, thirty years before, that she might go out and claim the hand of her young lieutenant; and who is to blame her for not seeing the necessity of the process?

Of course she could see perfectly well that Herbert Disney had taken a very strong liking,—the phrase is not one for a novel, and we are not writing a novel,—for her Georgiana. Doubtless, too, she "looked higher,"—what mamma does not look higher than any lover of her daughter?—but then she saw nothing higher, and her character did not teach her to *chasser* Herbert on the chance of a better match offering itself. Had there been a choice of proposals, Mrs. Latrobe could have taken a definite part; but the real actual flesh-and-blood Herbert, dancing, painting, flirting, and eating suppers before her, held his own against the visionary banker or doctor who did not appear in the lists. Shall it be added, too, that Georgy, though a very good girl to her mother, rather managed to have her own way; and had no idea of having her admirer discarded, except it should so please herself. And as up to the time at which we have begun to record her story, Herbert Disney had made no advances towards the final advance of all, beyond being always at Mrs. Latrobe's house, getting her all sorts of admissions to public amusements, lending her all sorts of books, taking every opportunity, great and small, of writing notes to the mother and at the child, painting the portrait of the former once and the latter eleven times, looking vindictively at any other young gentleman who tried to talk to Georgiana, and dancing with her as often as she would allow, which was very often indeed,—the painter could not be said to have committed himself, and Mrs. Latrobe—according to Georgiana—had no right to interfere. She did not; and thus matters were going on, when Mr. Disney thought that he would engage himself to Miss Latrobe.

II.

"You promised to come this morning and see my sketch. I walked about the room for three hours, expecting to hear you knock."

"A very good thing, too; for you grow exceedingly indolent."

"Now, how can you know that, Georgiana?"

"I do know it. I know all about you."

"I'm delighted that you take so much interest in me as to make my habits your study."

"Do not flatter yourself into any such belief; I cannot help hearing what people say."

"And who, tell me, has been talking to you about me?"

"O, I forget. But we could not come to-day, even if I had wished it, for mamma had a letter to write to India."

"One must not find fault with such an excuse, or—"

"You had better, and then you shall hear the true one."

"Let me have that, please."

"It was, that I had forgotten all about the engagement and the promise. That is right; draw up the corners of your mouth, and try to hide your indignation at the idea of such a thing being possible. Yes, you forced that smile very well. I think you would succeed on the stage, if you could conquer your stiffness of manner, and manage to comprehend a little feeling."

"Like all your censures, Georgiana, so consistent. At the very moment you were accusing me of feeling indignation."

"I am perfectly consistent, sir. I dare say that you can

understand the selfish feelings admirably; but I meant the nobler ones."

"I possess the noblest, I think, Miss Latrobe, namely, that which teaches forgiveness of wrongs. I came here with a grievance, receive a severe reproof, and yet manifest the most gentlemanly self-control."

"A thing for which I have the most particular dislike. A real, earnest, towering rage I should admire; especially if the next moment you were most abjectly penitent and submissive. That self-control is mere hypocrisy—the virtue of a tradesman who smiles at your finding fault with every thing he shows you, because he knows that you will buy something at last."

"I am very sorry that my good behaviour offends you. I must try to alter it. When will you come and see the sketch?"

"I hate sketches. Paint the picture, and paint your very best, and then I will come and tell you whether it is good."

"And you refuse to assist me with your advice and suggestions?"

"You choose such foolish inane subjects. What did you say this one was to be—some classical nonsense?"

"Sophocles."

"And who was Sophocles, for gracious' sake?"

"He wrote plays. *Antigone*, which you saw at Covent Garden, was one of them."

"The stupidest thing I ever saw in all my life; and I never quite forgave you for taking us. I am certain that your picture will be just like it, and you had better change the subject."

"Give me another, then."

"Paint something exciting, that one can feel an interest in—that works upon one's sympathies."

"A house on fire, and a brave man rescuing children from the flames?"

"No, no; any body can paint that, and any body can rescue children. Something daring and noble. Paint the Corsair throwing off his disguise and attacking Seyd."

"Who cares for melo-dramatic brigands, except school-girls?"

"I think you need not be rude. I am not a school-girl, and I consider Conrad one of the finest characters ever described. You may not be able to do justice to such a glorious creation, but it is ridiculous to affect to despise it. Ah, there comes our superb smile again!"

"We do not seem to have lighted on topics on which we agree, this afternoon. Perhaps we shall be more fortunate to-morrow night. You are going to Mrs. Parker's, of course?"

"O yes. Her cousin, Captain Llewellyn, who is in the Fusiliers, is coming, she says. He is splendidly handsome, and the best dancer in the world. I hope he will not disappoint her. I have set my heart on dancing the polka with him; and Mrs. Parker says that he raves about brown hair."

"Ah, mind it is the Fusiliers! I remember that one of her stars was thought perfection while you imagined him in the Artillery; but he turned out to be only in the Artillery Company, and then you all discovered that he was intolerable."

"No such thing. I advise you to look at Captain Llewellyn, and take his splendid head as a model for the Corsair."

"I don't suppose that I shall be there. I am going to the opera."

"Just now we were sure to meet at Mrs. Parker's. Do as you please, of course; but you ought not to do any thing unpolite."

"You wish me to go, then?"

"Not at all; only as she knew you through us, it would be good manners in you not to behave rudely. You accepted her invitation very willingly, for she told me so."

"You know quite well why I accepted it."

"I am sure I do not."

"Once more I am unfortunate in what I say. It is a pity to detain you at home such a fine afternoon. Will you give

my best compliments to Mrs. Latrobe. Here is the book she wished to see."

"*Crystals and Moss*. O, we have had it from the library, thank you. I sent for it last night."

"I mentioned that I had it, and would bring it."

"Did you. I forgot it. Yes; you said you had reviewed it, or something. But it does not seem the kind of book that you could appreciate. It is full of sweet poetry, which you judge by rules that have nothing to do with it. One must have a heart to comprehend poetry."

"And I have none. Take the speech as you like, and good bye."

"O, good bye."

Now this was one of scores of dialogues in the same key which used to take place between Herbert Disney and Georgina Latrobe. Sometimes, after these little passages of arms, he would go away displeased, and stay away as long as he could. But more frequently he ransacked his memory, with success, for some little recollection of a softened tone, or an arch glance, or a menace with the finger, or some such leaven, that leavened the whole lump of his discontent, and he returned as if nothing of an unpacific character had taken place. Now and then, but not so often, Georgy would make the *amends* by some petulant note or message, of which he was too glad to accept the spirit and forget the words, and then all was well again.

But whether they were lovers, readers must decide. Or, suspending decision, readers can wait our further revelations.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF CHRISTMAS.

By DR. DORAN.

We celebrate our Christmas so regularly, if not so joyously, that few perhaps are aware of the difficulties once in the way of establishing this glad festival, or of the various names under which it has been honoured.

Towards the end of the first century, the Christians first found means and courage to make due observance of the anniversary of the nativity of their great Master. It would have been death to them to mourn when the empire was rejoicing, or to wear signs of gladness on a pagan unlucky day. They chose, therefore, the period of the Saturnalia, when half the heathen population was mad with the excitement of enacting revelry or witnessing its enactment.

The spies and eavesdroppers could make nothing of suspected Christians, who then sang rapturous songs in praise of their Lord and King. *Dominus* and *Rex* were among the many titles of *Cæsar*;—and thus the early Christians outwitted the informers.

According to some writers, the Church authorised the observance of the festival of the Nativity on the 25th of December as early as the middle of the second century. Others assert that it was not till the fourth century that the season for glad and grateful observance was thus authoritatively determined. Therewith, see what poor human nature is! Before the period was definitely settled, there was little dispute as to whether the settlement rested on correct or fallacious grounds. But as soon as authority registered the date, half the leaders in the Christian world went to loggerheads to prove that the decision was very ill founded.

Acute Greek fathers and earnest African patriarchs maintained that the 6th of January was the day of the Saviour's birth. Others insisted that the slightest effort of thought would show that the 6th of April was the anniversary day. Clement of Alexandria was always inclined to support this latter theory. But men as great as he, and long before his time, fought respectively for the 16th, 20th, and 25th of May. The great fact, cried others, could only have taken place at the end of September or the beginning of October. Origen thought so too; and Scaliger, in later days, advocated the same opinion with as much energy as he ever

applied to the defence of any assertion which he chose to uphold.

It was not of the slightest consequence, said one of the early popes, at what season the great festival was observed, provided observance was not neglected and the instructions of the Divine Teacher were not despised or forgotten. This wise remark persuaded nobody; and even as late as 1722, the Jesuit College at Rome was shaken with the thundering debates which were held there on this very subject. The majority of the learned and fiery gentlemen,—for the argument on either side was sustained with little of chivalrous courtesy,—betrayed an inclination to select the 20th of May as the correct anniversary.

The anniversary was originally celebrated under various names. *Epiphania*, and *Theophania*,—the "manifestation," and the "divine manifestation,"—*Dies Luminarium*, "the day of lights;" and, to express that it was the festival of festivals, some early leaders in the Church called it "the capital of all the festivals,"—*Metropolis reliquorum festorum omnium*.

As the season has been disputed, so occasionally has the signification of the name applied to it. The Germans designate Christmas by the term *Weihnacht*. Now the most orthodox of Teutonic barons caught at the sound, and interpreted its meaning *Wein-Nacht*, a wine-night, or evening for a carouse. But they were told that it rather meant *Weyhe-Nacht*, or the hallowed night; a circumstance which they ought not to have forgotten, if they repeated the primitive German *Pater-noster*, in which occur the old-fashioned words, *Weyhe sey Namo thcni*.

There is something saddening in the unpleasant truth that, as year succeeded to year, many foolish superstitions were hung on to our Christmas observances. There was long a belief that between Christmas Eve and Christmas morning all water in the house was turned to wine. That no one ever found the fact to be as it was stated, was held to be no proof against the alleged fact itself. The fallacy was assigned to every cause but the right one. Even St. Chrysostom very seriously maintained that all water drawn fresh on Christmas Eve remained incorruptible, for a period which the golden-mouthed philosopher wisely declined to state. It was on this night that beasts were supposed to discourse with human voices; whereas, even then, it was probably only humanity putting on the beast. I say even then, for as early as the reign of Nero, the austere complained, that in some Christian families the old and young united in the performance of such follies as to induce a consideration whether it were not preferable to suppress the festival rather than allow it to be abused.

The profits of superstition seem to have been as great as its pleasures. The crafty sold to the silly, flowers that were said to have bloomed solely because the trees from which they were plucked had been sprinkled with holy water upon Christmas Eve. On the same night, spurs and chain-traces were manufactured, with such a mixture of holy ceremonies in the making of them up, that no steed, however weary, could resist the one, nor any chariot, however heavy and deep in the mire, hold back from the other.

Then we owe to Christmas, perhaps, the old European fashion of masquerades. It was at this season that fifteen godless Germans with their maidens, more merry than wise, continued to dance in the churchyard rather than attend the holy service. The priest, Rupert, perplexed with their noise, prayed them to desist, and on their rude refusal, cursed them with a wish that they might do nothing else but dance for ever. It did not quite happen as he desired, although the Christmas revellers danced themselves—some up to their hips in the ground, the heavier partners up to their necks. It took a whole bench of bishops to reduce them to tranquillity and get them out of the ground. This was effected with loss of life, but the souls were rescued. And in memory of the event,—of the terrible Rupert and his curse, and the dancing company who corrupted it till they went through the dancing-floor, more than half a fa-

thom deep,—our German ancestors in their youth were wont to run about in masks, and thereby helped, unconsciously, to swell the balls at Ranelagh and in Soho.

If the festival of Christmas was not established without some difficulty, its roign was altogether long before it was even partially interrupted. In 1647 it was entirely abolished in England. The people, however, could better afford to lose their king than their Christmas. But the Parliament was determined to deprive them of both. Our stout ancestors resisted manfully; and they cried out lustily for their Christmas Day on the 25th of December 1647. The Parliament had ordered all shops to be opened, and all churches to be closed. "We may have a sermon on any other day," said the London apprentices, who did not always go to hear it, "why should we be deprived on this day?" "It is no longer lawful for the day to be kept," was the reply. "Nay," exclaimed the sharp-witted fellows, "you keep it yourselves by thus distinguishing it by desecration." They declared they would go to church; numerous preachers promised to be ready for them with prayer and lecture; and the porters of Cornhill swore they would dress up their conduit with holly, if it were only to prove that in that orthodox and heavily-enduring body there was some respect yet left for Christianity and hard drinking,—for the raising of the holly was ever accompanied by the lifting of tankards.

Accordingly some shops were shut and some churches open. But the constables laid hold of the churchwardens and the noisiest in the congregation, and took them before the august parliament, which of course sat on that day. Such preachers as Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Jones, and Mr. Hall, were dragged to the same tribunal. The anti-Christmas judges fined the lesser offenders, and sent the clerical gentlemen to be disposed of by that eminently competent body the "committee of the militia of London!"

As for the porters, they would have their way. They dressed their conduit with ivy, rosemary, and bays. "But," says the *Mercurius*, "the mayor, his horse, and the city marshal, went all in their proper persons (*pontificalibus* and all) to set it on fire." The decorations, however, were too elevated for the arm of authority, even with a link at the end of it; and when the city-boys, now in a state of frantic ecstacy, beheld the failure, they set up their "sixteen parish voices" to such a tune, that his lordship's "nag began to retreat upon the galliard of *Sink-a-pace*." The horse was held to be more religious and reasonable than his rider, touching whom the *Mercurius* makes some very unsavoury remarks.

Nor was the gallant Christmas spirit less lively in the country than in the capital. At Oxford there was a world of skull-breaking; and at Ipswich the festival was celebrated by some loss of life. Canterbury especially distinguished itself by its violent opposition to the municipal order to be worthless. There was a combat there, which was most rudely maintained, and in which the mayor got pummelled till he was as senseless as a pocket of hops. The mob mauled him terribly, broke all his windows, as well as his bones, and, as we are told, "burnt the stoupes at the coming-in of his door." So serious was the riot, so complete the popular victory, and so jubilant the exultation, that thousands of the never-conquered men of Kent and Kentish men met in Canterbury, and passed a solemn resolution that if they could not have their Christmas Day, they were determined to have the king on his throne again.

The press, such as it was, helped the outcry. The powers that then were were ridiculed, as allowing liberty of conscience to all but conscientious men. And the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, seeing that carols were forbidden, flung the following Christmas cracker at the nose of authority:

"Live, drink, and laugh, our worthies may,
And kindly take their fills;
The subjects must their reckonings pay,
The king must pass their bills.
No princes now but they; the crown
Is vanisht with our quiet;
Nor will they let us love our own
De-vo-tions and diet.

The plums those prophets' sons defy,
And spin-broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot.

Christmas, farowell; thy DAY (I fear)
And merry days are done:
So they may keep feasts all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none."

After the Restoration, Christmas remained undisturbed till the year 1752. They who had been looking abroad beyond the world had discovered that the fractional few minutes which are tailed on to the days and hours which make up the year had, by neglect, brought us into a wrong condition, and that to set us right, it would be necessary to give credit for eleven days which nobody was conscious of having enjoyed. Accordingly, the day after the 2d of September 1752, was called the 14th, to the great indignation of thousands, who reckoned that they had thus been cut off from nearly a fortnight of life which honestly belonged to them. These persons sturdily refused to acknowledge the Christmas Eve and Day of the new calendar. They averred that the true festival was that which now began on the 5th of January *next year*. They would go to church, they said, on no other day; nor eat mince-pies, nor drink punch, but in reference to this one day. The clergy had a hard time of it with these recusants; and I will furnish one singular example to show how this recusancy was encountered. I am indebted for it to a collection of pamphlet-sermons preserved by George III., none of which, however, have any thing curious or particularly meritorious about them, save this one, which was preached on Friday, January 5, 1753, which was entitled in the almanacs "Old Christmas Day." Mr. Francis Blackburne, "one of the candid disquisitors," opened his church on that day, which was crowded by a congregation anxious to see the day celebrated as that of the anniversary of the Nativity. The service for Christmas Day, however, was not used. "I will answer your expectations so far," said the preacher, in his sermon, "as to give you a *sermon on the day*; and the rather because I perceive you are disappointed of *something else* that you expected." The purport of the discourse is to show that the change of style was desirable, and that it having been effected by act of parliament, with the sanction of the king, there was nothing for it but acquiescence. "For," says the simple-minded preacher, "had I, to oblige you, disobeyed this act of parliament, it is very probable I might have lost my benefice, which, you know, is all the subsistence I have in the world; and I should have been rightly served; for who am I that I should fly in the face of his majesty and the parliament? These things are left to be ordered by the higher powers; and in any such case as that, I hope not to think myself wiser than the king, the whole nobility, and principal gentry of Great Britain!"

The simplicity of the preacher was not greater, however, than that of the perplexed peasants of Buckinghamshire, who pitched upon a pretty method to settle the question of Christmas, left so meekly by Mr. Blackburne to the king, nobility, and most of the gentry. They bethought themselves of a blackthorn near one of their villages; and this thorn was for the nonce declared to be the growth of a slip from the Christmas-flowering thorn at Glastonbury. If the Buckinghamshire thorn, so argued the peasants, will only blossom in the night of the 24th December, we will go to church next day, and allow that the Christmas by act of parliament is the true Christmas; but no blossom no feast, and there shall be no revel till the eve of old Christmas Day. They watched the thorn, and drank to its budding; but as it produced no promise of a flower by the morning, they turned to go homewards as best they might, perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiment. Some were interrupted in their way by their respective "vicars," who took them by the arm, and would fain have persuaded them to go to church. They argued the question by field, stile, and church-gate; but not a Bucks peasant would con-

sent to enter a pew till the parson had promised to preach a sermon to, and smoke a pipe with, them on the only Christmas Day they chose to acknowledge.

This old prejudice has been conquered, and the "new style" has maintained its ground. It has even done more, for its authors have so provided that a confusion in the time of this or any other festival is not likely to occur again.



CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS!—What a magic in the name of our great Christmas festival! With what *home*-gatherings and *home*-affections is it associated! and with how many sacred memories! It is a time for the deepest thankfulness, the holiest happiness.

The very evergreens are sacred now: the box, the myrtle, the laurustinus, the coral-berried holly, the silvery mistletoe,—how beautiful they are! and as we wreath these bright emblems of hope, we will entwine among them some of the choice exotics from the soul's inner garden.

One, the chief, the most beautiful of all, blooms with peculiar vigour at this season; by some it is called *love*, by others *charity*. This little flower, when carefully cultivated, sheds an inexpressible radiance over our dear English homes; but it needs to be watered constantly by the dew of heaven, and to be weeded from certain rank coarse weeds called *pride* and *selfishness*, which would very quickly overgrow and kill it. There are many, very many, other lovely flowers; but they are chiefly varieties, or offshoots growing from the root of charity. They are called faith, hope, truth, and humility. And now a vision floats across my mind—a vision of the past, but which may never be forgotten.

At the head of a goodly table is seated an ancient English gentlewoman of the olden time; her hair is silvered with age; but she has so carefully cultivated the soul's exotics, that as they bloom within her gentle bosom, they shed a perfect halo about her venerable features. Her dress is rich and simple, and of an ancient form; and her kind eye lights up with an unusual lustre as it glances from one to another of the loved forms gathered around her,—her stout hale sons, her fair matronly daughters; and at another heard, the promising young men and maidens, the rosy laughing little ones, her grandchildren. It is a sweet home-picture. That ancient lady thinks so; and as the snowy cloth is removed, and the old old wine is placed before her by her faithful time-honoured servitors, she rises up to speak: all know her custom, have ever known it. Let us listen to her words:

"My children,"—and her voice quivers, for they are all her children, in a very holy sense of the word, too,—"*do you remember the old fable of the bundle of sticks; and how, one by one, they could so easily be broken; but when closely linked together in a goodly bundle, they could not be injured? My children, are you closely linked together, bound with the strong fetters of love? or have you allowed pride or envyings or discord to creep into your hearts to disunite you? Now, at this holy Christmas gathering, I pray you, answer me.*"

A low sob is the answer. Her presence breathes the very spirit of love and peace and gentleness; and if any heart-burnings have existed, they are forgotten now; the kiss of peace, of forgiveness, of true affection, is passed around ere one drop of the old old wine is pledged.

THE CANARY—OUR HOUSEHOLD BIRD.

So completely has the Canary established himself among us as a household bird, that we now naturally consider no Home to be complete where *he* is not.

This great popularity is owing to a variety of circumstances. The canary is naturally fond of man's society, and speedily becomes on terms of intimacy with any one who will extend to him the right hand of fellowship. There is no exclusiveness about him—no *mauvaise honte*. He will sing any where and every where, is seldom sulky or ill-tempered, and can at all times be won by the presentation of a homestead or a morsel of ripe chickweed. If properly tended, he is seldom, if ever, sickly; and he is of all birds the least troublesome. I have had canaries in rude health for more than fourteen years; and I can make mention of one who was, for his age, hearty in his twentieth year. That year was his last. He died singing his parting strain in the ear of his dear mistress. I hardly need say, that for birds to be thus long-lived, they must be well treated—their existence rendered "happy."

It would be affectation were I to consider a little friendly advice on the management of the canary out of place in these pages. So many hundreds—I might say thousands—of the race die from neglect and ignorance every year, that it becomes a pleasing duty to plead their cause. Dumb animals stand in need of an advocate; for they cannot make known their own grievances. A few hints, therefore, may render them good service.

The first thing to be considered is, the case of those who at present are unprovided with a canary. We have now arrived at the precise season when large assignments of these golden little songsters are sent up from Norfolk and Yorkshire to rejoice the hearts of us dwellers in cities. Christmas and the new year usher them in by twenties of thousands. A pretty sight it is, to watch their sprightly movements; and as good as a play to listen to their joyous and irrepressible notes of ecstasy. Their looks of inquiry, how ridiculously comical! Their imagined importance, how overwhelmingly absurd! One would really think that they intuitively knew all about the jollities of the season, and were determined to join in. Why not?

It might perhaps appear invidious to mention any dealer by name; I will therefore only give general directions for the selection of a good bird, leaving it to the reader's own discretion *where* to procure it. All healthy birds at this season are sprightly and vigorous, and so full of song that there is no fear of any mistake as to the sexes. The male birds, when singing, are in a constant state of motion, dancing along their perches. The females simply "jabber," and show no particular signs of liveliness. If you want a good songster, you will sometimes have to dispense with beauty. The brightest colours are frequently the most delicate. Never choose a bird whose feathers are rough, or eyes dim. If the bird be trim and joyous, he may be regarded as in good health. Be specially careful where and with whom you deal; and *always see that you have the bird you select*. Borrow the cage, leave a deposit, and never let the dealer touch the bird you have purchased.

While making your selection, take plenty of time for decision. Exercise your taste, and you may become possessed of a really "musical" bird. There is, of course, a great difference in the powers of the various performers. Some are shrill and noisy; others sing *piano*, and rejoice in dulcet notes of harmony.

Your bird selected, and placed in a nice handsome cage (I shall have something to say shortly about showy cages), enrol him immediately as one of the family, and ever after consider him as such. He will then be "yours for ever."

Hang your bird low and in a cheerful situation, always protecting him from heat, cold, and draught. If you have more birds than one, suspend them *above* each other. They may hear, but should not be permitted to see each other. Maintain the strictest cleanliness in their cages, and always

supply them with the best of seed—canary, flax, and rape, mixed; the first in excess. Give them clean water twice daily, and let their perches be cleansed at least once a week. Provide them, too, with plenty of coarse red gravel, changed every other day, and let some well-bruised *old* mortar be mixed with it.

Now for "luxuries." These consist of hard-boiled yolk of fresh egg, a morsel of sweet cake or moaly potato, and crumb of bread moistened in the mouth with brown sugar. Let them see you preparing this, and then watch their movements. Add an occasional hempseed. Lettuce, shepherds' purse, groundsel, plantain, chickweed, and water-cress,—these are the salads in which they delight.

Always present some one, or all of the above, lovingly with the finger and thumb. At the same time make a gracious bow by way of courtesy. The effect of that bow is magical. It possesses a rare charm, as is fully verified in my own pets. Try it; and mark the droll result.

So much preliminary about the selection and general management of the Canary. As the new year opens and the season advances, many interesting questions will arise about pairing, breeding, rearing, &c. These shall be duly considered and discussed. W. KINN.

CRYSTAL PALACES FOR HOME.

[First Paper.]

It would be more commonplace to say that the Crystal Palace is world-renowned; every body knows it is a *fait accompli*. You might hear it described minutely at Chicago, or find a picture of it in a *Hottentot kraal*. Its value, however, is not as a show-place, but as an educational institution, where, through the medium of the purest pleasure, knowledge of a noble sort is to be acquired. In matters of gardening it is already an authority; the planting of flower-beds, the arrangement of terraces, the grouping of trees and shrubs, and the disposition of gravel, turf, and colour, are in such perfection, that every detail of its noble grounds may be accepted as a model of the orthodox in ornamental gardening. Now one of the most important horticultural lessons taught at Sydenham is the perfection to which plants may be brought under glass. Look at those courts which are adorned with huge and hearty specimens of floriculture; the plants thrive at a distance from the glass, which astonishes gardeners, who from their childhood to the snowing of their hair have been daily bawling to their subordinates, "Keep the plants near the glass."

Every body grows flowers in some way or other; and it is rather a prosy home that cannot boast of a few *fuchsias* and geraniums, and other pretty things in pots, that all the winter long preserve the freshness of vegetable life, and give cheerfulness to the window of the *boudoir* or sitting-room. But indoor gardening ought now to make a great stride; crystal palaces on a domestic scale ought to be fashionable, and in a certain measure they are so, though not to half the extent they should be. How shall we go to work to increase the pleasures of the domestic circle by extending the sphere of indoor horticulture? Plainly, by a judicious use of glass, which does wonders for every thing and every body,—gives sight to the purblind, displays the anatomy of things ordinarily invisible, and preserves the freshness and vigour of the most fragile mountain-herb in the midst of smoke and dust and sulphuretted hydrogen. To be practical, the Wardian case is a crystal palace, a summer and winter garden, suited to the luxurious ideas of the wealthy or the narrow means of the poorest; but that same Wardian case, as we see it, as we know it, as we hear it described and theorised upon by its inventor and its admirers, is behind the age as much as if it had been totally forgotten from the day when Mr. Ward first announced his ingenious scheme.

Mr. Ward himself, and his son, Mr. Stephen Ward, both lay down the doctrine that a Wardian case is a *closed* receptacle

for plants, requiring no change of air, no renewal of water, and that for all practical purposes it may as well be *air-tight* as in any way permeable to air and moisture. Now, set up a Wardian case, and make it as close as you can; you need not hermetically seal it, for with such a degree of exclusion of the outer air as you can secure by ordinary carpentering and plumbing, you will find that a *close case is an open failure*. That the case is close on Mr. Ward's theory we need only refer to his original work; and that he still holds to that doctrine may be further proved by the pamphlet recently published by Mr. Van Voorst, in which Mr. S. H. Ward, the inventor's son, re-states the uses and history of the invention. This is an important point, because thousands of tasteful and persevering folks seek to vary the monotony of domestic life in towns by the culture of such plants as will not bear to be exposed to the destructive influences of an atmosphere charged with obnoxious gases. In fact, though the Wardian case is a beautiful and ingenious contrivance, the *principle* of its construction has ever been incorrectly stated; and hence there is error at the root of the matter, and that error has so cramped the idea of the invention, that it has made no progress, and never will make progress until the error is expunged.

As to the ventilation of the cases, they have been and are made on Mr. Ward's principle; and the cultivators, relying on Mr. Ward's exposition of vegetable growth in the confined air which a close case insures, feel bound to leave the collection to live or die as it pleases, escape of moisture or admission of fresh air being thought fatal to success. But is success attained on this plan? Certainly not. Ferns and Lycopods are planted, and left to settle the question for themselves as to the absorption and evolution of carbon. If the case is very cleverly planted and adjusted as to soil, moisture, and light, it may do very well; and if it does well, it will be found on examination that it is not a close case at all; it either admits a current of air, however slight, under the loose rim, through a porous pan, or the chinks that may exist in the workmanship, or is made so as to open somewhere, and by this means get such occasional attention within as suffices to allow the escape of moisture and the admission of a new atmosphere. Put the matter to experiment. Take a couple of cases, one formed to seal down closely on a marble slab (a form frequently sold by the florists in the City), and another admitting something like a current of air. Plant both alike, say with *Lastreas*, give the same soil and the same amount of moisture, and in three months compare them. In the closed case the plants will be thin, drawn, spindling, and miserable. In the partially open one they will be hearty, and will exhibit their natural characteristics of growth and habit, provided, of course, the exposure to light has been sufficient. That the plants *live* and have a sickly and consumptive tone is no proof that the close case is a triumph; for in ninety-nine out of every hundred of Wardian cases the vegetation is of such a character as excites the pity of a nurseryman or botanist, or indeed of any one who knows what they are and how they ought to look when grown under glass. To be sure, life and greenness in the midst of City dust and darkness are very acceptable; but if the *theory* of the Wardian case had not been misunderstood from the beginning, we should see in the drawing-rooms or humble parlours of town-folks as fine examples of cryptogamous vegetation, ay, and of flowering plants too, as at the Crystal Palace, or the nurseries of the growers who devote themselves to such things.

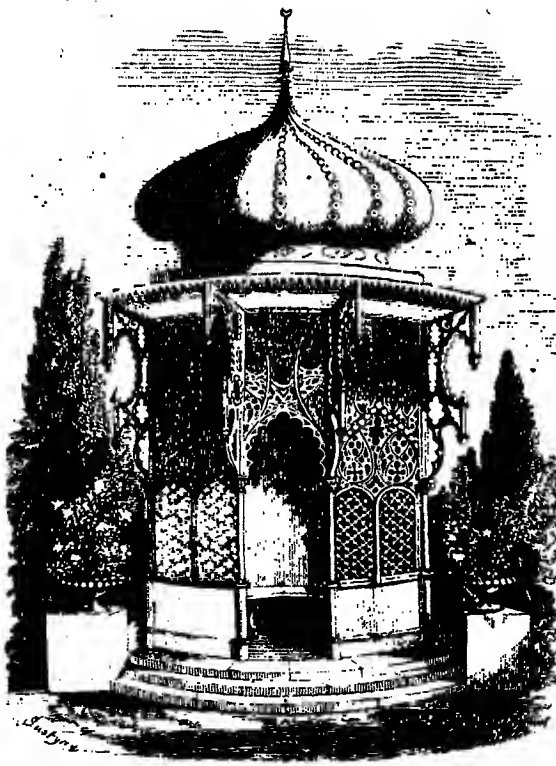
The first suggestion we have to make, then, is that Wardian cases should always be made so as to allow the escape of exhalations from within, and the admission of air from without; and on such a plan they differ entirely from the plan proposed by the inventor, to whom nevertheless we are indebted for the beautiful contrivance of a crystal palace for the house. Let Mr. Ward feel assured that we appreciate his invention as highly as the rest of the world, though we endeavour to improve it in accordance with the march of the times. As long as the theory of an air-tight

case is accepted as orthodox, so long will the invention be cramped in its applications, as it has been from the first day of its introduction to public notice.

There are two distinct kinds of Wardian-cases: the one is *built*, and its form and proportions are determined by the maker or the purchaser, as the case may be; the other is a blown bell or dome fitting into a dish, and is known at the glass-ware-houses by the common name of "fern-shade." The first is the most expensive, but it is the only form which admits of extensive application; the other is a cheap substitute, and as such is of great value to the humble lover of floral beauty: it is also graceful and symmetrical in outline, a beautiful object in itself, and in this respect is to be preferred before nine-tenths of the ugly abominations that are manufactured and sold by the dealers. But the chief difference between them is, that the *built receptacle* can be so made as to afford facilities for ventilation, which we have already insisted on as essential to perfect success; and for this purpose a binding of perforated zinc, a door formed of a square of glass on hinges, or a row of holes pierced in some portion of the upper part of the framework may be contrived, and then the culture of plants may be attempted without fear of failure. To secure a similar ventilation of a common fern-shade, the bell-glass should be occasionally tilted on one side, and lifted off twice a-week, the moisture wiped off with a cloth, and the glass well dried and polished, and replaced. If this is done at a time when there is no dust flying, a beneficial change of air will take place, and the plants will acquire a higher tone of beauty consequent on a better state of health.

Now let us see how the recognition of this principle affects the practical management of domestic crystal palaces. On the *orthodox* plan, plants are frequently associated together that require different states of humidity in the soil and atmosphere around them; and the closeness of the vessel insures what?—transparency? No, *opacity*! The glass gets coated with condensed moisture that occasionally runs down in streams; this drenches the foliage with excess of moisture, many delicate things "damp off" and decay at the junction of the stem with the soil, and the appearance of the collection is that of plants in a "cold sweat;" the appearance of the glass is that of oiled paper; and frequent losses are inevitable, except, of course, in the hands of adepts, who set the *close* theory at defiance, and for whom this paper is not written. But admit that occasional change of air is necessary, and in the hands of the most inexperienced amateur the idea of the Wardian case admits of endless extension, artistic beauty may go hand in hand with horticultural skill, and the fern-case may be made a flower-garden; for in its new form it becomes a *greenhouse on a small scale*. To carry out this extension of the idea, it is only necessary to abandon the stereotyped form of the case, and give room for the exercise of artistic ingenuity.

From this point the whole scheme of a domestic crystal palace widens before us. The Wardian case proper acquires



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

new uses, and achieves more certain successes. The *Wardian case*—shortly to be described—grows out of it, and gives us the advantage of a hothouse or forcing-room on a small scale. The *Beaton cutting-box*—also to be described—comes into the field for the preparation of all sorts of things at the fire-side; so that the amateur who has but one room, or the invalid whose best physic is the recreation of raising choice plants, and who dare not step outside to his cold pits or his greenhouse; or, indeed, any body who loves gardening *in extenso*, and is not content merely to buy plants but must produce them, may enter into the "manufacturing" department indoors without needing the accepted machinery of a regular garden, or being under the necessity of even once soiling slippers, or inhaling a catarrh.

Besides these things, we shall come to the practical management of fern-shades and of window conservatories, for these are all modifications of the same idea; and

we shall show how any amateur may himself construct a perfect and beautiful window-scheme of horticulture that shall give delight every time the eye wanders towards the window, and furnish no end of pleasant recreation and useful knowledge.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

This may be constructed in either zinc, wood, or iron. Zinc is easily perforated, and more durable than wood; both are much cheaper than iron, which is otherwise too best. The door and panels should be thin, to avoid heaviness. The style is Byzantine.

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- The Beggar-Boy and the Christ-Child: a Christmas Legend. By ELIZA FOX. (Page Engraving.)
- W. HARVEY's Design for "The Procession of the Months." Hands and Hours: a Christmas Clock. By E. MONTG. (Page Engraving.)

CONTRIBUTIONS.

- The Wife's Portrait: a Christmas-Eve Story. By WESTLAND MARSHON. Complete in Four Chapters.
- The Beggar-Boy and Christ-Child: Explanation of the Legend and Picture.
- A Little Homily for Christmas Day. By the Authoress of "The House of Raby."
- The Procession of the Months. By the Authoress of "Ethel."
- Plum Pudding: an Essay. By the Author of "A Subaltern's Story."
- Charade. By T. K. HARVEY.
- A Word about Christmas Day. Addressed to Dinners-out. By W. KIDD.

The Back Numbers and Parts of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE are kept constantly on sale.

The FIRST HALF-VOLUME, containing Nos. I. to XIII., and Parts I. to III., will be issued on January 1, bound in an elegant paper cover, colour-printed, price, 2s. 6d.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND



THE BEGGAR-BOY AND THE CHRIST-CHILD. BY ELIZA FOX.

ON Christmas Eve an orphan beggar-boy wanders, shivering and starving, through the streets of a town where the inhabitants are enjoying all the festivities of the season. He sinks down on the steps of a mansion whence issue loud sounds of merriment and gleams of light from the Christmas-tree of the children within. While lamenting his forlorn condition, the Christ-child (bringer, according to German legend, of Christmas gifts and blessings to children) appears to him, and says:

"The holy Christ am I,
Once, too, a child like thee:
If all forget and pass thee by,
Thou'rt not forgot by me."

The beggar-boy expresses his confiding readiness to go with the beautiful apparition; and next morning, when the doors of the mansion where there had been such a night of merry-making are opened, a corpse is found lying on the steps, cold and stiff, but with a heavenly smile upon its countenance.

THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

A CHRISTMAS-EVE STORY.*

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

IF, good reader, you would know the scene of our story, walk with us along one of the highways that lead through our western suburbs. And let us walk smartly, for it is within a week of Christmas. There is a black frost this morning, and a piercing wind. The roads are hard as iron, and ring like that metal to the step of horse and map. Let us turn into that new yet obscure street that runs so abruptly from the stately main road. What a miscellaneous look is there about the houses and the traffic carried on! Low-browed brick tenements, the relics of a former village, are scattered amongst the mean plastered dwellings which mark the latest encroachments of the metropolis. A quaint old inn, with elm-shaded benches and a trough for cattle, lingers, perhaps like a rural memory. Primitive customs survive too, here and there. The grocer, for instance, is possibly also a stationer or a toy-merchant. But if the various trades carried on by the same individual remind you of the country, no less do the divers inhabitants of the same dwelling suggest to you the capital. Thus, as the brass-plates on the doorstep of No. 4 announce, if you apply yourself to the parlour-bell, you evoke the sexton; if you make your appeal to the first floor, the jaunty dancing-master welcomes you at the head of the stairs. The Parisian showrooms of the Misses Diggins, at No. 7, are over the hair-dresser's shop. At No. 25, opposite, that veteran, Captain Neal, keeps state in the drawing-room. His portrait, in a uniform of the bluest blue and the most dazzling buttons, glorifies the window of an artist below, whose forte is evidently colour.

In an upper apartment, situated in the street we have described, two women sat by a fire, which, the keenness of the morning considered, was certainly a scanty one. The room, although of no great size, was insufficiently furnished. The curtains were faded, the carpets threadbare. Neatness and cleanliness had, however, done much to redeem the general aspect of discomfort. A few evergreens in a vase gave hints of nature and a bright world without. A French clock of some value, and of tasteful design, stood up resignedly amidst the shells and cracked candlesticks of glass that adorned the mantelpiece. Nor were there wanting other relics of luxury that contrasted strangely with the worn and common articles around them.

There was but small resemblance between the two women who occupied the furnished lodging. The hair of the elder was more than tinged with gray; but a youth of spirit, which time had not impaired, shone in her kindly face. Full of content was that face, while bent over the knitting-needles she so nimbly plied. After a time she raised her head, and the look was an anxious one which she turned on her companion.

Companion is perhaps scarcely a fit word for the tall languid but graceful figure that sat silent opposite. Clara Lindsay, indeed, gazing vacantly on the dull fire, her head propped by one hand, the other laid listlessly on the half-hemmed pinafore of brown holland on her knee, presented no type of social cheerfulness. Her dress of brown merino was worn almost threadbare; yet something in the fashion of the garment itself—something in the small perfect ear, in the slender plant neck, in the arched well-shaped foot of the wearer, would have made you at once distinguish between herself and her condition.

The spinster with the silver hair and kind eyes at last broke silence. "Why, Clara, where are your thoughts?" she asked. "You've been dreaming this half-hour."

The younger lady roused herself as by an effort. She shivered, and drew round her worn dress an old-fashioned

Indian shawl that had once been costly. At last she said, "It would have been kind, dear aunt, to have let me dream. Waking life has few charms for me."

There was sadness, even bitterness in the tone, but a certain music nevertheless. The voice would have reminded you of a fine instrument out of tune.

"Ask for coals, Robert," continued the speaker, addressing a curly-headed bloused lad of twelve, who affected to be absorbed in his ciphering at the table. But as he rose to obey, the mother revoked her order. "Stay, we'll wait another half-hour," she said. "Coals are two guineas a ton; and we've no right to luxuries."

"My dear Clara, what can you mean?" ejaculated Miss Lindsay. "Do go, Robert."

The boy left the room, and she resumed gaily, "Cheer up, love, all will be well yet. My dear nephew's earnings—"

"For five pupils," interrupted Clara, "twice a-week, at three shillings a lesson, amount to thirty shillings; just seven above the rent. That's now a month in arrear, and the landlord threatens."

"It's very hard for her," said Miss Lindsay to herself. And indeed it was so. Clara had been reared in comfort. Her father, a major, had selfishly invested his money in a tolerable annuity, and, trusting that his daughter's husband would prosper, had made little or no provision for her. After the major's death, affairs went more and more hardly with David Lindsay; his own scanty earnings as a daily tutor and the sum paid by Miss Lindsay for her board—a small help, but the utmost her means would permit—were now his sole resources.

There was again silence, and again Aunt Lindsay broke it. "Who knows, Clara?" she cried; "I've heard so often of great geniuses living for years in obscurity, and after all gaining wealth and honour. Who knows but that our poor David's talents may be found out at last?"

"I've lost hope," replied Clara. "Ever since he threw up his professorship in Glasgow, and came to London for fame, life has been one long struggle."

"After all he has written he'll surely get some publisher—"

"To buy his epic of 'Ulysses,' or his 'Systems of Moral Philosophy?'" inquired Clara tartly.

"But there's his tragedy of 'Leonidas,'" persisted good cheerful Aunt Lindsay; "you know he counts so upon that."

This fact, so pregnant with hope to Aunt Lindsay, failed to console her niece. She only smiled incredulously, and said: "Tragedy's stale at the theatre. David might provide for his family, would he write what's useful and popular; but that would be at the expense of his taste."

"Clara, you speak bitterly."

"Possibly, a woman who sees what threaten her children cannot always be amiable."

Then Aunt Lindsay silently put out her hand; and after a pause Clara rose, took the hand, and placed herself on a stool at Miss Lindsay's feet.

"Come, let me talk to you," said the latter. "My dear Clara, must this strife between husband and wife never cease? At least David is industrious; he's now with his pupils; and when at home the pen's never out of his hand. May be he hasn't the gift to be popular: you know, he writes for posterity."

"Yes," the mother urged; "but Robert's coat's threadbare, and Janet wants a shawl. Perhaps I feel these things too much. I had the misfortune to be born a lady."

"You were not on that account the less fit to be David's wife," said Miss Lindsay sharply. She was hurt for her nephew; perhaps, too, she had a Scottish woman's touchiness on matters of family.

Clara's look and voice suddenly softened. A gentler and more earnest light shone in her clear eyes as she threw her arms round Aunt Lindsay's neck, exclaiming, "Forgive me! I meant no reproaches. I could not reproach you!"

"Nor should you David," pleaded Miss Lindsay. "I

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know, love, what you have to bear; but a wife should bear with a husband who loves her."

"Ay, if he loved me!" the wife exclaimed impulsively. "But no, aunt, no—that dream's over! Years since he threw over me the spell of his fancy, and made me an idol. He married, found me a mere woman with a woman's faults, and was disenchanted. And now, when I am forced to remind him of household cares, of bills that must be paid, he hints that I drag him down, that I lower—lower his mind and—"

She could get no farther. She pressed her hand to her eyes, but the tears would start.

"My Clara, you mistake."

"Not so," replied Clara more calmly, but with utter dejection. "There's the sting. Obscurity, want, toil—even fears for my children—I could endure; but to be looked upon as a sordid drawback—I that so loved him!—that makes me indignant, bitter. I almost become what he believes me—*because* he believes it."

Aunt Lindsay was about to urge a word for David, when the maid entered with coals.

The good lady herself threw them upon the fire, and roused it into a blaze. "I often think," she said, "that trouble's like the poker; we shouldn't know how much light and warmth there was in us unless we were sometimes well stirred."

"There's always comfort with you," was the answer. Clara looked more cheerful, but only for a moment. Ann had hills to deliver. She told, while dusting the grate, how the baker was pressing to be paid—almost rude; how the collector had called, and said he wouldn't call again. "Very well, Ann, that will do," said her mistress, quietly checking the voluble though good-natured handmaid. But Ann returned to the charge with, "And please, ma'am, Master Robert's been a-trundling his hoop in the road, so I called him in."

The culprit entered as Ann retired. "Why did you leave your lesson, sir?" demanded Clara. "How often have I forbidden you to play in the street! Silence!" she added severely, as the boy was about to speak. But as his face grew overcast, she suddenly softened and took his hands, saying, "Don't try mother, she has much to bear."

"O, aunt," exclaimed Robert, speedily reassured, "here are papa and Janet coming; I saw them meet as she came out of the draper's. He had scarcely spoken when a protracted and somewhat tremulous knock was heard at the street-door. Clara sprang up from the footstool on which she sat, resumed her place by the fire, and seemed at once absorbed in her work.

"Yes, that's David," cried Aunt Lindsay, "I should know his knock any where."

He who now entered was of a spare person, and above the common height. A slight stoop, which, however, needed but an effort of will to control it, made him appear older than he really was. When he drew himself erect, and you caught the wandering light of his clear brown eye, a man stood before you who could not have long passed middle life. The sweet but somewhat sad smile that played about the mouth, with the long auburn ringlets that fell profusely upon his shoulders, gave to the entire head a soft and guiltless expression. It would have been effeminate but for the decisive outline of the chin.

"Here he is; here's papa!" said Aunt Lindsay, meeting David cheerily, then kissing the forehead of the child Janet who followed him in. Janet was about a year older than her brother Robert. The little face was somewhat thin and sallow, but a sort of demure fun lay there in ambush.

Clara glanced from her work, and said, "O, it's you, David." Then she opened the little parcel that Janet had brought her, and began again to sew.

"She has no welcome," thought David with a sigh. "Here, Clara," he said, "are the week's earnings just received from my pupils."

"I'm very sorry," she answered, "but it's all pre-spoken; and Janet must have a shawl."

"Very well, Clara."

"But how ill you look, David," said Aunt Lindsay; "quite fagged out!"

"It's nothing," replied David; but he felt with a sort of dull pain that the weariness observed by Aunt Lindsay was quite unnoticed by his wife. Poor Clara! she had risen at Miss Lindsay's words, with an anxious look; but David's face was turned from her. He unlocked his drawer, took out some manuscripts, and began to read.

"It's his tragedy," said Clara to herself; "I must not disturb him."

Mr. Lindsay was soon lost in his occupation. The printer who had to solve those erased and interlined pages should have been an *Œdipus* in his way. David, however, was bent upon making his enigma a masterpiece. His pen blotted, inscribed, and blotted again. "This speech of Leonidas," he muttered, "wants fire." If present, you might have had your opinion upon the lines, for the writer unconsciously declaimed them:

"Ye brave three hundred, though your foes count millions,
Reckon by souls, not forms, and we outweigh them!"

"'Outweigh' is tame, very tame," murmured David. Then it occurred to him that the fault might be in his delivery. "Ye brave three hundred," he recommenced, and this time uttered the words in a higher key, and with classical dignity. The result was still disappointing. Yet again he tried them, in a colloquial familiar tone, as if inviting the Spartans to discuss the matter over tea and toast. But the original flaw remained, and the bewildered dramatist stopped perplexed at last, and invoked some reluctant muse in the ceiling with his upturned pen.

Little Janet, now divested of bonnet and scarf, approached the table slyly, and rapped with her knuckles. "Any one at home?" she asked.

"Janet, Janet!" called her mother in a tone of warning. But the undaunted maiden rapped again, and demanded whether the house was empty.

David looked round impatiently. "What is it, Janet?"

"Post-woman."

"Hush, love, hush! 'Ye brave three hundred'—"

"Fact, pa," interrupted the laughing pet. "The post-man put these letters into my hand as you went up-stairs. All paid—as far as the street-door; after that a kiss each for the post-woman. One, two, three; the last's a double one."

When the father, nothing loth, had complied with these exactions, he examined the post-marks. Two were from the chief office, which at once suggested to David the "Row" in its vicinity.

"At last," he cried,—"at last, aunt!"

Miss Lindsay came instantly; she guessed at once that the letters were from publishers, drew her chair to the poor author's side, and called Clara to join them.

"David doesn't ask me," thought Clara. Then she said caustically, "No, thank you: I'm only a wife, and not invited."

Aunt Lindsay would have appealed to her nephew; but he had already opened his first despatch.

"It is past belief," he exclaimed. "Were ever people so blind to their interests?"

"Bad news, David?"

"Listen," he replied, and then read as follows:

"Sir,—We regret to inform you that your elaborate and learned treatise entitled 'Attempts towards the Recovery of a Universal Language, with some Remarks on the Original Confusion of Tongues, their primary divisions and possible recombinations,' is not, in our opinion, calculated to interest the general public."

"Not interesting!" burst forth the writer with an agitation pardonable for its innocence; "why, it was the grandest idea ever conceived. Just think of it—one language for all the world! It cost me years of study. Well, they've lost their chance; and I would have given it for nothing."

"Nay," said the prudent Scotchwoman, "you must think of yourself too, David."

"Myself!" he rejoined. "It would have been a boon to mankind. Well, thank Heaven! there are more publishers than one; and there's my tragedy."

This last remark he uttered in a kind of tender undertone, as if he caressed the recollection for the solace it yielded him.

The next epistle was more curt; the writer was a humorist, although a rough one, and expressed himself thus:

"I return, per Parcels Delivery, your epic called 'Ulysses: a Sequel to the Odyssey.' The title-page was enough. I suppose, if published, few readers would get further."

"O, David, how impertinent!"

"Hush, aunt! we won't waste a word upon this person," he said calmly, but with a faint smile; and again he resorted to the soothing memory of the tragedy.

Another seal was broken; but the purport of the letter was to decline Mr. Lindsay's "Scheme for a Model Republic altered from that of Plato." The publisher urged, it must be owned with great truth, that such a work would have no chance at the circulating libraries; and that, even if produced in the cheapest form, it would "hang heavy" at the railway stations. He added besides, that, although he had never heard of Plato, he was no friend to republics; and would not give his name to books calculated to disturb social order.

"Poor Plato!" sighed David. Then he paced the room in silence. At length his eye fell upon an open manuscript. Once more the thought of his beloved tragedy inspired him. A neat copy of it had already been forwarded to the theatre; and David remembered that his young friend, Dexter, had promised to bring the manager's answer that very morning.

Mean time Aunt Lindsay had gone over to Clara, whom she begged to join her in cheering up David. He overheard the request. "Don't trouble Clara," he said.

But Clara was engaged with Robert's lessons. "I should only intrude," she observed; "and I'm busy." Then she turned sharply to Robert. "That sun's quite wrong; where's your French translation? Not three lines done. What have you been scrawling here?—windmills and soldiers on horseback. Go to your room until that lesson's perfect; I insist on it, Robert."

The mother's voice rose in angry command. As the lad slowly retired, David turned to Clara, and asked, in a tone savouring of reproach, for what fault his son had been expelled.

Clara was stung by her husband's manner. "O, of course Robert's not in fault," she exclaimed; "it's only his severe mother."

Then little Janet rushed up to Mrs. Lindsay, and stopped her lips with repeated kisses. "Ah, *she* loves me!" cried Clara, with a burst of tears which the seeming cause scarcely accounted for; then seizing Janet's hand, she hurried from the room.

It was now Aunt Lindsay's turn to play the intercessor with David.

"Clara's so unhappy," she pleaded. "Why do you never speak to her—never consult her about your plans?"

"Alas, aunt," was the answer, "she cares not for them. If I do ever breathe to her the hope that makes life sacred,—the hope that I may raise or soften the hearts of my fellow-men—perhaps live in their memories,—she only asks what it will bring in."

"You forget that she's anxious for the children; it is *she* who sees the scanty wardrobe and dreads the empty cupboard."

"That's true; but then she's so sarcastic."

"She thinks you despise her."

"*She* despises me—has long ceased to love me. She thought an author's life was to be a triumph without a battle. When the struggle came, she grew disgusted, and repented."

Aunt Lindsay thought sadly how long people might live under one roof, and be blind to each other's hearts.

David again turned to his papers, and in doing so lighted upon another letter which had hitherto escaped him. His worn hard look softened as he read it. "'Scotland, Clyde Valley'—here's a ray of comfort at last," he said. The letter was from a Captain Morton, who had married a cousin of Clara's, and it contained an offer from the worthy pair to take little Janet, and educate her with their own children.

This had been suggested before; and the envelope enclosed a bank-note to defray the expenses of Janet and her father to Scotland.

"How kind!" said Aunt Lindsay, to whom David had handed the letter. "Clara was so anxious for it. Ah, Douglas Lodge—Douglas Lodge on the Clyde—the very house where Clara lived when you courted her!"

"Happy times," murmured David. "Yes, we were then all friends together. Captain Morton, you know, took the house after the death of Clara's father."

Miss Lindsay, recurring to the letter, pointed out a wish expressed by Captain Morton that the travellers should start for Scotland by the first possible train. The Mertons were to spend their Christmas in the Highlands, and had arranged that little Janet should be of their party. Moreover the captain, before going further north, was anxious to confer with David upon his affairs.

It occurred to David that Clara might go; but for many reasons his aunt thought that impracticable. "If you wish to see Captain Morton," she said, "there's not a day to lose." Another reason for haste was, that David had now a few days' leisure, and would not attend his pupils before Christmas. He looked at his watch, begged Miss Lindsay to order his trunk to be packed and to procure every thing needful for Janet.

The active cheerful lady had no sooner withdrawn, than Mr. Lindsay once more took up Captain Morton's letter. The words "Douglas Lodge" seemed to fix his eye; he unconsciously repeated them. A gentle expression stole over his worn face, and he whispered, "I shall be back with Clara, then, by Christmas Eve."

CHAPTER II.

David's musings were quickly interrupted by a knocking so loud, long, and varied, that it seemed as if some ambitious amateur were performing a fantasia on the street-door. At the same moment Clara, who had not yet seen Aunt Lindsay, re-entered the sitting-room. The wife's former look of mingled pain and bitterness was now replaced by a sort of anxious hope. Lindsay would have put into her hand the letter from Scotland; but she waved it aside and said, "Not just now, David; I heard Mr. Dexter below; he may bring us good news."

"Ay, news of the tragedy," cried Lindsay; "that might help us all, and open to me a bright career. It's strange," he added, in a changed tone, "I always felt so confident of it before; but now—"

With this unfinished sentence he turned to his bookshelf, and began nervously to arrange the volumes.

Then Aunt Lindsay ran in. "Here's Mr. Dexter," she said, "and, as usual, in such spirits." She went to the stair-head, and called to him in warning:

"Mind, sir; pray mind, or you'll fall."

"Fall, my dear madam; I never fall!" Here a litho dapper figure scudded into the room, with a sort of ducking motion, like that of a yacht making port before a breeze. "Bless you, I never fall!" reiterated the speaker. "I could polk in skates up the side of a pyramid, pirouette on the summit, and bound off to *terra firma* without a scratch."

Mr. Dexter's gestures, no less than his words, testified to uncommon powers of locomotion. Every thing about him bore a certain reference to "going." His keen well-cut profile, with a kindling eye, like the light at a figure-head; his



JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS CHRISTMAS TROOPS.

felt hat, secured to his coat by an elastic guard; his pictorial shirt, which perpetually reproduced all the exciting incidents of a regatta; his breast-pin, in the form of a leaping huntsman; his camoo ring, which displayed a pet of the ballet executing her unequalled *tour de force*,—all expressed the same mighty genius for movement. Were I a railway-director, I would paint Mr. Dexter on the panels of my express-trains—that is, if he could be got to stand still for the purpose.

When this gentleman had paid his rapid greeting to the ladies, his eye fell upon David, who still feigned to be engaged with his books and unconscious of his visitor.

The latter accosted Lindsay by name, gaily but not without respect.

David was a poor actor. His forced laugh and affected surprise, as he turned to Dexter, ill disguised the keen suspense within. To this simple unworldly mind, fame, influence, and the power to do good, were all staked on the manager's reply. When Lindsay thought of tragedy, he pictured Sophocles reading to assembled Athens, or the whole state convulsed in the sky-roofed theatre by the sublime terrors of *Æschylus*.

David had a vague instinct, however, that his enthusiasm on the subject would hardly be understood by his friend. So he resolved to be practical, and only said, "Why—why, it's you, Mr. Dexter!"

"Yes, punctual as the sun," replied the other. "You know I promised to call to-day about that little matter of yours."

"He can't mean the tragedy," thought David; "that little matter?"

Quick-witted Dexter saw his mistake. "I mean the little matter of *arranging* about your tragedy. Of course I don't call the tragedy itself a little matter."

"Why, hardly, hardly," said David with a smile. "Well, Mr. Dexter?"

The young man felt his task becoming decidedly unpleasant.

"To say the truth, Mr. Lindsay," he continued, "the manager wouldn't object to your tragedy being a trifle, a shade, a—you understand?"

David looked as if he didn't.

"A little less matter than it is," Dexter coughed; then added sternly, "He finds it too long, Mr. Lindsay."

Lindsay said that was impossible.

"It should be so from *your* pen," answered soothing cunning Dexter.

"I don't mean that," exclaimed Lindsay,—"I mean that I have only written the usual number of lines" (that was a mistake, David); "and that if the tragedy seems long, it's because—because—I have failed in it."

"Failed!" laughed Dexter. "You're joking. I never fail; and what am I compared to you?"

"I see my mistake," said David gravely. "It isn't for me to bend the bow of Ulysses."

"Yes it is; and to hit the bull's-eye too, if you only allow for the wind." By the wind, Mr. Dexter explained that he meant the prevailing taste. "It's changeable," he continued; "the wind always is. Well, shift your sails. Last spring, an African prince came over with two sweet children. Immediately there was a run upon black babies. Out came my 'Molok and Malon; or, the Twins of Abyssinia.' Sold a thousand a day for a fortnight. Another year we had the hippopotamus. In a week my farce, 'The Hippopotamus turned Lion,' filled the theatre to the slips. As to the Crystal Palace, my comic guide, called 'Puck; or, a Girdle round the Earth in forty minutes,' is as good as an annuity. But we're wandering." Here Mr. Dexter at last took the seat to which David had motioned him. "The manager rather fancies that Leonidas *talks* a little too much."

"Why, what else can he do in a play, Mr. Dexter?" urged Aunt Lindsay.

"Fight, my dear madam, fight."

"But he couldn't fight through five acts?"

"No, my dear madam, few heroes can. Ah, if the play had only been in three!"

"Three!" ejaculated David indignantly. Then he observed in a more composed manner, that Leonidas couldn't be fighting all the time, even through three acts.

Dexter admitted that he saw the hitch.

"If he doesn't talk," demanded David, "where's the sentiment of the piece?"

"Ah, that's not essential," rejoins Dexter.

"Where's the development of character, motive, passion?"

"Very little room for them."

"The poetry?"

"Decidedly better without it."

"What have you left, then?"

"Incident, incident; crowd your canvas with events—"

"And leave out your men and women?" Lindsay asked. "O, you must be mistaken. The manager can't hate poetry."

"No; he prefers it," observes Dexter quietly. "Yet, after all, a manager's but a merchant—say a wine-merchant. He may think the old grape of Mount Parnassus excellent for his private drinking; but how, if his customers will have the vintage of the Palais Royal and the Bouloyards?"

"I see," said Lindsay dejectedly. Dexter had now reached the most delicate point of his embassy. He was half inclined to evade it; but he thought of David's necessities, and proceeded.

"Mr. Lindsay, may I talk to you for a minute, not as a poet, but as a man?"

Clara—poor anxious mother!—implored David to listen.

"Poets," Dexter resumed, "live on air, and men don't. There, blundering fellow that I am, I've hurt you. But consider all things must have a beginning; once insert your wedge, and you may force your way. Now this play is the wedge."

"Go on," said David.

"Good; you admit it's a wedge; but it wants planing, sharpening, pointing—mere drudgery that would tire you. Now shall I be your carpenter? In other words, let me throw your play into three acts, put in some rough situations, wind up with the Pass of Thermopylae, the Greeks and Persians in real armour, and a general combat. Fifty to one your play's taken, your purse fills, your wedge enters, and you may wield the mallet ever after with your own hand."

Clara hung pleadingly upon David's arm, but he rose incensed. "How, Mr. Dexter," he exclaimed, "do I understand? You cannot venture—" Then, with a sudden change of feeling, he grasped the hand of his counsellor. "Forgive me," he cried; "you're a good generous fellow; you meant it most kindly, I'm sure."

"That he did," echoed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara had drawn Mr. Dexter aside to ask whether the manager would indeed take the play with the proposed alterations. Dexter answered, "Yes; but not otherwise, I fear."

"O, David, you'll not refuse," Clara burst forth; "think of these children," and she pointed beseechingly to Janet and Robert, who had just re-entered.

David looked at her with haughty surprise.

"Think," she urged, "how the landlord threatens;—if they should want a home."

Her husband turned from her, and approached the young man with an erect and stately bearing. "Mr. Dexter," he said, "I feel your goodness deeply; it shows me that I have in you a true friend; but I cannot accept your offer. My tastes are formed on old—perhaps worn-out—models; but my heart clings to them; nor could I with honour accept, in my name, and on the meed of my talents, a recompense that would be due only to yours. God bless you!" Again he wrung his friend's hand, and with the same measured step returned to his seat.

Dexter passed his hand over his eyes. "Why doesn't he put talk of that kind into his tragedies," thought the young author, "instead of his confounded blank verse?" Then he bade Mrs. Lindsay good morning, and remarked that he might perhaps serve her husband in some other way.

Clara said she feared not; but she thanked him.

"David has so many gifts," sighed Aunt Lindsay.

"Gifts!" responded Dexter; "he has as many gifts as a three-decker has guns. He might take any fort on the whole coast of life, if he had only a rudder. Good by, poets."

The disciple of the "fast school" kissed the children and went out.

David was silently folding up his papers. Mrs. Lindsay walked to the opposite side of the table. He raised his head and met her fixed glittering eye. "And so you've refused," she said. Her words were like distilled gall, and fell with slow weight, drop by drop.

Aunt Lindsay knew what David had just suffered, and begged Clara not to fret him.

"It's only money that he has refused," said the wife, still with deliberate intensity; "it only means cold and hunger." Here she wound an arm round each child, as if she claimed them solely.

"Clara, before the children!" whispered the aunt upbraidingly.

Clara replied, with a brief sharp laugh, "I forgot that; but it's scarcely a fault, you know, to forget one's children."

"Clara, do I forget the children?" cried a stern deep voice. At first you could hardly have believed it was David's.

Aunt Lindsay hurried Janet and Robert from the room. "Go to Ann, love," she said to the former; "she's packing your trunk; you shall know all soon."

"Do I forget the children?" repeated David.

Clara answered, "Haven't you just thrown away success—success, which is money?"

"Money gained by another's industry is alms."

Clara laughed again. "O, pride becomes an obscure author."

"Self-respect becomes him."

"Clara!" cried Aunt Lindsay.

"An author"—the former went on—"a puppet of popular favour, who holds his very brains at the disposal of others. He must act the grand seigneur—the high-toned gentleman."

Her words flew like sparks near a mine. At last the train caught fire.

"I hope so," cried David with a quivering lip; "for he has the refinement by nature which some fail to gain by education. He is of a class whose emotions make life's morals, whose thoughts become its laws. Rulers," exclaimed Lindsay, with kindling fervour,—"rulers, for they sway the heart; lawgivers, for they mould the will! I am, as you say, poor and humble, but still enrolled in that band."

There was a pause, and David's high tremulous voice had become firm and very low when he spoke again.

"Madam!" he said, "you may find other ways to wound me, and I shall bear it; but you must not insult my order."

"I was wrong—mad!" pleaded Clara, awed and alarmed by his manner. As he rose, she laid her hand upon his arm.

David drew back. "Not just now," he said, with a strange mixture of gentleness and decision. "Ah, had there been more brightness and sympathy by my hearth, I might not now have been the obscure man whom you despise!"

"I told you so," said Clara to Miss Lindsay; "I am his evil star, the blight upon his talents. Perhaps, David, we should be better apart?"

"We shall be so, at least for some days," he answered. "You have not yet read Captain Morton's letter. You will see that he wishes me to go there instantly. We must start at once."

"With Janet," cried Clara, glancing at the letter; "impossible!"

David urged that he had no choice, and that in a few days he should be required by his pupils.

"It's for Janet's good, you know," said Aunt Lindsay. She answered other objections by saying that she would lend the child her own shawl to travel in, that her clothes were already packed, and that whatever else was necessary could be got on her arrival in Scotland. The mother listened in helpless bewilderment.

"I must see to the luggage," said Aunt Lindsay. As she went out, David looked at his watch, and begged her to send for a cab.

"What, this instant? What, my Janet?" ejaculated Clara. She was hurrying to the door, but her husband stopped her. There were a few words, he said, that must be spoken ere they parted. It had many times struck him

that the cares of his lot fell heavily upon Clara, that his pursuits did not interest her. He thought, perhaps, she would be happier if she went to live in Scotland with Janet, while he remained and worked in London. He asked her to think over the plan in his absence.

"David!" cried the wife impulsively. Then a suspicion flashed upon her. "He would be free," she thought, "from the incumbrance, the drag." In a hard tone she uttered, "Very well; I'll think of it."

Aunt Lindsay now re-appeared with Robert and Janet, the latter already attired for her journey.

"Is it true, dear mamma," cried the child; "must I leave you?"

Clara clasped the little girl wildly to her bosom. "My own," she sobbed, "it's but for a time, darling."

"You'll come and see me, mamma?"

"Ay, please God."

"And I'll come too," broke in Robert. Then he turned to Mr. Lindsay, and said, "I shall be papa when you're away."

David smiled sadly.

"No, don't be *that* my boy; be a comfort to your mother."

Here Ann announced that the cab was waiting, and all was hurry. Miss Lindsay handed David his great-coat, informed him that his best suit was in the trunk, and urged him to see that every thing was right in the carpet-bag. He complied with that request, and then kissed his aunt and Robert. Clara pressed kiss after kiss upon Janet's lips, and repeated her promise to come to her.

David, hat in hand, advanced to his wife, and kissed her forehead.

A time came when she bitterly repented the cold "Good by, David," with which she answered his farewell. Again she embraced Janet as if she would have drawn her to her very heart. "Go, go, darling!" she said at last hoarsely.

"You had better not come down, Clara," observed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara made no reply; she could not, but stood as if stupefied, while the three descended the stairs.

She heard their feet go down step after step; she felt as if they were treading upon her heart.

"So he wishes we should part," she thought. "I kept that grief in at least. I'm sorry, though, I took his kiss so coldly. I couldn't have borne up a moment longer. He's gone by this time. I wish I'd said 'God bless you!'"

David's peculiar tremulous knock was again heard at the door. Clara hoped he was coming back—perhaps with a wish to be reconciled. It was, however, only Miss Lindsay who entered. David, she said, had forgotten the manuscript of his tragedy, which he needed. She took the papers from the table, and left the room.

There was yet time, then.

"I'll go down," cried Clara, "and say Good bye." She opened the room-door, then paused. "But if he really wishes us to part," she murmured, "I won't force myself upon him. Still, he's going away; if any thing should happen! Yes, I will speak to him."

But the door below closed loudly, and Clara heard the cab drive quickly off. She rushed to the window; when she turned from it, anguish was in her face, and in the tone with which she exclaimed, "It's too late—too late!"

CHAPTER III.

David Lindsay and his charge duly arrived at Douglas Lodge, by Dumbarton, where they met with the warmest reception. But, for reasons already stated, the father's stay was necessarily to be of the briefest. On the evening which followed that of his arrival he prepared to return.

The lodge itself was as pleasant a retreat from the tumult of civic life as could well be desired. The house, flanked by plantations, sloped towards the Clyde, at a point where it attains to more than half a mile in breadth during high-water. The castellated rock, which then becomes an island,

was visible from the window. In the distance stretched a mountain chain; only faintly discernible, however, on the evening to which our narrative refers. The keen frost had suddenly abated. A soft vapour hung upon the snowy peaks which had before gleamed gemlike in the sun with shifting hues of gold, crimson, and purple.

Close to the shore the homely jetty, with its casual loungers, the fishers' boats returning from their cruise, and the hail of voices from the land, touched, as it were, with warm human light the else lonely grandeur of the scene.

Indoors the ministries of wealth to taste were apparent: the latest form of reading-chairs; the low fender, wrought into a graceful pattern of fern-leaves; the timepiece, surmounted by a laurelled Fame, before whom Time knelt in homage; some fine old portraits, including a common ancestor of Mr. Morton and poor Clara—David's wife;—these objects, with a well-arranged group of dirks, battle-axes, and muskets, that rayed out from a central shield, gave an air of picturesque comfort to a spacious apartment.

Mr. Lindsay, in his best suit, the little Janet standing at his knee, sat by the fire near his fair and gracious hostess. A slight figure of perfect but almost fairy-like mould was Kate Morton. She seemed so especially when contrasted with her tall martial-looking husband opposite. The smile that lit his frank manly face suggested that he could sometimes bend. It had else been a problem how Kate could have taken her nuptial greeting from him, even on tip-toe.

"Fill your glass; fill your glass, David," said Captain Morton. "Nay, I insist;" and he replenished the glass himself. "You have a long journey before you, since you will leave Scotland. You had better stay, and go with us to-morrow to the Highlands."

"Much better," pleaded Kate. "You are but just come. Have you found one night under our roof so dreary that you won't risk another? Do ask papa for one more night, Janet. She won't leave your side a moment," remarked Mrs. Morton, "to play with her cousins."

Little Janet joined in the entreaty:

"Do stay, pa; do now; won't you?"

"Tell your cousin, darling," he replied, "that papa has duties, grave duties, in London, and that he must deserve such kind friends by doing what is right. Besides, to-morrow is Christmas Eve, when I must be home with mamma. I wrote to say that I should start by the four o'clock steamboat to-day, and take the train at Glasgow."

"Well, we must say no more, then," observed Morton; "but you needn't move just yet."

Kate thought it was so pleasant to have a gossip over old times.

"Especially," said her husband, "in this dear quaint old house, where my uncle—Clara's father—lived before us. There's the old corner where poor Clara used to sit at her embroidery when you, sir, canic a-wooing."

"Yes," Kate laughed archly. "Do you remember what a trick she had of pretending to be lost in her silks, that she might hide her blushes? Has she any of those tricks now, David?"

He answered the question by an echo—"Nay!"

Kate went on to rally David on his fears and jealousies during courtship. She recalled to him how Clara had been the belle of every ball, at race or regatta. "That young ensign," she said, "who was the seventh son of a Scotch lord, would have turned the heads of many a major's daughter. Then there was rich Macpherson, with his 'Eh, lassie, I'm a plain body; but if ye'll tak me, ye shall ne'er greet for siller.' But Clara was true through all."

"Pa, love!" exclaimed Janet.

"Yes, pet."

"Did mamma ever really live in this nice comfortable house?"

"She did, Janet."

"Then why did she ever leave it for our gloomy place in London? O, I've found it out! it was to be with you."

"Yes, to be with me, Janet," said her father very gently.

The child having once found her tongue, seemed determined to use it.

"O, do you know, pa," she cried, "I saw a book to-day in the library, called 'Sonnets by David Lindsay'! Was that you?"

"Yes," laughed Captain Morton, "papa was the poet."

Mrs. Morton observed that the book was Clara's gift to her,—she was afraid to say how long ago.

Indefatigable Janet recommenced:

"There was a sonnet in it to Clara; now wasn't that ma? And she had written under it something about her beloved David."

The child waited for a reply, but Lindsay kept silent. With a woman's ready tact, Mrs. Morton sent the little querist into another room for some crochet-work. Captain Morton walked to the window, remarked that time was passing, and that David must start in a few minutes.

Mrs. Morton inquired whether the steamboat, which was to stop at the jetty, was yet in sight.

Her husband said, "Not yet. There's a mist gathering," he continued; "but its very calm."

"That's well," Kate rejoined; "the Clyde here is sometimes as rough as the sea."

Here Janet bounded into the room; she had in her hand not only the crochet-work, but a miniature in its case.

"There's your work, cousin," she uttered, almost out of breath. "And O, look, pa, I've found mama! I saw this on the table, just opened it, and there she was. I'm sure its mama's likeness, although she's a good deal altered. How beautiful she looks—how happy!"

David took the miniature from her, and looked on it fixedly. Then his hand shook; he bowed his head over the unconscious face, and pressed it to his lips. He laid it upon the table, and covered his face with both hands. They could not hide the tears that streamed through his long slender fingers.

"Pa, what's the matter?" began Janet. But Captain Morton soized that indiscreet young lady in his arms. "There, I've clapped with her!" he cried, and danced out of the room with his burden.

Mrs. Morton was about to follow; but Lindsay, who had now mastered his emotion, rose and called to her.

"Don't go, Kate. Ah, if you knew what thoughts these few hours with you bring back—what emotions this face recalls! Her old smile," he said, gazing on the portrait;—"her old smile, kindly and sudden, like sunlight through a rift; those eyes, fresh and pure, that had seen life but in its morning; the ripening lip, like to-morrow, ever in the bud!"

"And she's still the same—not changed?" Kate asked softly.

"By trial, not time," Lindsay answered. "If a tint be lost, if a line be deepened, a mother's tears have blanched the rose and worn the channel. She chose my fate, or she might still be thus. Ah, give it me; let me keep it!"

"What, Clara's portrait? Nay, we should miss it so much."

"'Tis the Clara of my youth," he pleaded. "I could almost fancy it was a spell, a talisman, to save me."

"Well, then, you shall have it."

"Thanks, thanks! I will never part with it—never! It will make me a better man."

"It can't make you a better husband, I am sure. One more look," she said, taking the miniature.

"O yes, Kate! I've neglected her; turned vexed from the very cares I should have lightened. I've been lost in the creation of poetic virtues, while I forgot common duties. Ah, let poets learn—'tis a needful lesson—that he who would paint goodness in the ideal should practise it in life!"

"My dear—dear friend!" Mrs. Morton put down the miniature, and extended both her hands. He took them, and answered more cheerfully, that the past might be repaired—he hoped so.

"And yet, Kate,"—he was lapsing into his earnest mournful tone,—"if by any chance I should never, never,—nay, such things are possible,—if I should never see Clara again—"

"David!" she said, with a chiding laugh.

"You'll tell her," he continued, "what I now say, that I felt all she had sacrificed for me; that I well knew my many faults, and loved her to the last."

"O, you'll see her to-morrow."

"Who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?"

He spoke with so much solemnity, that both stood silent. The voice of Captain Morton startled them, as he entered hat in hand.

"Now, indeed, you must go; the steamer's near the landing."

Lindsay took a tender farewell of Kate, the captain all the time urging him to be quick. Janet, unequal to saying "Good-bye," was lingering outside the door. "Button up, button up," cried Mrs. Morton; "the air's so damp." Then, after a brief sharp parting with Janet, David and the captain set off for the steamer.

Kate brought in the weeping child, and led her to the window which overlooked the river. "We shall see papa pass," said the kind matron. "Look, there they are!—how quick they go! Ah, now papa turns his head; he sees us. Wave your hand."

"Papa!" cried poor Janet, making her signal.

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "he answers you! I can hardly see them now, there's such a mist. Yes, there they are! Now I've quite lost them," said she, after a pause; "it's so thick. By this time they must be at the vessel."

The child's grief was already somewhat assuaged. "How the mist makes one see every thing through a veil!" she observed. "What's that great thing in the distance, like a moving rock?"

Mrs. Morton told her that it was most likely a large steamer making way to the North Channel, but she couldn't be sure, the mist was growing so dense.

Janet noticed that the sailors by the river had lit their lanterns.

A form was now seen hurrying towards the house. When quite close, Kate saw that it was her husband. She opened the window, and asked if any thing had been forgotten.

"Yes," he answered; "I fear I shall be too late."

In another minute he was in the room.

"I want that miniature of Clara. David says you gave it to him."

"Yes," she replied, looking for it. "I laid it down—here, I think."

"Or perhaps in the library," suggested Janet, running out. Captain Morton said that David had begged him to run for it as if for life.

"You left him on board?" asked his wife, still looking.

"Yes, safe on board: quick, love!"

Kate found the portrait beneath her work.

"See; we're too late," said the captain; "the boat's off; there she goes!"

"How very thick!" Kate remarked. "I can't see half across the river."

Morton could make out that the boat was rounding the rock.

Kate uttered a cry of alarm:

"Look, George! that large steamer—how close she comes to David's! There—look!"

"Heavens, she hasn't seen her!" exclaimed Morton. "She's on her—strikes her!"

A hoarse scream of "Help, help!" rose from river and shore.

"O, that cry!" burst from Mrs. Morton. "Look at David's boat!"

Then the voices swelled to a roar; there was a gleaming of lights and a hurried tramp of men beneath the window. At length a single voice pierced the tumult:



THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT. BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HARVEY.

"They've fouled—she's on the rock!"

"Filling!—boats!" responded another.

"Quick, quick, my brave fellows!" called Morton from the window; and he strove to tear himself from his wife.

"Too late, sir; too late!" the man replied, pushing off nevertheless. "She heels over—she's going!"

"Sinking!" uttered Morton, in a hard whisper.

"O, George!" gasped Kate.

She clung to him, as if by that act she could save the beloved guest who had gone from them. Thus, her arms knotted round her husband, he bore her from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Christmas Eve.

Either some change for the better had really taken place in the bare comfortless interior of David's home in London, or its defects by day were redeemed by the efforts of a cheerful lamp, a fire glowing with Yule logs, and the bright Christmas holly which decked the mirror.

The apartment was yet unoccupied, save by our friend Robert, deep in the mysteries of boat-rigging: but the tea-equipage glittered on the table; the easy-chair was placed by the fire, and there was a general look of expectation.

You would have had to look twice, I think, before you could have recognised the worn anxious Clara of our first chapter in the engaging, almost beautiful, woman who now entered. She wore her best dress of black silk with a lace edging. By the critical glance which she gave,—first in the mirror at her glossy hair in bands, then at the spotless purity of her cuffs, and at her shining little boot of black morocco, poised for an instant on the fender,—you would have guessed the lady by no means indifferent to the result of her toilette.

Ann appeared to the summons of the bell.

"You'll take care to have the boiling water ready," said her mistress.

"Yes," said cheerful Ann, already placing the chairs at the table.

Clara drew from her bosom a little note, which she read to herself in a whisper:

"I shall leave Douglas Lodge," the note ran, "for Glasgow by the four o'clock steamer, and be with you on Christmas Eve soon after seven."

"Soon after seven—that's to-night, Wednesday. Just one hurried line," mused Clara rather sadly, till she was surprised to see by the timepiece that it was nearly eight o'clock. "Where's Miss Lindsay?" she inquired.

"Just gone to the stationer's, ma'am," Ann replied. "Mr. Dexter saw her across the road."

Mrs. Lindsay quickly regained her spirits, and gaily bade Robert hang up the mistletoe, and fill the vase with fresh holly-branches, both recently brought in.

"Is my collar quite right?" she asked.

"Quite, ma'am; you look charming," said Ann, as she retired with lingering admiration.

"I think I'll wear my blue bow," soliloquised Clara. "No; he likes pink best;" and accordingly she adopted a ribbon of the latter colour.

"Bring me that bracelet, Robert."

"Why, it's your cameo, ma," cried the boy, handing her the ornament,—“the one you said papa gave you before you were married.”

"There, clasp it;" and she held out her delicate wrist.

Robert laughed archly.

"I suppose you wear it because papa's coming home?"

"Hush, hush!"

"And that's why you wore so hard to please about your bow and your back hair."

"Cut your holly, sir; and don't jest about your papa. You are growing very like him." Here her voice grew low and earnest, and she kissed the lad tenderly.

"Is that why you gave me such a soft kiss?" demanded the audacious Robert, taking up the vase.

"Mind, sir, or you'll spill the water."

Clara walked a little apart. She felt almost jealous that the secret of her heart—all its fondness reawakened by David's absence—could be read by a mere child. She longed to see her husband; to beg his forgiveness for the past; to plead that it was her trouble, not her will, that had wronged him. "And yet," she reflected, "he wished us to part—gravely, earnestly. I may have said so in a captious mood, but *wish* it! Ah, no!" But for all this, she could not repress a bitter thought that if he no longer cared for her love, she would learn to hide it.

She was roused from these conflicting feelings by the entrance of Miss Lindsay and Mr. Dexter.

Dexter had a newspaper in his hand. Aunt Lindsay observed that he had good news for them, and that she had induced him to come in.

"So David's not yet arrived," said she.

"No," replied Clara, with feigned indifference, "not yet."

"But he should have been before this."

"I suppose, aunt, the train's not punctual."

Mr. Dexter here expressed his opinion that trains couldn't be relied upon. He thought the railway on the whole a slow institution, and wanted to know when wings were coming in.

"But you don't ask our news, Mrs. Lindsay?" he observed.

Clara, whose eyes were fixed on the timepiece, turned to him inquiringly.

"Well, first, the play's accepted."

"What! David consented?"

"Yes; called on me on his way to the station—would insist on our being partners, though."

This touched Clara much. She felt that for her sake David had accepted help which must deeply wound his pride as a man and his taste as a writer. She began to doubt whether his poetic ideals were so worthless, after all. She remembered lines of his which in her past girlhood had often touched her deeply, and made her feel more kindly towards all. And she thought the reason why the poet's music was so little cared for might sometimes be that he sang to deaf ears.

Dexter, with an air of mystery, had unfolded his newspaper.

"Next, madam," says he, "what should catch my eye at the stationer's, just now, but this notice of Lindsay's new book."

"Book?" echoed Clara.

"Yes, that I coaxed him to edit—'Cæsar for Children; or, the Commentaries with Pictures.' Such pictures! A fac-simile of the chariot of Cassibelanus; our respected ancestors, the ancient Britons, stained from top to toe with blue woad,—the original true blues—locomotive almanacs, with suns and moons on their bodies. There's a school-book for you always in request! Attention, while I read. 'This 'Cæsar' of Mr. Lindsay's—(he's in print, you see)—is a rare gift-book for boys, happily conceived, splendidly illustrated, learnedly annotated, and will be in a thousand homes this Christmas.' Bravo, bravo! it's a hit; didn't I say so?" cried Dexter, clapping his hands and executing a *pas seul* of striking originality.

"We owe this to you, dear friend," said Clara.

"O, it's nothing!" he replied. "I'm made for the present, Lindsay for the future. He'll be a great man when I'm forgotten, I know that very well. Bless you, a poet takes nearly a lifetime to grow, and seldom gets well above ground until he's under it. Next age Lindsay may be as much praised as Milton; and perhaps"—he moralised inwardly—"perhaps as little read. Ah, what's fame, after all? The dictation of the few who care for genius to the many who don't?"

Ashamed of philosophising even to himself, the exuberant Dexter laid his hands on Robert, and spun him as if he had been a tectotum. "What have you there, Robby?" he asked.

"It's my ship," said the boy. "I wish you would show me how to fix the jib."

"Just let me have a glance at the latest news first. I'm sure the ladies will forgive me."

Permission being granted, the young author threw himself into a chair and took up his paper.

Eight o'clock struck.

"Strango, David's not here yet?" said Aunt Lindsay, looking up from her work.

"Strange!" responded Clara with a sharp laugh. "You're getting nervous, aunt."

"By Electric Telegraph! What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Dexter, as the capitals in the centre of the paper arrested him. His quick eye at once took in the paragraph. He restrained himself and read silently thus:

"The passage-boat leaving this port at four o'clock last evening encountered a large steamer in a dense fog. So fearful was the collision, that the smaller vessel sank almost immediately—"

"Look; her mainsail's right," interrupted Robert, presenting his mimic craft to Dexter. The latter rose, walked from the boy, and resumed:

"In consequence of the fog, almost every passenger was below. Prompt efforts were made; but the ill-fated boat being off the rock at the time, and the night so thick, but three of the crew were saved."

"What port?" whispered Dexter, willing to doubt the letters that stared him in the face. "Dumbarton?"

He was surprised to a tone something louder than he had before used. Clara caught the word.

"Did you say Dumbarton?" she asked.

"Dumbarton," he said mechanically; then added evasively, "did I?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"I was just thinking that was the port Lindsay left;—at what hour last evening?"

"Four o'clock."

Dexter echoed the words steadily, but his voice grew thick.

"I say, Mr. Dexter," persisted Robert.

"Not just now, dear. Isn't it bed-time?"

"Bed-time, when it's Christmas Eve, and papa's coming home?"

"Go downstairs, Robert," said his mother with a quiet decision that the boy did not resist. Then she turned to Mr. Dexter.

"There's something wrong!"

"No, Clara," interposed Miss Lindsay.

"Yes; he named Dumbarton. Why did you wish Robert away, Mr. Dexter?"

There was a moment's pause.

"It's in that paper," she continued, pointing to the journal which Dexter was folding up.

"My dear friend," he began.

"You speak to me in pity. Give it me!"

"Not just now: calm yourself."

She gazed at him firmly, and gave him her hand.

"You see I'm quite calm. I must have it," she cried, suddenly seizing the paper.

The fatal words at once met her eye. "Dumbarton by Electric!" she uttered, and for a moment stood as if rooted to the spot. Then she tottered, and would have sunk heavily, but Dexter caught her in his arms and bore her to a chair.

A word or two of explanation, and Aunt Lindsay knew the terrible secret. Dexter enforced on her the need of controlling her own anguish. "We must now," he said, "think only of his wife."

"True, true," sobbed the heroic woman; "but—"

"Hush! she's coming to."

A deep moan burst from Clara, but it seemed to relieve her. Those that escaped her after were lighter and quicker. At length her hands moved as if waving off some dreadful phantom.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, her eyes still closed, "it's gone; it's gone now." She struggled to raise herself. "I've had these dreams before—often; but they go—they go."

She opened her eyes, and gazed round the chamber, at first vaguely, then with a look of baffled wonder that changed to terror.

"What's this?" she cried; "not daylight; not my chamber! How you look!"

Dexter strove to answer. "Let me entreat—"

"Silence!" she uttered with a shrill imperious accent. "It was a dream, I say." She rose to her feet, and glared at him, then sank powerless into the chair.

A short silence followed. Then Miss Lindsay approached and bent over her gently, saying, "It may not be true."

"True, true!" repeated Clara, with meaningless iteration.

Gradually collecting herself, she seized again upon the word. "True—what true? I here; life going its round with me; rest, food, talk, work; that fire burning; and *he* engaged, struggling, lost! True!" And her frantic laugh rang peal after peal through the room.

Dexter whispered the comfort he could not feel. "There may be hope."

"May?" she shrieked; "there must." Then the fierce voice sank into an imploring wail. "Why, what's changed? There are his books, his very pen, the table he wrote at when he escaped from this hard hard world to a brighter; and I—I upbraided him. There's the door by which he entered often without a welcome. O, to see him there now—to atone, what would I not give!"

The agonised wife flung herself upon her knees, and groaned, "O, Heaven, let it not be too late—not too late!"

Still she knelt, her hands stretched in a rigid clasp. At last they fell by her side, her whole frame relaxed, and for a time the icy grief thawed into a gush of tears.

"Heaven pity her!" prayed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara rose with a quietness that surprised them. "I must go now."

They were alarmed for her mind, and asked, "Whither?"

"To know the worst," she answered; "to the railway—perhaps to Scotland. I must be with him living; or if—if—yes, even there with him—or near him," she added with a shudder; "still mine—still mine!"

With these words she left the apartment.

Dexter thought it better that Clara should be for a time alone, so restrained Miss Lindsay from following.

"O, Mr. Dexter," sobbed the latter, "the train must have been in long ere this."

"I fear so," he replied; "another train—the express—is more than due now. It may bring tidings. I will, of course, go with Mrs. Lindsay to the station." And with a kind pressure of Aunt Lindsay's hand, he left her to procure a conveyance.

When alone, Miss Lindsay gave full vent to her tears. She read again the dreadful paragraph. It was too decisive to admit of doubt. There was none as to the identity of the boat with David, or that the only persons saved were members of the crew. Then the arrival of the train without him put the seal to her misery.

The wife, shawled and prepared to start, had re-entered so noiselessly that Aunt Lindsay had not time to control her grief. It did not, however, provoke any violent outburst from Clara. She asked quietly for Mr. Dexter, and hearing that he would be back shortly, moved dreamily about the room.

When Aunt Lindsay begged her to sit, she obeyed at once; the will to struggle seemed gone. "I am quiet now," she said; "I don't think Heaven will take him till I have his forgiveness. Often I yearned to ask it; but, O wretched pride! I doubted his love—thought *he* should speak first; and so I waited—waited—gambled with death."

All was said in the same hushed dreamy tone, as if spoken of another. The blow had fallen, and she lay helpless but still. Misery might crush her—it could not shock her again.

Aunt Lindsay strove to divert her self-reproach.

"O, you're wrong," said Clara. "Let me feel remorse—feel it to the heart's core. If I did not suffer, would Heaven have mercy?"

The door opened, and Mr. Dexter came in; Mrs. Lindsay rose, and said she was ready.

"We must wait a short time," he answered; "the conveyance is not yet here."

"We'll wait, then," said Clara.

"The distance is too great; besides I don't think we need start just yet."

"Not just yet!" She turned on him a wan smile. How could he know what moments were to her?

Mr. Dexter understood her meaning, and explained:

"Another train has arrived—the express: I may have news soon."

"News?"

"As to the truth of this report."

"Report!—bless you, bless you!" she uttered tremulously; "only report!"

"Only report at present," he added; "not yet confirmed as regards Lindsay."

Silently she peered into his face. "I almost think—don't tell me if I'm wrong—I almost think you have a hope. The express arrived. Have you seen any one?"

"Only a friend at the door."

"Well?"

"He merely placed in my hand this case; it contains a miniature."

Clara shook her head sadly, and began again to wander about the room. Dexter next called Miss Lindsay's attention to the miniature-case. She felt hurt that he should do so at such a time, and said, "O, not now, sir—not now!"

"Do look," Dexter entreated. When she reluctantly took the case, he whispered, "Command yourself; Lindsay's returned."

As Clara turned round, she saw them both conversing, seemingly about the portrait.

"And they can talk about trifles," she said. Then the idea flashed upon her that they could not do so unless there were hope.

"I've arranged with him," continued Dexter, still apart to Miss Lindsay, "to enter at my signal—a light in the window."

Clara approached, and bent on him a gaze so keen that he felt she was already penetrating his secret.

"That case?" she asked.

"As I told you," he replied, "it contains a portrait; forbear awhile; it will surprise you. That portrait saved my friend!"

She took the case and opened it. "Myself!" she exclaimed; "my gift to Kate. Who brought it? You smile,—O, tell me, tell me! My heart's so faint, joy will but revive it. He's here?"

She quivered from head to foot. Aunt Lindsay passed round her a supporting arm.

Dexter took the light and walked to the window. He had scarcely done so, when a peculiar tremulous knock was heard at the street-door.

Miss Lindsay felt the wild leap of Clara's heart.

"It's his step," cried the wife; "let me go!" Holding Robert's hand, Lindsay entered the room. She fell upon his neck.

For awhile not a word was spoken. Clara grasped her husband's hands, drew him to his chair, and sank on her knees by his side.

Then, her face shining through blessed tears, she uttered, "Forgive me."

"You, you, too, must pardon," he murmured fondly.

"I have not deserved this," she cried. "Saved!"

"Yes," answered Lindsay, "saved, after Heaven, by my wife." He took the miniature from Clara, and turned to Miss Lindsay and Dexter. "See, aunt,—see, friend, her portrait was my talisman. I had left it in my haste; I discovered my loss when on board; sent for it, but in vain. I could not part with it. At the last moment I leaped ashore. The vessel passed, passed on her fated way; but I—I was spared."

Her tears fell upon the portrait. "Ah, David," she said, may all that you once fancied there,—a wife's patience, sweetness, devotion,—all that you have never found in me, now be—"

He stopped her with a kiss. "Home-truths, Clara; they will be so henceforth."

They never forgot that Christmas Eve.

A LITTLE HOMILY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY. By THE AUTHORESS OF THE "HOUSE OF RABY."

Of all the days in the year, I love this one the best. It is the day when the whole of Christendom rejoices together in memory of

"The birth of Him that no beginning knew,"

as Giles Fletcher sang long ago. It is a holy day that makes us feel how all days are holy and precious in the sight of Him who measures them out to us. The smiling babe, and not the cruel cross, is the emblem of this day,—a day that makes the sorrowful take heart again—makes us able to enjoy and to glorify our humanity. Every thing in our common life hath a property of good, which we must find out in living; and Christmas comes to remind us of that fact. O, we of little faith! Penitential psalms and plum-puddings; sacraments and mere lovers' vows and kisses (sacramental, too, sometimes); the mystic dances of the heavenly host, and the merry mazes of Sir Roger de Coverley, where grandpapa and his three-years' darling go the first; the dark cold day outside, and the light and warmth within, which man by "his excellent spirit" hath invented; the solstitial pause and the hush of mundane gain-getting,—all are good and dear to the Life-giver and to the Life-receiver. Christmas Day is thrice blessed; it is consecrate to faith, hope, and charity. Perhaps our souls stand most in need of hope. Faith we hold more or less firmly, and love we give—as much as in us lies; but hope is hard to keep. We look out over the world and within our own hearts, all seems cold and dark and sad; we cannot see the spring-time coming. We must seek for hope, make her stay with us, and she will show us what virtue there is in being born into this human life. Let hope preside at our Christmas feasts, and then will it be merry; and our new year happy,—yea, though past Christmases and past years whisper dirges within us the while, our one human heart holds many sorrows and many joys, and they learn to live there together. But remember, O my wearied brothers and sisters, that though weeping may endure for a night (this star-lighted night of life), joy cometh in the morning! Amen, and God be with you.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

By THE AUTHORESS OF "ETHEL."

ON New Year's Eve I sat me down, and looked
Into the clear blank air, wherein anon
I saw, as moving visions, these—the Months.

Bleak January, stern, and hard, and cold,
Inexorable vanguard of the year;

His brother following close, with head bent down,
And eyes avert, and lagging, painful tread.

Then March—the young and lusty. In his breath
Is life—full, daring, fetterless, and wild,
Eager and fatal as a thoughtless love.

Passionate April—girl-child of the year—
Weeping her heart out on the lap of spring,

Until the May-time cometh, flowery-fair,
And all the earth smiles back the smile of heaven.

June,—throbbing, tremulous with coming joy,
Her rose-bud pulses thrilling all the air;



THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS. BY W. HARVEY.

And rich July, oppressed with ompery,
Bathes in a flood of gold, and taketh rest
By starlight, with low sighs and murmurings.

August, queen-regnant, born unto the throne,
Holding her state with bland, assured content,
Gracious and regal-generous, largo of heart.

September—gentle matron—with sweet eyes
And a low voice that penetrates, persuades,
And looks of love, and tender, guiding hands.

October, with a calm and thoughtful brow,
But quick decision in the look of him,
And a great will that may not be gainsaid.

Sobbing November cometh, veiled in mist,
And weeps, lamenting o'er the faded earth.

And then the last—December—takes his rank
Submissive, and contented to be old,
Grateful for unthought rays of happiness,
And ever mindful of the holy time
That cometh towards the end.

So they passed on—

The Months, in long procession, glad to go
Unto the goal of all things—even to God.

M. J. J.

PLUM-PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS ESSAY.

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

CHARLES LAMB has immortalised himself by writing a dissertation on Roast-pig. Let me be handed down to posterity as the author of a treatise on Plum-pudding. It is impossible to imagine, in the whole range of cookery, a more delicious subject for contemplation. At this festive season of the year,—I believe *festive* is the adjective usually applied to Christmas,—it is more particularly interesting. Plum-pudding may be said to be the all-absorbing topic of the day; it is in every body's mouth; nothing else will go down. Peace has been proclaimed; Parliament is not sitting; politics are voted a bore; the Persian war is a myth; and plum-pudding and pantomime reign supreme.

It must not be supposed, however, from this exordium that I wish to detract in any way from the acknowledged merits of roasted sucking-pig. Nothing can be farther from my intention. I share with Elia his amiable weakness, and agree with him, that the flavour of "crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*," is incomparable; but I also desire to record my grateful sense of the surpassing excellence of brown, melting, well-made, not under-boiled, plum-pudding.

I institute no invidious comparisons; both dishes have the strongest culinary claims to our distinguished consideration, and a thinking mind will not fail to recognise many inestimable properties that they may be said to possess in common. Rich, tender, and luscious, each may be regarded in its respective course as the *crème de la crème* of gastronomical perfection. The one, like some sweet and touching melody, charms us by its exquisite simplicity; the other is a splendid composition, in which, as in a master-piece of Beethoven, a number of discordant and contradictory parts are, by the touch of genius, harmoniously blended together into a perfect and delicious whole. The one is an infant that reposes meekly in its cradle, and appeals to the best feelings of our nature in favour of its youth and innocence; the other stands erect upon its axis in conscious dignity, and commands our admiration by its noble qualities and majestic bearing. In short, one is nature, the other art—both are beautiful.

The illustrious Elia records of the fortunate clodhopper, who, by burning down his father's pigsty, originally discovered the transcendent flavour of roast-pork, that, in his first raptures, the showers of blows that were rained upon his head and shoulders by his indignant sire were no more heeded than if they had been flies. But what was the brutal joy of the ignorant Bo-bo compared to the intellectual transports of the gifted creature who first perfected a plum-pudding? I regret to say, that, notwithstanding the most diligent research, I have been unable to ascertain the name of its primary compounder, or I should have wished to enbalm the memory of such a national benefactor in the appropriate pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Whoever the philanthropic inventor may have been, he or she,—for it is only just to give the fair sex the benefit of the interesting doubt,—is entitled to the highest rank among those who have rendered themselves famous in culinary history, from

the ingenious cook of Marshal Saxe, who, when the garrison was hotly besieged, made thirty-two different dishes out of a pair of his master's leather breeches, to the benevolent nobleman who gave to the world, through Messrs. Lea and Perrin, the original recipe for Worcestershire Sauce.*

But it is not as a work of art alone that I wish to contemplate a plum-pudding. I claim for *my* theme a higher purpose than the mere gratification of the appetite; and propose to treat it not only in a gastronomical, but also in a national, commercial, geographical, statistical, social, and moral sense.

First, however, let me look at it in the same matter-of-fact way that Peter Bell looked at the primrose:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Whether Wordsworth's hero would have surveyed a pudding with the same calm indifference as he did the wild flower, it is not my business to inquire. At all events, let me do so, as becomes the dignity of an essayist, and view my subject simply as a pudding—a plum-pudding, and "nothing more."

Boil it well. And here let it be understood that I am not speaking of a common every-day amalgamation of flour and raisins, recommended in cookery-books as "light and wholesome;" but that delicious combination of

"Sugar and spice
And all that's nice,"

that comes, like Christmas, only once a year,—the brandy-blazing, blue-burning, holly-crowned, royal British plum-pudding! Let no cook, whether plain or otherwise, approach her annual task without a due sense of the responsibility of the undertaking. Let her reflect upon the awful consequences of any disproportion in the ingredients, or want of skill in their preparation. A whole family may be plunged into agonies of dyspepsia and heart-burning by her carelessness. Well made, a plum-pudding is like mercy—"it blossometh him that gives and him that takes;" ill made, it is the —;—no matter; I hope the reader may never experience the sensation.

It is a purely indigenous production, and arrives at perfection nowhere but in England. The foreign artist who rashly attempts its composition, produces either a crude unwholesome mass, as hard and indigestible as a Dutch cheese, or a floating chaos of plums and suet, served up, ye gods! in a soup-tureen. And it not only requires an English cook, but an English digestion. Continental stomachs, accustomed to "airy nothings," like omelettes and soufflés, are utterly incapable of dealing with such substantial confectionery. No, no; plum-pudding is a purely national dish, and fairly represents the national character. Decked with evergreen, and wreathed in flame, with its treasures collected from every part of the world, it is a fit emblem of Merrie England. Flourishing and powerful, rich, solid, and hospitable, it welcomes its friends, and disagrees with its enemies; a firm ally and benefactor to those who treat it with moderation and respect; a formidable foe to such as abuse its goodness and trifle with its power.

Again, in a commercial point of view, what a vast impetus must be given to trade, home and foreign, wholesale and retail, by the manufacture of plum-pudding! When we consider that there are nearly thirty millions of inhabitants in these islands, and allowing at a most moderate average one pudding for every ten persons, it is almost awful to think that three million plum-puddings are consumed on Christmas Day in Great Britain and Ireland. The immensity of the idea is positively appalling. Why, if they were all rolled into one enormous ball, it would cause an eclipse of the moon. Imagine, if you can, the shiploads of raisins and currants, the shopfuls of bread, the granaries of flour, the tons of suet, the pyramids of eggs, the hecatombs of candied orange-peel, the showers of spice, the mountains

* *Read label on bottle.*

of sugar, the avalanches of salt, the seas of brandy, the acres of cloth, the miles of string, necessary to produce three million plum-puddings! The mere enumeration almost takes one's breath away. If plum-puddings were taxed or prohibited in any way, a general bankruptcy must ensue, both at home and abroad. France, Spain, Portugal, the Ionian Islands, Java, the West Indies, Ceylon, Cheshire, Lancashire; the baker, the butcher, the miller, the poulterer, the grocer, the confectioner, the fruiterer, the wine-merchant, the draper,—all are concerned in the concoction of the family pudding, to say nothing of the doctor, who usually makes his appearance next day.

Apart from its culinary excellence and commercial importance, what pleasant associations are connected with plum-pudding! What a succession of happy family-meetings rise up before us, as we call to mind the various Christmas-dinners we have eaten! And if these bright visions of the past are occasionally dimmed by the recollection of a disagreeable ordeal, prescribed as a corrective measure by the functionary last mentioned in the preceding paragraph, the others only shine out the more brilliantly by the contrast. But I am growing sentimental; and plum-pudding poetically treated was not included in my programme.

Can there be a more thorough embodiment of sociality and good fellowship? Whoever heard of low spirits and plum-pudding? or ill-temper and plum-pudding? or any thing else in connection with plum-pudding but hearty goodwill and kind feeling? Directly his jolly brown face is uncovered, winking and blinking his hundred eyes with fun and merriment, and cracking his fat sides with richness and hospitality, every eye brightens, every heart warms; Dick and Harry nod kindly to each other, and forget their little differences over a glass of wine; the old people at the ends of the table look round with affectionate pride at the merry faces about them; and every body is pleased and happy.

But I am verging on the poetical again; let me be calm as I approach my moral.

"Plum-pudding with a moral!" exclaims the reader. Why not? There are sermons in stones. A geologist will hold forth for hours over a pebble. Hamlet picks up a skull, and preaches whole pages upon it. Let my text be a plum-pudding,—an infinitely more cheerful subject, it must be admitted, than Yorick's celebrated head-piece. There cannot be a more perfect illustration of the vanity of human affairs than a plum-pudding. To-day it makes its appearance in all the pride of youth and beauty—the observed of all observers, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" to-morrow it is fried. Alas, what a falling-off is there! The next day the sad but wholesome truth is forced upon our minds, that we cannot eat our pudding and have it. Well, well, such is life. It is only a plum-pudding! J. H. L.

CHARADE.

By T. K. HERVEY.

[Solution in the ensuing Number.]

Am, my First!—a little space
Sweep the ages from its face!
From its covers shake the dust,—
From its claspings clear the rust!
'Neath the faded fences thin
Let us catch the soul within!
Through the dimness, through the stain,
Let us see thee as thou art,
Picture of some teeming brain?
Record of some grieving heart?—
Let us learn how ancient thought
At this altar prayed or wrought!
What dead limner left behind
This old copy of a mind?
Give thy message, stern or gay,
From some grave dug far away!

Tells it of the midnight toil
Wasted with the wasting oil,
Months of musing—maybe years,
Days of dreaming—haply tears,
Love that strove, and love that strayed,
Hopes that strengthened, fears that stayed,
Burning longings, doubtings cold,
Fancies young and feelings old,
Soaring wishes, failing wing,
That helped perchance to make this thing?—
All the bubbles blown and burst
In the birth-time of my First?

Boots not by *what* Muses nursed
To its fulness grew my First!
Boots not, if its web were wove
Out of learning, out of love!
Boots not, if it keep within
Tale of sorrow, trace of sin!
Whatso'er the sense or thought
O'er my First that ruled and wrought,
In its cradle, warped and worn,
Hath my Second since been born,—
Near its life-fount, drained and dried,
Hath my Second lived and died.
How he revelled—how he wrought
In that ancient house of thought!
Like to thought, still boring through
All the cells in which he grew!
Bringing down the rotten walls,
Laying waste the lonely halls,
Ruffling 'mid the rifled breast,
Frowning in the empty chest,
Groping, blind, the lamps about
Where the lights had long been out,
Making life where life was dead,
Waking up the weary head,
Creeping to the silent heart,

Stirring by the stagnant river,
Taking Time's unhandsome part
Where the clock had stopped for ever!—
Breaker of the broken shrine!
Miner in the wasted mine!
Reckless reveller!—feeder foul!
Robber of the robber-ghoul!
Spoiler in the home that nursed
All the fancies of my First,
For an hour that First shall be
Rescued from the moth and thee!

Ah, my First!—a little space
Sweep the ages from its face!
From its covers shake the dust,
From its claspings clear the rust!
Let not all the tears and toil,
Wasted with the wasting oil,
All the pantings, all the pain,
If they *were*, have been in vain!—
Though a fount of thought be dry,
Let its issues catch the sky!
Though the mine was closed of old,
Show the gem, and pass the gold!
Let not some poor ghost complain
Of a passion poured in vain,
Mourning-o'er its second self
Dead upon this coffin-shelf!
—By my fifty-student power,
Thus I wake it for an hour:—
Whatso'er thy wit or worth,
Buried prophet, come thou forth,
In thy grave-clothes, dust and damp,
To the glimpses of the lamp!—

So it is, my First appears
Once in many weary years.

Ah, the patriarch well might sing,
Would, my foe had done this thing!
If the doer poured his soul
Only—only for my Whole.
Well!—I prize it not myself;—
Carry it back to its coffin-shelf!
Lay it up in its ancient dust!
Bind its clasps with the rivet rust!—
I forbid not, o'er my First
Though my Second work its worst.
Let it vex no more my soul!
It hath made that soul aware,
Like my Second, so my Whole
May feed on sorry fare.

A WORD ABOUT CHRISTMAS DAY.

ADDRESSED TO DINERS-OUT.

I SAT musing a few evenings since in my old arm-chair; and whilst picturing to myself certain sparkling orbs, certain lustrous pearls on Druidical boughs, and certain glittering corals reclining on beds of variegated holly (with all of which I was so soon to become intimately connected), I fell into a trance.

Methought the spirit of one of the "Brothers Cheeryble" stood before me. It was "Brother Charles." Eyeing me graciously, Brother C. spoke as follows: "Gentle sir, I have been reading your thoughts. You are going out on Christmas Day, as usual, to enjoy yourself. I know all about it.

'Angels ever bright and fair'—

and all that sort of thing, oh? together with certain little amiable performances

'Under the blossom that hangs on the bough'—

oh? Ha, ha! Very good. But listen:

"As Christmas Day is a day of rejoicing to you and to all who are blessed with friends, just remember the wants of those who are without the means of enjoyment, and also destitute of friends. They have eyes, and can see what is going forward in the way of preparations for feasting. Hungry stomachs too have they, exciting them to *taste* the luxuries on which they gaze. Nor will their ears fail to detect the merry peals of laughter that will ring through our festive halls. Think of this, and tell your friends of it. If you cannot make all the world happy, as you are, you can each take a share in the good work, and cause many an individual heart to leap for joy. As you will all dine out scot-free, just put by *what it would have cost you* had you dined at home, and immediately distribute it in well-timed acts of charity. There are plenty of deserving objects to be found, and many to whom roast beef and plum-pudding have long been a dead letter. Search them out; then shall you and every friend of yours dine with a keener relish,—plum-pudding and custard being in increased demand and vociferously *encored*," he said, and, smiling sweetly, vanished.

W. KIDD.

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A Painter's Revenge. By SIMPLY BROOKS. Being the opening

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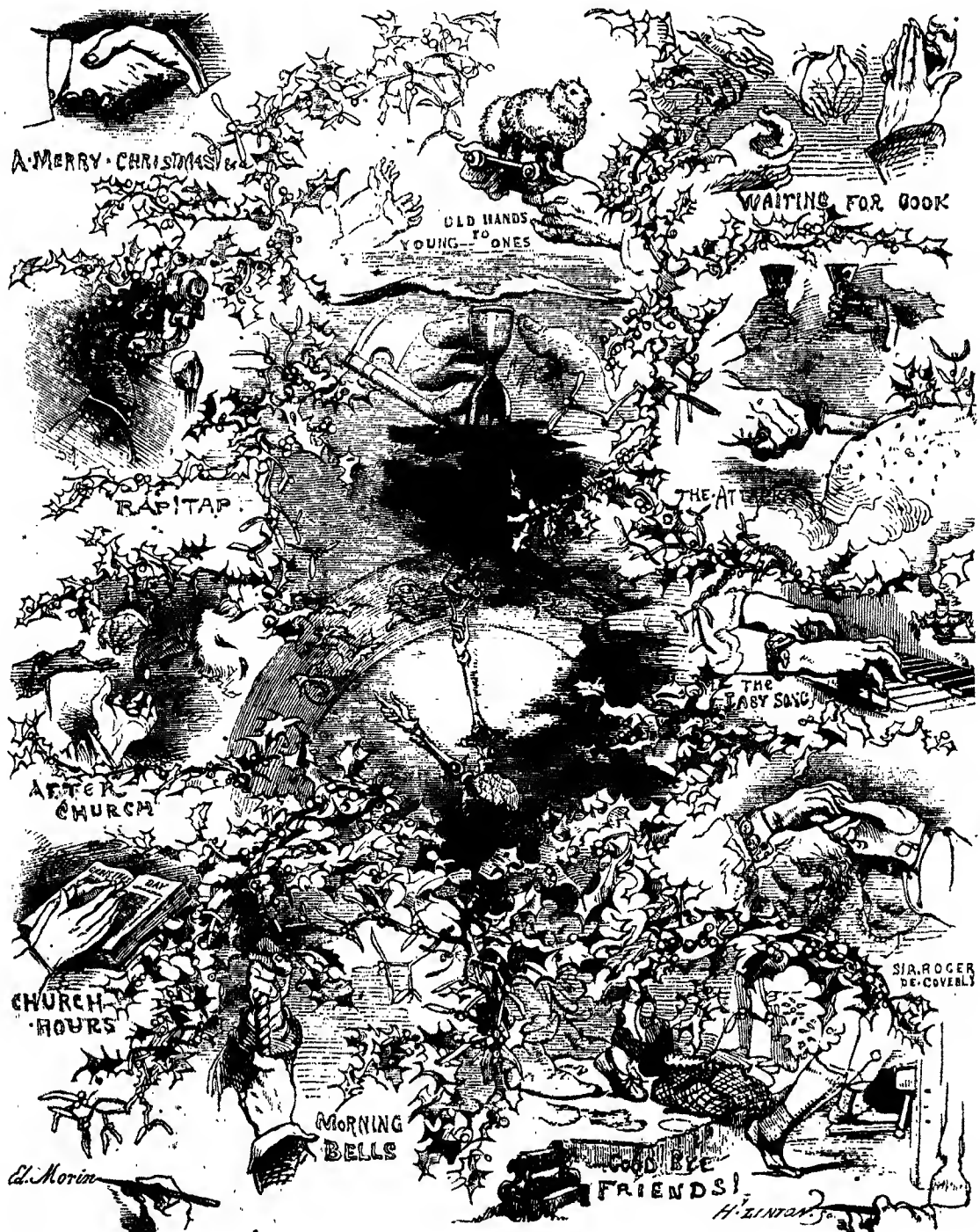
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HANDS AND HOURS: A CHRISTMAS CLOCK. BY E. MORIN.

THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH."



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. VI.

PAINTED BY F. WYBURD.

And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine-flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime;
Who, lulled in cool Kiosk or bower,
Before the mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH." BY F. WYBURD.

[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

If we speak of the languor, the luxury, and the half-poetic atmosphere that hangs over the scene of Mr. Wyburd's picture, and of the eastern character of the beauty of its occupants, we are but, in other words, doing justice to the work as an illustration to Moore's richly-elaborated poem. Both deal with artificialised nature; and Art, in the very abundance and variety of its resources, can afford to unbend occasionally its soverer grasp, and dally with the toys of time in an unekacting spirit.

MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

[Second Paper.]

THE broad impulses out of which the new school originated have been described in the foregoing Number. Let us consider who were the actual pre-Raphaelites who became the model of the "brethren." We have sketched their history in our paper on "Schools of Art." Speaking generally, they were the men who broke away from the degenerate Greek pattern-drawing, and gradually developed Italian art until it became perfected in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. All those three great painters, especially the last, whose treatment was more universal than that of Michael Angelo, and more perfect than that of Leonardo, stamped their own manner upon painting; and those who followed were inclined to emulate the great masters. Thus, after Raphael's time, a certain degree of mannerism returned to the schools of art. The men before Raphael studied from nature; they were not masters, but a succession of students continually labouring to bring out the form, the action, and the expression of nature. Desperately earnest, they succeeded more and more; each was enabled to add something to the general stock, and to bequeath it to his successors. It is probable that Giotto and Raphael were men of almost identical genius; but Giotto was a shepherd-boy, who had only Cimabue for his master; Raphael was the son of a painter, the pupil of a very graceful artist, and member of a circle of great men. The interval between Giotto and Raphael was a succession of struggles; the history of the time was eventful; and it may be remarked in passing, that art has never assumed an extremely vigorous and animated condition save in periods of eventful history.

The old pre-Raphaelites, then, were essentially the pupils of nature. The excessive difficulty of art arises mainly, though by no means exclusively, from the incessant changes of form in every animated model; it demands a mass of accumulated observation, experience, and practice, before art can be brought to a perfect treatment of form. It takes many generations to make one perfect student; and in the studies of the old pre-Raphaelites we find as many examples of failure as of success. Their works are a succession of labours, in which beauty is constantly gaining the victory over deformity; but the deformities remain, though to a diminishing degree, mingling with the beauties. Now supposing such a school to be chosen as an example, nothing can be more natural than to take it as such in the concrete, to accept all its characteristics in the lump, and copy its deformities as well as its beauties. This tendency would be strengthened if a powerful critic should arise, the positive qualities of whose genius would incline him to appreciate highly the beauties of the pre-Raphaelite painters, whilst his peculiar deficiencies would cause him to leave unnoticed the organic defects of that school; and this is precisely the fact with regard to the most powerful critic in art who appeared about the time when Millais, Holman Hunt, and the rest of the "brethren," were rising into notice. Mr. Ruskin has given us works displaying rare powers of description, and abounding in evidences of observation of nature in every

aspect, with the one most remarkable exception of animated organic life. He may be said to have supplied all that Lebrun could not, but entirely to have omitted Lebrun; a serious omission for the man whose writings constitute a guide to the new school of historical painting.

The problem practically taken up by the modern pre-Raphaelites was further confused by the very imperfect view entertained of "the ideal" in art, which has hitherto been generally supposed to be an abstraction divorced from nature—something different from nature. We shall probably take occasion to show how totally delusive this theory is; how completely the ideal is a matter of fact, and how, as a matter of fact, it has been pursued by the greatest artists of any time,—by Homer, Phidias, Lucretius, Raphael, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Rossini, Monti, or Macleod. Misled, however, by the common notion, that the ideal was something abstracted from, and almost opposed to nature; the British pre-Raphaelites, in seeking to emulate the earliestness of nature-study, and the truth of the painters before Raphael's day, deliberately stamped their copy with the crudities and the deformities of their originals, and thus avoided that ideal which is the essential condition of symmetrical art.

Our pre-Raphaelites aimed at something like the exactness of the photograph in copying nature as it is seen concentrated to the view by the framework of the picture. Earnestness of expression and the most absolute imitation of nature constitute the chief principles of the school; and these they sought to carry out in composition and colouring. The colouring of their drapery was studiously positive; the tints were such as might be seen, say, in a stuff when viewed close under the eyes by a strong light. Since they chose subjects in which "earnestness" could be exhibited, their countenances were wont to be sad, while the forms were meagre and often unhealthy, the outline and the colouring harsh. Now the spectator of a scene never has the opportunity of viewing each colour point-blank; an infinite variety of light modifies tints, softens the contrasts, and obscures the outline. So far the pictures of the pre-Raphaelites were untrue; but in other respects the close study of nature imparted a certain vividness of reality which was new to the visitors of our exhibitions. One of the first pictures by Millais which attracted notice was taken from Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes." It was a group at supper. A churlish varlet was invidiously kicking a cur; and the most conspicuous object in the picture was the vigorous leg stretched across in front at the end of the table. It is certainly possible that such an object might be so seen for an instant, but it would not dwell on the memory; and by the strictest rules of art, it should not be immortalised in the painted memory of picture. The expressions, however, of the faces were admirable; the story was clearly told; the men and women were like real guests at a supper-table; and the painter was recognised as a rising student of first-rate powers.

By the time Millais had arrived at painting the picture of "The Huguenot" (1852), his experience and the demands of his own just taste had compelled him to concur in practice with masters long before his time. He had found out that grotesqueness of form, the result of weakness or imperfection in the individual or his parents, is not essential to the truth in the human figure or expression; but that, on the contrary, such personal peculiarities disguise the truth. He had found out that it is not the duty of the painter to place in equal prominence every thread in a carpet and every brickbat in a wall, though for the time that a painter is looking at each it may be the centre of his attention. He had also found out, perhaps by experimental observation, that when well-made men and women, with healthy minds and fully-developed hearts, are under the influence of strong emotion, their action is always graceful, and their figures most usually combine in a graceful composition. The effect of this self-training was seen in a picture which constituted a departure from the pictorial dogma of the pre-Raphaelite school. In "The Huguenot" the chief force of the light was

thrown upon the two figures. Although the garden-wall under which they stood, and the foliage, were painted with care and minuteness, they were not thrust painfully on the spectator. A very simple action perfectly told the story. A young man of earnest, sober, somewhat stern, yet not ungente countenance, is taking his leave of a fair girl. She is leaning towards him, and tying round his arm a white handkerchief, while her face is turned up to his with an expression of endearing entreaty. The young man folds her to him with one hand, while with the other he is drawing away the handkerchief which she is fastening upon him. It is the eve of St. Bartholomew; the girl desires that her lover shall pass for a royalist and a good Catholic: he loves her for the wish, he deprecates the pain she is about to suffer; but his loyalty as a gentleman, his conscience as the upholder of a faith, forbid his yielding. Every complicated feeling that either could undergo in such a situation is brought out by the simplest traces of expression in the features, and the simplest action of the two towards each other. The picture is worth more now that the repute of the artist is established; but, indeed, the value is not to be gauged in money. As a design, it is perfect; the execution is powerful; and it was at once seen from it that the promising student had become a master.

The picture of "Ophelia," which appeared in the same year, has been much criticised. Ophelia was represented as she had thrown herself into the water, floating on the stream to her death, and singing as she floated. The character is one of the most perfect, and at the same time what is called the least ideal, of all in Shakespeare. Ophelia is a straightforward, loving, downright girl, presenting in the composition of the tragedy the exact antithesis to the abstract idealism, whose refinements wander beyond the verge of reason. She seeks refuge out of the perplexities which he so suddenly thrusts upon her by cutting short her life; having, however, in herself nothing melancholy or deadly. Millais took this view of her, but carried it to excess in his treatment. Ophelia might have been shown as the simple, kindly, unintellectual nature, without converting her into a mere buxom girl. She has walked in courts, and is by no means a dairymaid. Nevertheless there are some beautiful suggestions in the picture. There is truth in the face, vacant of every expression except a gentle and almost cheerful sweetness. The distraught maiden gazes up to the flowers and the birds as she floats by them, carolling to her death in only a half-consciousness of her own plight. The position of the body, with the head sinking back and the legs sinking yet lower, is exactly true to the attitude of one who floats passively on the water. The light dress floating in front coincides with the surface of the water, gently swelling at the motion, the white texture darkened by the watery space beneath it. In like manner, the spray above, the flowers scattered on the stream, the glaring light, were all copied from nature as they would be in the photograph, if that could give colour and the unblurred appearance of motion. Only here and there, perhaps, the hand of man, which takes so many years to discipline, has been a little too stubborn or too heavy for the light lines and sharp angles of nature, and the green was occasionally too green for aerial perspective.

In the following year the principal picture was "The Order of Release," though it was not alone, even in merit. There were also "The Cavalier," a picture forming the counterpart of "The Huguenot," and representing the daughter of Protestant rebels in this country bringing food to a cavalier hid in a tree; "The Woodman's Daughter," a little girl humbly courting the proud son of her father's lord; and the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," the bird caressed by two females of the floating household. The women in this picture were said to be dressed in their bed-clothes, so scant and lank was their white costume. It exhibited the traits of the pre-Raphaelite school in spiritualities, exactly as the harsh lines, harsher perspective, and neglect of composition, in "The Woodman's Daughter," retained many of the bald

and dry characters which the pre-Raphaelites seemed to identify with nature; whilst in composition, in story, as well as in the marvellous fidelity of the forest-dell and its carpet of dried leaves, "The Cavalier" was as perfect as any thing Millais has produced.

"The Order of Release," however, stands amongst his highest works, and it has now been rendered familiar to the public by means of engravings. It is one of those subjects in the treatment of which Millais has wholly escaped from the poverty and incompleteness of the pre-Raphaelite style, while rejecting the untruth which in art is misnamed the ideal. He has laid hold of his subject, and has sought to produce that and that alone. A Highlander, who had been out with the Pretender, had been captured and locked up in prison; his wife had set forth from their distant home, barefooted, to petition that he might be given up to her: her devotion had obtained its reward; and the picture represents her coming to the door of the prison with the order of release. The painter has brought out the dominant spirit of the scene by a matter-of-fact transcription of natural traits. The character of the order is signified by the care of the gaoler to scrutinise it once more just as he is releasing the wounded man from the iron door; the soldier-gaoler himself, however, is but a piece of furniture, his body half hidden by the door, round which his arm just comes, his face hidden as he looks down upon the order. The husband, exhausted by his wounds and sufferings, conscious only of his rescue, hides his face contentedly in the bosom of his wife. She receives the man in her open arms, her countenance beaming with a contained delight; while one hand holds over her husband's shoulder the order of release, and the other supports a child three or four years old, whom she has carried on her long journey, and who hangs upon her in the lifeless posture of deep sleep. There is a charming touch of poetry in the primrose that has fallen from the child's hand, and that tells of God's world without in that place of gloom. There is the same minutest finish in all the details. Many have complained that the woman is not sufficiently elevated in her expression,—that the man is too listless,—the child evidently too heavy for the woman's arms. This is, in effect, a complaint that the subject was not another subject, that the picture did not portray some ideal angel bringing succour to a hero unoppressed by his sufferings—an angel, too, who should have been able to carry a child on a long journey without letting it show signs of the fatigue against which the singleness and fixity of her own purpose had strengthened her. In short, the objections of the critics have served to show the more emphatically the truth and completeness of the painter's story.

Last year the subjects exhibited by Millais were varied, and were calculated to display the full powers of the artist. There were five pictures: "The Peace concluded, 1856," "The Portrait of a Gentleman," "L'Enfant du Régiment," "Autumn Leaves," and "The Blind Girl." All these must be too fresh in the recollection of the reader to need description; for even those who did not themselves visit the Exhibition, greedily examined the notices of the contemporary journals. "The Portrait of a Gentleman" was but the miniature of a small child. "L'Enfant du Régiment" was a miniature piece of still-life,—a young child sleeping on a tomb under a covering of soldiers' clothes thrown upon it by some friendly hands. "Autumn Leaves" is a group of young girls in a garden, sweeping up the dead leaves; a very powerful exercise in the autumnal-evening effect, with its broad sky and dark heavy hedges. The piece was not a design, but a study—an exact transcript of an actual scene; the figures, of course, being portraits. It is essential to bear this distinction in mind, because it anticipates certain remarks which would be likely to escape from the spectator's lips at the first glance. In "The Declaration of Peace" the young wife clings to her soldier-husband, assured that he will not be snatched away from her again for the wars. Her countenance presents a picture of emotions which could at that particular season be appreciated with peculiar keen-

ness; and Millais, who can give such exact imprint of every feeling that passes over the countenance, supplied abundant material for the scrutiny of his admirers. Some also he gave for the scrutiny of his censors. It struck us, for instance, that the stern unprepossessing face of the man hardly merited the devotion lavished upon it by the woman. Perhaps Mr. Millais meant to show that woman's love is spontaneous, and asks no requital; if so, he succeeded.

"The Blind Girl" was, however, the picture that concentrated upon itself the largest amount of critical inquiry. It was disfigured by a serious mistake: the double rainbow in the distance exhibited a gradation of colours the same in both arches, whereas the order in the one should have been reversed in the other. This is a remarkable instance of the way in which the most exact observers of nature can be caught tripping. In the foreground, upon a bank by the side of a roadway, sits a blind beggar-girl; a young companion sits by her side, and turns back to watch the approaching storm, with the rainbow beyond. The sightless girl sits *feeling* the atmosphere with upraised face and expanded features, her hands hanging loosely by her sides. No group could more completely express the contrast between the mode of action which sight imparts and the manner in which the deprivation of that sense loosens the attitude. The scenery is on a par with this perfect piece of painting. A broken range of common rises in rather a steep hill towards the distance; a few animals grazing on it mark by their diminishing size the real expanse; while the tints alone mark in their changing facets the endless diversity of the surface. Gerard Dow could scarcely have equalled the exact reality of the detail. He would have declared that the face and action of the poor blind girl belonged to a grade of art which he could never reach.

THE BROOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

"Do you love her?"

"I cannot conceive any possible right you have to question me."

"Does she love you?"

"The more she has favoured me with her confidence the less likely I shall be to break it."

"Answer me, Edward, or, by Heaven, you shall repent. Do you mean to ask her to be your wife?"

"On that point your question is premature; I have not yet made up my own mind. You see, my good fellow, there are objections to such a step."

"Heaven grant me patience!"

"Ay, I think you need it," was returned sneeringly.

The two men parted: the last speaker to open a little gate at which he had arrived, and walk jauntily up a trim garden, gay and glowing with autumn flowers fired by autumn-afternoon sunshine; the taller and older man to walk with an even pace up the steep village-street, giving many a kindly salutation to those he passed upon his way.

When they had both disappeared, a woman came from behind the lime-tree near which they had paused, and stepped somewhat stealthily over the yellow fallen leaves till she stood in the open road. Then she shaded her eyes from the sunshine, and looked up the West Street for a moment before she entered a house standing opposite the one with the gay garden.

At a window, looking out upon a more retired side of this garden, in at which peeped late roses and luxuriant myrtle-boughs, a girl sat at work,—a girl who was beautiful after a certain almost childlike fashion, whose face was perhaps the more attractive from its provoking imperfections. She bent over her work with knitted brow and a fierce eagerness, the short upper lip of her restless mouth curling scornfully as she listened to the remarks of a hard-featured elderly woman who sat by the table.

"You will spoil your frock, if you draw your throat through with such a twitch every time," remarked the latter.

The young girl was trimming the sleeve of a dark stuff-gown, and her fingers looked the fairer from contrast with her dark-hued work. She raised her head sharply, and hastily strove to rearrange her hair, hanging somewhat disordered over her flushed cheek. She had heard the opening and closing of the house-door. When some one entered the room, she saw who, first by a sidelong look from under her eye-lashes; then, after a slight bow of recognition, bent lower over her work, her face very expressive of disappointment.

"Linda, you are not too hasty to shake hands with Mr. Salford," her aunt said, having herself greeted that gentleman with grim cordiality.

Mr. Salford took a chair close to Linda, and held out his hand, bending low over that shyly or unwillingly extended to him. "It is a beautiful afternoon, Miss Wood," he remarked to the elder lady. "It is a shame to be in the house. I have been for a long walk, and enjoyed it uncommonly, even though my companion was not so amusing a one as I should have chosen."

"You don't often walk, I think," remarked Miss Wood.

"Why no; but my horse is lame. Calton joined me. He is a tremendous walker; so we went further than I intended—all the way to Highford."

"It is a long time since we have seen Mr. Calton," Miss Wood observed; and Linda's head bent lower as Mr. Salford glanced at her curiously.

"Miss Linda, I want to look at the foliage of that rose your father was describing the other day; I think I have once like it at my place. Will you show it me?" he asked.

Miss Wood said, "Go, Ethelinda; you haven't been out to-day."

"I don't care to go," Linda said pettishly.

"You said you wanted a walk," her aunt remarked.

"And you said that I must finish off my frock, because I had nothing else fit to wear, and the weather was getting too cold for muslins," Linda rejoined maliciously.

"It is a pity the weather should ever be too cold for muslins," Mr. Salford said; "nothing is so pretty for young ladies." Miss Linda, put away your work, pray; it isn't fit work for such fingers," he added in a whisper.

"My fingers often do harder work than this, Mr. Salford, I can assure you. Let me see; they have even—"

"Linda, put away your work and go into the garden; don't make Mr. Salford wait any longer." Miss Wood spoke with decision.

"Mr. Salford's time isn't as precious as mine, aunt, or he wouldn't spend it as he does. He doesn't give music-lessons to little children, or teach the usual branches of an English education, or turn old dresses to make them look like new, or do any thing useful," Linda said, as she rose and began collecting her work together with great deliberation; Mr. Salford looking more amused than displeased. Miss Wood smiled, and called her niece a foolish child.

Linda left the room; hunted up her oldest garden-hat and a much-worn shawl, put them on, and returned to the parlour.

"I am ready, Mr. Salford," she said, and cast a mischievous look at her aunt, who glanced up in consternation.

The hat was hattered, its ribbons faded; but Linda's arch smile was so brilliant, that her face looked only the more bewitching from under the shabby head-gear, and the old shawl was thrown on with careless grace.

Mr. Salford followed her through the cool shady hall—adorned with casts from the best statues, and many curiosities, modern and antique, and large enough to be vastly out of keeping with any thing else in the tiny house—to the garden-door.

This garden was a marvel of the neighbourhood, a very well of beauty and fragrance. Its high walls were screened by laurels, up which climbed China roses which covered

them with bloom during many months. It lay quite open to the south-west, looked over a small orchard, separated from it by a green slope, to a distant hill—the one hill of the neighbourhood, save that up which the village crept. Through the rich pasture-lands and round the base of this hill flowed a brook, shallow now,—for the summer had been hot and dry,—but sometimes deep, always dark and sluggish.

"Your father's garden is certainly the most perfect in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Salford.

"He is very fond of gardening. Which is the rose you want to see,—this, the Acidale, or the Lady Alice Peel?—I don't remember. Is it this—the Ophirie?" Linda questioned in a business-like way.

"I don't remember quite either. I must look at them all.

* There are more in that walk, aren't there?"

"Yes. It is a pity my father is not at home; he would immediately remember which you mean. This freshly-planted one—is this it?"

"Indeed I can't say. Can't you make out the name?" And he bent his head down so close that his cheek almost touched her hair; for she wore her old hat carried over her arm now, the evening was so mild. Her head was immediately lifted up.

"I have never been down this pretty path. Does it lead through the orchard?" Mr. Salford inquired.

"Yes; and there are no roses there," Linda said demurely.

"But I should like to try it. You must show me the way; then there will be roses there, I fancy."

They went on side by side. Linda assuming all the dignity of which her childlike figure and manner were capable.

"Shall you go to our autumn ball?" he asked her, after some perplexity as to what to say to break the silence.

"No."

"Do you not care for dancing?"

"O yes; but I shall not go to the ball. I could not afford it. I suppose you can't understand what that means?"

"You ought not to be able to understand; you need not—if only—You must have a very dull life?" he asked suddenly.

* "Yes. No. Yes, because papa is always busy, and aunt often—not merry: no, because I've plenty to do myself, and haven't time to think if I'm dull or not."

"But that plenty to do must be disagreeable; and your aunt is often out of temper."

"I do not see that we need talk about this," Linda replied.

"Can you doubt that any thing concerning you must deeply interest me?"

"I haven't thought about it. Isn't that leaf a beautiful colour?" She held out her hand, a scarlet leaf lying in its palm.

"Very. What a charming head-dress a few such would make!" He picked up two or three more, and was about to put them in her hair; but she withdrew her head with a decided gesture.

"We will turn back now," she said.

"You were not in such a hurry when you were in this garden with Calton, some weeks since," Mr. Salford returned reproachfully.

"Papa was here. I like to hear him and Mr. Calton talk," Linda said, blushing vividly; adding, with a saucy look at her companion, "you haven't any thing so interesting to say."

"If I dared—if I thought you would listen," he answered; and returned her look with a confident gaze, meant to be one of love and hesitation, but in which she saw more boldness than timidity.

"You needn't dare, for I shouldn't listen," she answered hastily.

"You are very cruel, Miss Linda."

"If I were, I suppose it would be something very new to Mr. Salford to be treated cruelly," she said with a subtle contempt he failed to feel.

"Perhaps. It is often one's lot to have every thing but what one most desires," he answered, with a conceited sentimental air.

"Ah, so it is," Linda returned mockingly; adding, "Do you know, that I think people who have almost all they want, who have had smooth prosperous lives, are seldom worth much."

"A most profound observation for a young lady. Quietling Calton, perhaps."

"I ought to have put in, 'though I say it that shouldn't say it;' for by that rule I may be worth a good deal," Linda said lightly, not heeding his speech.

"Certainly; I do not doubt that," Mr. Salford replied with *empressment*. "You won't go indoors yet?" he added, as they reached the house.

Linda turned and looked back. The sun was just setting behind the hill, and the autumn mist creeping over the low-lying wood and meadows. The last rays of sunshine fell upon her as she stood in the open doorway.

"It is very pleasant and lovely out," she said to herself; "but—" and she glanced at her companion with eyes that had prisoned some of the vanishing sunlight.

"But your companion is not so pleasant?" he asked.

"Perhaps that was what I was thinking."

"You are as cruel as you are charming."

"I do not think I am," she said, her eyes watching the last speck of the sun's disk disappear behind the clump of firs.

"In proof thereof, let me have that rose." She held one lightly in her fingers.

"There, it has quite gone," she exclaimed, paying no attention to her companion.

He had taken the rose, and was placing it in his coat. It was not worth while to ask for it back. She didn't care enough about it.

A noise behind made her turn quickly. The hall-door was opposite that in which they stood. Mr. Wood and Mr. Calton were just entering together. As they did so, they saw the figures of the young man and young girl defined against the clear sky.

Linda went to her father, who was carefully unpacking something he had set down most heedfully. Linda gave her hand gravely to Mr. Calton; then turned to watch her father.

"There, Linda; is it not beautiful?" He displaced a bust from a central pedestal, and placed there a very exquisitely executed bronze.

"It must have cost a great deal, papa," Linda said very softly, an old anxious look coming over her face.

"Hush! don't let your aunt hear you say so," was answered hurriedly.

Mr. Calton, though affecting not to hear, looked with true concern at both father and daughter. Mr. Salford hummed a tune, and ostentatiously smelt the rose he wore in his coat.

CHAPTER II.

"Edward, it is nearly a month since I spoke to you about Miss Wood. You have been at the house almost every day since, and the whole village talks."

"Let the whole village talk; I do not care."

"I dare say not," was answered with bitter calmness; "but I do. Miss Wood has no very competent protector, as you know. Her father walks through the world with his eyes shut to its every-day business; and her aunt is dazzled by the position to which you might raise her niece. I am your cousin; once you looked upon me as your elder brother. I will not let you—the affair—go on in this manner longer. Do you, or do you not, mean to ask Miss Wood to marry you?"

"By Jove, I believe you love the girl yourself!" Mr. Salford said, with an assumption of having made a new and wonderful discovery.

"You have long known that I do love Miss Wood," was

answered with the quiet of deep emotion. "I have always loved her."

"Conquer your vain passion, then, as soon as you can, let me advise you. Linda isn't for you."

"Tell me that you mean to ask her to be your wife, and I leave Minsterton; but I will not have her happiness and reputation played with."

"I have every reason to believe that the fair Linda's happiness is safe in my hands."

"Give me the promise I ask, Edward; it is not much to ask."

"You have no right to ask it, and I cannot give it."

"How cannot I give it?"

"Your tone is insolent."

"Answer me, and let us part; for, Heaven help me! Edward, I am learning to hate you. Tell me you will marry her."

"That step will involve great sacrifices, requires great consideration."

"Then, unless you are a more heartless wretch than I think you, leave off visiting her till you have made up your mind."

"And leave the field to you? Ha, ha! No; that would be painful to us both. I will stand no further questioning; you try me too far; let us part." Mr. Salford's face looked dark and gloomy.

"Not so. You shall answer me!" Powerful Mr. Calton grasped his cousin's arm; then let it go, because it was so puny; but still confronted him in a threatening attitude.

It was a still sullen autumn day. A man was ploughing in a field hard by the brook near which the cousins walked, the younger carrying his fishing-apparatus.

"You shall repent this violence. I shall know how to wound you," Mr. Salford sneered significantly. "Be assured I will not spare her from love to you."

"You are a cold cowardly villain. O God, it almost seems sin to let such live to harm the innocent!" He turned away, lest his passion should be beyond control, and hastily left the place, his cousin's mocking laugh ringing in his ears.

The latter went on through the damp meadows, where the fog lay heavily, to the brook-side. Passion was beating in his brow and heart blindly, though he had seemed so cool. That very morning Linda had refused him; he suspected that she secretly and unconsciously loved his cousin.

Desperate thoughts bewildered him; yet when he reached his destination, he mechanically put together his rod, using a large and curious knife to make one part fit into another more easily, and threw his line into the swollen brook.

Sitting on a stump in a dismal little swamp, his head on his hand, thoughts of vengeance throbbled wildly in heart and brain. He forgot time and place, and gloated over scenes of consummated revenge.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton took his way to Mr. Wood's house.

His abrupt entrance made Linda flush; his stern resolute face caused her to grow pale. She was alone; he sat down opposite her where he could see her face.

There was a long silence; Linda beguiled it by counting the beatings of her heart.

"Linda," Mr. Calton said at last, "will you try for a little while to think of me as an elder brother, to grant me the right to counsel you? Remember, I have known you since you were a baby."

"You look disagreeable. You are going to scold me, Mr. Calton," Linda said, for a second glancing into his eyes and trying to speak lightly.

"No; I want to speak to you—about a matter concerning which it is very difficult for a man to speak to a woman. Will you try and be patient—not offended, if I wound your feelings?"

Linda looked perplexed; then answered with simple faith, looking into his eyes, "I do not think you will say any thing that should hurt my feelings."

"Not willingly, little Linda."

She withdrew the hand he took, and said, "It is long since you have called me that, Mr. Calton."

"It is long since I have seen that look of child's faith in your eyes. I want to speak to you about my cousin," he went on hurriedly.

She held her head so low he could not see her face.

"If you had brothers, if your father were less engrossed with his own pursuits, I would not dare—"

"Mr. Calton, you shall not dare! I will not hear from you what I have been hearing from Aunt Wood. You have no right—" His look of gentle pity quenched her sudden anger; she began to cry. "I am so unhappy—so lonely," she sobbed.

"I am grieved; I know I should pain you. Linda, forgive me."

But she would not glance at him. He paused, looked out of the window in pained perplexity. After a little, she dried her eyes, and said:

"If I am rather friendless, poor, and sometimes have a hard life,—these are reasons why a good man should respect me. It is insulting me to think that just for these reasons, and just for the sake of being rich and living in a fine house, I would marry a man I could never love,—like your cousin, Mr. Calton. It is not my fault if he came here so long. A girl can do so little; and he never gave me the opportunity of speaking plainly till this morning."

"Do I understand, Miss Wood, that you have refused my cousin?" was asked wonderingly.

"Of course I have—this morning; and aunt is so angry, and—I am very unhappy."

"Do you repent that refusal?"

"No, Mr. Calton!" Again such an indignant face.

"I have been under a mistake, Miss Wood; I have done my cousin less than justice, and you also. I feared that—that you loved him, that he was most unworthy, and—"

"You came to warn me? Kind! I feel most grateful. To warn me!" she repeated contemptuously.

"I am glad—sorry," Mr. Calton said, rising; "glad that my warning was not needed, sorry that I have offended you; but, excuse me, I am in haste now. You must permit me to see you again before long."

He bowed himself out of the room without offering to touch her hand. Linda's mood softened; again she cried—now as if her heart would break; bending down from the haughty attitude she had assumed a moment before to crouch upon the floor, laying her head upon the chair. "That he should think I could love Mr. Salford!"

"Linda, it is nearly five o'clock; you ought to have been at Mrs. Brown's at half-past four. You have made your choice of life; it is too late to repent," said a sharp voice,—"too late to cry now and make a fright of yourself."

Linda rose up. "I do not repent," she said, pushed her wet hair back from her eyes, and left the room. In a short time she was seated by Mrs. Brown's piano, listening to scales and exercises feebly played by the little hands of her pupil.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton had gone through the miry lane and the damp meadows towards the spot where he thought he should find his cousin. But among dead leaves by the brook-side he paused to think; his heart was beating so fast and strong with joyful hope. Was he fit to meet a disappointed despairing man? Would not some of the emotion he felt shine out from his face?—a truth-telling face always. Would not the generous apology he was about to make be mistaken for insulting irony by one of his cousin's nature? Ay. Mr. Calton leant back against a tree and mused: a dismal place for love-bright dreams; the fog came creeping on and on over the wet meadows, the dank leaves fell without wind, the water of the brook crept by, dark and sluggish.

Mr. Calton's rough coat was beaded with moisture, so were his hair and whiskers; when, after a considerable time had elapsed, he left the brook-side for the path through the

open meadows, he was met by the man who had been ploughing near him in the earlier part of the day.

Mr. Calton walked very rapidly, with bowed head and folded arms; he did not give the man the frank and friendly salutation he was wont to bestow on any countryfolk he met.

The man, when he had gone a few steps, turned, looked after Mr. Calton, shook his head, and muttered to himself.

The fog thickened, the night darkened down grimly; the brook flowed through the meadows, struggling with the leaves collected thickly on its brink, they muffling its voice if it strove to break the silence to toll of any unwonted thing it passed on its way—of any ugly mystery.

Late that night a servant of Mr. Salford's came to Rose Cottage to inquire if his master were there, or had been there that day.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WEEDS left indolently to grow in our own gardens are not got rid of when their roots are burned. They have seeds as well as roots; and when we have made clean work of it and begun to congratulate ourselves, the tiresome plants are seen springing from our neighbour's soil to our fresh annoyance and the renewal of our pains. Twenty-two years ago slavery was abolished in the British colonies, and England thought she had done with it; but two centuries earlier she threw the pestilent seed upon America, and nothing on this earth is more likely to plague her in time to come. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," is as true of the black bread of evil as of any better thing.

It is the habit of our brothers among the cotton-fields, and under those Virginian mountains whose heights looked down on the first purchase of American slaves, to condemn our interference in any way with the question of American slavery. "The peculiar institution is our own; let us alone," they say. We are not to wonder at them. It is natural; it is just what we should have said ourselves. But the thing cannot be, and ought not to be. England has no stranger's place in the homes and interests of America. We cannot wrap our differences about us and sit apart while questions such as this are agitating the hearts of our best friends. The electric cable of human life and love has long been thrown across the Atlantic; and though other wires may interchange our thoughts more rapidly than now, they are not wanted to complete the circuit of our inseparable sympathies. No head has calculated the relation between England and the United States. So much cotton and so much corn; so many acres of calico, and such an amount of tonnage,—we make striking figures of them, but they reveal very little of the truth. Who has estimated the sum of human health, comfort, exertion, and progression involved in these annual returns? Who has looked into the possible future, and seen what we both might be without one another's friendship, or with the millstone of each other's hatred round our necks? And as in matter, so in mind. If it is hard to reckon what we owe to one another, it is harder still to say how much we feel for one another.

Those crowded migrant ships and populous steamers give us something more than the statistics of emigration. The tears dropped daily on the quays of London and of Liverpool; the handkerchiefs waved so passionately over the Mersey and the Thames; the eyes straining backwards from our decks, and forwards from our shores; and the faces that turn away, or turn heavenward, when sight avails no longer,—have another meaning besides so many bodies

less to feed on this side the waves, and so much additional labour on the other. They mean, that each of those bodies has a heart in it, that every heart has parted from its kindred, and that between those who stay and those who have gone a tide of love will be flowing every day as surely as the tide of waters over the Atlantic. We should like to know how many English families there are at present who could call over the family-roll of near relations without calling some one from America,—some ardent brother felling the primeval woods; some sister, whose last words in England were those of her marriage-vow; some fallen but repentant child, seeking a new life in a new world; or some other, fallen but not repentant, who has fled from every thing except the love that will follow him past the grave. With such bonds between us,—and there are many more,—indifference, or even silence, on such a question as American slavery would be a wrong done to friendship. The fortunes of the Western world, both morally and physically, are staked upon it, with all else that is involved in them; and what we have to do is, to feel a yet deeper interest, and speak with a more earnest purpose even than we have hitherto done.

There are three millions of slaves in the United States. Their value as property is probably three hundred millions sterling. The annual produce of their labour is twice as much as the ordinary revenue of England. What is to be done with them? No American has answered this question; and no Englishman can venture to do so except in general terms. But on both sides of the water the Anglo-Saxon mind has resolved on the extinction of slavery by some means or other, and has never yet resolved on any thing in vain. In England we are removed from the immediate pressure of personal interests; we are brothers of the great American nation. It is our part, if it is any one's, to look dispassionately at the contest, and to send quick words of friendship into its heat and hubbub.

The true strength of the abolitionist's cause does not lie in abstract theories, or in particular cruelties, or in exaggerated sentiment. The conclusive reason against the continuance of slavery is a practical one, and it is this:—men are put upon this earth to develop themselves and to improve themselves; and slavery is a wilful and avoidable hindrance to the development and improvement of a large section of mankind. There are hindrances which are not wilful and not avoidable; but to discover that the existence of any one of them depends on our own will and pleasure, is at once to fall under the obligation of removing it. When a good Providence desolates our homes by pestilence, or when wicked men fill our streets with crime, we can only bow before the one and endure the other so long as they are beyond our control; but the moment we discover that half the pestilence is caused by filth, and half the crime by ignorance, the duty of sanitary measures and educational efforts is established for ever after. It is even so with slavery. The only way in which human beings can be kept in a state of absolute submission to human masters is, by keeping them ignorant and degraded. The relation of a slave to his master is in itself a degrading one. His contentment is the strongest evidence of his degradation, and the surest effect of mental advancement in him would be an effort to throw off his chains. Slavery means the wilful perpetuation of comparative barbarism, and will never mean any thing else while the world lasts. If this is the right end of human existence, then slavery is right; if not, it is a wilful evil.

But the friends of abolition lose much by their own exaggerations. "God," says one of them, "has hid away the human soul in the black man's skin; that in finding it, we may rediscover our alienated and forgotten nature."

"On them will devolve the supremacy of the ages," says another. This will not do. We can understand from such writers what is meant by "Nigger Worshipers," but we can only smile at such idolatry, and lament the mischievous effects of it on the slave-owners' minds. What the future



RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS; OR, THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

destiny of the negro may be we cannot pretend to say. The world has seen many ups and downs in the history of all its families, and will doubtless see many more. Who dreamt of the modern Frenchman at Fontarabia, or of the modern Roman when Cæsar died? A yellow race has civilised China; a tawny one established the thrones of the caliphs; and those Egyptian conquerors, whose empire once stood as firmly as the Pyramids, were probably of Negro origin, and were certainly as black as buffaloes. But for all this, the negro race at present is an inferior one, must be dealt with as such, and will only confound our plans if the fact be disregarded.

The slave-owner, however, need not thank us for this admission. Instead of justifying him, it decides the case against him. We say the negro race is inferior; but what is inferiority among the families of men? It is just this, and no more—that some of us have advanced a few steps farther than the rest upon a road that is infinite; that childhood in one case has been somewhat longer than in another; that powers common to all have grown unequally. To give it any other meaning, to suppose any positive incapacity for unlimited growth and improvement in any race of men, is either to deny their humanity, or, if we are Christians, to admit that souls too badly made to reach the poor limit of

a white man's earthly excellence are still good enough for the paradise of God.

This inferiority of the negro is the favourite answer to the arguments of abolitionists. It ought to be one of the strongest of those arguments themselves. Do we sow waste land with thistles because it has never yet brought forth corn? Do we take the weak ones of our flocks, and, because they are weak, expose them to such stress of weather that feebleness becomes incurable? Do we keep our children childish because they are born so? Even for selfish ends, we know such conduct to be absurd; but if there is any where a thing we love,—and a good man at least loves his species,—to know that it is feeble, to see that it is inferior, is to engage every noble sentiment in the work of helping and raising it, and to make the thought of turning its imbecility to our own advantage a thing abhorrent to our souls.

There is one other practical point on which we have a word to say to our American brothers. No good thing is ever gained without a sacrifice offered somewhere. No virtue which shrinks from sacrifice is worth the having. The American slave-holders have invested their fortunes in their slaves with the sanction of the whole nation; and to abolish slavery without compensating them for the loss they must sustain, would be very much like robbing Dives

in order to give Lazarus an alms. America sees this, and turns her eyes away. Let her call up her heart's true greatness, and look the fact in the face. The sum involved is indeed enormous; but then every year adds to it, while whole ages will not change the nature of the obligation. England has stood erect under a debt of a thousand millions, spent in killing and burning. Could America tremble under a fourth part only of that burden, when borne for the sake of freedom and humanity?



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

III.

For once Mrs. Parker had not exaggerated the graces of an expected visitor. The foolish old saying, "that some people's geese are all swans," would scarcely find much acceptance at Christmas-tide, when the nobler bird of the twain takes the rank to which he is entitled, and the thought of his long-necked and arrogant rival on his gloomy water or muddy bank only suggests the shivers. We will not say, therefore, that Mrs. Parker's geese were habitually swans, but merely that the lady had a habit of exalting all that belonged in any degree to herself in a way that occasionally astonished even the objects of her eulogies. The plan would not be a bad one for general adoption, if we could keep up this fictitious currency, for society would thereby seem so much the richer; but, alas! it is not given to man, nor even to woman, to simulate for ever; and when the day of depreciation comes, where is our credit as financiers,—we who cried up that which we are now eager to cry down? So that, on the whole, the Mrs. Parkers are wrong and shortsighted.

But in the case of Captain Llewellyn there had been no over-colouring at all. That soldier was a guest of whom any hostess had a right to be proud. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with elegant manners, and moreover with a fair portion of brain in his finely-turned head. He could dance, and he could also talk; and even young ladies, at the age at which dancing is the one ecstatic enjoyment of life, have been known to allow that they would as soon be talked to by the captain as danced with by any body else,—and this is an admission of inconceivable value in such a case. Llewellyn had also considerable humour; and though his usual manner was frank and lively,—indeed, if he had a fault in the eyes of some of his fair adorers, it was that, with features that could express so much melancholy, he was too cheerful,—he had some melo-dramatic power, which he put forth on occasion for the speedier subjugation of the female heart. He was therefore eminently dangerous to the peace of mind of a great many delightful persons between the ages of eighteen and five-and-twenty. As he did not tell them, they could not know that he was privately married to a cousin, who would be an heiress, if an uncle with whom Llewellyn lived did not discover the marriage, and disinherit her. Obviously, therefore, it was his duty to his private wife to flirt as much as he conveniently could, in order to prevent any possible suspicion of the state of affairs. And Charles Llewellyn, being very conscientious, did flirt as much as he could.

Mrs. Parker's house was in one of the new streets in Pimlico. As this is not a novel, but a story with a purpose, it is befitting in the writer to warn his readers that he does not recommend them to go and live near her. New Pimlico, in its present state, is the most abnormal and abominable region under the London sun. It is a sham and a mockery, and a collection of whitened sepulchres. Its new streets are

built with some architectural pretence, and the houses look comfortable, and even elegant; and it is lamentable to behold engaged couples, or young husbands and wives, in search of abodes, gazing smilingly and hopefully at these residences, and remarking that they might be made very charming. The unfortunate victims are deluded. The houses *are* good, and "replete with advantages;" but nevertheless, O young lovers! eschew them; O gray wedded doves, flee away, and be at rest elsewhere! Pimlico is no place for you. Bride, I know your gentle thoughts. Your handsome husband there is a composer, and makes melodies which not only sound sweetly unto you, but for which there be gentlemen on either side of Regent Street who gladly give him much gold. You picture to yourself that stone balcony filled with flowers, and behind it a charming room, with a noble pianoforte; and you have peopled that paradise with an Adam at the instrument, setting the most lovely words to the most heavenly airs, and an Eve, whose little person peepes in the largest of easy-chairs, and whose little fingers are adorning a miniature cap, too small for aught that yet breatheth on this earth. You listen, dear little Eve, murmuring applause, as Adam turns out some peculiarly Mendelssohnian phrase; and you look up with a raptured smile, and catch his loving glance in the mirror which you intend to hang yonder. Go away, Eve—go away, and slun the intolerable place. Would you like Adam to become a surly wretch, irritable, snappish? Would you like him to sit down sulkily to that sweet instrument, remarking with a sad word that there is no doing any thing in that infernal house? Would you hear him beg that, if you are going to sit in the room, you will keep quiet, and not rattle those scissors on the table, or drop your thimble above six times in a quarter of an hour? Would you see him jump up furiously, rush to the window, launch some fierce words into the street, bang down the sash, and return angrily to his work? Would you behold him, after several savage attempts at melody, shut up the instrument, snatch his hat, and tell you not to wait dinner, and dash forth, un-kissing and un-kissed, leaving you to your own thoughts or to the words of his mother-in-law? Would you, sitting alone in that paradise in the dusk of evening, be startled by the postman's knock, and still more startled by the postman's present—a note from Adam, saying that as working in Pimlico is impossible, he has taken a room at Jack Straw's Castle, and that you may go down to Herne Bay to your aunt? Dear little Eve, have we melted you to tears? Forgive; for it is all for your good; we want to warn you from abominable Pimlico.

For, Eve dear, the case is this. These new streets in Pimlico are in a great measure inhabited by people who have no right to live in such places. This class of house was not intended for them. They are out of their place in the social system. They are not living beyond their means, but they are being honest in a fraudulent manner. They are enabled to live in houses into which, under a right state of things, they would never enter—enabled to do so by rendering the locality the greatest nuisance on the face of the metropolis. And, Eve, this is the way they do it. They dispense with servants and with tradesmen. And they organise an atrocious system of doing without either class. They have all the necessaries and luxuries of life brought to their own doors. A horrible rabble of yelling and peripatetic vendors infests those streets from morning to night; and to the doors come slatternly matrons, and amid that howling and riot they purchase cheap things of those ruffian-roaders. I've dear, beware. From the sacred dawn to the dewy evening this hideous trade is done. As fast as one coarse voice has ceased to pollute the echoes, another comes to drive you wild; and at no rare intervals there is a savage chorus,—a dozen hawling miscreants clamouring together for the patronage of those who shamelessly "buy at the door." To read, to think, to converse, to recover from illness, to write, in that howling wilderness,—dream not of it, Eve. Screech, shout, grunt, roar, assail you from morn to night. Your rest at daybreak will be broken by shrieking brats

calling on your servants for the skin of yesterday's hare; and the last words upon your ear at night will be the long howl of the pertinacious potboy, who, with tin pails at his side, insults the stars with his cries. He proclaims, "Beer—beer—beer" to the aristocrats of the region; but the democrats use pots, for which he will bellow at dawn, unless he finds them stuck upon yonder rails. At no moment of the day, O Eve, will there be silence in this lying and hypocritical region of misplaced inhabitants. Therefore, Eve, pretty as is that house, pass it by; and never set that little foot in Pimlico until Adam informs you that Sir Benjamin Hall has passed a bill putting down that curse of London—the street-cries.

It may be said that this is a digression. Be it so. If it prevents one young couple from taking a house in the new streets of Pimlico, I will gladly bear any reproach on that score. But it is not a digression; for we had to speak of Mrs. Parker's party, which was given in the locality we are denouncing, and at which our Georgiana met Charles Llewellyn. Alas for our young painter, Herbert Disney, who, in the recesses of his own mind, was preparing the terms of an offer to Georgy!

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.*

Under Green Leaves is a seasonable book, though its title belongs to summer. Beautiful things are seasonable every way, no less by their contrasts than by their resemblances. Thus, while for the present under bare boughs and wintry skies, we may delight the more on that very account to recline in fancy "under green leaves."

And if we might still further indulge in conceits that nevertheless smack of the truth, we would say that the kind of green in these leaves makes them very welcome just now. The verdure of Dr. Mackay's foliage does not yield to the winter. The leaves are evergreens, and have the brightness of the holly. In plain prose, the writer of this book is a poet of whom we like to think at holiday times; so fresh, so genial, is his muse; so heartily has she taken to a benignant errand, uttering fine heart-truths and morals in the simple but expressive dialect that the people understand; and no less a muse, because while revealing her own nature, she strives to make it intelligible to theirs. This is the muse that has seized the familiar phrases of the million, and made them point some cheering promise of hope, or some ennobling lesson of duty; that has told of the "good time coming," and helped it to come; that has bidden old and effete prejudices "to clear the way," and let ideas of justice, freedom, and sympathy, move unobstructed in their orderly progress.

The book before us displays all the qualities which are making the name of Charles Mackay "household words." There is the same healthy purpose as ever, the same picturesque treatment, the same power to extract meanings from the forms of nature or social life, and to convey those meanings by lively and unforced allegory. Nor do we miss the catching melodies peculiar to this writer. There are cases, indeed, in which the flow of the verse is even too easy, and tends to the "fatal facility" which Byron dreaded.

Very lovely and individual as a picture, very pathetic as a story, is the poem entitled "Lullingsworth." "Lullingsworth" is an ancient house, in which, towards the wane of life, its lord, survivor of his wife and children, dwells, seemingly alone. Yet it is not so; for on the one point of his lost ones the old man is happily deluded. He still believes that

"He sees them in his walks;
His wife still comforts him;
His little children still
Gambol about his feet,
And prattle in his ear.

Each day at morn and noon,
And at his evening meal,
His board is spread for nine;
His inner eyes behold
Eight spirits at his side,—
Each in the usual place,
Visible—palpable.
In their high company,
A calm pure happiness
Dwells in his soul serene,
And feeds itself on thoughts
Too great for utterance.
Life blossoms out of death;
Nothing shall part them more."

In "Horny-hand" the poet pleads with the men of manual toil for the intellectual worker. In "Obverse and Reverse" he enforces nature's great doctrine of compensation, shows how the most different lots are equalised, and suggests that, after all,

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

"The Cobbler" is a playful satire. "The Mock Jewels" is a more serious one, and indisputably fine. Its teachings are as old as experience; but they are embodied with great power, and with a kind of grotesque supernaturalism which is quite German. Death, under the guise of a pedlar, has cheated his victims, and then—

"In churchyards lone, in the wintry night,
The ghastly Pedlar—dina to see,
Takes his stand on the gravestones white:
Maranatha! and woe is me!
And summons the ghosts from sod and tomb,
And chuckles and grins in the midnight gloom;
Dark are the clouds upon the sky;
And sells them again his shadowy wares,
Loves, Fames, and Riches, and Despairs,—
'Jewels—jewels—come and buy?'
O the Pedlar!
The mocking Pedlar!
The Devil in Pedlar's guise is he;
Selling and buying,
Cheating and lying:
Maranatha! and woe is me!"

There is charming characterisation and true feeling for nature in the poem called "The Trees." Every tree is individualised, and the manner of doing this is delicious for its easy grace. The poet's range is by no means confined to popularising the beautiful and the true, though we think the faculty his distinctive one. Here and elsewhere he shows a poet's fancy wandering at its own sweet will irrespective of "uses." "Thor's Hammer," with which the book concludes, is not only fine as a poem, but it has a singular pertinency at present, when some amongst us need to be reminded that the prosperity of a nation must go hand-in-hand with its duties; and that peace, when it ignores moral right, is as deceptive as it is selfish. Our space forbids us to reproduce in full any of the more important pictures in Dr. Mackay's gallery; but we can find room for this cabinet gem:

LOVE, NEW AND OLD.

"And wore they not the happy days
When Love and I wore young,
When Earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sang?
When, gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alleys lone,
I guess'd the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of my own?
And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver Evening has replaced
A Morn and Noon of gold?
Love stood alone with youthful joy;
But now, by Sorrow tried,
It sits, and calmly looks to Heaven,
With angels at its side."

We do not know that the present writer has solved any profound enigma of imagination, or described any new world in the poetic firmament; but he has shown that element of

* *Under Green Leaves*. By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Routledge.

genius which Coleridge rated so highly—the power to inspire admitted truths with a fresh life, that makes what were also mere dogmas of the intellect the noble realities of the heart and the conscience.

A word of explanation before we close. In praising Dr. Mackay for that direct and simple utterance which makes him clear to every one, we would by no means affirm that *all* true poetry is to be as easily appreciated. There are poets who, on account of the philosophy involved in their subjects, or the pure idealism of their conceptions, are only to be apprehended by an audience "fit though few." The true rule in the case seems to be, that where the theme itself is profound, and the writer does his best to set it forth clearly, the reader's difficulty in mastering it rests with himself. Where the writer is wilfully obscure, the blame, like the folly, is of course his own. These remarks may not seem uncalled for, if we think how often the reader's incapacity to understand is cited as a conclusive argument against the poet's power to delight. Are we really to give up Dante, Goethe, Coleridge, Keats, and—let it be added—much of Shakespeare, because the majority could better relish a ballad? Is it always the poet's duty to come down, and never the public's to aspire? A.B. tells us that he can get on with Burns; but that our Tennysons, Brownings, or Dobells, might as well write in Greek. Very good: A.B. has a right to his preference. Let him enjoy Burns, as we do, to his heart's content; but not urge his non-enjoyment of minds widely different as if his negative were their condemnation. A.B. will tell you of his wine that it needs for appreciation the palate of a connoisseur; yet supposes that he can at once detect all that is delicate and rare in the subtlest products of imagination. He scores as far as his neighbour's hedge, and thinks it the world's end. This is simple arrogance. The self-complacency of such judges is perhaps the compensation with which a kind providence requites their ignorance. The hackneyed *Intelligibilia non intellectum fero* was never more applicable than now. Why should not people agree to differ on these points? Let some, without condemning their fellows, delight in the intricate harmonies of genius; others in its simple melodies, like those of Dr. Mackay: that student being most fortunate of all who can appreciate both.

THE NIGHTINGALE, AND WHY HE SINGS BY NIGHT.

In the old old days long ago, when the world was young, and men were only just beginning to pile stone upon stone, and call their painful labour cities, a little brown nightingale lived quietly in a sloping wood.

He lived quietly, but not alone. Many of his kindred bore him company, and made the green boughs musical with their melodious notes.

At the foot of the tall forest stretched a valley, fair and green, through which glided a river, calm and clear as the sunshine that glittered on its waters. The clouds mirrored themselves on its surface, and the swallows' dipped their joyous wings in its tiny waves; but naught also disturbed the deep silence of its solitary course. The world was young, and the foot of wandering man had never yet left the print of a lonely step in the calm valley or in the trackless wood.

Unmolested the nightingales sang all the day; and at night, like other birds, they sought their rest.

They sang out of the deep love and happiness of their hearts, and not for applause. And yet they well understood the perfect beauty of their music; and often, when one thrilling voice rose with purer loveliness above his fellows, the rest would pause to listen, and then with a burst of song echo back their admiration.

But now strange unwonted shadows that had never before fallen on the tall unworn grass flitted here and there

across the valley. Many more followed; and stately forms stood in groups, and talked loudly.

The valley was full of men.

Yes, they were men; and their tools were in their hands.

Soon the axe resounded in the wood, and the earth was made to yield her treasures of marble and of other stones, and buildings grew day by day, foot by foot. The sounds of the hammer, the anvil, and the saw, ceased not while light lasted.

Still, through all the din, the nightingales sang on.

No one heeded them.

The clamour and the clang, the hissing forge, and the grating saw, drowned their voices.

Sadly they looked down upon the growing city, and said:

"We would fain cheer the hearts of these toiling men, but they will not pause from their work to listen."

"Let us have patience," said the little brown nightingale. "These men are busy. When they have finished their work, and dwell peaceably in the town they are making, they will linger in its quiet streets to listen to our music, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales obeyed the voice of their brother, and sang on patiently, ever waiting, waiting till the toil should be over and the noise of the tools should cease.

And now the city is built. But none the less does the sweat pour from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rise into the troubled air.

"The day is filled with the sounds of labour. We no longer hear our own songs. Let us depart," said the nightingales. "These sons of men will never turn away their eyes from beholding the works of their hands, or bend their ears to listen to aught save the noise of their own tools."

"Stay," said the kindly bird; "the city is young, and the wants of man are many. Wait a little while, yet a little while, and these will be satisfied; then our notes will reach them in their rest, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales waited, and sang on patiently.

But now war sprang up among them; one part of the city rose against the other part; man fought with man, brother against brother; and cries of fury and groans of anguish mingled with the unheeded music of the woods. The tools of peace were cast aside; but men grasped the noisier tools of strife, and the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Peace once more! And the bells in one half of the city tolled for the dead, while in the other they rang out merrily for the victory.

"Still they do not listen," sighed the patient nightingales.

"Ah, leave them alone to bury their slain," said the kindly one, "and their saddened hearts shall turn to our music for solace."

So the nightingales sang on.

But the living forgot the dead. And one amongst them found gold; and his fellows crowded around him and grasped their tools, labouring painfully in the hard ground. And the sweat poured from the brow, and again the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Nevertheless among the sons of men there were one or two who listened in the woods, and thought the music there whispered of a better world. So they spoke of it to their brothers; but these answered, "I do not hear it;" or others said, "I have no time to listen;" or, "I hear it; but what then? it is nothing."

"Let us inquire," said a wise one among them; "let us send some of our brothers into the woods to listen; and when they come back, they shall tell us of the matter."

"This is no time," said the other, "for men to cast aside their tools, and go into the woods to listen to idle music. But there is the cat and the dog, the cock, the goose, and the pig,—they have nothing to do; let them go; and when they return, they shall interpret to us the matter."

So they chose out the creatures to go.

A cock, who thought well of himself; a pig, who was counted wise in his generation because he was fatter than his fellows; a goose, who was reckoned a wit because she hissed at every thing; a drake, called the eloquent,—for he quacked much; and people noticed not that he ever said the same thing; a dog, who was learned,—for he bayed at the moon; and a cat, who loved quiet,—and would say whatever the rest said.

So these went into the woods to listen; and the nightingales heeded them not, but sang on as before; for they sing alike to the wise and to the unwise, to him that hath understanding and to him that lacketh.

The summer air was filled with music, and it ceased not for the clamorous hark or odious tackle of the strange creatures that had come to listen.

When they returned to the city, men were too busy to hearken much to them; but they appointed certain from among them to receive the report of the creatures.

Ah, it would be long to tell all the speeches they made, and how the men of the city were sorely puzzled; for each animal interpreted the nightingale in his own note.

"It is precisely this," said the dog, barking furiously.

"We can understand that," said all the other dogs, well pleased; "and we need not put ourselves out of the way to listen to this music, for we can make it ourselves."

"Exactly so, my friends," said the satisfied dog.

"Not so," exclaimed the cock; "the music is far more noble than the dog affirms it to be. It is entirely beyond his compass; but I can give you the true notes."

With that he crowed lustily.

All the other cocks were delighted.

"That is it," they cried; "we have the true notes; we can all do that; we need not listen in the woods."

And next the pig rose up gravely. Now the cock was considered rather flighty and quarrelsome, and was therefore not so much heeded; but the pig, being sleek and respectable, was greatly regarded and revered. But having risen, he seemed to have nothing to say, for he merely grunted and sat down again. Nevertheless he looked so sleek and well-to-do, that all his kin were satisfied, and cried out, "He's right; that's it exactly." And many among the children of men inclined to follow the pig, because he was grave and respectable, and had most of the fat things. Meanwhile the drake ran up and down among them all quacking loudly; and as most noise gains most friends, he had more partisans than the rest.

The goose hissed contemptuously at the whole matter.

"For her part," she said, "she did not believe in any of it; she had certainly heard something out there among the trees, but since she had seen nothing, she was inclined to think it was all imagination."

Now the cat had stood aloof in all the meekness of philosophy; but being called on to give his opinion, he decided there was truth in all the animals; "The song of the nightingale being made up of the bark of the dog, the grunt of the pig, the crow of the cock, and the never-failing quack of his eloquent friend the drake." The goose still hissed, but was in the minority; for they all liked to believe in their own notes, and the cat's speech being a speech of expediency meant to soften all parties, found favour with many.

However, the few who had listened to the music themselves silently condemned those accounts of it, and declared among themselves there were none of those gross cries in the nightingale's song. It would be long to tell the strife that arose among the creatures as each one set himself up as a teacher. But little the people heeded; for still the toil and the work went on, and the sweat poured from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rose in the troubled air.

And once more the nightingales communed together, and said,

"Let us leave the haunts of man; and fly to some distant and quiet land, where the din of their lives shall never reach us."

But the pitiful one, who had often in the calm night brooded over the restless city, and marked the toilworn sleepers and the weary watchers, and amongst and with them all the peaceful angel-faces of little children, loved the busy place, if only for their sakes, and pleaded yet again.

"Not so, brothers," said he; "let us not forsake the habitation of men because the toiling day gives them no time to listen to the music of our voices. At night, in sleep, their faces are turned towards heaven. Let us not despair, but respect their labour, and be silent while the light lingers; but when the soft and silent night breathes its calm upon the earth, let our song fill the darkness with melody, and sink into their hearts with gladness."

The astonished birds with happy voice assented.

And now, when the weary man, in sleep toil-haunted, wipes the sweat from his dreamy brow, and the clang and the clamour have ceased and the troubled air is still, music breathes from the woods, and the nightingales fill the summer night with song.

The sick man on his bed of pain leans on his restless pillow to listen. Anxious watchers turn pale faces towards the darkness to catch more clearly the thrilling notes. And many a worker by the midnight lamp rises from his toil, and lets the summer air blow on his fevered brow; for the music is in it and comes with it, and as he drinks in the air-thrilling sound, he thanks God for its beauty and its message of peace.

SONNET.

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

'Twas half a life since, and the Christmas sun
That laved the leafless grove had ebbed away
To the last fiery wave: the air was dun.
Clouds gathered, burst, and earth all snow-wound lay.
From the hearth's glow unto the heated pane
A maiden stepp'd; when, sudden, one drew rein,
And cried, "I come!" He deemed her bridal wreath
To twine of new-year snowdrops. When above
The mould they peered, she placid slept beneath—
Boast not thy triumph, Death! she passed—not leve.
Still the same rider on a track doth fare
By Time's stern winter frozen—blanch'd and bare;
And still beyond the track he sees a home,
And whispers, as he journeys, "Love, I come!"



CRYSTAL PALACES FOR HOME.

[Second Paper.]

In a previous paper we drew attention to the principles involved in the management of plant-cases; and we gave a few hints as to their general construction, so as to secure an effective display at the least possible cost, and insure successful cultivation of the plants.

We shall now enumerate a few of the plans that may be adopted in extension of the idea of a Wardian case, in the hope of stimulating many of our readers to beguile their winter leisure, either in the construction of such things, or at least in the furnishing of them after the zinc-worker or other artisan has accomplished his work.

When once an ingenious taste is exercised, there is no end to the variety of forms that may be given to these beautiful plant-cases. Grecian vases may be fitted with simple bell-glasses, or built over with zinc frames and plate-glass in graceful rectangular proportions; one side being always made so as to open as a door, and provision for drainage

being made below. Terra-cotta vases are also applicable in the same way; and if a number of such dome-shaped contrivances are grouped above and below, a large rectangular case, a splendid scene may be produced, and an elegant recreation provided, at an outlay very trifling compared with the result attained. But why should those who desire to adorn their town dwellings with such contrivances as Wardian cases stop short at the construction of a box or the furnishing of a vase? Why should not the lower window-sash give place to a conservatory fitting into the window itself, and projecting into the interior of the room in a few bold curves of zinc framework and glass? Here is a field for ingenuity; here is the Crystal Palace and Winter-Garden brought to the fireside at once, and the room beautiful beyond conception by a judicious grouping and selection of plants.

To construct a conservatory on this scale would be comparatively inexpensive. An amateur who could use carpenters' tools with a little skill would easily plan and execute such a work at less cost than he could purchase a good-sized Wardian case; and as the framework might be formed wholly of wood, there would be no terrible problem to solve in its construction. The *modus operandi* would include, first, the removal of the lower sash; or that might be left untouched, and the whole of the construction placed before it, the sash being used to form one side of the conservatory. If the sash were removed, one sheet of plate-glass ought to take its place. A depth of from four to six inches would be sufficient for the projection on the side next the room, and that of course would be the breadth from back to front of the conservatory. On each side of the window the necessary woodwork would be fixed; and along the base of the proposed conservatory a suitable trough for the soil would be required. Then the glasswork within, on the side next the room,—the central portion forming a door for access to the plants, and a roof on a hinge, with a perforated ventilator, to be closed or opened as required,—would complete the structure. There would be ample room for design in the formation of such conservatories. The inner side need not be a mere flat framework, but might be made up of simple and symmetrical curves, so as to "bow" into the room in the same way as a bay-window "bows" towards the street; and a bay-window would be the best of situations in which to form a conservatory of this kind.

In the planting of such structures great judgment is necessary. There must be good drainage, to prevent any accumulation of stagnant moisture; the soil must be of a proper kind; and for beauty of effect, it is as well to diversify the surface, either by means of a little rockwork or a central hillock covered with some kind of creeping verdure. The eye abhors a flat surface as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Any soft-brained lover of toys can stick ferns into a pan of mould; but it is for the enthusiastic lover of floral beauty to set off his collection by means of pleasing lines and contrasts. Let us consider first the ordinary fern-shade, which is the cheapest form of Wardian case, and, properly managed, one of the most elegant. First lay a stratum of cinders one inch deep; then fill up with a compost of fibry peat, leaf-mould, and silver-sand, not pounded and sifted, but well broken with the hand, and the ingredients incorporated together without sifting or reducing the whole to dust. Let the soil rise above the edge of the pan a few inches into a gentle mound, and in the centre place a few blocks of dark stone; but no shells, no Druidical tablets; no gingerbread of any kind. Then surface the soil with common mosses from the woods, or with some of the elegant *lycopodiums* which the florists supply for the purpose; and finally, plant the ferns some little distance apart, to prevent crowding. The grand climax is the watering. When the soil is properly wetted, it will bear to be handled without soiling the fingers; but the established plan is to soak it into a paste, so that to touch it would be very unpleasant indeed. Who can wonder that there has been so little improvement in this kind of gardening while folks have been taught to

drench the soil and enclose the damp exhalations that rise from it? In selecting ferns for cases, it is necessary to know first to what height they will subsequently attain, so that there shall be no necessity for removing them if they grow to dimensions beyond the capacity of the case. Of course the tallest kinds should be placed towards the centre, and those of smaller growth around them. On dull days the glass should be lifted off, and wiped clean and replaced, and the collection should have full exposure to daylight without sun: hence a north window is the best for a collection of ferns. Proceed in a similar way in the planting of your window, and you may fairly expect success.

In a built case of any size it is not necessary to confine the selection to ferns. If the centre is built up into a hollow hillock,—a thing easily accomplished if an empty flower-pot is placed there as a support for the mould,—a flowering plant in a pot may be inserted, and its place supplied with another when its bloom is over. The pot itself can easily be hidden by means of *lycophods*, or even a little fresh moss tucked comfortably into the space around the summit. Then ferns and flowering plants might be judiciously grouped about the soil. *Mesembryanthemums*, *calceolarias*, *fuchsias*, *penstemons*, *gloxinias*, *pansies*, *auriculas*, *primulas*, and many others that are partial to moisture, would make a lovely diversity of form and colour; and the centre would of course be occupied with some fine specimen plant,—a rose, a *pelargonium*, or, indeed, any bold and large-sized plant you might happen to have in flower; and as soon as its glory began to wane you could lift it out and replace it by another.

But when we come to the real conservatory, the crystal palace which occupies the whole of the lower half of the window, we have a large field before us. It ought to be gay, and only a few ferns should have admittance to give the grace of their emerald fronds to the bright colours of the flowering plants; but, according to the height of the structure, some few graceful things should be adapted to run or climb to the top. If such a work were commenced in autumn or winter, some crocuses, snowdrops, hyacinths, and tulips might be planted, and a few ferns for immediate effect. Early in spring the bulbs would come into bloom; then any of the choicest annuals might follow, and strong plants of *Manraidea Barclayana*, passion-flower, and *tropeolum*, might be planted, to climb up within and make a gay scene in autumn. The garden and greenhouse would supply an abundance of pretty things; and in the absence of such a source of supply, a number of pretty favourites might be purchased of the florists for a few shillings. But there is another department of floriculture highly suited to such small conservatories, and that is, the growth of British wildings, of which our own hedgerows and commons supply hundreds of lovely kinds, many of them highly suitable. In *Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste*, this department of domestic floriculture is very fully treated. The author recommends for Wardian cases of all kinds, whether with ferns or gay flowering-plants, the common ivy, the primrose, wood oxalis, marsh pennywort, the lovely brooklime, germandor, speedwell, hound's-tongue, pimpernel, the minute *drosera*, and many other of the wayside favourites that give interest to country rambles. We are, however, cautioned against the adoption of hard-wood plants, such as heather; and some few herbaceous plants, such as the harebell, and some others of dry texture, are specified as unsuitable.

But this part of the subject would demand the space of at least an article to do it justice, and we shall hereafter return to it, and give some specific instructions as to the selection of ferns and flowering-plants for cases and window-conservatories. In the mean time our friends may vary the monotony of the dark days and long evenings in the construction of crystal palaces for the home, of course bearing in mind what has been advanced above as to the necessity for drainage and ventilation. Soot and dust and all defilements are to be excluded; and that may be accomplished without stifling and starving and emaciating the vegeta-

tion. But, above all things, let your structures be artistic; study grace in simple outlines and good proportions, and secure ornament without the sacrifice of scientific accuracy in the general arrangements.

BLOOMING OF AQUATIC PLANTS IN AQUARIA.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

WHEN I turn to any work on the Aquarium, I find frequent reference to the blooming of aquatic plants, which are always spoken of as if they bloomed as freely in the tank as they do in their native rivers. But I have had an aquarium some time, and have had it well stocked with plants purchased of Mr. Hall and of other respectable dealers, but I never yet had the gratification of beholding a single blossom of any kind. Are there any examples of attractive plants, or rather attractive flowers, to be found in the number of those used in the culture of these "water-gardens," as a writer on the subject lately called them? If there are any, would it not be worth any trouble it might occasion to induce such to ripen their seeds in the tank, so that amateurs could have the pleasure of raising seedling aquatics. I am sure such a recreation would be as instructive and entertaining as it would be novel, and would justify the term "water-garden," as applied to the aquarium. The noble Gladiolus and the Water-Plantain, for instance, would be fine things to raise from seed, could one procure seed indeed, which I suspect to be quite out of the question. I have an opinion that mould is essential for the growth of water-plants in an aquarium, since all river-plants make root in a deep bed of soil.

I am delighted with the designs and suggestions given in "The Home." May the NATIONAL speedily become a "household word," and a "household god." AQUIARIUS.

["Aquarius" is evidently quite a beginner. Among the showy plants for the aquarium, we may name the beautiful Water-Buttercup (*Ranunculus Aquatilis*), which flowers freely in the tank, if brought from the stream just as its blooms begin to expand. It should not be rooted, because it is too coarse a plant for a permanent ornament; but if a well-washed bunch is thrown in, it will arrange itself and give great grace to the collection as long as it continues to cover the surface with its lovely white and yellow flowers. The Flowering-Rush is another; but that must have root, and be kept in its position by means of a few stones placed around its base. The Water-Plantain is a noble thing, and is highly valued as an ornament. If its root is well covered with pebbles, it does very well without a particle of mould. We have bloomed it over and over again in that way, and last year saved seed; and shall be very glad to send "Aquarius" a pinch, if he will forward a stamped and directed envelope. Indeed, as far as we can eke out the seed, we will gladly post a little to any correspondents who wish for it.

Then the Water-Soldier and the Frog-Bit are quite ornamental when blooming, as, indeed, they are at all times; but the Water-Soldier is very shy of its blossoms in the tank, though the Frog-Bit blooms abundantly and in as great perfection as in its native streams.

Many of the ordinary aquarium-plants have inconspicuous blossoms, as, for instance, the new Water-Weed, or *Anacharis Alismastrum*, the Star-Wort, Lemna, and others; and as they are only to be seen distinctly by help of a lens, they are only attractive to the student. All these and many more we have bloomed again and again in tanks without any special treatment; and we can assure "Aquarius" that there is something more than a mere passing pleasure in obtaining such results. As to the mould, let every aquarian discard it except for special purposes. All the ordinary river-plants do just as well in a thin layer of pebbles, and many even without a bed of any kind, if merely thrown in and left to take their chance. The less muddy and soluble matter in the tank, the more surely will it keep bright and pure for a length of time. With mould there is always a rapid growth of conforvoids, and much liability to turbidity.

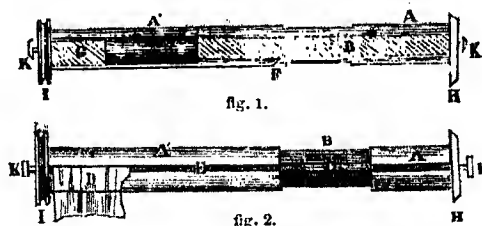
SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]

TALL'S TELESCOPIC BLIND-ROLLER.

AMONG the cheap and useful domestic novelties of the day may be mentioned an ingeniously constructed blind-roller, formed on the principle of a telescope; hence its name.

THE roller is so simple, that it may be readily adjusted to any window, and as quickly fixed, without the aid of a carpenter. The invention consists in giving to the roller a telescopic, or expanding, action, whereby, within certain limits, it can be expanded or contracted to any desired width. It thus becomes removable at pleasure.

The accompanying figures represent the roller and its action. Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of the apparatus; and fig. 2 is a plan of the same.



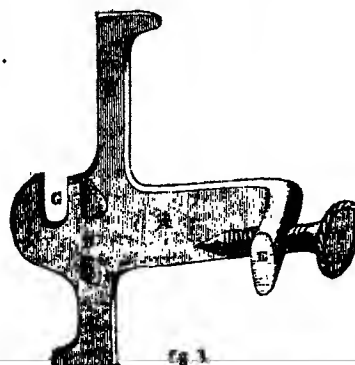
The roller (see fig. 2) consists of two pieces of thin metal tubing, *A A'*; a wooden core, *B*, being introduced (nearly the entire length of the metal tube) inside. Along the wooden core *B* runs a thin wooden rod, *C*, which is sown into one end of the blind, represented at *D*. The slot or opening, *E*, is made in order that it may correspond in position with the groove in the core, the blind, when attached to the roller, passing all along this open avenue.

To insure the longitudinal groove of the core *B* always corresponding to the slot or opening, *E*, a second straight longitudinal groove is made in the core, into which a small tongue-piece *F* (see fig. 1), part of the longer tube *A*, is made to project, thereby acting as a stop.

A short length of core, *G*, is attached to the end of the longer tube *A'*; and this short core being grooved on one side, it corresponds with the opening *E* in its entire length. The flange of the roller *H*, and the pulley *I*, may be made either of wood or metal, and glued, or otherwise secured, on the end of the roller. *K K* are pins, and form the pivots on which the roller turns.

Preparatory to the blind being attached to the roller, the rod *C* must be made fast to one end of the blind (a needle and thread will accomplish this readily). It may then be introduced into the groove on the core, the blind itself being guided along the slot in the tube. The disjointed tubes must then be closed up until the required width of the window is attained. The pulley may be used with an endless cord, in the usual way; or a recoil spring may be employed, in which case a pulley would become unnecessary.

Fig. 3 represents one of the brackets for fixing the



roller, which is very ingenious. *A* is the body, on which are an upper and lower projecting arm or stop, *b* and *c*. It is also formed with a claw *d* and a lug *e*. Through this last the thumbscrew *f* passes, which secures the bracket to the beading of the window. *g* is the slot in which runs the pivot *x* of the roller. The fixing is so simple, that a minute suffices for the purpose.

When adjusting the bracket, let the end of the upper arm *b* be placed against the under side of the top-beading of the window-frame. That arm must, of course, be made sufficiently long to admit of the roller working perfectly clear of the beading above it. The lower arm of the bracket, it should be observed, acts as a stop to prevent the sash of the window, when hastily thrown up, from striking against and injuring the roller.

There are two brackets, one adapted to the right and the other to the left side of the window. These, of course, must be fixed in a straight line, so as to secure the evenness of the blind.

INSECT CURIOSITIES.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

HAPPY should that HOME be which has a garden attached to it! Its inhabitants may boast of possessing a never-ending, an inexhaustible source of delight.

The cultivation of flowers is in itself a delectable pastime, and yields perpetual amusement to those who love a succession of Nature's beauties. But when the garden is, in addition, visited by feathered songsters of all kinds—many of whom nest there—and by myriads of pretty insects, whose lives, habits, and various transformations are brought immediately under the eye, its value is enhanced fourfold.

Not long since, while indulging in the privilege here hinted at, a glorious opportunity offered for watching the movements of that beautifully-marked and sagacious creature—the Garden Spider (*Epeira Diadema*). I had risen early, to enjoy the pure autumnal morning air; and on going into the garden, there was my little artificer busily at work constructing his ingenious palace of silk. I selected "one" from at least a hundred others.

Few persons can boast of having seen the Garden Spider at the commencement of his operations. They work either in the night or very early in the morning. I contrived, however, to see the architect ere he had entirely finished his out-works, and was indeed delighted at the wonderful sagacity of his calculations. He planned, and executed, at the same time. There was no guess-work; every thing was done on mathematical principles of exactness.

His ropes, ladders, and scaffold, being adjusted and fixed, and their strength thoroughly tested, the next step was to proceed with the internal arrangements. These consisted of a series of concentric circles, in the formation of which the most consummate art was manifested. There was no scamping of the work, no undue haste to get the job done,—all was methodical and business-like. It was worthy an extra hour's patience to note how the little creature laboured with one of its pectinated claws to stretch the lines; as it proceeded to their extreme limit; fastening every joint as it went on with minute globules of viscid gum. The radii



of the circles, too, how artistically and precisely drawn!

The House Spider's net, or web, is composed of one kind of silk only. The Garden Spider uses two kinds of silk in his operations. That which is employed in constructing the radii is *not* of an adhesive nature; but the reverse is the case with the silk used for the concentric circles; consequently it is by these last that the prey is secured.

To watch the completion of this very beautiful piece of architecture, devised and accomplished in little more than an hour, was an infinite treat. Leaving the workman to carefully examine the details, and to enjoy his break-

fast, for which he seemed amply prepared, I went indoors to set him an example.

On paying him a second visit, he was seen comfortably and boldly stretched out on the centre of his mansion, head downwards. He had *not* breakfasted, but was evidently expecting company. Having witnessed his gigantic labours, a thought suggested itself that I should assist in providing the company.

Accordingly, a wasp which found its way in at the window was struck down. Picking it up with the end of a pair of partially-closed scissors, I took my position in front of the web. The eyes of spiders, it would appear, are so constructed as not to readily discern *large* objects, unless when in motion. My presence, therefore, was quite unheeded. I had frequently noticed this curious fact on former occasions.

Presenting the wasp at the end of the scissors, his majesty first regarded it with fear; then with a feeling of hungry delight. His first impression was to run away from it, which he did. But as it was not quite dead, and was struggling, he evidently feared it might break away, and so escape altogether. Returning, therefore, he surveyed his prey as if doubtful how to manage him, for he unmistakably dreaded his sting.

Herein was seen the sagacity, instinct, or reason, of our hero. Placing one toe on the head, and another on the lower part of the wasp's body,—avoiding the sting in the most masterly manner,—in this stretched-out position he turned several summersets with him, and fairly doubled him up in his web, encasing him so firmly in his coils of new-spun silk that his death was immediate. He then dragged him up to a snug little apartment overarched by ivy, and there he sucked the juices of his body.

In the course of sundry other experiments with this same spider, I coaxed him to come down, over and over again, to secure other prey in the form of flies, &c., which I presented with the naked finger and thumb. He seized them greedily, spun rapidly round them to entomb them in his coils, and on every occasion returned immediately to his apartment to continue his feast on the savoury wasp.

On a further continuance of my experiments, the net became damaged; and as I had amply satisfied my curiosity by witnessing the marvellous ingenuity and extraordinary instincts of this very beautiful little creature, I left it to enjoy its repast in peace. The damaged net was forsaken, a new one was constructed hard by in the course of a few hours, and there at his case sat my hero of the morning ready to receive fresh company as they dropped in.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Solution of the Charade by T. K. HERVEY, in our last Number.
Bookworm.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. IV.

PAINTED BY F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA VENDEE.

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA VENDEE.

By F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

THE design from which our cut is taken is one of the best that Mr. Goodall has produced. There is less in it of quaint comfortable humour than we usually find in the artist's works; though the anti-total countenance of the soldier on the peasant's right hand is quite "a bit" in Goodall's style. But the grave and stern story is told with force and earnestness. It is seen at a glance. The peasant of La Vendée is an untutored enthusiast, to whom a political principle is a religious faith. In his humble home he is suddenly seized by the soldiers of the Republic. He is taken "all aback;" his wife is stricken with dismay and grief, and gives way to an impulse of entreaty for his release, of course vainly. The men of bayonets proceed mechanically in the enjoyment of their appointed duty—prisoner-making. But in the sinewy manly figure, the rough yet picturesque, and even dignified head of the captive, we see a spirit which raises the peasant in his simple faith above the mercenaries of party. The design has all Goodall's individual character, with a higher expression; his power of producing which has not hitherto obtained all the recognition it deserves.

ALUMINIUM.

THE fact that the majority of persons are at present familiar with a metal which a short time since was only to be looked upon as a very rare chemical product is the best proof we can have of the great progress our age has made in useful discoveries, while it at the same time bears ample testimony to the very high degree of perfection which has been attained in chemical investigations. This metal is Aluminium, or, as it is also called, Aluminium. Sir Humphrey Davy attempted to resolve alumina into its constituent elements as he had done with soda and potash, but he did not succeed so as to have been enabled to determine the nature of its metallic element, or aluminium. Woehler, the well-known German chemist, was the first to obtain this substance in sufficient quantity so as to describe the properties of this heretofore unknown metal. It may also be added that many of the properties, the discovery of which have been attributed to Deville, had been already laid before the public by Woehler. Chemists have constantly desired to produce aluminium at a moderate price, in consequence of its possessing many very valuable qualities, and among others may be mentioned its superiority over gold in not being oxidised even under certain chemical conditions where the precious metal would be so; in the advantage it has over silver in its behaviour with nitric acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, while it admits of being drawn out to as great a degree of fineness as either silver or copper, and can also be laminated with as great facility as either tin or silver. From possessing these properties, it naturally became a great object to place within the reach of commerce so valuable an article, and which might be applied to so many useful purposes in the arts and manufactures, but which, at the period when investigations were commenced, was, in consequence of its exorbitant price, a perfectly useless substance in an industrial point of view.

The manner adopted to obtain this metal may be briefly stated to consist in decomposing chloride of aluminium by means of sodium, when aluminium is the result of the operation. Now the preparation of chloride of aluminium and of sodium was attended with many difficulties, and even so much so that less than two years ago this latter metal was worth 1000 francs the kilogramme, equal to about 20*l.* per

pound; while chloride of aluminium was a chemical curiosity not by any means common even in the laboratory. Such being the case, and those two substances being absolutely indispensable to the production of aluminium, it naturally gave to this metal a very high value; one pound of it being worth about 400*l.* From this it will be seen that could the difficulty of producing the substances mentioned above be got rid of, aluminium would be very materially lessened in price. Now this appears to have been effected by Messrs. Rousseau, Deville, and Morin, who have recently laid before the Academy of Sciences of Paris a paper, in which it is stated that instead of submitting alumina and charcoal to the action of chlorine, they employ a mixture composed of alumina, sea-salt, and charcoal, and expose this to the action of the same element; by this means they obtain a double chloride of aluminium and sodium, volatile and liquefiable, which flows like water, but becomes solid when cold. By this mode of operating, and together with a few modifications of the actual method, they state that aluminium can be obtained for 100 francs the kilogramme, or about 2*l.* per pound: this metal is obtained in plates, globules, or in powder; and the ease and facility with which the operation is carried on is said to astonish all those who witness it for the first time, and are familiar with the difficulties of the old method. From these facts, aluminium promises soon to lose its character as a chemical product, and to play the more useful part of an article of manufacture. The next and most recent paper upon the subject of aluminium is one by M. Delvay, and which treats of the alloys of this metal. M. Delvay, after promising that aluminium enters into combination with various metals, and that this is generally accompanied with disengagement of light and heat, proceeds to state the result of his investigations upon this interesting subject.

It appears that an alloy composed of 90 parts of copper and 10 of aluminium possesses greater hardness than bronze, and can be easily worked when hot. Alloys may also be obtained of various degrees of hardness in proportion as the aluminium is increased, but which become brittle if carried beyond a very limited point as respects both gold and copper. Aluminium is stated to be rendered more brilliant and a little less hard, while it at the same time preserves its malleability when alloyed with a small proportion of zinc, tin, silver, and platinum. Iron and copper, if present in small quantities, have not a very bad effect; thus aluminium is stated to preserve its malleability even when 7 or 8 per cent of iron is present. This is not, however, what has been found by other chemists; for Messrs. Tessier say that 5 per cent of iron renders aluminium almost impossible to work; as to which statement is correct must be left to those practically acquainted with the subject to decide. M. Delvay states that the most interesting alloy is that of aluminium and zinc, which is stated to be a little harder than the metal itself, but at the same time very malleable. If aluminium contains 10 per cent of copper, its malleability is not lost but is diminished; while if this proportion be increased, it becomes brittle and remains white as long as the copper does not exceed 80 per cent; if, however, it is increased to 85 per cent, it becomes more so. An alloy composed of 3 parts of silver and 97 of aluminium is stated to possess a fine colour, and not to be affected by sulphuretted hydrogen. By forming an alloy composed of 1 part of aluminium and 1 part of silver, a substance is obtained which is as hard as ordinary bronze. An alloy composed of 99 of gold and 1 of aluminium is very hard, but is malleable, and is of the colour of green gold; with 10 of aluminium instead of 1, the alloy becomes crystalline, and in consequence brittle. A small quantity of sodium produces an alloy which decomposes cold water with great facility. At the end of the *séance*, M. Delvay laid before the Academy several specimens of alloys of aluminium with antimony, bismuth, and cadmium; but nothing was stated concerning their several properties, as the experiments had not been carried far enough to enable him to assert any thing with respect to them with certainty.

THE BROOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THE fog of the night before was still heavy over every thing when the Woods sat down to their early breakfast. But the fire burnt brightly, flashing upon the dainty china and crimson hangings of the little room. There was a great deal of red about the room, not because it looked cheery, but because it served to set off the statuettes and nick-nacks of various descriptions with which it was Mr. Wood's pleasure to overflow his house.

"Good gracious, Linda, shut the window. What are you doing?" Miss Wood exclaimed.

"Only picking this rose; it looked in so pitifully, aunt," Linda answered, and put the solitary rose into a tiny vase. She was but a pale pitiful-looking rose herself this morning.

"Ma'am, miss, have you heard? Isn't it dreadful? He here only yesterday, and now—"

"Mary, what are you talking of?" Miss Wood sternly demanded of the servant-girl, who had come in looking horror-stricken.

"Why he was found dead—murdered or something—the post-woman just told me. She's frightened me out of my wits. He, such a fine gentleman, and alive only yesterday. I shall never be able to go by the brook again."

"Who's dead? Speak, girl!" Miss Wood gripped her arm. Linda sank back in her chair, and listened with closed eyes.

"O, ma'am, you hurt my arm! and I'm so fluttered. Some say he murdered or drowned himself; but some thinks he's been murdered, and—O my arm! Who?—why Mr. Salford, the young squire."

"Nonsense, girl; don't bring your idle stories here."

"It's true, ma'am. This morning Jim Robinson was going to his work, and as he passed by the brook (he don't ordinary go that way) there he sees the squire lying with his head under water, and a hole in his throat. It's true, sir; the whole village is astir."

"Leave the room," Mr. Wood said. "Ann, look to this child; I'll go and see what is true of this horrible story."

"Linda, this man's death will be laid to your door. Dear, dear, what shall we do? There will be such talk, and we shall be ruined; you'll lose all your teaching. Why, the girl don't hear. Well, I'm glad she's got some feeling. The young man may not be dead, after all."

Linda's head was laid on the table; Miss Wood raised it; the face wore the livid hue of death. The aunt most energetically set to work to restore the girl to consciousness, and soon succeeded. Linda's will being at work, she wanted to hear more—all.

Miss Wood had laid her down on the hearth-rug; but she sat up when her father entered, and turned agonised eyes upon him.

"The girl spoke true. Salford was found this morning as she described. Dr. Minton talks about a fit—a seizure of a kind he has had once before, and says he may then have fallen, face downward, into the water, and been unable to rise; but Dr. Minton is a friend of—better not mention names. There's an ugly wound in Salford's throat. A man working near heard angry voices last evening; and a girl says she heard Salford threatened some time since by—ugh! it's a shocking thing, a shocking thing. Ann, Linda has got ague, or something. Good Heaven! she shakes from head to foot; her lips are blue. Ann," and the poor man put his hand to his head and look bewildered, "I heard my girl's name just now mixed up in this—this horrible affair. Now, Ann, I—could—not—bear—that." Mr. Wood sat down, looking little less ghostly than Linda. "Tell me that Linda, my fair sweet darling, has nothing to do with this—"

"Why, man, she didn't murder young Salford. James, James, don't be a fool! What shall I do with two such babies on my hands? This is all about it: Linda refused young Salford yesterday."

"Refused young Salford," Mr. Wood groaned; "and Calton—I see. Heaven pity us! I have been a blind selfish sinner."

"Bless the man! I wish you would leave riddles and speak plain. You have certainly been very selfishly neglectful of our interests, wrapped up in your studies and gropings about. I'm glad you've come to know that at last."

"Ann, look at my poor child. What shall we do with her? what shall we do?"

"O, don't be frightened. Girls often go off like this when they hear any thing shocking all of a sudden. I dare say she's sorry that she refused the poor young man. Well, she is cold. Fetch a blanket from upstairs, and put on some more coals; don't let that prying creature, Mary, come in."

Miss Wood closed the blinds, and herself carried out the untasted breakfast, after she had taken a cup of tea and attempted to make her niece swallow some of that beverage; then she mounted guard over the recumbent form which only showed life by the shiverings running through it.

"Send for Dr. Minton. Shall I go for him?" Mr. Wood said.

"No; I won't have any doctors; they're a talking set: she'll be all right presently." Miss Wood tried to get some cordial between Linda's clenched teeth, and chafed her feet and hands savagely.

Mr. Wood went away to shut himself up in his room; he could not bear to see his daughter's suffering. Miss Wood sat by her, grimly knitting, tired of exertion, waiting for some change in her patient's state; not very uneasy; "she was used to girls," as she often said.

So a few hours of that heavy morning went by in the little room of Rose Cottage. Linda now and then stirred and moaned: when she did so Miss Wood nodded significantly, and muttered, "She'll do."

Presently a rap sounded at the hall-door. Linda opened her eyes, and raised herself up to lean on her elbow. Miss Wood went into the hall, and closed the parlour-door behind her.

It was Dr. Minton, hurried and anxious. "I must see Miss Linda," he told the maid.

"You cannot see her now, Dr. Minton; she's engaged," Miss Wood said.

"My business is important."

"My niece cannot see you."

"Excuse me, she must. It is best; if not, she will have less friendly and considerate visitors."

Dr. Minton removed Miss Wood's hand from the parlour-door, and entered. Linda had risen from the floor, and was sitting in a low chair, still shaking like one ague-stricken.

"Do not rise," Dr. Minton said. "Miss Wood, I must see your niece alone." Very politely the doctor handed Miss Wood to the door.

Then he took a seat close by Linda, apparently not noticing her extreme agitation, but said: "I am Mr. Calton's friend; I act for him. An absurd suspicion has—"

"I know," gasped Linda.

Dr. Minton laid his hand on hers. "I say, advisedly, an absurd suspicion; the gossiping of a girl who heard angry conversation between the cousins a month since, of a ploughman who also overheard them talking yesterday, and who met Mr. Calton coming from the brook just at dark. This is all the foundation on which this suspicion rests." Dr. Minton's calm voice and the firm pressure of his kind hand seemed strangely to still the poor child's agitation; she ceased to tremble so violently. "Remember that I am Mr. Calton's friend," he pursued; "toll me all that passed yesterday. I have not the slightest doubt, not the very slightest, that poor Salford was yesterday seized with a similar attack to one for which I attended him twelve months since; that he fell forward into the water, wounding himself with his knife as he did so, and was drowned. I want to prove this: Calton has enemies. Tell me, my good child, all you know of these two young men's words

and actions yesterday. Mr. Calton is a generous noble fellow. I know that you can tell me nothing that shall be turned to his disadvantage, so speak freely."

• With simple childish confidence Linda told every thing. She could remember exactly at what time each of the cousins had left her.

Dr. Minton promised to see her again that evening, and left her.

He had to attend the inquest. After long discussion, no certain verdict was found. Search was made in the dismal brook-side meadows, in the stream itself, for the knife that had given that ugly wound on the young squire's throat. It could not be found; and Dr. Minton had no cheering news for poor Linda that evening. Things looked more serious: it was whispered that Mr. Calton had just such a knife,—and it could not be a common one,—as would inflict a wound of the shape and size of that on Salford's throat. Of this fresh rumour the doctor said nothing to his poor little patient. Dr. Minton's two visits to the cottage that day were duly noted and commented upon by the village.

Linda was abused as a heartless coquette who had occasioned the death of the handsome young squire; whether he had stabbed himself or been stabbed by his cousin, his death was equally Linda Wood's fault; and if she now died of love for him it would serve her right. Poor Linda was not slow in accusing herself, remembering every little act of childish light-hearted coquetry against herself as a heinous crime.

Dr. Minton sent her a sleeping-draught: he had been alarmed at the wild strained look of the face turned towards the door when he entered. In spite of this soothing potion, and of Dr. Minton's last words,—“Calton is anxious that I should care for you,”—Linda's dreams presented her perpetually with two aspects of horror:—Edward Salford laid on a table at the Crown, his black hair dripping back from his drowned face, a great gaping wound in his pale throat,—for of course feverish fancy drew exaggerated pictures; and Mr. Calton a prisoner, accused of murder—a victim to such foul accusations.

That night snow began to fall; it covered over the brook-side meadows, and hindered farther search. Mr. Calton's knife,—for to the possession of a curious knife he had fearlessly confessed,—was again and again compared with the wound. It showed no symptom of having been used for less innocent purpose than the pruning of a rose-bush; and he asserted that his cousin had possessed one exactly similar. It was forwarded to town by the Minsterton worthies, to be subjected to the usual tests and examinations.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Calton was heir to Edward Salford's property. The next of kin, supposing Mr. Calton excluded from succession, was a Salford more wild and wicked than was usual even with the Salfords, among whom the lately deceased was a wise and righteous man. He envied and hated Arthur Calton; and of course it was to his interest that vague suspicion should gain form and substance,—that the murder should be brought home to the man standing between him and the Salford property.

No one understood at the time how it was that Mr. Calton, who had been considered by the whole neighbourhood as an honourable man, a righteous man, a man well-nigh without guile, gradually came to be looked upon with mistrust, fear, dislike. Many were the discreditable stories whispered about concerning him; yet no one accused him of any thing; he had no opportunity of defending himself. Afterwards, many of those evil reports were traced up to the needy and unscrupulous Salford next of succession.

People crossed over to the other side of the way rather than meet Arthur Calton in the village-street; shrunk from contact with him on every occasion during those few days intervening between the inquest and the funeral. Yet he walked up and down with a firm step, an erect head, a serious sorrowful face; neither unconscious nor unpaired

that he was watched and suspected, but fully believing that his cause would right itself.

He had given orders concerning his cousin's funeral, as it was his office to do. The evening before the day on which it was to have taken place police-officers from the neighbouring town came to Minsterton, and Mr. Calton was put under arrest, committed to stand his trial for murder. A pretty case had been made out against him from the stories of Jim Robinson and Eliza Carter, and the correspondence of the peculiar Spanish knife he carried with the shape and size of the wound in the dead man's throat. His enemy had worked warily and well.

“Of course it is but a temporary annoyance to which he is subjected,” said Dr. Minton to the wan Linda. “What seems to hurt him most is that his fellow-townsmen, his neighbours, people he had thought his friends, should be so ready to believe evil of him. Miss Linda, I find him a nobler fellow than I had thought him even.” Dr. Minton drew the back of his hand across his eyes; Linda had no tears to shed.

“How is it you are not out to-day?” he asked her suddenly. “Have you a holiday? You would be better for occupation.”

“Yes; people will not have me in their houses. I am not fit to touch the hands of innocent children, Mrs. Brown says. I do not think I am,” Linda answered sternly.

“That is the nonsense she talks,” Miss Wood exclaimed, coming in. “She sits there like one of her father's images, instead of carrying it with a high hand. It's no use for me to talk my tongue off trying to keep up her character, if she mopes and moans like a guilty thing. Indeed, I don't know what we shall do. We shall come to want.”

“No you will not, my good lady; keep yourself quiet. This storm is to blow over in the Lord's time, and His sun will shine upon this young head again.” Dr. Minton laid his hand on Linda's hair.

Miss Wood having fetched what she came for and vanished, he said thoughtfully, “The worst thing to get over is this knife affair; the gash was peculiar.” Linda shuddered; he went on. “It must have been given by a peculiar weapon. Have you seen Mr. Salford use a knife of any uncommon kind?” he demanded quickly. “That he had such a one, I know; Calton gave it him. Have you seen him use it?”

“Yes—O yes! I have not heard about the knife before. You did not tell me. Dr. Minton, you should have told me.” Linda spoke eagerly. “He had one that he said his cousin had brought from Spain; he cut a spray of roses one day with it. It was a dreadful-looking knife; but he said it was convenient in gardening.”

“If only it could be found in or near the brook.”

“Would that do any good?”

“Every good, *properly managed*. The finding of that knife might set Mr. Calton free. That heavy fall of snow prevented a very thorough search; but it shall be found. Dr. Lawcroft agrees with me that the wound is just such as would have been self-inflicted by a man falling forward upon such a weapon in his own hand; the knife found in or near the brook; all our medical evidence brought to bear; Calton's spotless character witnessed to;—yes, we should triumph.”

“O yes, it shall; the knife shall be found,” Linda muttered dreamily. “Tell me exactly where—it happened, Dr. Minton?” she asked.

“You remember, perhaps, where a pollard-willow has made a bridge across the brook by falling?”

“Yes.” Such dilated eyes were fixed upon his face.

“Just below there's an alder and another pollard, and a short willow-stump. It was there he was drowned.”

“I know.”

“Now, child, tell me, have you slept quietly yet?” Dr. Minton wished to take her thoughts from off the dreary spot and the dreadful figure she pictured too vividly.

“No, but I shall now soon.”

"You think you shall die?" was asked with a smile, half pitiful, half incredulous.

"I shall sleep quietly soon. I have tried to keep awake lately, because I had such dreams—O such shocking shocking dreams when I slept! I saw him hung," she added; and her eyes glared on Dr. Minton with wide affright.

"Hush, hush! God will not let that be."

"No; but it was terrible. If I live to be very old, I shall never forget it; but I shall sleep quietly soon," she added softly, in an assured tone.

He pressed her hand, and went to talk to her father before he left the house. He found him busy with straw and packing-cases. He was packing up some of his treasures; going to send them to a friend who would dispose of them for him. He wanted money for Linda.

"I will take some of these: keep the others for the present," Dr. Minton said. "Your daughter shall want for nothing. I hope that brighter times are coming for all Arthur Calton's friends."

It was easy for Linda to rise early next morning, for she had not slept. The night through she had sat propped up in her bed, alternately reading her Bible and praying. At six o'clock, while it was yet dark, save for the shining of the stars, she rose and dressed; putting on all her warmest clothes from an instinct to take care of herself. She was so feeble that she could not do any thing quickly; so there was already a streak of opal-hued light in the east when she let herself out of the hall-door.

The keen air seemed to brace up her unstrung nerves, and she walked with a pretty firm step down the road, a little way along the lane, through the sodden meadows. But she paused when she came to where the field-path began to run beside the brook—paused, and one sick shudder after another ran through her. How slowly the darkness gave way to dawn! There, only a few steps off, crept the silent brook, whose waters had been coloured with the blood of the young man who had often touched her hand, spoken soft words in her ear. The wind moaned and moved a little in a tall tree garlanded with "old man's beard;" it looked ghostly. Poor Linda turned to flee; but she glanced up at the paling stars, prayed, and went on her way, close, close along that dreadful, slow-flowing, silent brook.

The snow was all gone; for there had been warm rain in the early part of the night.

Linda came to the place. Dawn had broadened over all the sky; she could see.

In early happy days this brook had been a favourite play-place; so she had grown acquainted with its few tricks of sudden bends and flowings partly out of sight beneath its banks.

The child prayed again, with heart and eyes of faith, before she began to grope among sodden leaves and cold dark water. Too earnest now to turn and start at any weird whispering, she pursued her task. A strange sight to see, that girl at her eager searching in that dismal place.

A few feet below the place of Mr. Salford's death the brook divided for a while; a part of it flowed more rapidly than the rest, among flags and rushes, then deepened into a pool that was now almost choked up by dead leaves, carried here and no further; for out of this pool the water flowed feebly. It was but a tiny place; Linda's hand could feel its bottom when the water reached little higher than her elbow. Presently her face grew radiant; she gave a wild cry, and clasped something to her bosom; not thinking of it as a murderous weapon which had been wet with human blood, but as the instrument that was to set Mr. Calton free. Was to, Linda did not doubt, though more experienced world-wise people might.

Linda did not forget to return thanks as she had made supplication; then she sped homeward.

But she passed her own door, and went up the hardly-awakened village to Dr. Minton's house.

He met her in the hall; she put the knife into his hand,

and then fell down at his feet. He gave her into his wife's charge, and went to tell her father and aunt what had become of her.

Going back to Linda, he found her anxious to be at home; so, when she had been arrayed in dry clothing of Mrs. Minton's—who, fortunately, was but a little woman—and had taken some hot coffee, Dr. Minton led her home. People who met them stared. Linda had not been seen before since the death of Mr. Salford; now, leaning on Dr. Minton's arm, she walked down the street in full bright sunshine, looking white and thin, but neither guilty nor very sad. What could it mean?

"Linda, that you, of all people, should leave your bed to go groping after the knife that killed that poor young man: it is shocking! I would not have it known for the world," Miss Wood said grimly.

"The knife did not kill him, Miss Wood," Dr. Minton insisted; "that wound couldn't have been mortal. He died 'by the visitation of God;' that is the verdict that shall be brought in. But I think your niece had better return to her bed now. The time is come when you will sleep quietly; is it not, Miss Linda?" Of the many remaining difficulties and perplexities Dr. Minton did not speak to this child.

"I think so; I am very tired." A blush crossed her white face as she added: "You need not say *who* found the knife, need you, Dr. Minton?"

"Mr. Calton has suffered a great deal. His liberty will be far dearer if he knows to whom he owes it. Shall he know?"

"Yes, if you like; I leave all to you," said Linda.

"All will be well." Dr. Minton tried to believe what he said.

"Will you help me upstairs, aunt? I am so tired."

"And what else could you expect, tramping all that way down to that dreadful place?—you that have hardly moved hand or foot for days. I wonder at you, Linda. How could you?"

Linda did not hear her aunt's sharp voice.

"She will be all the better for this excitement. Do not be alarmed if she sleeps for days," Dr. Minton said. "There has been an intense strain upon her young head and heart; nature will be indemnified. I must leave home for some days, and shall not be able to see her; take good care of her, Miss Wood." Dr. Minton hurried away.

CHAPTER V.

Linda threatened to sleep quietly in too full a sense.

By Dr. Minton's advice, her father took her away for two months to a warmer spot. Mr. Calton's acquittal and release were by no means the instantaneous results of Linda's discovery. Linda was spared all alternations of hope and fear; she never doubted that he was free.

It did not seem possible to rouse or excite her. She heard that Mr. Calton was free, and his name cleared from every aspersion only as one hears a very oft-told tale. She knew it quite well before. What did they mean by saying so now, so long after?

In early spring her father brought her home again; and, strange to say, her aunt's brisk ways and sharp speaking seemed to do her good, though sometimes she winced under them as if under physical ill-usago.

The tide of public opinion had turned; Linda was now a heroine, almost a saint; it was difficult to guard her from the crowd of well-meaning awkward attentions shown her. She was guarded unobtrusively and surely, so surely that the inmates of Rose Cottage knew little of the danger threatening them.

One April morning, when the sun shone very fairly and the light wind blew very softly, Linda stood in the garden with a little of the old rose-tint upon her cheeks, a most sweet and sad sadateness in her whole air.

In a sunny sheltered corner of the laurel-hedge she spied an early-blown China rose. She could not see it clearly enough where it grew; she could not smell it, or press it to

her lips. She wanted it close, and reached after it with childish eagerness. Several times her arm was stretched up in vain; each time her gown-sleeve would fall back and leave the pretty arm bare for the sun to shine upon; each time she would shake down her sleeve and try afresh.

Standing on the very tips of her toes, she caught the shy rose-bud at last; but it was avenged; the thorns tore her hand, and she lost her balance. She fell back while the words, "I have you at last," were on her lips.

She did not fall to the ground, but against some one standing close behind,—some one who had approached unheeded while she was so eagerly reaching after the rose,—some one whose arms enfolded her most completely now.

She had not seen Mr. Calton since that day, though she had felt his nearness in a thousand ways. Many recollections came over her; she shuddered and wept, letting her head rest where it lay, against Mr. Calton's heart.

He folded her closer in his arms. She felt his lips upon her head and on her wounded hand.

"May I say what you said but now, 'I have you at last,' you, my life's long-despaired-of rose?"

Linda only wept till they had for a long time paced gently up and down that screened and sunny walk.

"I verily think that my life is yours; I like to think that you gave it me, Linda," he said. But he felt her shudder so, that he changed the tone of his talk.

Soon the village had the gratification of seeing Arthur Calton and Linda Wood walk about together, and of knowing that they were affianced.

Once they went to the brook-side, and Linda showed him where she had found the knife. But they did not love that walk, and they did not "settle" near Minsterton.

THE THEATRES.

The progress of events has moved more rapidly in the dramatic direction than we had expected. The management at the Lyceum is not one to let the grass grow under its feet, and has proceeded without needless delay to test the public taste, and ascertain whether the Shakespearian revival and the new drama would be received with favour. Mr. Dillon's *Othello* has been tried, and not found wanting. In one respect even, it has been a surprise. Originality is the actor's strong point, and his performance of the Moor, instead of entering into competition with that of any other actor, peculiarly separates itself from all the stage examples of the character on the English boards. Mr. Dillon seldom aims at declamation, and never imitates. He trusts to the resources of his own genius, and the pathetic points of character. We use the word "genius" advisedly. Without entering into any discussion as to the extent of his histrionic powers, every qualified spectator recognises the presence of that subtle quality so named in the acting of this gentleman. There is an indisputable aptitude for producing certain effects, and also some limitation of facilities in other directions. The development presented is special; it has the mint-stamp, the distinguishing mark, which we call genius. There is the purpose, the bent, and also the cultivation, applicable to the perfecting of the tendency, which properly distinguishes genius from mere aptitude; that is, the finish which crowns the aptitude. Mr. Dillon is as careful in his execution as he is original in his conception. His *Othello*, tender beyond all precedent, pathetic wherever occasion can be made, and ever baring the heart of the dignified sufferer, showing therein the truest love, while on the lips seems nothing but revenge, is, even in the very storm and whirlwind of the passion, gracefully moderated and restrained within the properties of ideal art.

Not only, however, is the acting of Mr. Dillon original, but the whole *mise en scène*, in the complete novelty of its arrangements, evinces the influence of a guiding mind.

Having decided that the tragedy is domestic in character, as natural and familiar an air is thrown over the scenic accessories as possible. For instance, in the great temptation scene (3d act), both Iago and Othello are frequently seen sitting on either side a table in the centre of the stage; and as much of the conversation as possible is gone through in an easy attitude, reserving to the more violent passages an erect position and a vehement delivery. The bed-chamber scene is picturesquely arranged,—the moonlight shines into the room from the open Venetian window in the centre, and the sides slant down on either hand, the right having a consecrated niche in which is Desdemona's couch, thus hidden away, as it were, in a sacred seclusion, and enabling the wronged husband to perform the dread sacrifice which he had purposed with that decent reserve and mysterious solemnity so needful to secure the situation within the proper bounds of the terrible and the pitiful. We confess that this last act has altogether astonished us. Mr. Dillon's powers prove to be of far greater range than we had apprehended, and many of the new points of business, as they are technically called, are not only judicious, but replete with sentiment, and touch the feelings equally with surprise and tenderness.

We have reserved less space for the new play of *The Cagot; or, Heart for Heart*, than it really merits. It is an actor's play, and bears marks of its parentage on the surface. Mr. Edmund Falconer, the author, will, it is hoped, in his next venture, set himself free from certain stage conventions, and natural tendencies to imitation, that in the present interfere with his higher literary claims. He has much to learn, too, in the structure of blank-verse; and must contrive to wear his chains, if he will adopt them for the ornament of his style, with a more independent mien, and show that they are no restraints on his liberty, but simply the musical embellishments of motion.

The choice of subject is ingenious, and allows the writer an opportunity, under a new title, of vindicating the rights of the pariah classes against their oppressors. But, as usual, the pariah is in the end no pariah, but of unmixed noble blood. The result is obvious. The verdict is against the oppressed, though he may find a friend,—as promised in the catastrophe of *The Cagot*,—in the oppressor. This sort of nugatory vindication opposes the poetic and the moral, and leaves a certain sense of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Falconer's play is, we must in justice add, full of noble sentiments, has many good descriptions, and much of dramatic insight. Admirably acted as it was, it achieved on its first night a remarkable triumph. This was partly due to the climax which every act invariably reached; but the dialogue is more than usually abundant. We must therefore give the audience credit for a patient listening to more than the ordinary amount of rhetorical composition,—a trait of excellent promise for the success of original dramatic production at this theatre.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

In country places, when the mistletoe in the hall begins to fade; when the night-music of the waits is over; when the old year has been rung out, and street-doors have opened to let the new one in; when the four-and-twenty mince-pies have been tasted by marriageable maidens, and Twelfth-night characters have given the heartache to lovers entering on their teens,—the children of England may still be found looking out for "Plough Monday Boys" as the last treat of their holiday season, and waking on that great day in a state of mind such as their Puritan ancestors might

have described as a lusting after vain shows and devices of the devil. About breakfast-time the pageant passes,—two or three shaggy fellows in suits of pasteboard and ribbon-ends; a Bessy in a bonnet and white gown, with corduroy trousers showing underneath; and a fool in rabbit-skins, cruelly beaten with air-bladders by a black and horned monster. If the old traditional usage is not clean forgotten, a plough, perhaps, is carried by the mummers; and the sour utilitarian, who buttons his pocket and shakes his head at the demands for drink-money, may even yet see the share enter the ground before his door.

But though such things still exist, their time is over. They are as much out of place in these days as a live-mastodon or a dying gladiator. We do not frown at the vanity, but we laugh at the nonsense of these sports. People generally have no sympathy with them; are not in the least disposed to take part in them; and if the ribbon-ends were at the rag-shop, the Bessy unfrocked for ever, and the fool at rest in his own paradise, no one above the age of childhood would be a whit the sadder or very much the wiser.

There was a time when these and similar masquerades were among the most popular of British sports. We have changed; they are no longer fit for us, and are properly put aside; but the question is, what have we got instead? The wise and prudent, who see salvation in savings-banks, and would be content to hear the skylark sing more decorously, will perhaps answer, "What need of any thing? These games were always follies; we are well rid of them. Let them go." But they are wrong nevertheless. Man's life is honey-combed; and in other days these pastimes filled up one of the cavities. They have shrivelled and dropped out; but the hole remains, and will breed vermin, we may depend upon it, if we leave it empty.

There is a saying, faithful and true, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The work that comes out of a man is better than the food he lives on; it is a holier thing to offer help than to take it, and to love than to be loved. Yet meat and aid and affection are altogether necessary; for if giving is our highest act, we must prepare for it by receiving. If this is true of any thing, it is true of pleasure. The daily work of life consists in the production, in a thousand forms, of the various means of enjoyment for one another. For this the earth is tilled and the ocean traversed. For this steam urges our machinery, and cannon protect our coasts. The artist paints for it; the author writes for it; the preacher pleads for it, that it may not be base in kind, but noble, and not transient but eternal. But while human labour is thus earning the highest blessing by bestowing a secondary one, to do it well, nay, to do it at all, the labourer, in whatever calling, must obey the law of his nature; and, as with his body so with his soul, must sit down to a daily dinner, where for the time he ceases to be the giver of enjoyment, and becomes simply the receiver of it. This necessary meal we call pleasure, recreation, amusement. The name does not matter; the thing itself is perfectly essential, and is never dispensed with. There are as many different forms of it as there are kinds of physical food—some of them meagre enough, some hurtful, some deadly; and few things more affect the welfare of nations or individuals than the proportion which these latter bear to the whole. If you may judge a man's character by his companions, much rather may his amusements show it; for those may be companions only, while these are his bosom friends.

Now there are one or two points in which the state of popular amusements at the present day is in striking contrast with that of former times. A century or two ago, sports and pastimes congenial with the spirit of the age, and such as the nation took delight in, were freely open to the mass of the poor, and were of very frequent occurrence. Look at the almanac; Christmas and the New Year, Twelfth-night, Plough Monday, Shrovetide, and Easter,—each had its public festivals, to say nothing of St. Valentine or Agnes' Eve. There was May-day, and the feast of milkmaids and of sweeps. Whitsuntide came after, and

Midsummer Eve, with its games and flowers; youths leaping through its bonfires to earn exemption from the ague, and maidens with midnight garlands dancing till daybreak in the open air. There was sheepshearing and harvest-home, besides the frequent wakes and fairs, bonfires for every joyful occasion, and good cheer set round about them. We do not mean that these pastimes were unexceptionable, still less that their revival would do any good to this generation; but the chief feature in the case is this:—formerly, amusements in which Englishmen took a real, and for the most part an innocent pleasure, were provided abundantly, and could be shared in without expense by the great bulk of the people; while at present nearly every kind of recreation sought after by the public taste must be paid for before it can be enjoyed. Certainly, we have our exceptions. There is still Punch and Judy, for example, and more rarely a street-tumbler or two. A battalion of soldiers may be looked at now and then for nothing; but they travel chiefly by railway, and don't shoot in public very often. We have a few national exhibitions,—great things in their way, but a little solemn, and confined to the metropolis. Finally, there are the barrel-organs, the street-singers, and the bagpipes,—rather a nuisance, but the nearest approach we have to a British institution for the gratuitous amusement of the people.

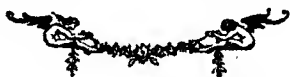
Amusement, however, must be had, and will be had in some way or other; and as little of it can be got for nothing, it is systematically purchased. The result deserves far greater notice than has yet been given to it. The money that a working-man can spare for pleasure is of course very little; and a vast demand for pleasure at the cheapest rate is created, therefore, from one end of the country to the other. In answer to it, entertainments of the very worst description spring up fast in all directions. Cheap theatres, where vice takes the place of art, because it is less costly; cheap dancing-rooms, where the smiles of harlots make amends for dirty walls, bad air, and barbaric music; free concerts, where the price of admission is masked under the price of drink; low public-houses, at which dogs, rats, pugilists, and other obscene beasts, are made the attraction to customers. The extent to which these and similar schools of evil have become the places of common entertainment for the populace is quite unsuspected by the wealthy and polite. The mischief they are doing is infinite; and the idea of preventing it by measures of repression is wholly out of the question. To put the necessities of life beyond an honest man's reach, is to teach him to become a thief; and the surer way of sending men to unwholesome pleasures is to leave them in a state in which wholesome ones are unattainable. Pleasure is a daily necessary; but consider the cost of it to a working-man. He has no piano in his house; no pictures; few books. He cannot stroll about his garden, or take a drive on summer nights. His fancy is not gratified by the draperies of his wife or the ornaments of his table. He cannot afford to give parties; and if he did, the entertainment which accompanies learning, elegance, and refinement, would not come to him with his guests. He is destitute, in fact, of those things which turn the stream of daily recreation into the homes of the educated classes; and as recreation is every bit as dear to him as to his betters, his seeking it in other sources is perfectly inevitable. Now that in seeking it he should be obliged to pay for it involves this great misfortune, that the worst being the cheapest, he is certain to choose the worst, and, indeed, has generally very little choice at all. The evil touches him in a vital part—during the unbending of his strength, in his yielding and plastic moments. The boy who works for his living steals for his recreation, and gets, after all, nothing but a vicious pleasure. The man follows the path his boyhood has begun; and society breathes miasma where it ought to breathe refreshment only.

This is the present condition of popular amusement in England; and such it will continue, till we teach our reason and our philanthropy that healthful pleasures, procurable



LANDSCAPE IN WATER-COLOUR. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

without money and without price, are things more sorely needed than even hospitals or almshouses, or, indeed, than almost any of our thousand charities for the benefit of the poor.



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

IV.

He had better have gone to the opera, as he had said was his intention. Because, firstly, he would have heard Grisi in Norma; and because, secondly, he would not have heard Captain Llewellyn talking to Georgiana Latrobe.

But Disney, on the contrary, in violation of his threat, went to Mrs. Parker's party, in Pimlico, and went so early that the beer-man, who was pervading the street with the supper refreshment of the creatures who dwelt thereabout, bawled "beer" at him as he knocked at her door. Had he been wise and superstitious, he would immediately have recognised this distressing incident on the threshold as an omen, as an ancient Roman would have done, and gone home to bed. But even as P. Claudius, in the first Punic war, being informed by the augurs that the sacred chickens would not eat—a dreadful warning—did profanely reply that they might drink, then, and tossed them into the sea, and presently giving battle, was shamefully defeated, Herbert Disney insulted the orier of liquor, went upstairs re-

solved to be amused and triumphant, and—but let us reserve the catastrophe. Be it remarked here, that he was rather pleased with his costume, and particularly with an elaborate shirt-front and brilliant studs; and in his private mind bade defiance to the Fusiliers and their irresistible captain.

Now Georgiana was upon very intimate terms with the hostess, and was consulted upon her lists of guests, and claimed to exert a certain amount of dictation as to the men who were to be asked; for Mrs. Parker was merely rich and kind-hearted, and therefore utterly unfit to be trusted with invitation cards. And therefore Miss Latrobe, holding herself in some sort responsible for the success of this evening, had caused her mamma to come over even earlier than Mr. Disney. So that when he arrived, there were not above a dozen persons in the room, and one of them was Georgiana Latrobe.

"What a time to come," was that young lady's flattering greeting to Herbert, as he took a seat by her side.

"I was asked for nine, and it is a quarter past," replied Mr. Disney demurely.

"Nonsense," returned Georgy, almost indignantly. "If you had not spoken to Mrs. Parker, the best thing you could have done would be to slip out and come back at a civilised hour. What an odd thing to do!"

"Instinct told me that you would have arrived before me."

"I am here as a sort of aide-de-camp to Mrs. Parker, as you know quite well. I should like to know what she thinks could have brought you at such a time."

"Really you are treating the matter quite seriously. Shall I go and apologise to her for supposing that she could mean what she said in her invitation. Or shall I say that I

mistook the hour; or that the horse ran away with my cab, and came in half the time he ought to have taken. It is very shocking, certainly."

"There are usages of society which people ought to pay attention to, Mr. Disney."

"Genius and independence," said Herbert, carefully arranging his wristbands, "scorn the conventional rules of society, and claim the glorious right not to know what o'clock it is."

Georgiana walked away to the pianoforte, at which the minstrels had not yet appeared, and tried a few bars of a polka.

"It is very good of you to come so early," said Mrs. Parker. "Most fashionable young men have so many engagements that there is no seeing them until twelve o'clock. If Georgy will play us a tune, I dare say you are good-natured enough to give one of the little girls a dance before the ~~great~~ people come."

The mischievous Georgiana enjoyed this.

"To be sure he shall, Mrs. Parker. He is much more at his ease with children than with grown-up persons. There, Lydia dear, go to Mr. Herbert Disney, and ask him to be so kind as to polk with you. I will play for you. Now then—away with you both."

And she dashed away at a noisy tune, and the elegant and intellectual young painter might shortly be seen whirling round the room with a snub-nosed little girl, with thin legs and splay feet, over whom he had to stoop in an attitude of much kindness and little grace. Some of the matrons smiled, but Herbert had too much self-respect not to seem perfectly delighted.

"You dance charmingly, Miss Lydia," he said, availing himself of an early opportunity to deposit his partner upon a seat.

"O, don't stop," said Georgiana. "People who come early to parties must try to amuse every body. Now dance with that little girl. Here, Louisa, come here," and she placed a still more objectionable child, with a swelled face, and whose evil temper had conquered her mother's reluctance to bring her out in the arms of the elegant Disney. The brat did not wait a word from him, but sprang out at the first note; and Herbert, forced into taking a turn or two, could not disengage himself at once: the door opened, and Captain Llewellyn was announced. The handsome soldier smiled indulgently as Mr. Disney and his ugly little companion ran against him, and Georgiana was quite enchanted.

"I know," said Llewellyn, "that I am unjustifiably early, and I see I am interfering with the young people's pleasures. But I was obliged to dine with Lord Glastonbury, your neighbour, Mrs. Parker; and I told him that I knew you would allow me to come in from him instead of returning to the Palace."

Fresh from the presence of a lord, and a lord to whom he had actually spoken of Mrs. Parker! If there had been a slight felony or so to forgive, he would have been forgiven straight off, but as it was, the lady was simply in a beatific ecstasy.

"A cousin may come when he likes, surely," she said, with a heart full a gratitude.

"Nay, you know I never take liberties on the strength of relationship, Maria. But pray do not let me interrupt the young people. This lady was playing for them—"

"Captain Llewellyn—Miss Latrobe."

"I think we have done enough for them," said Georgiana, smiling very amiably, and resuming her gloves and bouquet.

"I fear the little lady will not forgive me," said the captain, looking at the swelled face, whose owner clung to Herbert Disney with an expression of malevolent resolution not to be cheated out of her dance. However, she was torn away by a rigorous mamma, not her own, but one who observed to a neighbour that she had no notion of children being spoiled in that ridiculous manner; and that, for her

own part, she had put her three children to bed two hours ago; and if one of them had given her any of that kind of nonsense about coming out when she was ordered to stay at home, she would have had something that would have made her remember her impertinence for a long time to come, and so forth. And the painter was delivered from that affliction, —nothing to you, sensible man with a firmer character, but something to that vain young fellow of two-and-twenty, with new studs on.

"I should like you to know my cousin," said Mrs. Parker to Herbert. "I call him my cousin," she added honestly; "but the fact is, that my poor husband was a second cousin of his. Captain Llewellyn is highly connected, and came just now from Lord Glastonbury's in Eaton Square."

"He must have quite an aristocratic aroma about him," said Herbert, smiling. "Let me know him before it is dispelled."

Mrs. Parker had not, of course, the faintest idea what he meant, but brought him to the captain, who had naturally taken a seat near the prettiest girl in the room, and she—by name Georgiana—was looking pleased, and admiring her camellias with great sweetness. The introduction was effected; and Captain Llewellyn smiled as he observed to himself that Disney was an overdressed snob, and Disney smiled as he observed to himself that Llewellyn was a supercilious ass. Both were wrong, as will happen in this life.

"Some of your flowers are already beginning to rust at the edge," said Herbert to Georgy, by way of commencing a conversation.

"A critic always looks out for blemishes," replied the young lady. "Is it not so?" she added, appealing to her new acquaintance.

"I hardly know," said the captain. "I was never a critic in all my life, I am glad to say. But I should have said that the rapid tinge on the flower was the proof of its extreme delicacy and purity."

Georgiana gave Disney a glance, in which he read her approval of the captain's tone; and even in his own mind Herbert allowed that the habit of putting things pleasantly was an acquirement cultivated in better society than that in which he usually found himself. However, he was not going to own this.

"Yes," he said; "and hardier flowers should be used for the hard service to which ladies put such things."

"Can a flower desire a better fate than to die in a lady's hand?" said the flowery Fusilier.

Not being prepared with an answer that was likely to improve upon this speech, in Georgiana's estimation, Mr. Disney, observing that the cornet-à-piston and his accomplices had come, requested the honour of dancing the first quadrille with Miss Latrobe, and was excessively displeased to find that in the unreasonably short space of time since Captain Llewellyn had been introduced, he had found an opportunity of engaging her.

"But," said Georgy, "get that poor little girl whom you disappointed of her polka, and be our *vis-à-vis*."

This, however, was not exactly Mr. Disney's idea of happiness, and he bowed himself away. And the rooms having now filled up, and many pretty faces surrounding him, he found a more agreeable partner than the child with the swelled face, and took his place in another quadrille from that to which the Fusilier led Miss Latrobe.

Mindful of his duty to his wife, Llewellyn flirted hard and fast that night; and had, let us hope, the reward of an approving conscience, which must have assured him that nobody would have believed him to be a married man. He speedily fascinated poor Georgiana Latrobe, and this was not surprising. His tone was that of a better set than her own; he talked with that pleasant mixture of deference to the person you talk to, and superiority to all the rest of the world, which unites to form the most delicate of flatteries; and he spoke with easy familiarity of persons and things whereto middle-class society looks up as man looks at the stars. I think his conquest was completed when in the

course of the evening he ventured to take her hand, and show her how the Queen had, at a recent love, laid her royal hand upon his; and as the captain did not mention that this was merely the formality of the presentation,—I do not mean for a moment that he thought of deception, but it never occurred to him that Miss Latrobe could mistake him,—Georgiana's not over practical mind conceived the idea that she was talking to her sovereign's confidential and intimate friend. She was enchanted. Not so Herbert Disney, who caught, between two plump dowagers waddling over the *Trenise*, a glance of Llewellyn sitting down and holding Georgiana's hand, and whose wrath was kindled to such an extent that he could hardly be civil to a partner whose bright smile and willing laugh deserved more cultivation.

Desirous to draw a veil over painful scenes, we will only say that the evening was one of discomfort to Herbert. Georgiana danced with him but twice; and her conversation upon those occasions divided itself into two parts—one whereof was upbraiding for his keeping bad time and waltzing heavily, and the other was praise of Captain Llewellyn of the Fusiliers for his excellence on both points wherein Disney was deficient. These addresses did not carry much consolation to his heart. The champagne at supper did something for his advantage; and it was almost with a cheerful smile that he tendered her a silvered cracker to pull with him. But Captain Llewellyn just then informed her, with some little malice, that crackers were most dangerous things; and as his military character entitled him to be heard upon detonating powder, Georgiana would not, for the world, accept the proffered challenge. The unfortunate Herbert was not quite crushed, and soon afterwards tendered her a motto which he had taken out of a *bou-bou*. She scarcely glanced at it, and handed it to her neighbour the captain, who read it with an amused smile,—

"O, I should like to say how dear
Thou art to me, and yet I fear!"

And he whispered something which made Georgiana laugh, and dropped the affectionate billet into some jelly. This filled up the cup of Disney's sorrows; and he actually retreated from the house without fulfilling his engagement for the after-supper dance, for which he was very silly; for Marian Knowles was growing very partial to him, and was not above showing it. He should have played off Marian against Llewellyn. But he was too much in earnest, he discovered, to do so, and he beat a hasty retreat. That nothing might be wanting to complete the disasters of the night, he got the wrong hat from the servants, fell over the man with a light who was asleep on the doorstep, and was abused by the cabman (it was before Mr. Fitzroy's time) for not giving him more than twice his fare to Soho.

As he savagely lighted a cigar, Captain Llewellyn was putting on Georgiana's shawl in the affectionate way known to captains and others, and hoping they should meet at the horticultural fête on Saturday.

CATHEDRAL SHADOWS.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

UP.

Up, up, up, but climbing slowly,
Past the image calm and holy,
Rise the shadows two and three
(Sorrows never single be).
Past the blazon on the panes,
Past the gold and crimson stains,
From the crypt, and from the door,
From the pillar, and the floor,
Up the oak peaks of the screen,
Past the tomb but dimly seen,

Past the gilded organ-pipe,
And the fruit so mellow ripe,
Carved upon the bishop's throne.
Up beyond the thunder-tone
From the jarring organ shook,—
Creeping o'er the red-lined book,
Past the white robes of the quire,
Flying from the window-fire,
Flying from the sunbeam swords,
And the sweetly chanted words.
Up—from morning until noon,
Driven by the matin tune.

DOWN.

How the shadows, hour by hour,
Creep down from the lonely tower!—
Down the pillar, down the aisle,
Down the window-shaft—the smile
On the saint's lips blotting now—
Then a pain upon the brow
Of the stone king in the porch;
Blowing out the crimson torch
In the window-panes, where be
All the crowned Trinity.
Dusking half the Latin words
On the Abbot's tomb; the swords
Of the scutcheon dimming too;
Blurring bars of gold and blue;
Coming like an evensong glance
On the frescoed "Angel Dance;"
Through the Nun's Walk like a ghost,
Passing to the phantom coast;
Creeping through the vaulted nave,
Over sepulchre and grave.
Down from noon until the night
Shadows, chasing joy and light.

AN EVENING WITH ÆLIAN.

By DR. DORAN.

"Theophrast

Grew tender with the memory of his eyes;
And Ælian made him wet,"—

is a remark which Mrs. Browning puts into the mouth of her last heroine, Aurora Leigh. The epithets do not apply to the respective authors named; for Theophrast is not remarkable for his tenderness, nor is there a line in Ælian calculated to win or exact a tear. But the one may be softening and the other tear-compelling when our memories of their study are connected with loved companions, pleasant incidents, and happy times, which all alike have for ever perished. And so it was here. But in other respects there is no more agreeable comrade for a lone man on one of these December evenings, or indeed on any evening, than this same Ælian. With Gesner's old folio edition of his works, or Fleming's quaint and racy translation of his *Various Anecdotes*, duly accompanied by pale sherry, a plate of walnuts, a bright fire, and a luxurious consciousness of owing no man either money or time,—with all these, why, Gray's "novel and a sofa," as an antepast of Paradise, assumes the form and feature of the most insipid of Limbos.

Great as was the reputation of Ælian among his contemporaries and their successors, his entire works found no editor till the year 1545, when an edition appeared at Rome. Since that period, he has been a favourite with all who know how to esteem a man who has a thousand things to tell, and narrates them all agreeably. His authority has been quoted by Stobæus and Stephen of Byzantium, by Eustathius, Philostratus, and Suidas; and his life has been commented on by Casaubon, Scheffer, and Le Fevre, by Kuhnus, Porizonius, and Gronovius. Added to these, a portion of his works has been translated by Fleming and by Dacier. The version of the old Englishman is as sprightly

as the canary that he loved; but the "rendering" of Dacier is as dead as a champagne-bottle whose spirit has been three days defunct.

To this same Ælian has been assigned the authorship of a military treatise, and some pretty letters,—notes, rather,—which came from the pen of a namesake. Enough remains of his own to authorise any one to ask something about the writer, and to justify an idle man in devoting a half-hour to partly satisfy the inquiry.

Claudius Ælianus was a merry bachelor of Præneste, and the favourite of a wide and joyous circle. He was a Sophist, and the pupil of Pausanias, whom he surpassed in liveliness, if in nothing else. He was born in the second and wrote in the third century, in the jolly—rather too jolly—days of Heliogabalus; he was skilled in medical practice; and as Latin was then vernacular and vulgar, while Greek was in fashion with scholars and gentlemen, he cultivated the latter language with such effect as to write it with the idiomatic power and fluency of a native. There were no "reviews" in those days; nevertheless there were critics who exercised their vocation with admirable acumen. One of these, a certain Philostratus, troating of the Sophists, showered laudation on the style of the Italian who wrote Greek so exquisitely, and distinguished the author by titles most flattering to authors' ears. The sweetness of expression in Ælian earned for him from Suidas the epithet of *μελιγλώσσος*, or *μελίφθογγος*, the "honey-tongued writer,"—an epithet which was by no means ill-applied.

Of this cheerful author with the honey-tongue there have descended to us seventeen brief books of the history of animals; and fourteen pleasant books or chapters which are put together as *Various Stories*, and which are modestly and appropriately named. These are so pleasant as to make us regret that we have lost the essay, *Περὶ Προνοίας* (On Providence), and the *Κατηγορία του γάννιδος*, or "Accusation against an effeminate Tyrant." The less is the more to be deplored, as Ælian was a high-priest, though no one knows of what deity; and we should be curious to discover how the clerical gentleman in the service of a heathen god, and the orthodox denouncer of Epicurus, treated the subject of a Providence generally. Not less curious would it be to see with what wit, vigour, or indignation, a subject of such a terrible youth as the imperial Heliogabalus would dare to attack effeminacy in a sovereign ruler.

Ælian was a "home-keeping youth," and in some sense possessed the homely wit which is said to be the characteristic of such individuals. He had never travelled out of Italy, nor was ever upon the water, certainly never at sea, during the whole course of his life. He is therefore, as may be supposed, a trifle superstitious, and not a little credulous. How gravely he asserts the fact that polypi assume the colour of the rocks near which they lie in order the easier to catch the silly fish! He thoroughly believes that the dogs on the banks of the Nile run as they drink, lest they should be snapped up by the crocodilos. As for those still odder animals, the sea-foxes, he knows very well that after the greedy fellow has swallowed the bait, hook, and half the line (which he has bitten in two) of the angler, he often feels incommoded by the barbed weapon sticking in the coats of the stomach. But the sea-fox does not allow it to incommode him long; he simply turns himself inside out, and gets rid of the hook by the accompanying shaking. The wild boars, too, of Ælian's time are quadrupeds of vast discretion. If one makes himself mortally sick by inadvertently eating henbane, he just trots somewhat rapidly down to the seaside and cures himself by a diet of freshly-caught crabs. Sick lions, on the other hand, know that nothing will cure them but a feast on a tender young monkey. Invalid stags turn to wild corn as a specific for cervine ailments; and Cretan goats stanch their bleeding wounds by nibbling the herb Dictamnus! With so much credulity, it is astonishing that Ælian has any doubts touching the singing of a dying swan. He has never heard one sing himself, he says; an assertion which leads you to render more ready

credence to what he asserts, without a caveat. One is even half-inclined to accept as indubitable what he tells us of the water-snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his own open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives it up in despair; and "froggy," plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

Let us add that some of Ælian's ladies are as wonderful in their way as the most marvellous of his animals; witness that delicate creature, Aglais, who played on the trumpet and wore a wig, was altogether a strong-minded woman, and, indeed, strong-stomached, too; for at her delicious conversational little suppers she contrived to get through twelve pounds of meat, eight pounds of bread, and half-a-dozen pints of wine! He must have been a bold man who, after that, would have ventured to hold a controversy with her on the subject of metaphysics or the last new poet of the unintelligible school.

I do not know which contains the most astounding stories, the book on natural history, or the book of anecdotes. They are books which, had there been railroads in those days, would have been placarded at the book-stalls of every station. I am entirely at a loss how better to describe them than by saying they are a compound of Mr. Jesse and our old acquaintance Baron Munchausen. Perhaps the prettiest of his stories is that *Περὶ Ασπασίας*. It would occupy too much space to relate it at the length at which Ælian gives it; but the subject may be taken, if it be only to show for what annoyance a specific is to be found in rose-leaves.

The birth of Aspasia, the daughter of Hormotimus of Phocias, cost her mother her life. The childhood of the orphan girl was one of poverty and virtuous instruction. The brightest portion of it was her sleeping time; for then she for ever dreamt of being married to a noble youth of wealth and power. The dream, however, seemed to have little chance of being fulfilled; for there appeared beneath the chin of the tender maiden a "wart," which, to her eyes, took the figure of a wen; and was, in the eyes of her speculative father, a monstrous deformity. The perplexed Hormotimus conducted the much-vexed Aspasia to the most fashionable medical man of his day, whose *specialité* was "wens." On these, their cause and cure, he had written a treatise, and sent copies of it over all Greece. The fashionable doctor looked at the girl, fingered the wart, declared the case grave, *very* grave; but undertook a certain and speedy cure on the payment of a fee of three staters,—a sum about equalling a couple of guineas. The fact will serve to show that the heathen *medici* were twice as dear as their Christian successors, who make twice the promises for half the money.

"Three staters!" exclaimed Hormotimus. "You might as well ask me for three golden talents. Will you take half a stater and a basket of figs?"

The wealthy physician looked on the speaker with scorn.

He glanced for a minute or two at the maiden, but finally and abruptly declared, that without fee there was no treatment; and he whistled aloud for his servant to introduce more respectable patients.

Hormotimus and his pretty daughter returned home together. "O Zeus!" growled the former; "who will marry a girl with a growing wart under her chin?" Aspasia went on silently; but soft and silver showers of tears descended from her incomparable eyes. She touched nothing of the frugal supper prepared that night; and in place of going to bed, she sat disconsolate, with a mirror in her lap, contemplating this unwelcome wart, which, after all, an erotic poet or an admiring youth would have eulogised in lines of unexceptionable measure and loose morality. "O Venus Anadyomene! O Venus Erieyne! O mother of beauty and of love! are my prospects to be crushed by this dreadful deformity?" It was the prettiest picture in the world to see this fairest of girls looking at the mirror in her lap, and smiling through her tears at the consciousness that her beauty and purity of heart might well excuse so trifling a blot as this wart under the chin. "If it were only a little mole," said Aspasia, "there would not be much to complain of; for there is one on the cheek of Chloris, the priestess of Venus; and the temple is never so crowded as when Chloris officiates and leads the dance." Therewith, however, the girl looked again, sighed, acknowledged it was no mere "beauty-spot," and sank off sighingly to sleep, looking as she lay a perfect "lapse of loveliness."

"I cannot sleep," said Aspasia, after a few minutes had gone by,— "I cannot sleep for that pretty dove that has got into the room, and makes such pleasant fluttering with its wings." The next minute her eyes were fixed in wonder on the bird. She started up, half reclining on one elbow, half leaning forward; and then, with an exclamation of profound reverence and delight, she sprang from the couch, crossed her fair arms over her fairer bosom, and sinking on her knees, prayed that she might not be slain by excess of ecstasy.

The prayer of Aspasia was not ill-founded, for there stood before her a gracious and graceful presence. The dove had disappeared, and the mother of love herself was looking down in all her radiant beauty upon the trembling Aspasia. She bade the latter look up; and when the Phocian girl, shading her dazzled eyes with one hand, while the other was outstretched in supplication, essayed to look upon the ineffable brightness, Venus smiled and bade her be of good heart, for that she had come to serve the prettiest and the most virtuous girl in all Greece. "Leave the quacks, my charming daughter," said the smiling goddess; "leave them, with their powders and potions and washes and panaceas, by which nothing is cured, and trust to me. Repair to my shrine at sunrise; take a handful of the roses in the consecrated wreaths that lie upon the shrine, and apply them to that which troubleth thee beneath thy chin. The remedy is sovereign for the evil; and so, farewell."

Aspasia, at early dawn, could not well determine whether she had been dreaming or indulging in waking fancies; nevertheless, at sunrise she stood by the altar of the irresistible goddess, carried off a handful of roses, kissed them heartily, and then, holding them close beneath her chin, ran home breathless and hopeful. She passed her wondering sire at the door, glided swiftly into her chamber, looked into the mirror as she let the roses drop into her bosom, and lo! all was as smooth and polished as a newly-fashioned statue from the hands of the most accomplished of sculptors. For every rose-leaf she had plucked from the shrine, she hung up a whole garland in acknowledgment of her gratitude. "Sister Vermilion," said the young, curled, and highly-scented priest, who stood by the altar with his dainty fingers just lightly resting on the pale-blue zone of Chloris,— "pretty sister Vermilion,—for such the colour in thy cheeks warrants thee to be called,—for what service rendered by the goddess do you hang up such splendid wreaths?" "For service inexpressible and heartily prayed for," mur-

mured the maiden, as she turned away, somewhat abashed, from the irreverent look of the reverend youthful gentleman who had the "cure" of the temple. The priest watched Aspasia as she descended the white marble steps which led to the street below; and then looking archly at Chloris, simply remarked, "A fair girl, and as modest as she is fair." "She is a bold minx," said the coadjutrix of Venus's fashionable minister; "and I warrant as disreputable as she is bold." Thereupon a lively discussion ensued, during which they pelted one another with roses, and then, "early service" being concluded, the pious pair went behind the altar to breakfast.

The beauty of Aspasia would have been fatal to her, after all, had it not been that she possessed qualities which are more attractive than beauty. The dream of her childhood was not exactly fulfilled as she had expected, when the fortune of war flung the most beautiful girl of her time in the power of the victorious Cyrus. The proud young conqueror was at supper, when Aspasia and four or five other, and almost as beautiful, captive girls were introduced to their lord. A Persian supper was perhaps the most unseemly festival ever held by man; and Aspasia stood petrified by disgust and amazement as she beheld the royal and noble drunkards, some prostrate on the ground, some lying like corpses bent across the couches, and others yet sitting upright and looking like madmen. The Phocian girl stood at the entrance of the royal tent in which the banquet was held, disregarding the invitation to go forward, which her companions in captivity obeyed with an alacrity which was rewarded by smiles from the king, and by peals of applause from such of the revellers as were sober enough to clap their hands or raise a shout. All compliments paid to these forward beauties,—and some of them were rudely expressed and put in action,—were received by them with a giggle of delight. But Cyrus at last grew weary of the brilliant but mindless group of captive girls who hung about his couch, and, with finger imperiously raised, beckoned to Aspasia. The Phocian moved not a step. She merely crossed her hands on her breast, looked up, and murmured a prayer for protection from the Lady of the Dove. She wore an air of unresisting meekness; but when a satrap, looking extremely gallant and dreadfully tipsy, was about to lay his huge fingers on her ivory shoulder, in order to urge her towards the great king, the girl raised both her arms in the air, and protested that she would smite the first man who dared lay hands upon her. Cyrus was charmed at this pretty audacity, and, to the profound stupor of all beholders, he himself arose and approached Aspasia. The maiden extended her arm towards the monarch, partly in supplication, partly to keep him at a distance; and within a few minutes she delivered to him so cogent and delicate an argument touching the duty of a true-hearted man towards a defenceless girl, that Cyrus, treating her with a world more of respect than he would have shown to his own sister, declared that her virtue had impressed him even more deeply than her beauty; and that from thenceforward she should be his consort, counsellor, and guide. Perhaps the highest proof of the discretion of Aspasia in her new capacity is to be discovered in the fact that she managed to keep on the most friendly of terms with her mother-in-law: and we all know that the mother of Cyrus was not altogether a *belle-mère* to whom a young wife would pay homage without a certain measure of mental reserve.

Of all the ladies of the royal household, Aspasia was the only one who could rule the uncertain humour of her lord. The season of felicity, however, came to an end, when the fatal day of Cunaxa left Cyrus dead on the field, and Aspasia the captive of Artaxerxes. In her altered position she still deserved and retained the name of Aspasia the Wise; and even as the wife of Artaxerxes she wore the mourning which she had assumed after the death of her benefactor, Cyrus.

One day, when Artaxerxes was in a rare fit of good humour, he told his son Darius that he might get a new

turban made with the great crest. Darius was beside himself with delight; for by this form he was declared the successor of his sire, as well as his coadjutor in the government. Another custom was, that when a reigning king thus erected the peak of his son's head-piece, he was bound also to grant the first request made by the new heir. Darius claimed performance of the old rulo; and no sooner had his claim been allowed, than he struck his father into ungovernable rage by demanding of him that Aspasia might be bestowed upon the newly-recognised heir-apparent. We have had family quarrels enough in royal households since the period in question; but never was domestic dissension followed by such terrible consequences as in this case. Artaxerxes made the person of Aspasia sacred by creating her a priestess, either of Diana or of the Sun. In the temple of either deity she was safe from outrage, and free from any chance of effecting her escape. Darius, therefore, turned all his rage against his sire; but his treason being defeated, he was put to death with as little ceremony and as much cruelty as were common in the Persian court when the sovereign was angry.

Aspasia was seated by the altar of the deity whom she was doomed to serve, her mind floating away on old and sunny memories, when she heard of the catastrophe in the household of Artaxerxes. "After all, then," she said, "I have been a fool; I have brought ill-luck to others, and am punished for my vanity. Had I had patience to endure a pimple, and been content with my lot, I should not have known my splendid misery. And yet I followed the light that was offered me, and trusted to my goddess. Goddess," she repeated with an air of proud scorn; "have I not deceived myself?" And the beautiful priestess, striking in two her gilt wand on the angle of the altar, as though she defied the false divinity to whom it was raised, sank to the ground in tears, weeping in painful perplexity, feeling that there must be somewhere a more powerful deity, but unknowing where to seek or how to invoke Him.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

OVER SHOES, OVER ROOTS. "There is nothing like being bespattered for making one defy the mud" (French).—*Il n'est que d'être crotté pour affronter le boue.*—These proverbs are as true in their moral as in their physical application. Persons whose characters are already sullied are not very careful to preserve them from further contamination. When Madame de Cornuel remonstrated with a court lady on certain improprieties in her conduct, the latter exclaimed, "Do let me enjoy the benefit of my bad reputation."

A WIGHT MAN NE'E'R WANTED A WEAVER (Scotch). Almost identical with the Italian proverb, *A buon cavalier non manca lancia*.—A good knight is not at a loss for a lance.—A man of sense and courage is not often baffled for want of means, but will make instruments of whatever comes to his hands; and truly, "He is not a good mason who refuses any stone" (Ital.).—*Non è buon murator chi rifiuta pietra alcuna.* We say also, "A bad workman always finds fault with his tools." W. K. KELLY.



HOW TO CONSTRUCT A WARDIAN CASE.

We propose now to consider the best construction for a simple Wardian case. Let it be understood that plants

require a circulation of air, not only about their stems and foliage, but also about their roots. Why do farmers hoe their turnips? why do gardeners labour to "stir the earth" between growing crops? why does every thing pine and perish that is left to starve in a soil which hoe or fork never disturb? Whatever the form of a Wardian case may be, the idea that it might be hermetically sealed must be abandoned, and we must go back to nature, who sends many a fresh breeze to stir and agitate her verdant darlings. Therefore, in constructing a Wardian case, the bottom must be double; one case with a perforated bottom fitting within, but *not touching*, an outer water-tight one, and from this outer case the drainage-water must be occasionally removed by means of a proper exit. The depth of the soil need seldom be more than four inches, and for small cases a depth of three inches will generally be sufficient. This soil should rest on a layer of light porous material, such as broken flower-pots or clean cinders. By this arrangement, it will be impossible to drown the plants as they are drowned and rotted on the accepted plan. Air as well as moisture will reach the roots; and instead of confining the selection to such ferns and lycopods as are capable of resisting the destructive influences of excessive moisture and stagnated air, high class flowering-plants may be brought into the field, and a genuine garden under glass,—a conservatory, in fact,—may be fitted up in the window. Here we come to the design of the thing; and it may now be asked why the everlasting four-sided packing-case pattern should be so perseveringly adhered to by the makers of Wardian cases. It really seems that if you want to grow a few plants under glass in your room, you must be condemned to accept some piece of angular ugliness, yecept a Wardian case, whereas such materials as glass, wood, and zinc, are of all others the best adapted for combining into graceful forms; and instead of mean boxes, we might have noble pieces of furniture, or at least a set of graceful outlines. Good amateur, just pay attention to these few details. A glass-case on a stand made for it looks better than one placed on a table; a straight line, which the bottom of a frame will form, may always be relieved by means of an elliptical arch; and a rectangular oblong body has the most grace when the form of the *double cube* is given to it. Plumbers, glass-cutters, and zinc-workers, set all such principles at defiance. Well, what else can we expect when so few artisans aim at improving their craft through the help of general knowledge?

But to apply these principles. First determine the *general* dimensions of your case; then whatever is to be its length, let the width be exactly half. If from right to left it is to measure thirty-two inches, let its breadth from back to front be sixteen. The height of the glass-sides should be the same as the breadth of the case, and then the glass portion forms a double cube; or if cut exactly into halves, each half would be a cube. Then to roof it, let the summit of the roof be formed of four sloping sides surmounted by a flat top; and let the flat top be as much above the edges of the four sides as *half the height* of those sides; then you will have an angular object possessing as much grace as can be infused into the simplest rectangular design; and simplicity and grace have ever been close neighbours. That we may not be misunderstood, let us restate the matter. A square glass-box—which the case may be termed before the roof is put on—should be formed on the principle of a double cube, that is, the width and height should each be equal to half the length. Then upon this a glass roof is to be formed of four sloping sides and a flat summit; and this flat summit is to be as much above the upper edge of the box as half the height of the box itself. If the front and back measured each thirty-two inches, then the height, without the roof, would be the same as the width, namely, sixteen inches. The roof itself, formed *sarcophagus* fashion, would give an additional elevation of eight inches, and the entire height within would be twenty-four inches. One side of the sarcophagus top should be fixed on hinges, to

let down as a door to give the necessary ventilation occasionally.

Now, to place this on an ordinary table would be to waste space. Let it have a stand expressly made for it, with four legs, of course, and an elliptical arch of frotted work to break the monotony of the straight lines. If the case is on a large scale—say with a length of four feet and a height of three feet—a stand of the kind just mentioned would give it completeness as a noble piece of furniture; and it would only require to be properly planted to realise a genuine conservatory, not of ferns only, but the choicest flowering exotics as well, for which there would be room for a good selection. Ordinary carving or relief ornament has very little effect when set against the light; but open fretwork, by admitting the light through it, produces a beautiful and appropriate tone of ornamentation. Of course the principles of art may be applied to glass structures in many ways so as to insure grace of outline with the necessary space, which, as has been said above, is only adduced by way of example; at the same time it may here be finally remarked that imitations of temples, villas, and doll's-houses, a multiplicity of corners and fancy convolutions, or any intricate design that may be adopted for a Wardian case, is more likely to produce puerility than grace. Let the form be simple and the proportions symmetrical, and you may hereafter be gratified with your work.

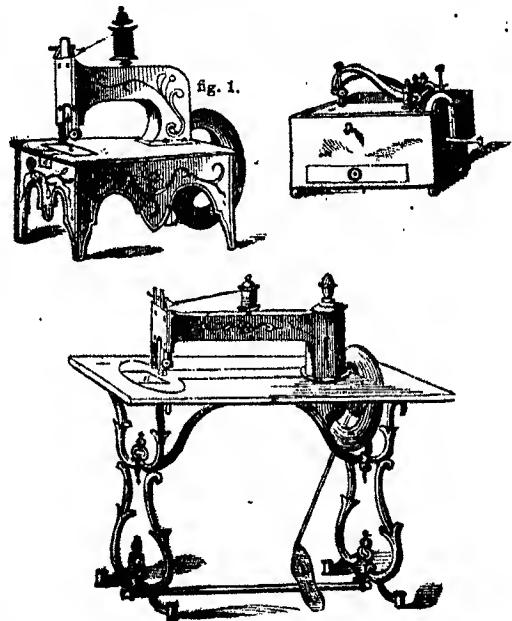
As it is advisable that papers of this kind should be as far as possible complete in themselves, we shall not now enter into the further applications of which the Wardian case is susceptible; we have dealt with its elementary principles, and have shown how those principles may be adopted in various ways, not only for adding to the attractions of the home, but for increasing the means of study in plant-culture.

SHIRLEY HIBBEN.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Ever since Hood published his "Song of the Shirt," and Henry Mayhew exposed the horrors of what is known among journeymen tailors as the "Sweating System," benevolent persons have been seeking how to relieve the chronic wretchedness of that large class of both sexes whose subsistence depends upon the commoner kinds of needlework. Palliatives have been applied by the Distressed Needlewoman's Association, and by individuals, with the unsatisfactory result always attending the use of such remedies. The excellent author of *Alton Locke* and his friends took higher ground, and tried to raise the rate of wages for needlework by means of a moral coercion exercised upon employers. But this plan also failed, as must every plan which has for its object the counteraction of natural laws by arbitrary means. In a country like this, where the supply of labour is not likely to be seriously diminished in proportion to the demand for it, the only way in which the wages of labour can be permanently raised is by increasing its productive power. So long as there are thousands of persons desirous of getting coarse stitching to do at the rate of a farthing a yard, that will continue to be the average price for such work. "Starvation wages" it may well be called, whilst the needle has to be plied by the worker's unaided hands; but what if the efficiency of those hands be increased forty or fifty fold? And this is now done by the sewing machine, the use of which is already extensive, and promises ere long to become universal.

The machine has a name which is not quite appropriate, for it does not sew, but stitch. Its general form, of which there are several modifications, adapted to different kinds of work, is shown in the annexed cuts. The cloth to be stitched is laid loosely on the metal plate to the left of the machine [a], where there is a small opening, and a movable stage with a roughened surface, which carries the cloth forward after each stitch is completed. The intervals be-



tween the stitches are determined with the nicest regularity, by the machine itself, and the course of the seam is directed by the hand of the worker guiding the cloth in its motion. A needle carrying a thread, passed through an eye near its point, pierces the cloth perpendicularly from above, and presents a small loop beneath it. This loop is secured below by another thread, either passing straight through it, or catching it in a second loop. This is effected by a small shuttle in the former case, and in the latter by a circular needle plying backwards and forwards on a pivot passing vertically through one of its extremities. The machine is set in motion by means of a horizontal axle and a wheel, or winch, turned either by a treadle or by the right hand of the worker, while the left is engaged in guiding the cloth. The rapidity with which the machine works is its most striking peculiarity. It stitches the edge of a Navy shirt-collar, measuring fifteen inches, in about twenty-five seconds, that is, at the rate of a yard a minute. But the speed of its performance is not the only merit of this invention; the work it does, whether coarse or fine, is superior in neatness and strength to any of the same kind done by hand. The quickness, too, insures cleanliness. We have seen a piece of very closely-wrought satin quilting executed by the machine as no sempstress could possibly have done it. Her hand in its slow progress would have spoiled the bright-coloured satin before she had finished a dozen rows of the stitching.

A house in the City is at present engaged in machine-sewing a number of what are called soldier's "hold-alls;" but, if we are not misinformed, the use of the machine itself is about to be introduced into all the regiments of our army. Its utility was well tested during the war, when it suddenly became necessary to send out a very large supply of sheets to the East. The materials for 150,000, cut in proper lengths, each two yards wide, were sent to the City house before-mentioned to be hemmed at top and bottom, which was done at a rate varying from 1000 to 1500 sheets a-day. The women employed in the process earned from ten to twelve shillings a-week, exclusive of over-time; whilst ordinary sempstresses, doing the same sort of work for other houses, could by an excessive amount of labour hardly earn from four to six shillings weekly.

The price of the machine ranges from 15*l.* to about 25*l.* The small one figured in cut 1 is intended for domestic use. Neighbours desiring the benefit of such a help to good housewifery might club together to purchase it; and

it is, perhaps, in this way that the implement will gradually come to be numbered among the requisites of the Home. In another way it is already exercising widely a home influence of the most cheering kind, by enabling a most wretched class of workers to escape from body and soul killing drudgery to healthier employment with reasonable remuneration.

THE FAIRY BIRD-CAGE.

KEEPING in view the object of "The Home" department of this Magazine, I have been zealously studying how to introduce (with the new year) a novelty more than ordinarily attractive and useful for the drawing-room, the study, and the fireside. If somewhat costly, it is, at all events, unique.

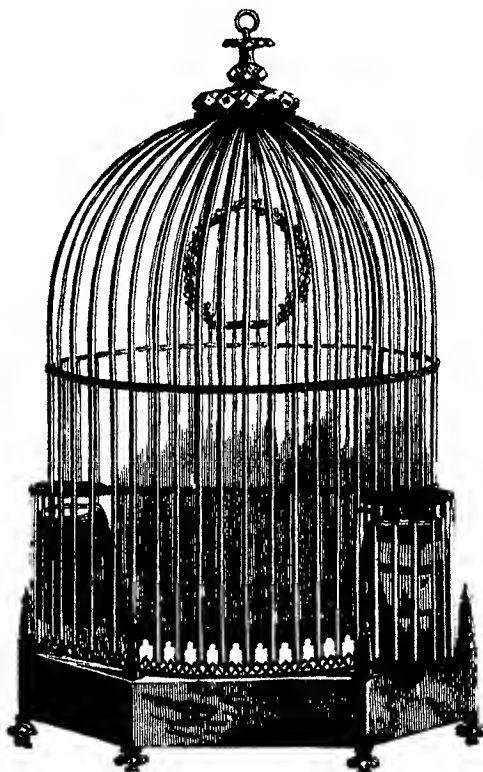
The novelty is now perfected and patented. It is a showy BIRD-CAGE of pure CRYSTAL GLASS (a material now used for the first time), altogether dispensing with wire and other disfigurements, and allowing a bird's plumage to be viewed to the best advantage. In praise of the workman, it must be observed, those only who know the nature of glass will comprehend the obstacles that have had to be surmounted in making it thus obedient to the human will.

In the production of this domestic cage,—whose figure and proportions may be regarded as a correct model for all cages,—there has been a double motive; for not only is the beauty of the inmate shown off to unusual advantage by the reflecting and refracting powers of the crystal palace in which he resides, but the palace itself is so constructed as to render it a matter of necessity as well as delight for the wives and daughters of home to keep it brilliant by their own individual exertions. The glass and all its minutiae must be daily polished. A soft cloth and a delicate wash-leather are the only requisites.

Young ladies have hitherto been in the habit of too frequently trusting their pets to the care of servants to save themselves trouble. I now propose to set this habit on one side, while putting in a plea for "the poetry" of bird-keeping. No person can dispute the fact, that personal attention adds greatly to the sympathy existing between man and animals; nor will any person deny that these sympathies are very delightful. It is because they are so seldom courted that they are so little understood.

The "Fairy Bird-cage"—so named because of its lightness and extromed brilliancy—is of very simple construction. All the bars are of solid transparent glass, compacted together so as to unite in a strong body. The form of the cage is an oval. It is mounted on a hexagon base, and supported by six lapidary-cut crystal knobs, beautifully prismatic. The six panels in front are of fine-grained satin-wood. On each of the six corners rises a brilliant pyramid of the purest (cut) crystal glass.

Immediately above the panels and between each bar of glass is introduced a movable length of polished ornamental glass, richly cut. Of these lengths, or pieces, there are no fewer than thirty-two. To secure them at their bases (they are made to fit close between the bars), there runs all round the cage an ornamental gilt metallic band. When adjusted, no joins are observable. We see only



a polished surface of radiating gems.

These fringes (as they may be termed), when fixed, serve a two-fold purpose. They prevent the seed being scattered over the table or carpet; and when exposed to the rays of the sun, or the reflection of a fire or candle, they shine with a lustre that is worthy of fairy-land. Their prismatic colours are really beautiful. These fringes are easily removable and readily cleansed; but, as before hinted, it requires the light gentle hand of a fair maiden to prevent accidents. After two or three experiments, she will enter *con spirito* upon her pleasing daily duties, and never care to relinquish them to a stranger. The interior of the cage is so constructed as effectually to exclude all vermin, and so as to afford unusual opportunities for extreme cleanliness. The seed and water, too, are quite removed from contact with any impurities. Both are supplied in miniature cut-glass barrels, which are fixed in glass galleries, projecting one on either side of the cage externally. Each of these galleries revolves on a pivot, so that fresh seed and water can be readily given to the bird.

They are so contrived as to admit of a bath being supplied, in summer, at the same opening. The cage-door is formed (invisibly) by two bars of glass. These may be removed or replaced at will.

The perches (square) are made of Bohemian ruby-glass. There is also a swing-perch of crystal and malachite. These colours add greatly to the beauty of the inhabitant. The top of the dome is of richly-cut crystal glass, powerfully refractive; and above it is a strong metal ring, by which the cage is to be suspended. It hardly need be added, that when raised above the head, it is seen to the greatest advantage, though it is ornamental any where. To prevent the bird being subjected to draughts when standing on a table, a movable screen, made of strong tinted cardboard and mounted on hinges, may be placed round one side of his cage. The screen, if painted, would be a neat ornament.

With a view to secure the uniformity and elegance of the exterior of the cage, the tray (or drawer) is not introduced in the usual manner. The bottom of the cage forms the drawer. This is removed by turning a screw, fastened (externally) in its centre. On its removal, a tripod is in readiness to take its place. On this flat surface, adapted to the size of the opening, the cage is quickly placed while the drawer is being cleaned and sanded. Once more lifting the cage with the left hand, the drawer is adroitly supplied with the right, and the screw turned from below. All is then complete. Two minutes or less suffice for the change.

The happiness and the whimsical conceit of birds living in these "fairy bird-cages"—particularly Love-Birds, Australian Paroquets, Canaries, Bullfinches, and Goldfinches—can be but faintly conceived. They feel their importance, and they know they are objects of admiration. It is perhaps difficult to say which is the happier, the bird or his mistress.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Notices to Correspondents and the Public will in future appear on the back of the Label of the Weekly Number, and on the Cover of the Monthly Part.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. V.

PAINTED BY S. A. HART, R.A.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

By S. A. HART, R.A.

In the present picture *character* has been the artist's aim and achievement. The eastern fullness and frankness of life in Othello, who is just what he appears, contrasts well with the subtlety, the self-concealment, and the hidden unfathomable depths of the treacherous Italian, who plays upon his credulous master so fatally. We owe this able picture to the accomplished Professor of Painting in the Academy, whose excellent lectures attracted so much attention a short time since in the columns of a contemporary.

It illustrates the great scene in the third act, where Iago first begins to pour into the ears of the Moor "the leperous distilment" of jealousy, and to unsettle at once and for ever the "tranquil mind" of the man—the aims and delights and glories of the warrior.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

A THOUSAND miles south of Cairo, and about half that distance west of the Red Sea, in the midst of deserts and on the outskirts of even Turkish civilisation, stands the mud-built city of Khartoum. The Abyssinian Nile washes the walls a mile or two from its confluence with that larger stream whose waters, mingling with its own, fertilise the soil and fill the flesh-pots of Egypt. There are thirty thousand inhabitants in Khartoum. A third of them may be Turkish soldiers; a handful of the rest are Europeans. Manchester sends its goods there, and caravans bring thither, from unknown nations in the interior, ivory and ostrich-feathers, coffee, tamarinds, and gold. The city has been visited lately by many of our countrymen. There are English ladies, even, who have sat under its pomegranate-trees. The trip, however, is not exactly the thing for an invalid; nor has it yet become quite so cheap a matter as a voyage up the Rhine. It takes above a month to get from Cairo to Khartoum; and the choice of means lies between a Nile boat, following all the windings of the stream, and a ride on camels over burning sands, to cut off corners. If the boating becomes tedious, the riding is hardly less so, and has moreover special troubles of its own. "On an average, he howled six hours a-day," says a recent traveller of his camel; and even the howling of a beast with a neck as long as a bassoon is no joke when you want to be comfortable. The famous "ship of the desert" is not limited either by nature or inclination to this sole method of annoyance.

The grand antiquities of Egypt—the tombs of kings who, if they have not long been dust, have very long been mummies—are left behind when Khartoum is reached. We are in one of the earth's original waste places. Armies have marched across it, caravans have rested by its waters; but art and industry have never yet possessed it. If the first alligator laid her eggs in this neighbourhood, she might possibly recognise the spot again, as it remains to this day. But if one kind of interest ends here, another hardly inferior to it begins immediately. The two great branches of the Nile join one another at Khartoum. The Blue River—the Bahr el Azrek—comes from Abyssinia. Its origin has long been known. But the White River—the Bahr el Abiad—is the principal branch; and the sources of this great water-course have never yet been seen by Europeans. To trace it upwards, to discover the situation of its original fountains, is at present one of the chief objects of geographical research.

Twenty years ago there was scarcely a well-founded conjecture on the subject. The White Nile might come from the equator, or beyond it; might spring from the east or the west; might be the overflow of a lake or the drainage of a mountain. Tradition as old as the Ptolemies placed its source in the Mountains of the Moon; but these mountains were not forthcoming when looked for by modern travellers. The latitude first assigned to them was pretty nearly that of Khartoum itself; then it was the seventh degree; then the fourth degree; then the neighbourhood of the equator. At last, about the year 1840, an expedition equipped by the well-known Mohammed Ali ascended the White Nile as far as the fourth degree of north latitude, that is, about a thousand miles beyond Khartoum, as the crow flies, and found there, not the source of the river, and not the traditional mountains, but a hilly country, a great nation, and such impediments to further progress as caused the explorers to turn back and retrace their steps to Cairo. This expedition attracted a good deal of notice, and caused some very warm discussion. The discoverers quarrelled among themselves, and contradicted each other's testimony. The great river was still a quarter of a mile wide at the remote and interesting spot to which they had traced it; and at what further distance, or in what direction, its source was to be looked for, remained undetermined. The weight of evidence, however, continued to point southward, and to sustain the belief that mountains would still be found somewhere; and within the last six or eight years this expectation has been confirmed in an unlooked-for way.

On the wild east coast of Africa—the coast washed by the Indian Ocean—a missionary settlement was formed, a few degrees south of the equator. From this settlement two daring men, Mr. Rehnmann and Dr. Krapf, defying danger and difficulty, made their way across the mountainous ridges which rise abruptly from the coast, and, penetrating some distance into the interior, discovered there a great mountain capped with eternal snow. This mountain, called Kilimanjaro by the natives, appears not to stand alone, but to be perhaps the culminating point of an extended chain; and, as the snow-line in that latitude is as high as the top of Mount Ararat, these gigantic peaks are doubtless 20,000 feet above the sea level, and may possibly be as lofty as the Andes.

Now the Kilimanjaro itself is probably not more than four hundred miles distant from the point to which the White Nile has already been traced; and there is therefore strong reason to believe that the source of the great river will at last be found among the glaciers of this snowy chain. It is for the purpose of settling this long-vexed question that the present Viceroy of Egypt has with great spirit fitted out a new expedition, which is already ascending the Nile. Count d'Escayrac de l'Auture commands it; a dozen European officers of varied attainments go with it; small steamboats are provided, together with a strong escort and all the means that science can suggest to insure success. The general instructions are, to push on in spite of every obstacle; and accounts of the progress that is made may be looked for with the greatest interest during the next two years.

There are, indeed, few subjects better worth attention than the progress of discovery in Africa. At last we are beginning to know something about it. The footprints of Dr. Livingstone have marked the great sign of the cross on the southern half of it. Dr. Barth and his companions have traversed the northern portion. Westward, a new voyage up the Niger is in preparation; and on the east, Captain Burton is about to follow up the discoveries of the missionaries. Every new attempt reveals more and more the value of such enterprise. Instead of immeasurable deserts, the interior of the continent is found to contain great lakes and rivers, forests and prairies, a vast population, and an inconceivable abundance of animal life. Strangely, too, and unexpectedly, the negro races appear to become nobler both in mind and body as the equator is approached. The kingdom of Bari, about the fourth degree of north latitude, contains a

nation of giants, with high foreheads, handsome limbs, a generous temper, and a quick intelligence; a nation cultivating its own fields, growing its own tobacco, and manufacturing its own iron. The opening up of European intercourse with these hitherto unknown tribes offers, indeed, the most exciting prospect to all sorts and conditions of men. Philanthropy may work here to its heart's content; science may rub its eyes, and commerce feel its mouth water. Here are perhaps a hundred millions of naked pagans in want of aprons, to say nothing of more elaborate clothing. Cotton-fields are here, and indigo and the sugar-cane, waiting for cultivation only. As to sport, the young Nimrods of our day must look for their golden age in Africa. A fox-hunt, when you have made the best of it, is but an indifferent road to glory; but to go down to an African lake at night-fall, with a troop of elephants behind, a rhinoceros in front, and a lion under the next mimosa, and after getting through these little difficulties and gaining the shore, to find ten crocodiles waiting there, each of them as long as one's dining-room, and with a pair of jaws opening as wide as one's legs, is something at least worth mentioning, and may give occasion to trials of strength by no means intended to be laughed at.

As to the Nile itself, the hopes excited by the Egyptian expedition are mingled with some grave anxieties. A lonely traveller with gentle and kindly manners may win his way unharmed through nations of rude barbarians; but the passage of an army of Turks is another affair. Offences will doubtless be given. At some point or other the progress of the expedition will be opposed by the natives. Blood will probably be shed; and even if the force provided be strong enough to overpower all resistance, there is reason to fear that a feeling of hostility may be aroused which may for a long time impede the advance of civilisation, and render the Upper Nile extremely dangerous to Europeans. It seems doubtful also to what extent the aid of steam will be found available above Khartoum. The rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation extends to the river-bed. Great reeds and the tall ambak-tree grow out of it. Masses of moss and fibre, the large white lotus, and plants with many-coloured flowers, spread over the surface of the water. Dead animals float upon it in vast numbers; and those cheerful fellows, the hippopotami, may turn up at any moment. These may prove serious impediments to paddles and screws, apart, even, from the question of fuel. But if the long-sought mountains are reached at last, and if, as is most likely, they are found to extend far into the equatorial interior, no sacrifice will have been too great for the importance of this discovery. A mountain is a great deal more than a geological curiosity. Where there are eternal snows there are perpetual streams; and water is the native element of human civilisation. It is curious to notice how the want of it affects mankind. The interior of Australia is one of the driest regions on the face of the earth, and is peopled by one of the lowest races. The most arid portions of Africa produce the negro type in its worst form. Greece, on the other hand, is full of fountains; England is an island in the sea; America grows rich by water privilege; and Paradise was in Mesopotamia. If Central Africa is mountainous it is certainly habitable, and is probably already peopled by superior races. The streams flowing southward towards Lake Ngami are large and numerous, and their waters are very cold. As the Nile runs northward for at least 3000 miles to the Mediterranean, the continent of course slopes upwards from the sea to the equator. Khartoum is 1500 feet above the sea. The kingdom of Bari must be as elevated as the valley of Chamouni. Every thing indicates the presence of a great Highland district not yet explored, and the discovery of the snowy Kilimanjaro has probably brought us at last to the half-fabulous Mountains of the Moon.

OUR FLITTING: A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

It was settled we were to have a flitting. Not like that, the first "flitting" I ever heard of, and well I mind hearing it, and could repeat every word of the old ballad, though my memory is rather waning in the matter of poetry,—not, I say, like that celebrated "Flittin'."

"When Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld master and neebors sae dear."

A "wee kist,"—alack! when I went over our seven rooms, all filled with furniture, and our eighth room, into which was crammed the furniture of six more, I confess I rather envied Lucy.

But it must be. The Fates,—an underground kitchen, a roof which in wet weather had the admirable and irremediable peculiarity of serving at once as ceiling and shower-bath, together with a few other family reasons,—decreed the change. We made up our minds, and consulted our landlord, who agreed to let us off our term if we could find an incoming tenant. Then, as a grand climax, I bought (price two pence) and exhibited to my admiring family-circle, a printed advertisement which informed the world at large of "This House and Shop to let." This we pasted on mill-board, ingeniously excising the "shop;" as, though we were certainly traders, and very hard-working traders indeed, our wares were not usually visible save in circulating-libraries.

So, formally, laughingly, and perhaps rather sorrowfully, putting the announcement in our pretty bow-window, we sat and waited the result.

Of course we expected inquirers, and we had them in troops. We were too pretty to be left unsought for long. Every body seemed to admire us. First came a small young man with an infinitesimal beard, who talked of making our back bedroom "into a studio," and looked a dignified negation when, in reply to some remark about his mother, I observed "that I supposed his mother wanted to take the house."

"No, madam, I take the house." But he didn't.

Then, passing over some half-dozen inquiries which resulted in nothing, was a decent, plump, elderly gentleman from the City, whose equally decent, plump, elderly wife came over the next morning from Camberwell all in a flutter and heat, and informed me how "Mr. Ivering (or some similar name) had taken *such* a liking to the 'ouse;" at the smallness of which she was greatly discomfited, until she fell in love with the kitchen-oven. "Such a beautiful haven!" Upon which she became complacent, thought she really would make the house do, as Mr. Ivering liked it so exceedingly, and began to confide to me various particulars as to her furniture, &c.

"You see, ma'am, we have a lot of furniture about us—large furniture too. We've been 'ousekeepers a long time. We shouldn't know what to do with all our lumber. We couldn't find room for much lumber in this pretty little place, could we?"

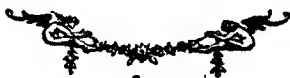
"No, certainly not." And I inwardly thanked our own common sense that we had no lumber.

"Still, it is such a pretty place. And such a beautiful haven. Mr. Ivering didn't tell me of the haven. But there would be a deal to put up with, you see, ma'am. Carpets, too,"—and fanning herself, she cast rather a patronising glance on our own beautiful and beloved palm-leaf carpet, chosen with such artistic taste and skill,—"it was only yesterday that we bought a new carpet."

"Perhaps it would suit these rooms?"

"O, no; not at all. A lovely large-patterned carpet, with a white ground and great bunches of flowers—all colours. It wouldn't suit here at all."

"Probably not." I doubted if any thing which was the visible expression of your taste *would* suit, worthy Mrs. Ivering, in our poor pretty drawing-room.



"But then, you see, the carpet is only bought, not laid down. We might give it away—to our married daughter." And her rosy warm face assumed a smiling pride. "I have a married daughter, ma'am—Elizabeth—Mrs. Josiah Evans—married last January, much to our satisfaction. The carpet would exactly do for Elizabeth."

And again she looked down upon our sober palm-leaves, as if inwardly exulting that Mrs. Josiah Evans's drawing-room would not be afflicted by "such a common thing."

"Do you think, then, the house would suit?"

"Maybe, ma'am; I don't know. I must come again, and bring my daughter Elizabeth. She has great good sense—Elizabeth. It was a sad loss to us, her marriage."

But for fear I should have to listen to the whole courtship, &c. of the said Elizabeth, with reversions to all the other members of Mrs. Ivering's family, I apologised—dinner being waiting—and left the good lady to sit and cool herself ere departing.

She did depart. I hope Mrs. Josiah Evans got her "lovely" carpet; but certainly we never got our tenant *in prospectu*.

Next, or rather appearing and disappearing at intervals among the other applicants, was a circumambient gentleman, who for the space of three weeks used to pop in at all sorts of unnatural hours, and investigate us over and over again, from bedroom to coal-cellars: a very respectable middle-aged gentleman, who evidently had the strongest hankering after our house, and the utmost incapability of making up his mind to take it. The cause of indecision was, he said, a wife in Wales, without whose approbation it was quite impossible to proceed further in the business. The wife was detained day by day by the illness of the baby, who had been vaccinated; all which particulars the melancholy spouse used to communicate confidentially over the kitchen-fire on his periodical visits to know if the house was let.

"If it isn't let when his wife comes home, he'll be sure to take it," was the decided opinion of our cook, to whom the disconsolate parent of the vaccinated baby unsealed his woes.

But by this time so many probable tenants had vanished that we above stairs only incredulously smiled. We had grown used to being "a house to let," and almost doubted whether we should not remain such for a whole half-year.

Yet applications kept doubling and trebling. Our meals, our work, our evening circle, were alike broken upon by—"Some one wanting to look at the house, ma'am."

At last we learnt to sit calmly, never even turning round or lifting our eyes when these intruders appeared. We ceased to comment or speculate upon them, determined to take things easy, and forget, if possible, the large-lettered fact in the window which proclaimed that we were only sojourners, householders and inhabitants no more.

But one Saturday morning came a foreign couple,—the lady fascinating in black eyes, the gentleman in broken English. Those, after testifying most voluble admiration of our house, left, with the intention of going at once to the landlord, and taking it immediately.

"This looks like business," said I to my sister, who sat criticising black eyes and foreign manners in general. "And even if they failed, there is the gentleman with the wife in Wales, coming home in three days, he says, and sure to like it. Then they'll be wanting it at quarter-day—only a fortnight to come. We shall certainly find ourselves without a roof over our heads."

"Bivouac in Regent's Park," suggested incorrigible incredulity.

"Nonsense! We really ought to look for a house. It can do no harm, and it might be rather amusing."

My sister, who is of an elastic temperament, caught at the last word; and we made ready for a day's "out"—a pleasant holiday at all times.

Having already decided on our future locality,—a little way out of London,—we started, intending to catch the train.

But fate forbade. The bright March day gloomed over, and right up from the wind's eye came a pelting shower, which we breasted as long as we could, but finally were driven, in half-drenched humiliation, to the refuge of a baker's shop. There, for a pitiful half-hour, we stood watching that dreary scene, a London rain-storm, commenting on the less fortunate passers-by, or the splashing of the great drops all down the shiny pavement, and especially on a costermonger's donkey, who stood patiently to be drowned, with his soaked ears bent, and the most abject wretchedness depicted on his asinine physiognomy. A perfect "Landscape" he might have been painted into, if Sir Edwin ever could condescend to low life in his wonderful animal biographies.

But we lost our train.

"Never mind," said my sister; "don't you see the rain is clearing off at the wind's eye—and a beautiful blue eye it is, too. We might still go house-hunting in another direction. What do you say to H—?"

Now privately, in my own mind, I longed for H—. The first couple I ever married—(reader, this remark is all in a professional way, the solution to be found, as aforesaid, in circulating-libraries)—I located comfortably in an imaginary house at H—, flanked by some not at all imaginary fir-trees. And at H—the wind blows freely over a sweep of wide champaign, and one can walk freely, and breathe freely, along heaths and hill-tops, and feel a little nearer the sky than in any region about London. Yes, decidedly; we will look for a house at H—.

The "wind's eye," which my sister's steadily followed, —probably with a certain fellow-feeling—grew broader, brighter, and bluer. The rain ceased, and the sun came out. Every thing was favourable for our house-hunting.

We reached the place, discussing its advantages and disadvantages. It was many years since we had been there—many and momentous years. A number of errant thoughts ran about invisibly,—some gamboling, some barking at us like refractory hounds, up and down the queer old winding street. But it was necessary to chain them up, and proceed to business.

"We shall surely find a house-agency. We must inquire for one."

So we accordingly did, receiving in answer the lucid direction, that it was next door to Smith the grocer's. Upon which, not being familiar with Smith the grocer, we had to hunt him up and down the place, wearily, for half-an-hour.

Rents in H— were awful! quite impossible to be paid by folk in our line of business. "Desirable residences" of ninety pounds per annum; excellent villas, "with every convenience for a genteel family," only a hundred and twenty pounds! We shuddered; for our humble requirements were—No matter.

"Indeed, ladies, I have only two houses on my list of that rent," said the house-agent. "You can see them if you like;" and he wrote out cards to view with an indifferent air of bland superiority.

So we retired, greatly amused, and suffering no severe pangs from the fact that we could not pay a hundred and twenty pounds a-year house-rent. Besides,—the air was so fresh, the spring sunshine so warm, and the picturesque old place showed us such charming "bits" *en passant*,—our sources of enjoyment were quite independent of hard cash.

Up through some quaint lanes, guarded by bare motionless trees, in whose branches you could fancy the sap just rising, and had faith to believe there would be leaves some time, we lingered, talking and laughing, but could not find the house whither we were bound. I proposed attacking a wandering milk-boy, who went lazily along swinging his cans, his eyes fixed skyward contemplatively—a rather rare peculiarity with milk-boys.

"Eh!—Ivy Lodge? It's over there, I fancy."

"Ivy Lodge, did you want?" kindly asked a respectable

housekeeper-looking woman coming up. "It's somewhere in that quarter; but I don't exactly know the house."

"Ivy Lodge?" added a benevolent landress, approaching with her basket. "Yes, you'll find it there. Them's the chimneys. A very nice little place, too."

"To be let, I understand?"

"Can't say. We don't wash for the family. But it's as pretty a little place as there is in all H—."

"That sounds favourable," observed my sister; "and generous, considering that the good woman doesn't wash for the family."

So, escaping from the group who were taking such a kind interest in our proceedings, and who now stood stock-still to converse with and gaze at us,—housekeeper, landress, milk-boy, and all,—we made the best of our way to Ivy Lodge.

A pretty nook, unrivalled in its compact smallness. The very door-knocker had a delicacy of form and tenuity of sound quite fairy-like. No uncanny or unwelcome hands ought ever to touch it. And we had a vision of many friendly fingers that might possibly make welcome acquaintance with it when the door became our door.

No. Our first entrance there dispelled that dream. It was the daintiest little nest, all "in apple-pie order," like the mistress who came out of her neat drawing-room,—herself as neat "as a new pin," from every hair in her smooth braids to every bugle on her elaborately trimmed and inimitably fitting velvet jacket,—and politely showed us her house. Such a wonderful larder; such a charming china-closet; such cosie wee bedrooms!—in the which we, travel-stained and weary, almost hesitated to adventure our muddy boots.

But in vain. The place was not half large enough. "Friends from London," which the lady informed us she had frequently inhabiting her spare room, would in our case have had to colonise, like rooks, in the neighbouring trees. And the garden—which my sister so longed for—why, she might as well have practised horticulture on the coal-cellar roof. Our own was a Chatsworth compared to it.

"It is indeed small, very small," said the lady deprecatingly. "That is the only fault we have to find with it—Mr. Jarvis and I. We have always been accustomed to large rooms. We think one of the Regent's-Park Terraces will suit us better; or the new Italian villas in the Holloway Road. Do you know them?"

"O yes," I said, with considerable meekness, not wishing to be too explicit.

"But," continued Mrs. Jarvis, with the greatest amiability, "for those who *prefer* a cottage, I would recommend this entirely." And again she ran over the list of its perfections, always ending with the "charming china-closet," sighing now and then over the sad necessity of being obliged to leave it, even for the Regent's-Park mansions or the Italian villas.

All in vain. My sister, who has—though she will not own it—a slight leaning towards stately chambers, manorial halls, and picturesque pleasure-grounds, was in haste to be gone. But I—a woman of less lofty appreciations—could not help a vague longing after the pretty snuggeries which Mrs. Jarvis kept in such order, where Mr. Jarvis probably came weary home of evenings, and where on Sundays the "friends from London" luxuriated in the tiny spare bedroom, and the wide open view beyond those slender poplars, whence the wind would travel freshly up for miles and miles.

But it could not be. For us Ivy Lodge was quite out of the question now and for evermore.

"Now for the next house. My lad,"—and I turned to our friend the milk-boy, who this moment emerged round the corner, just as before, swinging his cans and contemplating the sky,—"how far is it to C—Street?"

He gave us a comical "horo-they-are-again" sort of smile; explained with great civility and intelligence not only the distance but the way; and as we went down

the hill, we saw him stand watching our movements with evident interest.

"What a nice face he has!" exclaimed my sister. "If ever we come to live at H—, that boy shall be our milk-boy."

But the lad's elevation to this desirable post grew every minute more problematical. "Elegant villas," "mansions," in plenty, but nothing like our sort of house was to be found. One only we saw; and, it not being to let at all, were free to take immediate possession of it—in imagination. My sister proposed that we encamp in the vale below, and live watching it, as Sir Roland lived in sight of his love at Nonnenwerth, until the right owner disappeared from this mortal scene, or vacated in our favour.

Finally, in great hopelessness, we took the road homewards.

"But we may as well just look at the second house," said I.

"It's in a street—I hate streets. I know it won't do."

"Let us try;" and I consulted the card. "Blank Cottage, Blank Street. Where is Blank Street, my boy?"

For there he was again; and there, as my sister declared, I brought him quite naturally into the conversation—our inevitable all-pervading milk-boy. He burst out laughing—so did he, and turning to her his brown merry face, all beaming with admiring satisfaction, the little fellow a third time gave us a long string of topographical information.

"Turn to your right till you comes to the square; then cross by a baker's shop; then along till you sees a grocer's; then turn to your left, opposite a house where they sells tobacco and beer."

"Stop, stop, I can't make it out."

The milk-boy just looked at me as if to say, "Madam, I didn't suppose you could; I warn't a-speaking to *you*;" and in his gentlest and most intelligent voice repeated the information to the younger and favourite of his interlocutors. Then heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe *only* thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milk-boy for good and all.

Far down the long town dragging our tired limbs, watching the sun sink, with the celebrated lament of that most virtuous but most priggish of emperors, Titus—*Perdidi diem*—we were becoming in mournful ease. At a corn-dealer's shop we saw stuck up, "A small cottage to let," and rushed in with avidity.

"How many rooms has it?"

"Three rooms, ma'am," said the round-faced corn-chandler's wife; adding, with a subdued smile, "it's a *small* cottage, ladies."

To which we assented, and retired in discomfiture.

Up and down in every possible direction did we seek for the second house, and primarily for the address of the person who had the key. At length we found the house, but were another half-hour discovering the possessor of the key. Then—muddled, foot-sore, and not in the sunniest of moods—we followed a big man and a big dog to investigate this, apparently the only house in all H— that was likely to suit us.

No; the investigation was useless. In vain did the worthy big man open shutters and expatiate on the merits of those gloomy musty rooms; in vain did his dog, with probably an immediate instinct of rats, bound hither and thither, upstairs and downstairs, scratching and whining in the liveliest manner; in vain did our excellent guide, as a climax to all his inducements, inform us that the next-door neighbour was Mr. Somebody, of the — Theatre; and that at the bottom of this garden was the garden of Mr. So-and-so—"the celebrated Mr. So-and-so, who did such and such." I eschew names, the "party" being our personal acquaintance. My sister suggested, *sotto voce*, whether it would not be advisable to take the house, if only for the advantage—the sole one we could see—of going to the next

of our neighbour's soirées by leaping in our silks and muslins over the garden-wall! But even that allurements failed. We quitted the gloomy, dirty, Londonified house, and gave up H— in despair.

"Yet, how fresh and pleasant the air is!" said I, thinking fondly of the breeze round Ivy Lodge, and of that impossible cottage not to be let, which stood on the hill-top, commanding miles of country. "It would be nice in some things. The situation is so high."

"And so are the taxes and the rent and the provisions. Besides, they do say water is so scarce that you have to buy it at twopence a-pail."

This was a crushing argument—an overwhelming consolation.

"And besides, our own house is not let—it may not be. All is for the best. We have had a day's holiday."

"And you must allow that, as I said, it was very amusing."

So we comforted ourselves after the "sour-grapes" fashion, and went home.

A quiet Sunday, a shut-up hard-working Monday, during which not a single intruder disturbed our privacy to know "if this house was to be let." The foreign gentleman and lady never reappeared, nor did the forlorn gentleman with the wife in Wales. We consoled ourselves for our various mischances in house-hunting by these failures in house-letting; tried to settle down and assure ourselves, perhaps with an involuntary satisfaction, that no tenant would be found, and that we should have to stay here till our term was out.

We resolved to ignore entirely the bill in the front window, shut the folding-doors, and retire to the inner room. There, sitting at our cheerful dinner-table, we related to an equally cheerful guest our adventures and misadventures of the previous Saturday, interspersed with portraits and imitations by my satirical sister of our various H— friends, including the milk-boy, the laundress, the corn-dealer's wife, and especially the obliging and precise lady of Ivy Lodge, whom I have called Mrs. Jarvis.

"A charming cottage, ladies. For those who like cottages, quite perfect of its kind. Excellent garden—ten feet by twelve; coal-cellar close to the drawing-room door; and the most inimitable china-closet! I assure you, even the Italian villa we are in search of—" The folding-doors opened, and there stood our grave domestic.

"A lady and gentleman wanting to see the house."

"Very well."

A smothered pause of attempted gravity. My sister, sitting with her back to the folding-doors, bent steadily over her plate, and did not cast a glance at the new-comers. But I, who sat confronting them as they just looked in, and politely turned their attention to the front room,—I, who recognised instantaneously the face, the voice, the bland precise manners—it was a trying moment.

"What is the matter?" asked my sister in an agonised whisper.

"What is the matter?" said my friend, stuffing up her mouth with her handkerchief.

I could only mutely implore silence, for the lady and gentleman were still in the next room. We listened, in a state of suppressed suffocation, until their retreating footsteps were heard going upstairs; then I faltered out two broken words—

"Mrs. Jarvis!"

Such an extraordinary coincidence—such a truly dramatic situation! We could not help admiring it in a strictly professional way, and taking quite an artistic pleasure in the *dénouement*. Comment we made none; but my sister started up amidst convulsions of laughter, and once more gave us to the life Mrs. Jarvis exhibiting "this charming china-closet," "our excellent larder," the "garden, which is small, very small, certainly;" together with myself following mockly after, with a painful consciousness of that lady's irreproachable neatness, unattainable grandeur, and of my own bent bonnet and muddiest of boots.

Again appeared our handmaiden of the solemn mien.

"The lady and gentleman wish to speak to you about the house."

I pointed for them to be shown into the front drawing-room, and rushed out into the passage to compose myself. There, face to face, I met Mrs. Jarvis.

"I believe—"

"I am almost sure that—"

"Very singular coincidence!"

"Were you not the lady who looked over my house on Saturday?"

"Certainly I was."

"I told Mr. Jarvis so; I remembered you at once. Very curious circumstance; quite a fatality. We have been laughing about it upstairs."

And then we all indulged in a friendly vachination, which proved by no means a bad introduction to business.

Yes, there was a fatality about the coincidence, which, amid the immensities of London life, was sufficiently remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis greatly inclined to our house; we greatly inclined to Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis. And when the former decided immediately to go to the landlord, and with straightforward gentlemanly decision, and a certain pleasant *bonhomie*,—with which, his wife observed, he finds out the weak side of all her acquaintances,—requested to know whether he might carry with him my "preference" for themselves as tenants, I gave a hearty and unqualified affirmative.

The next day Mrs. Jarvis again appeared, graciously smiling: "We took your house yesterday."

N.B. Neither she nor I ever made the smallest allusion to the Regent's-Park Terraces, or the Italian villas in the Holloway Road.

* * * * *

Ay, the bill is removed from our bow-window, and it looks just as before. The morning sun creeps in and rests on the little carved oak-table where last summer used to stand my favourite Cape jasmine, and on the outside balcony where the fuchsias and the scarlet geraniums grew. From our gate we can yet see through the window the white glitter of the marble Venus keeping watch over the fireside. Every thing looks quite natural, familiar, and as it used to look.

But our bow-window wears a hypocritical smile; but Venus is—when is she not?—a beautiful deceit. Homelike appearances are false; we are here a house—let.

In a week from this time our place will know us no more. We shall hear no more the incessant piano of our musical neighbour, nor her shrill soprano which every day for the last 365 has informed us of "Robert, toi que j'aime," and added thereto the fact that her "heart was a free and a fetterless thing." We shall see no more of evenings gleaming through the skeleton windows of the unfinished houses opposite (that for two years have remained "carcasses to be sold"), fragments cut tantalisingly out of glorious sunsets, that we know are shining in their beautiful entirety on one or two spots we wot of far away.

No—we are let. Our new house is chosen; the day is fixed for the fitting. Yet as all change is painful, our thoughts will, I dare say, for many weeks to come, steal back and run up and down the staircases and in and out of the known rooms, where so many ghosts must sit—some with fair faces, some with sad—for evermore.

Yet, let bygones be bygones:

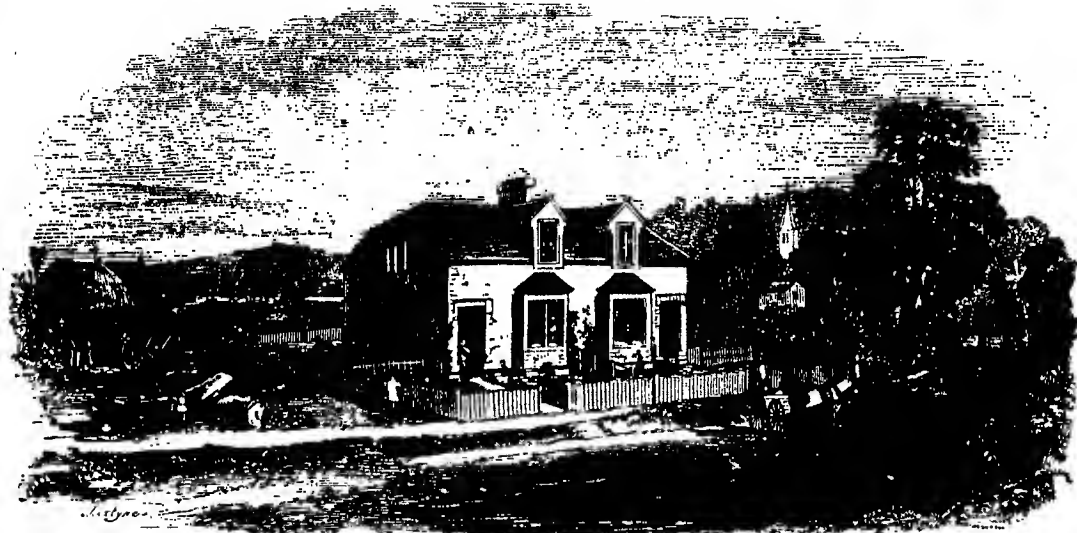
"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures now."

DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES

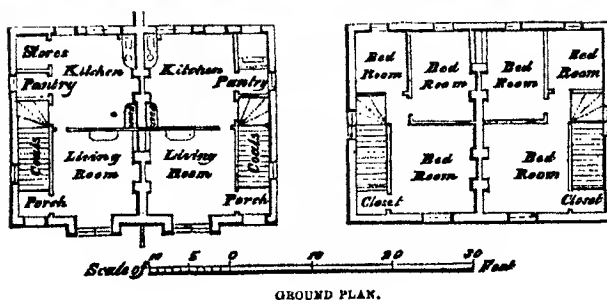
FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.

BY E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHT. R.

"My leading doctrine is," said Fallenberg of Hofwyl; "that to make poor people better, it is necessary to make them more comfortable;" and the sound common sense and human-



DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.



GROUND PLAN.

ity of the remark will doubtless be endorsed by most of our readers. They will go farther, and allow with Dr. Dwight that, "uncouth, mean, ragged, dirty houses constituting the body of any town, will regularly be accompanied by coarse and grovelling manners." But in those days, when the importance of providing healthy homes for the stamina of our population is so fully acknowledged, no apology is needed for the effort to produce a maximum of accommodation at a minimum of expense. Much inquiry and experience have, however, established the conclusion, recently allowed in an official quarter, that it is not feasible to provide a really substantial and comfortable erection, fulfilling all the requirements implied by the term *model cottage*, for a sum on which the usual tempting rate of interest on building-investments may be calculated; and we think it only right to warn our readers against the indulgence of Arcadian dreams on the subject. In the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, it is stated as Mr. Loudon's opinion, that "no landed proprietor ought to charge more for the land on which cottages are built than he would receive for it from a farmer, if lot as part of a farm; and no more rent ought to be charged for the cost of building the cottage and enclosing the garden than the same sum would yield if invested in land, or at all events, not more than can be obtained by Government securities." Nevertheless it is needless for us here to dilate on the duty incumbent on capitalists to provide cottages for their humble dependents in which the two great requirements of health and convenience shall be fulfilled; as to neglect of these may be safely ascribed, not only most of the contagious disorders which carry sorrow and trouble among the highest as well as the lowest, but

also much of the immorality and discontent which often characterise the lower orders of society. Disgusted with their miserable hovels, none can wonder that uncultivated minds should seek elsewhere for relief; and the robust touches at least those who could have obviated the consequences of such wretchedness and desolation.

In towns, model lodging-houses are for many reasons to be preferred; but in country districts, for which the accompanying design is adapted, homes for the labouring classes should be either single or in pairs; and the latter is desirable in case of illness and with respect to social feelings, as well as for reasons of economy and external effect. If two connected cottages are planned so that a north and south line passes through the angles, the principal front facing the south-east, the sun will shine on all sides during the day; a point of much importance not attained in a long range, against which there are forcible objections. The least accommodation should comprise a living-room, kitchen, and not less than three bedrooms, if the decent proprieties of life are to be fostered in the family of a man with sons and daughters. The kitchen is to be provided with oven, copper, sink, pump, towel-roller, ironing-boards (which may be hung on hinges, so as to form the window-shutter, the bar for security being the supporting leg), and range for cooking; thus rendering it possible to keep the living-room always clean, and in that neatness and order which is as conducive to the healthiness of mind of the inmates as pleasing to others to view. Unless there is a pantry, food will be thrown about, become dirty, and unfit for consumption, contaminating also the air; and a cellar should be provided for coals and wood. The front-door must never open into the living-room; but a porch is essential, and in it 'pius

for coats and hats are to be fixed. The staircase should communicate with the porch, so that it is unnecessary to enter the living-room to arrive at the bedrooms; and the space for the stairs ought to be open and well lighted and ventilated, not forming a gloomy recess, or an excretion, in the middle of the cottage, down which the children are over pertinaciously tumbling. The fixtures proper to the living-room include a dresser (for the crockery is an important item in the furniture to be displayed to all comers), a dwarf closet by the fireplace with a shelf for books above, a neat mantelpiece, and a stove with fixed fender. The kitchen and living-room should communicate directly, and a back-door from the former is necessary. On the upper floor, at least one closet for clothes is desirable. The bedrooms are sometimes arranged below, but they are preferable above; as such building is more economical, less walling and excavation being requisite, the staircase costing little, and the space under it being useful. It is also far more healthy to have bedrooms upstairs, as they are thus drier, airier, and comparatively free from the steam and effluvia arising from cooking and cleansing operations; the external appearance of the erection is improved, the temperature of the lower rooms is more uniform, and, from the increased length of the flues, the smoke is less liable to return. It is scarcely needful to say, that arrangements by which it is imperative to go through one bedroom to another are at once to be condemned.

A substratum of gravel is the best soil for building; and when dampness is apprehended, or the foundation is bad, concrete (six gravel to one lime) should be used twice the width of the footings of the walls and one foot in depth. A layer of slates, cement, asphalt, or gas-tar and sand, laid over the surface of the walls, six inches above the ground-level, tend to prevent damp rising. The drainage is of great importance. The cottage should be slightly elevated, and a manure-tank formed at a distance, into which all the refuse is to be conducted in four-inch stone-ware pipes, properly trapped to prevent the return of noxious gases. The water falling on the roof is to be led in three-inch glazed stone-ware pipes to a tank; and one will serve for the two cottages. Each room should be ventilated by means of two air-bricks at the level of the skirting, the opening being covered on the inside with perforated zinc (sixty apertures to the square inch); and the vitiated air is to be carried off by means of one of Arnott's ventilators communicating with the flue just below the ceiling-level: when there is no flue, an opening must be made in the ceiling. All the fireplaces are to be kept in the interior walls, thus retaining the warmth as much as possible (open fireplaces, with their cheerful light, are preferable to close stoves); and two only of the bedrooms need be provided with them. Shutters aid the retention of warmth, but are not absolute requisites in labourers' cottages.

One-sixth of an acre is the least quantity of ground to be appropriated for each cottage, and of this a few yards should extend in front for flowers: being next the road, the industrious labourer will naturally take a pride in their appearance. Creepers trained up the walls of cottages have a pleasing effect. The cottage, we may mention, ought not to be placed parallel with the road, but at an angle, to obtain a view sideways as well as in front.

The accompanying design is submitted as combining all the requirements named, without any loss of space whatever; thus involving the cheapest form and presenting a simply characteristic external effect. It is needless to say much in the way of description, as the engravings are sufficiently explanatory, and the preceding remarks illustrate the points which have commanded attention. The clear height of the floors is eight feet six inches; and much expense is saved by bringing down the roof as low as possible. The accommodation given and the size of the rooms are of the minimum description, and the ground-plan is varied; it being thus left optional to place the closets behind, at a distance, with a covered receptacle for dust, which, without

such a provision, would probably be thrown about any where. Cost, about 270*l.* probably for the pair.

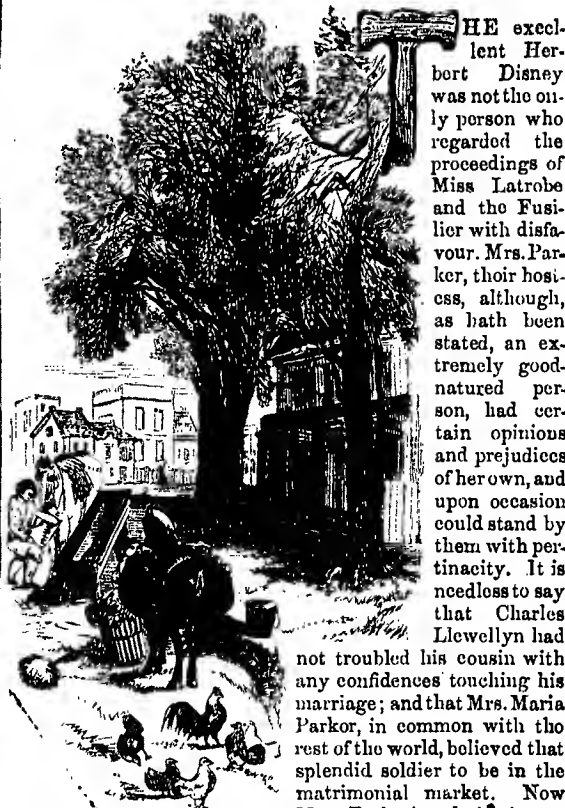
We purpose giving on a future occasion another design; and shall then enter into constructive matters, and jot down a few memoranda of the least costly materials appropriate to different parts of the country.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

V



HE excellent Herbert Disney was not the only person who regarded the proceedings of Miss Latrobe and the Fusilier with disfavour. Mrs. Parker, their hostess, although, as hath been stated, an extremely good-natured person, had certain opinions and prejudices of her own, and upon occasion could stand by them with pertinacity. It is needless to say that Charles Llewellyn had not troubled his cousin with any confidences touching his marriage; and that Mrs. Maria Parker, in common with the rest of the world, believed that splendid soldier to be in the matrimonial market. Now Mrs. Parker's admiration of him was something touching; it was to be revered and treated tenderly. Ordinarily we delight—as much from spite as from love of truth—to force open the eyes of honest parasites and idolaters, and to insist upon their seeing and acknowledging the holes in the coats of their idols; but this no person could be wantonly cruel enough to attempt in the case of Mrs. Parker and her captain-cousin. Her adoration of him was instinctive and genuine, and not to be derided. And, as touching the market in question, Maria had settled in her own mind the price at which Charley Llewellyn was to go; and it ranged between some young countess with a handsome dowry, and some young heiress whose want of title might be atoned for by her title-deeds. These were about the figures at which Captain Llewellyn was to be quoted.

Therefore, when she perceived the flirtation between her cousin and our pretty Georgiana, and perceived, too, that it was making Mr. Disney very uncomfortable, Maria Parker felt doubly wronged. Her great vexation, of course, was that her brilliant captain should be taking measures for throwing himself away. But her mind was also vexed that Miss Latrobe, whom, apart from her presumption in dreaming of the Fusilier, Mrs. Parker liked very heartily, should behave herself unkindly to the painter. And Maria con-

sidered within herself what she should do to replace the trio in their right places. Heroin Mrs. Parker gave a new instance of the folly of trying to do good. There is sure to be some secret in the background which turns all your efforts of that sort into absurdities, and therefore you had much better be lazy and selfish, and let things alone. This is a little moral which I humbly conceive may be acceptable just now, as contrasting in flavour with the customary admonitions of the season.

Divers were the plans which suggested themselves to Mrs. Parker for disentangling the captain from Georgiana. At one time she thought of seriously remonstrating with him upon the attentions which he had paid the young lady; and for meeting her (as he certainly did) at the Chiswick fête, and for going up to a box in which he perceived her at the Olympic Theatre. But, besides that she stood in some reasonable awe of her distinguished relation, she had a feminine relish for managing matters with as much subtlety as possible; and therefore she eschewed the direct way, which probably would have elicited a satisfactory explanation from Ilwellyn, and took an indirect one, of which the result shall be seen. Having desired that when Mr. Disney should call, after the party, he should be apprised that she wished to see him, and that gentleman's attention to the proprieties having brought him to Pimlico within what, as an artist and literary man, he considered quite early time for performing the usual social duty, namely, a fortnight, Mrs. Parker found herself *tête-à-tête* with the young painter.

"Have you seen Georgiana Latrobe to-day?" asked the lady, when the ordinary prologue had been spoken, and the yelling of the Pimlico peripatetics had been duly anathematized, as it is to this day by every one who sets foot in the disturbed district.

"To-day! O dear no. Not for many days. I met her soon after your party. I don't think I have seen her since."

"You are joking, of course, Mr. Disney. Tell me, when did you see her?"

"Indeed I am not joking, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert. "Why should you think so?"

"Well, then, if it is true,—but you will only set me down for a woman who meddles in other people's business. And yet Georgy is a dear little girl, and I love her, and I seem to have a right to talk about her."

"Miss Latrobe is a very pleasant person to talk about. Indeed, quite as pleasant to talk about as to talk to."

"You are the last person to say that, and to hope to be believed."

"I should like to know why, Mrs. Parker," said Mr. Disney, who was rather full of his grievances, and, knowing it, was afraid to trust himself with much discourse on the subject.

"Come, come, don't be mysterious with me, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Parker. "I am an old friend of Georgy's, and in her confidence. Now, you know, I know all about it. And if you say to me that you have not seen her for some days, I shall drive across and hear what it means."

"I should not like to prevent your having a pleasant drive; but I am at a loss, I assure you, to understand what my not having seen Miss Latrobe can mean, except that I have not happened to call, and we have not happened to meet."

"I like you very much, Mr. Herbert Disney."

"And I deserve that you should like me," replied the painter; "and I mean that you should go on liking me, madam."

"Yes, but all that would be at an end if I believed that you were behaving ill to Georgiana Latrobe."

"Behaving ill, in a lady's dictionary, has but one meaning," said Disney; "and as we have gone so far, I suppose I had better say in *garbiste*, my dear Mrs. Parker, that I don't comprehend why you should use the words. They imply, of course, that I have been in a position in which I *could* act unworthily in reference to that lady. Now, as nothing—"

"There, do not make me angry with you. I have told

you that I am in Georgiana's confidence, and therefore you ought not to speak to me in that way."

"I can only suppose, dear Mrs. Parker, that we are at some kind of cross purposes, and when they are explained, we shall laugh."

"I would turn you out of the room at once," said Mrs. Parker seriously, "if it were not for my regard for Georgy, which makes me overlook rudeness to myself. And I will speak very plainly to you for her sake. If you are playing with her affections, you are acting a part of which you ought to be ashamed."

"I playing with—"

"Because," continued Mrs. Parker, working herself up into earnestness, "she is a dear warm-hearted girl, who will give her heart but once, and break it if it is trampled upon."

"But I have no idea of trampling upon it," Herbert tried to put in.

"It is true that she has no fortune, and that in a girl's noble and single-minded reliance upon your love, and confidence in your genius and success, she has forgotten that, and preferred to take her chance with you to marrying where more immediate worldly advantages offered; but if you are to turn round upon her for that, and insult her pride and wound her heart for a frankness and confidence which you ought to feel are an honour to you, I don't know what answer you will be able to give your own conscience."

And here Mrs. Parker introduced a gush of real tears, being somewhat largely gifted with the invaluable faculty of self-excitement.

"After what you have said, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert, "it is perfectly evident to me that I have not been so fully admitted to Miss Latrobe's confidence as you have. In fact—"

"Ah! you allow, then, that she had a right to say such things to me, Mr. Disney. Well, that is something—indeed I may call it manly and candid of you. But that you should affect to quarrel with a girl like Georgiana, who has given you her whole heart and soul, is more than I can understand. One would think that with such a treasure in your keeping you would be too much in earnest for such silliness."

"I scarcely know how to answer you without—"

"I dare say not. I do not want any answer. I am an old woman; but I know what all this means, and I am aware that you could say nothing that would not be to some extent humiliating to you. So you shall say nothing. I dare say I spoke harshly. I always do when I am sincere; and Georgiana Latrobe is a child for whom there is nothing that I would not do. I am more pleased with you now, and I shall be quite reconciled to you, I dare say, when I come to think over what you have said. You must let me make it up between you and Georgy—no, she is too high-minded a person, and so are you, to be pushed together like two children after a quarrel; but you call in Charlotte Street to-morrow, and speak as if you had met yesterday. Will you promise this?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Disney. Indeed there was not much else for him to say.

"Very well," said Mrs. Parker, rising and taking him by both hands, "that is very good of you. And now please to go away; for I am a foolish person, and I must go and lie down after our little scene. Good bye, and remember your promise."

And she made his retreat a matter of necessity by her own retreat into another room, and thence upstairs.

It was of course impossible for Mr. Disney to think over the scene that had passed until he got out of the howling wilderness. But he made for the street of Hugo Lupus, and so for Vauxhall Bridge; and at that distance the hideous Voices of the Day had blended into one cry, but too distant to torture the ear and distract the mind. And he paid the toll, and set himself to work out the money by walking up and down with his hands behind him, and musing after the following fashion:

"That Mrs. Parker is a queer person. I never saw her

so much in earnest. No mistake about her crying, either; but then a woman can always cry. However, they don't usually weep over other people's troubles. Yes, I think there was real feeling in it. And so Georgiana has been making confidences to her. She feels my staying away, does she? And who has she to thank for it? I am incapable, I hope, of behaving ungenerously to a girl who has placed her destiny in my hands [yah, you vain idiot]; but what was her conduct on the night of Mrs. Parker's ball? I have punished her; but she ought to confess that she deserved it. Well, there's an end of that. It has answered its purpose capitally, in making me aware of her feelings towards me; and Mrs. Parker certainly put our mutual positions in a very fair light. Georgiana knows that I shall have to make a struggle, and is content to share it with me; and she is assured that hereafter I shall achieve success and fame. What odd creatures they are! She never gave me a word of encouragement of this kind, or ever let me think that she even appreciated me. They are odd creatures, and heaps of contradictions. But should we love them were they otherwise? As for Georgiana,—by Jove, what a good face it is when she smiles! I have never quite hit it off; but I will, one of these days. I have a great mind to write to her to-night; let's see, what excuse shall I make—?"

Etc. etc. etc.

He said a great deal more, and I think quite took out the value of his toll in his promenading; but this specimen will show you into what state of mind Mrs. Parker's revelations had brought our young friend. That afternoon he was much too restless in his self-complacency to work, or even to remain within doors; but took a long country ramble,—meditating on Georgiana's merits, and occasionally refreshing himself at a roadside inn (like that sketched at the beginning of our chapter); and having wearied himself out, he returned and dined somewhat expensively, ordering some champagne for the express purpose of drinking the health of Miss Latrobe. The captain of Fusiliers occasionally came across his mind; but the unwelcome visitor was speedily banished, and Mr. Disney gave himself up to pleasurable emotion and to anticipations of the coming day.

Mrs. Parker did not go and lie down, but, on the contrary, ordered the carriage; and before Herbert had left the bridge she was lustrating across the Park towards Charlotte Street. And when she got there, she found Captain Llewellyn picking out a new polka on Georgiana's pianoforte.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The National Gallery! what's to be done with that; or rather, what is to be done with the pictures belonging to the nation; where are the pictures in possession, and the pictures in expectation, to be hung? Are we ever to look forward to a magnificent collection of British art? Are we ever to have a gallery of statues? Are we ever to equal, not to say rival, the Continent in the possession and appreciation of memorials of genius; or is the possession of means to be the rival of all countries to serve only as a foil to show our utter incapacity to make use of the appliances we have at our command, and further to hold our country and its direction, as far as the arts are concerned, up to ridicule?

These are the questions that every thinking Englishman of judgment and taste asks himself and his neighbour; but he gains no satisfactory response. We certainly have a National Gallery—"God help the mark!"—and the man who built it, poor Wilkins, died of a broken heart. It is said that he has stood for hours in Trafalgar Square, and gazed upon that melancholy specimen of his craft until hot tears have chased each other down his cheeks, drawn from him by feelings of sorrow and anger,—sorrow that he was compelled to build it as it is, and anger at the parsimony of that sometimes mistaken economist, Joseph Hume, who curtailed him of the means necessary to make it worthy of the great nation he was legislating for. They were both good men

in their way, and did service in other directions; and therefore *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The sum expended was so trivial for the purpose—70,000!—that it is scarcely worth a passing thought; and if it did nothing else, at least it secured us the finest site in the metropolis; and we can now retrieve the past error, and raise a building worthy of the site. Talking of sites, some current conversation was afloat lately that it was intended to build a National Gallery upon the site of Burlington House. If this is what is called a feeler, we, for our parts, are not impressed favourably with it. There can be no objection to the position, as far as the public are concerned; but it does not appear to have the requisite space which we presume to expect the national collection of art-treasures will need. What we want is something grand, something comprehensive, suitable for our present and future requirements; in fact, something worthy the nation, and the happily progressive state of, and feeling of the people for, the arts. Many of us have seen the glorious creations preserved with such worthy solicitude in Italy and Spain; all of us can see copies of many of them in the Crystal Palace; and the constant and agreeable inspection of those wonders enlarges our understanding to the improvement of our taste.

The site of the existing National Gallery is admirable; and as any amount of space necessary can be obtained behind the present elevation, we do not think any tenable objection can be made to its extension. It has been urged that the barracks, from their central position, cannot be removed. We question this very much; the projected improvements in the vicinity of the Horse Guards surely may point out a spot even better suited for the purpose than the present. Why not remove the barracks to the neighbourhood of Scotland Yard? There is a bad property there which would be the better for taking down; and as it has been projected to embank a portion of the Thames from Whitehall to Hungerford, an extensive exercising ground might be constructed, embracing a much larger area than they have at present, offering an additional amount of seclusion. If, then, the barrack buildings in Trafalgar Square be removed, we immediately secure a vast wing on the one side; and for the other, why not take the block including the St. Martin's Workhouse and Archbishop Tenison's School and Library for this wing? The workhouse is now manifestly in the wrong place. When it was built it stood in the fields. The vast growth of population and bricks has so hemmed it in, that it is unseemly and unwholesome to retain it in its present place; and it would not be difficult to find another more open, and in every way better suited. The removal of this antiquated pile of dark bricks would greatly facilitate the long talked-of and much-required opening to Leicester Square; and if this suggestion were determined upon, a fine quadrangle would be secured, having a back entrance for the officers of the establishment, and for the delivery of works of art. As to the front elevation, bad as it is, it is quite possible to improve it. The roof could be raised by what is termed an attic-story, which would give a finer surface of wall for hanging the pictures, together with a better means of lighting them. The pepper-casters and paltry dome, when removed, would suggest something more attractive and useful. The blind arches might then be closed; and without entering into further details, there is little doubt but that, in the hands of an able architect, something good might be made of it.

The Royal Academy are looking for a site. Could a better one for this institution be found than Burlington House? and as the Crown has hitherto provided it with apartments, suitable terms might be made with the council. Could not the Government transfer the School of Design from Marlborough House to that building? The Royal Academy is self-supporting, and is in reality the only institution where competition in art is nationally tested; and the council has the power, from their large and increasing income, of extending their influence for the promotion and improvement of the arts. It is not our purpose to enter into any of the

working arrangements of the Royal Academy, from the fact of their being a self-constituted and self-supporting body. Although it has been said there is room for improvement in the general management of the council, this, however, must rest with themselves and the profession, both as to the disposal of the honours, the pictures, and sculpture submitted to them; our business being now entirely with the National Gallery; a subject which every man, from the highest artist to the meanest artisan, has a right to form and express an opinion upon. Again then, we say, let its present position be retained: it offers advantages in space that no other spot in the metropolis can offer; it is open, commanding, central, and has the best approaches of any situation in London; and that the Government cannot consistently object to its extension where it is, may be inferred from the fact that it was offered to an hotel-company, and a bill actually brought into parliament for the purpose of effecting a sale of it. That, in its present form, it is the worst constructed building for the purpose which could be well devised few would be disposed to doubt. Small rooms, badly lighted, and furnished with two-shilling hodroom-chairs, presenting even a worse spectacle within than without, is far from creditable to the meanest nation in Europe; and yet we possess genius in art of incalculable value,—one picture alone, the "Sebastian del Piombo," is worth more money than the whole building cost, including the chairs. And it does appear almost suicidal for a nation, whose historical knowledge must convey the fact that civilisation and refinement are the necessary consequence of the association with the beautiful and the grand, which is mainly illustrated in the cultivation of the arts, to have up to this time withheld its patronage from mental instruction through the eye. The sum granted annually by the Government for the encouragement of art in England is so trivial that, if it were not pitiful, it would be ridiculous. Our national income in the time of peace is between fifty and sixty millions sterling; and out of this sum—*mirabile dictu!*—4000*l.* per annum—4000*l.*!!!—is absolutely granted for the arts and the improvement of the public taste.

When Canova was in England, he was asked what astonished him most in London; his answer was, to know that Waterloo Bridge was built by private enterprise and the Pagoda Bridge in St. James's Park by the Government. Can a greater reproach be offered to any directors of a nation? We think not; but feel that we are now in the right track—now that necessity has made it obvious to the least thinking that something must be done to retrieve our reputation and secure the confidence of would-be donors to our valuable works of art. Fain would we see the cartoons removed from Hampton Court to London, when a suitable gallery is constructed; and there are many specimens of Holbein and Albert Durer, and others, in the same collection, which ought to be where they can be studied and copied without the necessity of going to a distance which consumes the best part of a day to approach them and return from them. Why are young artists—whose means are limited enough, Heaven knows—to be put to the expense and trouble of going to study the glorious creations of Raffaele, essentially of more use to them than to others, and which indeed can hardly be seen where they are, and are scarcely looked at by the millions of visitors to that show-place? No, "let us reform it altogether;" but to do this we must have space and light; and there is no place, we again reiterate, so suitable for both as the present site of the National Gallery.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

It was once our good fortune to be present at a service conducted after the rites and ceremonies of the Society of Friends, where an elderly lady wound up an hour's discourse by the startling proposition, "Let us never forget those beautiful words of Scripture, 'All's well that ends well.'" Similar to this is the case of the clergyman who referred in

his sermon to "that comforting passage of Holy Writ, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" Both Quakeress and minister were greatly shocked when told of their mistake, and that they were indebted, the one to William Shakspeare, the other to Lawrance Sterne.

At last year's examination for writerships in the East India Company's service was a paper requiring candidates to state the authors and context of certain familiar quotations. Such as Marlow's

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;"

and Sir John Suckling's

"Hoe feet beneath hoe potticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

This paper, we think, showed a great deal of wisdom in the examiner; for it is quite possible that a candidate might have been well acquainted with the general outlines of English literature, and yet have been ignorant of the source from whence we derive our commonest sayings. There is a certain class of quotations which is the sure mark of the superficial reader, and still more of the superficial writer. Who has not shuddered at times when his eyes fell upon that odious *Timeo Danaos*; or, "in the words of the immortal bard, 'To be, or not to be?'"

A well-educated man does not make use of these, or similar aphorisms; for though once full of meaning, the fine gold has become dim, and will pass no longer as current coin. It is only the penny-a-liner who implores the gods to give him the gift of seeing himself as others see him, or who reminds his readers that, *Bis dat qui cito dat*, or slyly hints, *Verb. sap. sat.*, or asks for fair play and *Audi alteram partem*.

Yet there is another kind of illustrative sentences; somewhat hackneyed, indeed, yet not desecrated like the former. These are the "Old Familiar Faces," which we meet again and again, and yet often cannot tell any thing of their parentage. For instance, some of our readers may not know that Gray was the author of

"Whore ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise;"

or, that we must look to Milton's "L'Allegro" for "Laughter holding both his sides," and "The light fantastic toe;" or that in "Il Penseroso" we shall meet with the "dim religious light." They may be equally unaware that to Campbell we owe the oft-quoted line—"Coming o'er cast their shadows before;" or that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" greets them when they open Keats's "Endymion." They will probably give Oliver Goldsmith credit for the portrait of the village parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year," though scarcely for the account of the revengeful dog who,

"... To gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man."

It is possible even that Wordsworth may not receive his due of thanks for that aphorism so simple and yet so profoundly philosophic—"The child is father of the man;" nor is it less probable to forget that to the same poet we owe "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

One can hardly imagine big hulky Samuel Johnson producing any thing portable; yet from him we learn "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

From gloomy hut grand Edward Young,—of whom Landor says, "All his day-thoughts and night-thoughts hung on mitres,"—we borrow nevertheless some well-remembered "household words;" for it was he who spoke of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Through him we remind upstart worthlessness that

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
While pyramids are pyramids in vales."

It is Cowper who chides busy idleness for

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

The quaint old Puritan, Francis Quarles, scarcely re-deems himself from undeserved neglect by the wholesome advice to be "wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."

The bashful lover remembers Dryden's assertion, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and plucks up failing courage. If success attend his suit, it may be that he will say as Coleridge did of Christabel,—

"Her face, O, call it fair, not pale!"

If unhappily he be nonsuited, he will not yield himself to mute despair and pallid grief; for, as Suckling tells him,

"This will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her."

But it is not always that the ancestry of these old friends of ours is so clear and indisputable. For instance, two of whom we have already spoken are not "wise enough to know their own father." The origin of *Bis dat qui cito dat* has been the subject of considerable discussion in *Notes and Queries*.

It is by no means certain that the good clergyman above referred to really met with his "comfortable Scripturo" in any thing so objectionable as Stornio's work. The French proverb, "*A brebis ton due Dieu mesure le vent*," is of older date than the *Sentimental Journey*. So, too, "All's well that ends well," "All that glitters is not gold," and many other Shaksperian *morceaux*, were no doubt in every body's mouth long before young William pleaded "not guilty" to Sir Thomas Lucy, J.P. Again, the celebrated *mot* that "Language was given us to conceal our thoughts," is only another instance of Talleyrand's numerous unacknowledged loans. Voltaire had said, "*Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées*." And even before him we read in Young,

"Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

Similarly Pope's celebrated aphorism,—"The proper study of mankind is man,"—is but a translation of *La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme*, which the French reader meets in Charron's *Treatise De la Sagesse*. The wise and witty epigram,

"He who fights and runs away
Shall live to fight another day,"

is doubtless derived from so un-Falstaff-like a personage as Demosthenes. Massillon and La Rochefoucauld have expressed in different words the same idea, that hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue. The solemn strains of the service for the burial of the dead,—"*In the midst of life we are in death*,"—are nearly a thousand years old: their author appears to have been a learned Benedictine monk of St. Gall, Notker by name.

It would be an interesting employment to draw up a table of authors to whom we owe the great majority of our most-quoted sayings, and to assign to each author a certain numeral, which should represent his proportionate contributions. Fixing Shakspeare at 100, we suspect Pope would approach nearest this maximum; Bacon, Dryden, and Milton would stand nearly on a par; and Butler might perhaps be bracketed with Gray.

Of French aphorisms, the greater number are derived from Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld. To Pascal and Voltaire also we are much indebted, though almost more to Rabelais than to these four together, for his last will and testament—"I have little, I owe much; and I leave the rest to the poor." Goethe is essentially the German epigrammatist, and each day English authors take more largely from his store. To Luther also the *littérateur* owes well-nigh as many thanks as the theologian. We have not imported much from Spain; though we must not forget that Sancho Panza's definition of sleep comes from beyond the Pyrenees. For Italian wisdom we must look chiefly to stern Dante and crafty Machiavelli.

For brief sparkling sentences, Horace is in the classical what Shakspeare is in the modern world. Epistles, satires, odes, abound with "precious stones." Neither Juvenal nor Virgil are half so rich. So little do we knowingly derive from Greek authors, that it is scarcely necessary to allude to Homer and the mighty trinity of dramatists, or to Aristotle and the "god-like" Plato.

It is very certain that, however orotchetty a man may choose to be, there is no eccentricity which he may not support by the authority of some whimsical poet or philosopher. With Puck he says,

"These things do best please me
Which befall preposterously."

And in this way it would be easy to collect the most diverse opinions upon every subject, from the highest problems of theology to the airy trifles of a lady's robe.

Let us confront a few of these "disagreeing doctors," and hear what each has to say for himself.

We have already heard one use of speech, that it is given to us to conceal our thoughts. Otway is of a different opinion, and observes—

"Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which also lie furled and clouded in the soul."

The Eastern proverb, translated by Mr. Trench, and enforced by Mr. Carlyle, does not endorse either sentiment, but asks,

"How shall the praise of silence best be told?
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold."

Goethe has such a horror of solitude, and such a love for the better sex, that he thinks,

"In paradise alone to live
Would be eternally to grieve."

Our own Andrew Marvel is neither so sociable nor so gallant; he pictures

"... The happy garden state.
While man there walked without a mate,
After a place so pure and sweet
What other help could yet he meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there;
Two paradises are in one
To live in paradise alone."

Chatterton is less satirical and far more tender when describing the bliss of our first parent: he writes,

"So Adam thought, when first in paradise
All heaven and earth did homage at his feet,
In gentle woman all man's pleasures lies,
Midst autumn's beating storms and summer's heat;
Go take a wife unto thy heart, and see
Winter and the brown hills will have a charm for thee."

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, makes no apology for assuming the autobiographical style, but rather insists that himself is the best topic for a man to treat. Cowley more modestly says: "It is a hard thing for a man to write of himself. It pains his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him."

We all know that "music hath charms" (though perhaps some are ignorant that it was Congrovo who first said this). Yet Landor's Gebir complains—

"O, that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art;
It always brings us enemies or love!"

The "Shepherd" in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* eloquently remarks: "The British army drawn up in order of battle seems to me an earthly image of the power of the right hand of God." Shelley is unmercifully severe on soldiers as individuals. He describes them as

"Men of glory in the wars,
Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and stammer,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and a whimper."

But our readers will be able to follow out these diversities for themselves. We have but endeavoured to direct their attention to the science of quotations; and acquaintance with this will soon lead them to increase their knowledge of English, and, indeed, foreign literature.

We would strongly advise, moreover, that they should make it a part of their daily duties to note down some quotable fragment of prose or poetry in their diary. In three years' time they would thus have a veritable treasure, available in speaking or writing; and even as a book of reference, such a journal would be more interesting than the account of each day's dinner, which is said to have been recorded for forty years by a certain notable gourmand.

AT LAST.

By ASHTON KER.

Down, down, like a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love—no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above;
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

TAKE A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU. Advice given to persons suffering the after-pains of carouse, upon the principle that the same stimulant which has caused their nervous depression will also relieve it.—The metaphor is derived from an old medical practice founded on the fantastic doctrine of sympathy, of which, in England, Sir Kenelm Digby was a notable professor, and which is implied in this rhyming French adage:

"Du poil de la bête qui te mordit,
Ou de son sang, seras guéri."

—"With the hair of the beast that bit thee, or with its blood, thou wilt be cured." Cervantes, in his tale of *La Gitanilla*, thus describes an old gipsy-woman's manner of treating a person bitten by a dog: "She took some of the dog's hairs, fried them in oil, and after washing with wine the two bites she found on the patient's left leg, she put the hairs and the oil upon them, and over this dressing a little chewed green

rosemary. She then bound the leg up carefully with clean bandages, made the sign of the cross over it, and said, 'Now go to sleep, friend, and, by the help of God, your hurts will not signify.'"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. "By working in the forge one becomes a smith" (Latin and French).—*Fabricando fit faber. A force de forger on devient forgeron.* "Practice makes the craftsman" (Span. and Germ.).—*El usar saca oficial. Uebung macht den Meister.* "Hand in use is father o' lear" (Scotch).—An emir had bought a left eye of a glass-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time; he could not expect that it would see all at once so well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it. We take this whimsical story from Coleridge, who does not tell us in what oriental Joe Miller he found it. W. K. KELLY.



DOMESTIC PETS.—THE SQUIRREL.

FIRST in the rank of innocent, playful, and confiding animals is our little friend the Squirrel. All life and vigour, he is continually inventing new tricks, and playing them off. Only let him see that you are pleased and attracted by his gymnastics, and his fun knows no bounds. He will throw himself on his back, bound upwards, downwards, backwards, and forwards. He is here, there, every where,—all in a moment of time. And how pretty he looks, while poised on his two hinder legs (his forefeet suspended in air) to take breath while you are watching his movements!

But let us inquire into his family history; for it is bad policy to purchase an old squirrel. First, because he is not teachable, and very obstinate; next, because he is very spiteful, and dangerous where there are children. Old squirrels bite severely, and leave their marks behind them for many a day.

Never make your purchases in the public streets. Nothing is more common than to meet men with (apparently) tame squirrels on their arm, their necks ornamented with a showy ribbon. The sight is tempting. There sits Master Skuggy, cracking a nut, or attempting to crack it. Why can he not crack it? Listen. He is an old squirrel, trimmed up to resemble a young one. His teeth have been filed down, to give him the appearance of juvenility, and to prevent his biting. This trick is very common, and many are the dupes who fall victims to it.

Young squirrels are obtainable at the various bird-dealers'. They are usually associated, four or more, in a large cage. A little hay is given them to play in, and you may observe their sportiveness by standing a few paces distant from them. Select the one which is most elegant of form, and whose poses are the most grotesquely playful. Also, let the tail, or brush, be a matter for consideration. Some have more graceful and ornamental caudal appendages than others, and these add greatly to the carriage of their owners. A conceited squirrel is worth a kingdom.

Much altercation has taken place, from time to time, on the subject of fitting cages for this kind of pets. Some assert that fixed residences are proper; others contend for rotatory cages. It is undeniable that these last are the only suitable habitations for these volatile little creatures. To fly and tear along the wires at railway speed yields them pleasure unutterable: stop the wheel, and you shorten their lives. I have tried this with no small degree of patience, and can speak to a point as to the cruelty of fixed cages.

Now for the food of his little majesty. He greatly de-

lights in bread-and-milk—the former one day old, the latter quite fresh. Supply this in a square pan of delf, fixed in a covered frame to one side of his dormitory, accessible by an opening large enough to admit his head. In the form of luxuries, he dearly loves almonds, Barcelona nuts, sugar, apples, and indeed any fruit. He is not dainty, and will freely share in whatever the house affords. He loves a bed formed of dry hay; but it is better to provide him with a small piece of carpet, or something similar. This his fond mistress will readily supply from some of her odd fragments. Hay is apt to make him too sleepy, and to detain him in his bedroom. The other acts as a mattress, and rouses him up betimes. This reminds one that feather-beds ought to be obsolete. They are sadly inimical to health.

In their persons, and in their apartment, squirrels are particularly cleanly; but it must be admitted that their "run," if not kept constantly cleansed, gives forth a very unpleasant smell. Their drawer, or tray, therefore, should be removed twice daily, well scraped, and afterwards, when thoroughly dried, refilled with sand to a good depth. It would be desirable to have two drawers made for this purpose. Thereby much inconvenience would be saved.

The sagacity of squirrels is only equalled by their whims and oddities. My little fellows were rarely deceived in any one who approached them. A friend or a foe was quickly recognised. The former was welcomed; the latter (to my great delight) was generally rewarded by a bite. They are well skilled in the art of self-defence, but rarely act on the offensive. Their forte is play; their delight is unrestricted liberty. How they use their liberty we shall see anon. One, "Scaramouch," shall speak for the whole.

When not engaged in hunting the cat, while seated on Carlo's back, "Scaramouch" was generally in my room. Here he was either busy in reducing a large newspaper to the smallest of "vulgar fractions," or fraternising with some of the shepherds and shepherdesses who were peacefully reclining on the mantel-shelf. Terrible havoc did he make with them and other celebrities. I kept a long wand to punish him; but no sooner did I put forth my hand to reach it than away flew Skuggly high above the damask curtains. Looking down "to see how the wind lay," there would he wait for my usual signal of reconciliation. This given, down he flew to lick my face with his rough tongue. To detail our endless gambols would be impossible. He was constantly offending; I was as constantly forgiving.

Our chief games were at the breakfast-table. Here he was quite at home. Toast, egg, roll, butter, sugar, cream,—he did full justice to all. He chose his own seat, helped himself to what he liked best, and very often stole what he could not eat. Sugar vanished wholesale, and was frequently found confided to the care of the gentle shepherdesses, &c. spoken of before. Skuggly had hoards every where.

Mention has been made of one squirrel in particular. But all were equally tame and affectionate. They would seek refuge in my coat-pocket sometimes, when hiding, and chase one another all over the house; Carlo (the spaniel) being at their complete command. His back was their chariot. No sooner were they mounted, and "all right," than away they flew helter-skelter; it being difficult to decide which was the happiest,—the dog, the squirrels, or their master.

It may be asked, What became of these pets? Alas, they shared the common fate of all pets! they died when they were least expected to die; not from neglect certainly, but from causes which it was impossible to foresee or avert. They are now embalmed, and silently tell a tale of happier days—gone to return no more.

WILLIAM KIDD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM (for that appears to be the sex in which you are addressed—I thought editors had no sex),—I have taken in

the NATIONAL MAGAZINE from the first number; and more than that, I have read it, because I have found it contain the talent, good sense, and entertaining qualities, which magazines used to possess when I was young, and before they were old. But I do confess my bile has been disturbed to-day by reading a letter (No. VII. p. 112—but you know it, I dare say) suggesting a recipe for pleasant evenings at home, at a cost within the capacity of the most limited purse. So far so good. I respect the intention; and as the writer is evidently a lady, I will be studiously courteous, but it will require an effort; for, powers of patience! what are the means she proposes? Music! Now, madam, I am proud to say I never even hummed a tune, or any thing intended for one, in my life; though, just for fashion's sake, I spent, I dare say, 10*l.* or 20*l.* in music-lessons for my eldest girl,—she is her father's own daughter, bless her!—and when she plays "In my cottage near a wood," people think it is sacred music,—the Old Hundredth, or something of that sort. As for the younger ones, warned by experience, they have never tried at all.

Your correspondent M. C. writes that she is of a musical family, and adds that she counts several musical families among her acquaintance. Poor thing! very likely; misfortunes seldom come single. But, Mrs. (or Miss) M. C., are none but musical families to have pleasant and inexpensive home-evenings? Forbid it, Iarcs and Penates!

Now, madam, we at home flatter ourselves that we possess talents a little superior to the jingling of wires and torturing of catgut. I am an artist, and the artist-blood shows itself in every branch that has sprouted from the parent-tree. My boys really (without partiality) draw capitally; and the flowers and heads of their sisters are not to be despised, though the latter are perhaps a little milk-and-watery in their prettiness; but girls' drawings will be that—a Rosa Bonheur is not born every day.

Now I mean to take M. C.'s crude suggestion, and carry it out at once into something rational. If she has a musical connection, I have an artistic one; or, even if I had not, where is the house that does not, in frames or in portfolios, possess pictures, good, bad, or indifferent? These, whether our own or our friends', we will collect for our social evenings (not all at once, for we must not exhaust our supply in a single night; I hope to have many of them). The good shall yield up their beauties for appreciation, the bad their faults for warning; even the indifferent shall furnish reasons for their mediocrity. Conversation will flow, taste will be cultivated, criticism directed, knowledge expanded; and the young people, in the intervals between the meetings, their energies stimulated, and their laudable ambition excited, will eagerly throw all the taste and skill they possess into the work which they know will, in a few days, be submitted to such friendly yet candid judgments; nay, even papa himself may now and then be tempted to dash off a sketch, just to show how much vigour the old man has still left in him.

About the mere tea and coffee refreshments I do not feel quite so strong; for I confess to having reached a period of life when a cold sirloin, or round of beef, and a bit of good cheese, with a glass of ale, has more solid attraction; but my wife—who is a social creature, bless her!—is inaptures, and declares that no false shame shall prevent her from saying "good night" at eleven o'clock, nor tempt her into wine and suppers; the expensiveness and fuss of which have hitherto kept us half hermits, though by nature constituted to find lively and rational enjoyment in the society of our kind. I believe, after all, she is right, as wives always are.

Yours, dear madam,

D. N.

I shall be delighted if you will come to our first meeting; and you may even bring M. C. with you, for I confess I owe the idea to her. If the young people wish to be foolish late in the evening, there is always the piano for a dance; and I will undertake to have the tuner, if they will find any one (except my daughter) to play.

WINDOW-AQUARIUM.

THE front and back to be single sheets of plate-glass. On the back one should be painted externally, in transparent colours, a continuation or perspective effect of the river-cave in such manner as to carry the eye of the spectator from the actual structure far into distance, and the effect of which would be greatly increased by the refraction of the water. The grotto-work might be constructed in the rough of Roman cement. Other ornaments will also readily occur. If glass-olinkers broken up, with fragments of rock-crystal interspersed, are added, a very beautiful effect may be obtained.

THE TOWN-GARDEN IN WINTER.

WHATEVER glories autumn may bring with it in tints of gold and amber and blood-red, "laying a fiery finger on the leaves," the winter is inevitably a dreary season, unless proper measures are resorted to to preserve something like freshness of scene. In the grand gardens of the nobility barrenness is never apparent. They and privet hedges, the spreading pines and cedars, the borders of evergreen shrubs, and the bright and clean arrangement of such empty spaces as do occur, together with the spacious well-kept lawns that are deliciously green all the year, except when covered with snow, and then deliciously white, give the eye plenty to rest upon, and keep up the fullness of tone so essential to an ornamental garden. But if we turn to the town-garden or the town-square, we see huge blanks of sour mould dotted here and there with leafless broomsticks called lilacs and thorns, all very black and grim, and very, very dreary. But the skilful gardener never allows his ground to look shabby; and the smallest or largest garden may be kept trim and pleasant, if not positively gay, at every season of the year.

Now is the season for alterations of all kinds; and in the survey of his ground the amateur should be heedful of the richness of aspect which well-grown evergreen shrubs give to the borders and grass-plots. Flat gardening,—that is, plain borders and paths without elevations or wealthy clumps of shrub,—is very miserable except when the beds are filled with their summer stock; and even then the tone is thin and ineffective unless the flower-beds are backed and supported by fine masses of trees and shrubs. Hence, in planning improvements, it is essential to adopt as much shrub as the situation will allow as boundaries to grass-plots, to break the lines of walls and angular trellises, and to give richness to the borders generally. Holly, privet, rhododendron, aucuba, Portugal and common laurel, lauristinus, and tree-box, are the leading things for this purpose; and they are all hardy, easily kept in high condition, and most beautiful through all the winter months. With



DESIGN FOR A WINDOW-AQUARIUM,
Plants above and Fish below.

the exception of holly, these are all cheap plants, and even holly is not an expensive one; and if the necessary outlay should appear heavy at first, it must be remembered that they last for ever, and are preferable to any quantity of ordinary flowering-plants that the same expenditure would procure, even for one season, in positions where shrubs have not been plentifully planted.

But many who have but a limited garden-space may object to such a liberal use of shrubs as we suggest, because it may interfere with a certain arrangement or display of summer flowers, in which they take a pleasurable pride. In that case, shrubs may still be liberally used; but instead of planting them permanently, procure them in pots, and treat them as pot-plants. In autumn, when a general clearance takes place of geraniums, verbenas, and such tender things, let the pots containing these plants be sunk in the ground, and then for the whole winter long your garden will have a full and agreeable appearance. As the ground is again wanted for bedding plants, the pots are to be taken up and transferred to the balconies, the portico, or to any positions where handsome firs, laurels, hollies, or lauristinus, may give a grace to the windows

or the forecourt. A noted gardening journal, which chiefly addresses itself to the profession, recommends the cutting of huge branches from evergreen shrubs, and the sticking of these branches into such spots as may require embellishment. Now for special occasions such a plan may be adopted; but to attach any general value to it would be absurd. A make-believe is always ridiculous. Still, branches of yew or holly, so used, keep their freshness for a couple of months or more, and then, of course, perish and must be removed. Those who take pride in keeping a garden as a perennial adornment to the house should have a stock of potted evergreens expressly for winter use in the way we have suggested; and any quantity can be obtained from a neighbouring nursery. Unless the ground is really extensive, a great variety is not necessary; the best effects in gardening are to be produced by repeating the same plant. Have plenty of hollies, aucubas, and Portugal laurels, and you will do better than with a few plants of many sorts. Group them in masses of one kind; and wherever it is possible round them off into bold bolts, and avoid dotting them about, one here and one there, with no visible arrangement.

With a good sprinkling of bulbs to come on in early spring, plenty of wall-flowers, carnations, pansies, and hardy primulas, to break the dark surface of the soil with healthy greenness, and some good evergreens to back and support all, we may jog on very merrily till spring comes again, and

"By ashen roots the violets blow."

SAMUEL HIBBERD.



C. L. Eastlake

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

In the annals of painting, how many of the most distinguished votaries of the art appear to have been first attracted towards it by some trivial accident that roused to activity the artistic elements of their nature, in circumstances little calculated to develop them! Among the more recent examples of this truth may be cited the subject of our present paper.

Charles Lock Eastlake was born at Plymouth in 1796, and sent to be educated at the Charterhouse, with the view, no doubt, of fitting him in due time to succeed to the well-established practice of his father, a solicitor.

Unfortunately for the realisation of those prudent parental views, it happened that R. B. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth; and young Eastlake one day saw, in progress, his fellow-townsmen's great historical picture "Deiustatus." That sight changed the whole current of his ideas; and he forsook at once the smooth road to competence presented by a respectable law-practice for the thorny and difficult paths of art, which so often lead to disappointment and poverty. But his resolution, though suddenly taken, was unalterable; he determined to transfer at once his labours from parchment to canvas, and instead of being an engrosser of deeds, he became a painter of pictures.

It appears that a bias so strongly expressed was not, as is often the case, unwisely opposed by parental influence; but that he was removed in an early stage of his education from the Charterhouse, in order to enable him to prosecute with energy, and with that entire and undivided attention which alone insures success, the study of the art which he had so enthusiastically adopted. He became forthwith a pupil of the Royal Academy.

His first series of studies were directed by the accomplished veteran Fuseli, from whom he appears to have first imbibed his taste for the "literature" of art, in which he has since especially distinguished himself.

The first picture he produced was "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which, as the work of a student, displayed many signs of unusual promise. It was purchased by a well-known amateur of the day, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, which took place at that period, engaged the young painter to proceed to Paris for the purpose of making copies of some of the masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. This was a task likely to have proved highly beneficial to the development of the powers of a young painter, especially in those technicalities of manipulation which had been carried to the supreme point of excellence by the great masters of Italy and Flanders. His labours were, however, soon interrupted by the unexpected escape of Napoleon I. from Elba; and he returned suddenly to England, and to his native town. This course of study, however, brief as it was, no doubt influenced very materially the convictions and principles which governed the subsequent career of the artist. It was then, no doubt, that he first learned to value so highly the excellence of those irrefragable axioms of art which had been gradually developed by that race of great masters who poured forth their wondrous works from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. It is to the impressions then received, therefore, that we may attribute his present firm adherence to the more generally accepted artistic principles, and his entire abstention from those extreme experiments in art, and the adoption of those novel theories the most opposite tendencies of which may be illustrated on one side by the glittering and poetical generalisation of Turner, and the conscientious appeals to nature in her minutest and even unselected details by the devoted band of "Pro-Raphaelites."*

Shortly after his return to England, the young student

was followed on his way by the very personage whose sudden appearance in France had driven him from his studies in the Louvre.

Napoleon, a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, became as unexpected a visitor to the harbour of Plymouth as he had been so shortly before to the shores of France; and the portrait which the young artist then contrived to take of the twice-deposed emperor excited considerable interest. Every day, during the neighbourhood of the emperor in the harbour, young Eastlake was out in an open boat studying the lineaments of the fallen despot as he walked the deck absorbed in thought, in his well-known attitude, with hands clasped behind his back; or as he stood musing at the gangway, looking towards the shores of that "perfidious Albion" that had at last been the chief means of thwarting his schemes of universal conquest. The picture thus painted—a full length—possessed uncommon interest, as being the last of the portraits of Napoleon painted in Europe. The artist did not, however, exhibit his work; and, in fact, sent nothing to the Academy before the year 1823.

The early career of Eastlake was not checkered by the vicissitudes, often painful and crushing, by which the career of many a young artist is clouded, and not seldom prematurely closed. His family, though not wealthy, was able to furnish him with the means of making the tour of Italy free from pecuniary anxieties; and in 1817 he started for that land which, to every enthusiastic votary of art, is a true land of promise—the country of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and of their great predecessors Giotto and Masaccio and Ferrigno.

In 1819 he visited Greece, accompanied by several friends of congenial pursuits. What a time for an ardent art student! That the illuminated page in the chronicle of his artistic life was then opened we may easily imagine, when we find that among those friends were Brockedon (of "The Passes of the Alps") and young Barry, since the celebrated architect of the Houses of Parliament. Those days of early study, in the midst of scenes hallowed to the artist, not only by the names of the great art-workers of former ages, but by the still beautiful ruins of their glorious works, make an impression on the artistic mind, and fill it with a glow of the poetry of art, and a host of its kindred associations, the lightness of which no after-trials or disappointments can utterly overshadow. In the following year he settled in Rome, where he remained several years, not only ripening his experiences and prosecuting his studies with ardour, but fortunately forming those connections among our travelling amateurs of rank and fortune which proved of so much importance in his subsequent career.

During his sojourn in Rome, he devoted much attention to the study of a class of pictures which may be termed architectural landscape; a style towards which one may easily fancy that his mind was led, or rather fascinated, by the contemplation of those exquisite masses of marble-ruin which invest the scenery of Greece and Italy with such a peculiar interest,—scenes, the studies from which no doubt filled his portfolios with delightful reminiscences.

The first pictures he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1823, were, in fact, of an architectural character, though not precisely of "ruins." They consisted of views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and of St. Peter's, the great Roman cathedral.

This style was, however, soon abandoned for a series of studies which, by their boldness and lifelike originality, at once attracted the attention of our artistic public. They consisted entirely of compositions of small dimensions; illustrative of Italian life in the neighbourhood of Rome, which at that time yielded so many picturesque subjects for the pencil. The semi-classical costumes of Albano, Frascati, and Nettuno; the processions of pilgrims; the picturesque *funzione* of the Roman Catholic Church; and, above all, the adventures and peculiar dress of the Italian banditti,—then in the full tide of their successful depredations, from which scarcely a single travelling-carriage, in certain dis-

* Mr. Ruskin has sought to prove, in a brilliantly-written essay, and, as we think, quite unsuccessfully, the close affinity of the style of Turner and the Pro-Raphaelites.

tricts, was exempt,—afforded themes for the artist which seem to have been irresistible to our young student, and shortly afterwards afforded Horace Vernet the matter for some of his most celebrated compositions. We may therefore infer that it was not merely because such subjects found a ready sale among travelling connoisseurs that he devoted himself to them, but rather from a sense of irresistible artistic attraction. Be this as it may, the works in which he embodied them were something more than the mere costume-pictures which they have often been termed. They exhibited a vigour of touch and originality of treatment not always found in the later works of the artist; and suggest that if he had pursued that style and manner to the utmost limit, we should have seen works bearing a broader stamp of originality and individual genius than those of the artist's later style, which are nevertheless of a much higher class, and display, both in their poetical idea and their execution, a painter of the highest refinement and culture. The exhibition in England, in 1825, of Sir Charles's "Girl of Albano leading a Blind Woman to Mass," was the first to call the public attention to his undoubted power in subjects illustrative of Italian life. This was followed, in 1827, by his more ambitious venture, "The Spartan Isidas." In the same year he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. The next season he sent his well-known "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," the most important, and perhaps, in all respects, the best of his pictures of that class. But it was his smaller sketchy pictures of *contadini* in their graceful Italian costumes, and more especially his "Brigand's Wife defending her Husband," that gained for him the general popularity which he enjoyed at that period, and that induced Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, the successors of Alderman Boydell, not only to engrave the last-named picture, but to enter into liberal engagements with the author to paint only for them. Every thing connected with Italian travel was then still the vogue, though a continuous stream of British tourists had been rushing, during the last ten years, to that Italy which had been so long closed to them by the Thirty Years' War. And so the prints from Eastlake's studies of brigands and *contadini* found a ready sale. But the subsequent failure of the publishers prevented the arrangements from being carried out, and possibly influenced the artist in his determination to direct his future course towards another and higher region of art.

The subjects forming the principal steps in his transition style may be classed as, the "Arab selling his Captives," "Gaston de Foix," and others of a similar description. But the most characteristic link between his picturesque "costume" subjects and the high class of religious art, to which he devoted his later and more matured labours, is the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara," which already exhibited many of the peculiarities of such of his recent works as the "Good Samaritan," and his large and pleasing studies of female heads. "The Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome" may be considered the masterpiece of his first, or Italian, manner; and the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara" of his transition style.

The first work of importance which marked the adoption of his final style,—that of pure religious art,—was his "Christ blessing the little Children." Its appearance created a considerable stir in the artistic world—some regretting the loss of the picturesque Italian subjects, which his treatment had made peculiarly his own; while others hailed the new venture as proof that the English school would yet prove itself capable of treating the highest range of subjects with a purity and spirituality of feeling worthy of the noblest work of art. The chaste glow of colour, so characteristic of the finest examples of the modern British school, the purity and refinement of the taste in which the work was conceived, and the certain sweetness of tone, so softly religious, which pervaded the whole composition, did not, however, with many, compensate for the absence of that vigour which had formed one of the leading characteristics of his Italian pictures, but which was perhaps less appropriate to a devotional subject.

In subsequent pictures of the same class, he was, however, thoroughly successful. His "Hagar and Ishmael" has been compared in style to the best works of Ary Scheffer. It may, indeed, be asserted to be even superior to them in some respects, such as purity of colour and graceful play of tone in composition, but inferior in intensity of thought and power of execution. Without following our artist through every phase of his progress in the new style of art which he has now, with few exceptions, finally adopted, we may state that he attained his culminating point of excellence in religious art in his "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," exhibited in 1841. That noble and charming work may indeed be classed among the most successful of the modern British school; and it found a ready purchaser in that munificent patron of British art, whose collection of pictures by English artists, subsequently bequeathed to the nation, is now known as the Vernon Gallery.

In the *résumé* of his works up to this period we omitted to mention his poetical illustration of a passage in Lord Byron's "Dream," a picture not to be classed in any special category. It had merits peculiarly its own, and in a manner which the artist never pursued farther, though it might have led to interesting results. It is well known by the excellent engraving of Wilmore.

The painter's reputation as an accomplished artist, and as a man whose attainments rendered him a singular ornament to the profession, was acknowledged by his appointment as secretary to the "National Commission of Fine Arts," a post for which his knowledge peculiarly fitted him; and with that incident the tide of preferment fairly set in. In 1843, he was appointed keeper of the National Gallery;* and in 1850 he received the highest artistic rank which the British artist can attain to—the presidency of the Royal Academy, which had become vacant by the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee.

Shortly afterwards he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Charles was subsequently appointed director instead of keeper of the National Gallery, with a salary increased to 1000*l.* per annum; an appointment which, in conjunction with that of president of the Royal Academy, makes him the chief director of the English school of art of his time; and, it may be added, that in all artistic matters he is also the acknowledged adviser of both her Majesty and the Prince Albert.

These various appointments have made him a somewhat less frequent and less copious exhibitor at the annual displays of the Royal Academy. The "Good Samaritan," "Ruth sleeping at the feet of Boaz," a repetition of his "Francisco di Carrara," and a few studies of female heads on a large scale, are the only works that occur to us. The female heads, notwithstanding the somewhat severe criticism which they received, are in certain respects remarkable works. It is no slight praise to say that they would remind one of Leonardo or Giorgione but for their fresh northern colouring; the artist's clear ideal of which was not dimmed by his long residence in Italy, though it took place at that period of life when impressions are so vivid, and when, as Byron has said, the heart "is wax to receive, and marble to retain." The head called "Violante," exhibited in 1853, and "Irene," his only picture in 1854, are perhaps the best examples of this class of his works.

In fine, it may be said of the painter's style, as developed in his highest works,—those belonging to religious art,—that they possess a certain poetic spirituality of conception which at once secures them a high place. The expression of his leading personages is always appropriate, frequently noble. His ideal of the head of Christ, somewhat differing from the generally accepted type, is very beautiful; and there is a calm soraphic meekness in his celestial children which, though somewhat monotonous, is yet very attractive. His skill in the distribution of his masses of form

* The charges brought against Sir Charles Eastlake, of injudicious treatment of the pictures, has been disavowed by a royal commission.

and colour is remarkable, and his *key* of colour generally exquisite.

It is true, the critic will not find in Sir Charles Eastlake the vigorous facility and dashing determination of purpose which mark the greatest works of the greatest masters. To the President of the Academy belong grace, delicacy, sweet and elevated sentiment; not boldness of design or force of treatment. Whoever looks at his works with this understanding will not be disappointed; but will find that the English painter has achieved certain effects in which such natures, with their more powerful individual organisation, would have failed. It has, in fact, been well remarked by a critic, that neither a Michael Angelo, nor a Caravaggio, nor a Spagnuolotti, could have conceived and executed the "Christ weeping over Jerusalem;" the soft melancholy of which could only spring from that peculiar delicacy and refinement which are the most remarkable characteristics of the masterpiece of Sir Charles Eastlake.

As an avoicer of all extreme principles in art, as a spectator of all the acquired knowledge which has been transmitted to us by successive races of great artists, while able at the same time to see and appreciate true ability in any and every form and theory of art, Sir Charles is perhaps more eminently fitted than any other man to fill, at the present time, the high position which he has attained, and to hold the balance justly between conflicting opinions.

His valuable contributions to art-literature give him at the same time a farther claim. The translation of Goethe's work on colour, his notes to Kiugler's *Handbook of Painting*, and other works, are too well known to artists to require enumeration here.

Sir Charles was married, somewhat late in life, to an accomplished lady, well known in the literary world as Miss Rigby, the authoress of a capital book entitled *Letters from the Baltic*.

HISTRIONIC RATS.

AMONG the various now candidates for the attention of a discerning public now congregated in lively Paris is an ingenious Swede, who has contrived to train a company of rats, to whose performance the lovers of the drama are admitted at the very moderate price of "one franc a-head; children half-price."

The theatre in which these novel performers make their appearance consists of a small enclosure, raised on a platform at the upper end of a moderate-sized room. This enclosure is open in front like an ordinary stage, its proportions being in keeping with the size of the actors; its walls are adorned with red and yellow hangings, and a gaily-painted curtain rises and falls, in true theatre style, at the proper places. The spectators are seated in tiers opposite the stage; but the Lilliputian stature of the actors requiring close proximity on the part of their audience, only about thirty persons can witness the performance at a time.

It appears that the Swede has a double *corps* of his peculiar performers; each *corps* performing one piece only. The one we are about to witness is called, as we learn from the play-bill in our hand, *The Modern Lothario; or, the Perils of Love*.

The footlights are blazing in all their glory, and an orchestra, composed of one flute, one fiddle, and a piano, are doing their best, when the tall figure of the manager makes its appearance in front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says with a bow, and then leaning gracefully on a stout stick he holds in his hand, "you are about to assist at a perfectly unique and unrivalled spectacle. The four-footed actors, whom I have been training for some years, have now—as I am confident you will admit when you have seen their performances—arrived at a degree of histrionic perfection not always attained by their two-footed rivals. But I am trespassing on your patience, and will at once, ladies and gentlemen, introduce to

you enlightened appreciation the novel *troupe* over which I have the honour to preside." (Great applause.)

As the manager concludes his speech, which he finishes off with an inimitable bow, he strikes three sharp blows on the floor with his stick, the curtain rises, and a fine whiskered rat, in an elegant dishabille—flowered dressing-gown, plaid inexpressibles, shining slippers, and smoking-cap set jauntily on one side of his head—evidently a dandy of the very first water, is seen at a table on which are the elements of a delightful breakfast. To these he is doing ample justice, his sharp eyes glancing in every direction, and his mouth working with amazing celerity, as he dips his pointed phiz into the little dishes of cheese-parings, bran, crumbs of biscuit, and sugar, and so on. The table and the breakfast-service, we remark, are of painted tin; in fact, a set of child's playthings, as is the chair on which the happy gourmandiser sits repeatedly, but vainly (though without leaving off eating), to seat himself in human fashion. His efforts to accomplish this feat, which he evidently considers to be a very important part of his *rôle*, are exceedingly funny. They almost distract his attention from the repast he is making; but all his exertions fail to keep him in the desired position; and he can do nothing more than slip up and down against the seat of the little chair, thus inflicting an amount of friction on a certain portion of his handsome person which one fears must eventually tell upon its glossiness and beauty, to say nothing of its effects upon the flowered dressing-gown.

While the gay Lothario is thus making the best use of his time, two small doors at the bottom of the stage fly suddenly open, and two ladies of the same cat-hating species enter, of course on their hind-legs. They are as elegantly attired as the gentleman they are come to visit, with fashionable rotundity of skirts, flounces, gorgeous shawls, and bonnets laden with flowers and lace. One of them, nevertheless, carries a broom in her hand; the other carries a feather-brush and a duster. They advance menacingly towards the interesting object of their common but unsuspecting affections, who has stopped nibbling in evident unconsciousness of mind, foreseeing a "squall." This sagacity is not disappointed. The ladies, advancing with open arms, and about to bestow on him a loving salute, become suddenly aware of each other's presence; and a sharp squeak from each is the signal for an encounter in which, after belabouring one another with the broom and the feather-brush, they soon discard these weapons as insufficient, and fly at each other's physiognomy with their claws. Bonnets, veils, and bits of flounces strew the floor; the air resounds with their infuriated shrieks, and at last they both tumble upon the philosophic Lothario, who had quietly resumed his breakfast, but who now falls prostrate under the combined weight of the Dulcineas, upsetting the table in his fall, and lying stunned and motionless among the remains of the repast.

At this distressing result of their fury, the angry ladies ought evidently to forget their rage in grief for the mishap of the prostrate Adonis, brought low through their violence; but truth compels me to state that the cheese-parings are too much for them; and that, instead of throwing themselves lovingly on the fainting victim of their misunderstanding, they throw themselves very eagerly on the remains of the breakfast by which the prostrate Lothario is surrounded. The latter, hearing this sudden munching, comes all at once to his senses, and nibbles away with as much *gusto* as before.

Happily, an angry tap of the managerial staff suffices to recal the actors to their parts. The gay Lothario relapses into insensibility; and the two ladies, laying aside their jealousy at this afflicting spectacle, throw their arms about him, caress him tenderly, uttering plaintive squeaks; and fortunately succeed in restoring him to consciousness, when he turns from one to the other in great embarrassment, not knowing what in the world to say to either.

At this critical moment the little door at the bottom of the stage again flies open, and in marches a great, tall, fierce-

looking rat, with terrible whiskers and a dare-devil air; whose effect is enhanced by his bandit-like costume, and the tremendous leaden sword that hangs at his side, looking very much as though it had been detached from between the logs of a trooper in some Nuremberg toy.

This formidable personage is the husband of one of the two ladies; he has sought her in vain in every other quarter, and has now tracked her to the lodgings of the resuscitated Lothario. But instead of testifying his joy at so happy a reunion, as a well-behaved husband should do, the ill-bred fellow flies into a passion; and not content with pummelling her in true conjugal style, he next rushes violently upon the Lothario, who, with the other lady, has just set to work again upon the cheese-parings.

A fresh tap from the manager's stick brings these two back to their duty; and a general row now ensues—the two gentlemen going it lustily between themselves, and the ladies doing a little on their own accounts. The Lothario performs prodigies of valour, but has the worst of it, and is killed by a thrust of the frightful leaden sword; upon which the victor, being no doubt alarmed at the extent of his success, and probably having the fear of the police before his eyes, makes off with great celerity through a side-door.

The two ladies, left alone, now attempt a fresh dive at the crumbs; but this irregular proceeding being stopped by a rap of the staff, they both scuttle off through the side-door aforesaid, and quickly return with the coroner; who marches gravely up to the corpse, feels his pulse, shakes his head, and draws from his pocket a paper stating that the dead man is really and truly dead, and may be buried, which paper he delivers to the afflicted ladies. This respectable functionary is now about to withdraw; but the crumbs are too great a temptation, and he begins an exulting nibble, in which the ladies join. But the manager's stick comes down heavily upon the floor, and the three delinquents spring to their hind-legs, and disappear.

The ladies speedily return, however, pushing before them a coffin, placed on wheels for their especial convenience; and the deceased, wishing no doubt to spare them the trouble of lifting him, gallantly jumps into it of his own accord, and the ladies draw a pall snugly over their unfortunate favourite.

The little door now opens again, and in comes a procession of twelve other rats, attired as priests, in gown and surplice, bearing a crucifix and lighted tapers. They march solemnly towards the bier; but being too sensible to the seductions of the cheese-parings, they throw themselves upon them on all fours, dropping the tapers. Of course they are joined instantaneously by the ladies. The dead man, too, hearing the clattering and pattering, and guessing what is going on, puts his sharp nozzle out from under the pall, and seeing the fun, springs out of the coffin and joins in the interlude.

The delight and merriment of the audience at this comical *mêlée* know no bounds; they clap and cheer, and call to the rats, encouraging them to make the most of the chance. But the tall manager is furious at seeing the most striking "situation" in the piece on the point of falling through owing to the greediness of his *troupe* (who certainly do seem to be remarkably hungry), and he raps a series of such menacing blows on the floor, that the actors scramble up into an erect position, and resume their respective parts. The defunct, having stretched himself at full length upon the ground, is lifted up with infinite labour by the two ladies, who place him in the coffin, and once more cover him with the pall. The priests pick up their extinguished torches as well as themselves, and take their places about the bier, followed by the two ladies; the melancholy procession makes its way slowly across the stage, and the curtain drops amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

It would be impossible to describe the amazement and delight with which the juveniles present have followed this novel exhibition. They have been laughing and clapping, and keeping up a running commentary of audible remark, all through the piece, varied with shouts of sympathetic

approbation whenever the hungry little actors have made a dive after the overthrown provender upon the floor. And now that the show is over, a curly-headed little girl, with no doubt a fellow-feeling for their appetite, takes a biscuit from her pocket, and begs the manager to let her give it to the little animals. But this donation the Swedo utterly declines, informing the child that the spareness of the diet to which they are restricted is the principal means he employs in their training.

The docility of these animals, and the zeal and precision with which, when not under the distracting influence of the cheese-parings, they go through their performances, are really marvellous; and one cannot help wondering, after witnessing this curious sight, if such results can be obtained with creatures so unpromising as these, what might not be accomplished by patience and ingenuity in educating other and more manageable tribes of the creation.

WHAT THE ENGINEERS ARE DOING FOR US.

THE Report of the Annual General Meeting of the Civil Engineers gives us much subject for thought. It is the epitome of the great and special work of this our nation, dealing with the earth's surface and interior to make it more and more a perfect abode for man, according to the fiat of the Creator read rightly—not by the mere "sweat of the brow," but of the brain within the brow. Sure as the instincts of the bee or beaver is the English instinct that goes forth over all the world for the material work of civilisation, and which, looking at the great things, too frequently neglects the small; that makes railways, and spans the globe with lightning girdles, and yet fails to cleanse its own cities; that brings Pentland Firth within twenty-four hours of the Lizard, and leaves streets impassable with over-traffic in the very heart of the world's busiest pulse of commerce.

The network of railways begins to cover India, and transform dead matter into moving; and day by day grows clearer the process that will shut out the sea altogether from the "overland route," save the small ferries at Dover and the Eurasiatic Strait—and even that will be spanned by a floating bridge. The navigation of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf is but a temporary expedient till the railway gets made that will ultimately stretch from Scutari to Aleppo and Bagdad, through Persia to Beloochistan and the Indus. The cloud now over Persia is but the forerunner of a new era, in which civilisation will dawn for her also.

Sir Macdonald Stephenson has been knighted, like the Indian merchant with the unpronounceable name, for working at Indian progress—the one by practical railway-teaching, the other by school-teaching; and, *pari passu*, appears an O'Shaughnessy, also knighted for conveying the winged lightning over 4000 miles of jungle, plain, river, and mountain. All these are clear gains to humanity more than war-trophies. Albeit, they too are part of the work man has to do, and do well, in working out his redemption from the Slough of Despond. And Robert Stephenson and his coadjutor, Mr. James Berkley, are vanquishing the difficulties of the Bombay Ghauts, to bring cotton from Berar, and add another link to the strong chain which will pull down the fabric of American and other slavery; and this same railway will ultimately convey machinery to the cotton district, to make webs of cloth by better processes than of old; and relieving Lancashire from an exotic trade, will give her in lieu of it an indigenous trade in machinery.

In the old tradition, Hannibal is said to have broken passes through the Alps with fire and vinegar. A more powerful man than Hannibal, Thomas Brassey, is now about to bore a tunnel through them by means of machinery, not for the transit of warriors, but of commerce. This is one of the men of whom England has reason to be proud,—a man in his own right,—whose huge capital has been accumulated without altering the character of manhood in him, and by

processes attaching more warmly to him all those by whose aid and help he works. Some men are born gentlemen; and circumstances cannot change them, whether of wealth or poverty.

And so our countryman will make a tunnel through the Alps. Europe is not yet at peace; and if Franco and Italy chance to be on different sides, it will be a curious speculation whether the monster guns of future warfare will assail each other from opposite ends of this tunnel.

But it is quite a possible thing to scale lofty mountains with steam locomotives. A zigzag traverse can gradually surmount a nearly perpendicular wall. The objection to the Diligence in this operation is, that it has to turn sharp corners. But with the locomotive, alternately pulling along one traverse and pushing along the next, there is no difficulty whatever, but simply an increase—or loss of time. The only objection would be the snows of winter.

America and Europe will ere long be connected by the lightning wire. Will the diplomatists quarrel by this cable; or, in case of the absurdity of war, will either side cut the connection? Possibly ere that time comes, however, ingenuity will have devised greatly improved methods.

We have had written the romance of war, the romance of history, and of many other departments of human life; but the romance of engineering has never yet been written, though Charles Dickens is hovering round the outskirts in Daniel Doyce. Few professions would afford so much of romance and adventure in the present day. Engineers are the true discoverers—the Cooks and Dampiers and Byrons and Perceuses of modern time. Think of a voyage of discovery through the heart of the Alps; saying nothing of the *Marino Nautilus*, by which a diver rises and falls at pleasure, hooks his machine on to many tons of rock or sunken treasure, lifts it, as it were, in his talons, and floats it about to any locality he may choose. This *Nautilus* owes its birth to our Yankee cousins. When the inventors wished to get up a company, they had to explain it to certain rich "oneyers" and moneyers of New York. This machine, of boiler-plate, was divided internally, like an orange, into cells. In some of these cells air was concentrated with a pressure of 200 lbs per square inch, forced in by a pump. The York moneyers descended, with the inventor in the machine. It went down rapidly,—possibly with the weight of the heavy capitalists,—and stuck in the mud so forcibly that it would not rise when the air was expended from the cells into the main body. One capitalist said his prayers, another began to make his will, a third began to cry, and a fourth to laugh hysterically. Meanwhile the inventor-engineer told them to hold on, and they would be all right. Making the signal, the air-pumps above were set to work, and the pressure increased; and the lungs of the moneyers began to fill with denser air, gradually increasing. The compressed air at last began to ooze beneath the edge of the *Nautilus* shell; while the engineer watched the movement of the mud, and held the valve of entrance and the valve of escape in either hand to moderate the pressure. But with all his care, the machine suddenly escaped, and went up like a rocket to the top of the water; then partly filled, and descended again, making two or three oscillations before attaining a state of rest. The moneyers were veritable "Yellow Yorkers" when they made their escape.

This machine is intended to raise sunken treasure, and lay heavy stones in under-water building. And more curious still, the compressed air is made to act as a power to drive a boring-bit, passing through the side of the machine, to bore holes in sunken vessels. It is understood that one will shortly be at work in this country.

The secretary of the Institution, after seventeen years of service, has resigned his office. He also is amongst the *emeriti*. A son of the famous Captain Manby—the Aaron Manby, who first threw ropes from mortars over vessels struck on rocks or stranded on heavy surf, to save sailors' lives. In 1820 he built for his father the first iron vessel—called the *Aaron Manby*—that ever went to sea, to carry a

cargo from London to Paris direct. He put together in the same year the first pair of modern oscillating cylinder-engines at Dublin for Mr. Charles Wyo Williams, the engineer so well known for his treatises on Smoke Consumption. He was not a mere delineator of shapes on paper; but could use his hands deftly with the file and chipping-hammer and chisel and the lathe; and worked at the West-India-Dock bridge and building ironwork under the Rennie, and also under Telford. He subsequently introduced the manufacture of iron on the large scale in France, and was also the earliest maker of engines at Creusot and Charenton; was in the French service, and had charge, as official engineer, of the Royal Manufactory of Tobacco,—a Government monopoly,—and erected the extensive machinery therein. Subsequently he was a partner in the Beaufort Ironworks in South Wales, and introduced there the hot blast.

And now, on leaving the Institution, he does not sit down to repose, but takes the office held by the late Mr. Starbuck,—agent to the firm of Robert Stephenson and Co., the iron lords of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,—bearing with him the goodwill and approval of the great engineering corps that has raised up our land and people to be the physical leaders of nations, the pioneers of the ultimate empire of mind.

It is this indomitable perseverance, this incessant work, this spirit of the old Vikings, that constitutes English valour—emphatically *worth*—the value—virtues or manhood—courage or heart-do, and has rendered our land renowned in past ages, and shows the path to a yet greater future. So

"On you, noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof."

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE THAT IS BORN TO BE HANGED WILL NEVER BE DROWNED. "He may dance on the river," says an Italian proverb,—*Chi ha da morir di forza può ballar sul fiume*; for "The water will ne'er waur the woodie" (Scotch), i. e. the water will never defraud the gallows of its due.—James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, says, that a neighbour of his "was so fully persuaded of the truth of these two, that he found perfect comfort in them in a great storm which had made him dreadfully afraid. On seeing in the ship a graceless rake, whom he supposed destined to another sort of death, he cried out, 'O Samuel, are you here? Why, then we are all safe;' and with these words he dismissed his fears." No doubt he prayed, in the words of another Scottish proverb, "Woodie, haud thine ain,"—Gallows, hold thine own. The Danes say, "He that is to be hanged will never be drowned, unless the water goes over the gallows,"—*Han drukner ikke som henge skal, uden vandet gaar over galgen*. Such punctilious accuracy in fixing the limits of the proposition considerably enhances its grim humour. There is a fine touch of ghastly horror in its Dutch equivalent: "What belongs to the raven does not drown,"—*Wat den raven toebehoort verdrinkt niet*. The platform on which criminals were executed and gibbeted was called, in the picturesque language of the middle ages, the *Ravenstone*.

TO BUY A PIG IN A POKE.—A "poko" is a pouch or bag, and corresponds to the French word *poché*, as "pocket" does to the diminutive *pochette*. *Bouge* and *hougette* are other forms of the same word; and from these we get "budget," which curiously enough has gone back from us to its original owners with a newly-acquired meaning; for the French Minister of Finance makes up his annual budget like our own Chancellor of the Exchequer. The French say, *Acheter chat en poche*,—To buy a cat in a poke or gamo-bag. And the meaning of the proverb is explained by this other one, *Acheter le chat pour le lièvre*,—To buy a cat for a hare. So also the Dutch, *Een kat on een zag koop*; the Italians, *Non comprar gatta in sacco*, &c. The pig of the English proverb is chosen for the sake of the alliteration at some sacrifice of sense.

W. K. KELLY.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VI.

THE captain did not remain long after the arrival of his relative; but there is reason to believe that, true to the interests of his wife, he had flirted hard, and made considerable way in the course of his visit. For though at first our Georgiana looked a little ashamed of being thus discovered by Mrs. Parker in an evident endeavour to entrap her brilliant cousin, she soon rallied; and after his departure, enlisted him in a very frank manner. This enraged the matron, who nevertheless might reasonably have been more afraid of defeat had Georgy arrived at years of discretion to pretend to find fault with what she admired.

A discerning reader—and we desire none other—will of course comprehend what kind of game Mrs. Parker came to play in Charlotte Street. The same intelligent person will probably conjecture that the simple manoeuvre which at once turned the flank of poor Mr. Herbert Disney was defeated in the attack upon Miss Latrobe, by reason of the reserve Fusilier force. The case was so; but Mrs. Parker certainly aided her own discomfiture by losing her temper. She seemed to feel that she had been a sort of patroness to Georgiana; and though the advice and talents and spirit of the latter had doubtless been useful in promoting the success of Mrs. Parker's party, still she, Maria Parker, of Pimlico, widow, was the hostess. She provided the house and the furniture and the music and the supper; and these things go a long way in material minds towards making up the idea of a party. Consequently, she felt that Georgiana, in acting contrary to her wishes, was really violating the laws of hospitality; and Mrs. Parker's conversation rather tended to impart the impression than to conceal it. Now Georgiana was by no means inclined to take this view of the subject, and was perfectly able, and far from disinclined, to marshal certain facts of her own on the other side of the question. The principal of these were, that she had been very happy to introduce to Mrs. Parker nice people whom Mrs. Parker might have had difficulty in meeting elsewhere; that Captain Llewellyn was almost the only exception in Mrs. Parker's favour, and that really she, Miss Latrobe, had no idea that even he was so very great and grand a person that he was not to be treated like other gentlemen; that the daughter of a distinguished officer could scarcely consider herself flattered by any body's notice; that she had not invited the captain to call, whatever her mamma might have done, and that as certainly she had no intention of avoiding him; that it was generally held in society that, having been introduced to any body in a good house, you had a right to know him afterwards if you pleased, without consulting the original introducer; that Captain Llewellyn's attentions were the most ordinary courtesies; and much more to the same effect, delivered with rather a pretty flush, which it is charitable to conceive might have been a blush at the hypocrisy of the wearer.

But when Mrs. Parker, recovering from the effect of the highly superior tone with which her remonstrances had been received, ventured her appeal to Miss Georgiana's feelings, and insinuated that in encouraging the attentions of Captain Llewellyn she was lacerating another heart to which she owed better treatment, Georgiana, as became her sex, waxed more indignant in proportion, of course, as she was more in the wrong. She was utterly unaware that she had given Mr. Disney, or any one on his behalf (this in marked italics, we assure you), the right to make the slightest allusion to such a supposed state of affairs. If such arguments were to be used, it would be best to speak to her mamma, from whom she had no secrets—(an audacious little story-teller)—and who would make a proper answer in her name. If Mrs. Parker had been kind enough to say at once that she had been requested to be Mr. Herbert Disney's envoy, Georgiana

could, she said, have spared her a good deal of trouble. She hoped to hear no more upon so ridiculous a subject; and added, that if any thing could induce her to encourage visits or attentions from Captain Llewellyn, it would be the desire to give the most complete refutation to such ideas as those of Mrs. Parker, which, for aught Georgiana knew, might have been formed elsewhere, and ought to be put down at once. Let it be added, that Georgiana never thought of crying throughout the interview; and this impressed Mrs. Parker with a very unfavourable belief as to the goodness of her ex-favourite's heart. Some people think that fluent tears indicate deep feelings, despite the anatomical proof that the case is the other way. Georgy was all wrong in what she was doing; but she was too honest a girl to cry when there was nothing to cry about.

Bref, Mrs. Parker was not only personally routed with great slaughter by our little heroine, but her plan for preparing Georgiana to receive Mr. Herbert Disney in an affectionate manner was pushed out of possibility. She had brought the flush upon Georgy's cheek, and the fire into her eye, and the curl upon her lip; and it required more cunning treatment than any for which the good woman of Pimlico had brain (or, for that matter, temper, just then) to tone down those symptoms, and make Miss Latrobe listen to a love-story. We have known women who could have done it, and spread the oil the more triumphantly that the waves had been lashed up *d'abord*; but Maria Parker, widow, was none of these. Had she been one of them, this story would never have been written.

So she let off some scolding, which,—having passed certain early years of her life in that class of society in which scolding is practised,—she discharged with some precision of aim and continuity of fire. Upon a person of her own *metier* the bombardment would have told. At least it must have brought out the artillery practice on the other side; and then the two vulgararians, having "rowed" one another heartily, would have cried, embraced, and sworn repentant and eternal friendship, not without libation. But here it was stone-wall against wooden ship. Georgiana was too high bred to feel any thing but contempt for this kind of attack. As Mrs. Parker heated, Miss Latrobe cooled; and a final volley, with which the matron intended to end the strife, only produced a very sweet smile and an expression of regret that they thought so differently upon a subject which was really of very little importance. And then Mrs. Parker retreated; and her carriage by no means bore to Pimlico the she-conqueror who had intended to return thither in triumph. Flushed with her easy victory over an unsuspecting young man, she had given careless battle to a young woman rendered vigilant by the consciousness of wrong, and had been defeated.

Now was the time to show her genius. Now was the moment for intellect to convert discomfiture into victory. Now was the time to save her Fusilier from the haughty girl who had avowed that she would encourage him to his ruin. Alas, Maria Parker had no genius! All that occurred to her was a wretched precautionary measure. She wrote a note to Herbert Disney, desiring him not to call upon Georgiana until written to again. And like all such wretched measures, it failed, as it deserved to do. Mrs. Parker desired her servant to post it immediately; but as it did not happen to suit that gentleman to do so, he merely informed her that he had posted it in five minutes from receiving it. In the course of the evening, however, he did send it to the post by a tradesman who called; and eventually it found its way to Soho Square at an hour when it by no means pleased the wheezy old portress to go all the way upstairs with it, and therefore it went upon a dresser downstairs. It was mislaid for three days, when it was really too greasy to be carried up to a gentleman; so it was read and burned, like numbers of other unfortunate letters, whose useless life begins on a perfumed and velvety desk, and ends in a dirty fireplace.

Not having received the warning, therefore, and arising in the morning in the same state of mind to which Mrs.



THE SWING. BY P. GOODALL, A.R.A.

Parker had consigned him, Herbert Disney concocted a few pretty speeches, to be used as occasion might require; and having got through those hours of the day in which civilised beings are invisible to one another, presented himself in Charlotte Street, with sentiments half-tender, half-triumphant, inspiring his artistic nature. He really was a gentleman, as you know; and he had resolved to be very good and very delicate, and to take the earliest opportunity of showing that he considered himself in the wrong, and then he meant to be so grateful for Georgiana's kindness. It even crossed his mind (and you, who do not believe it, may laugh if you like, but you have never been in his place) that at some crisis of the dialogue she might burst into tears upon the left lapel of his surtout,—the left, because he had settled where he would sit, and therefore that side would be her natural place; and so he removed an elegant little flower, which he had pinned into a button-hole on that side, to the other, in order that it might not be in the way. He was not a great artist then; but a great artist is known in trifles, saith the wisdom of the sage.

I propose to draw a veil once more over a distressing interview. In the first place, Georgiana received him with perfect coolness; in the next, she showed him no kindness whatever; in the third, she did not shed one single tear. As for her head coming near the lapel of his coat, the nearest approach she made to touching him was the coldest surrender of her fingers to his hand when he entered; and when he left, she managed to have her hands full of something,—an album, or some such device,—which prevented her doing more than bow him out. All that passed between them might "have been proclaimed at Charing Cross," and would have excited about as much attention as the last Chartist insurrection in that locality. Nay, Herbert could not even succeed in occupying the seat in which he had imagined himself pouring out his penitence; he could not do so for the very simple reason that it was occupied, when he came and when he left, by Charles Llewellyn of the Fusiliers.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

We have lately declared war against Persia, and there is a natural desire on the part of the public to know what it is all about. To say simply that it is about Herat would be to impart a mere grain of information. To add that we declare war against the Shah of Persia (Sophy our grandmothers would have styled him) because he sent an army against Herat, and sat down before it, and laid siege to it, and took it, in violation of a solemn promise made to Sir Justin Shiel in 1853, would be only to give a kind of technical description of the formal cause of war. What and where is Herat, that its destiny should in the least concern us? Nor are we much advanced in knowledge when we learn that Herat is a strong place, lying between Persia and Afghanistan; that it has for years been in a state of semi-independence, both of the barbarian who rules at Teheran, and the barbarian who rules at Cabool; but that both the ruler of the Persian people and the chief of the Afghan tribes covet the possession of Herat. What is that to us? Why should we prick up our ears because a town in Central Asia is intrigued and fought for by the greedy Persian and the savage Afghan? Take a step further. East of the frontier of the savage Afghan is the mighty empire ruled by a handful of more or less cultivated Britons. North-west of the frontier of the greedy Persian are the frontiers of a country ruled by the more or less cultivated Russians. Herat lies between Persia and Afghanistan; but Afghanistan and Persia lie between Russia on the Araxes, the Caspian, and the Attruck, and England on the Indus. If you were a Russian Alexander, gentle reader, and wanted to invade India, you would march

through Persia to Herat, and from Herat through Afghanistan to the Punjab. We are, therefore, in connection with Russia not only by the Baltic and the Black Sea. By those lines we go to her. If she desire to touch us, since she cannot do it by sea and must do it by land, her route lies through Herat. There is a direct line to the Indus from Moscow; thus, by the Volga and the Caspian to Asterabad, and thence through Herat and Cabool; and in this itinerary Herat is not the least important stage, especially for an army on the march. It is a resting-place; it might be made a *dépôt*, in fact a military caravanserai—the half-way house for an army invading India from the north-west. Herat is called the “pearl of the world” by the Orientals. It is in reality a filthy place; but it is encircled by a luxuriant girdle of vegetation, and it owes its importance to the remarkable fertility of the surrounding soil, and the freshness of its oases.

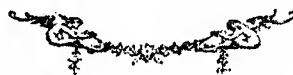
“The broad valley,” says a recent writer on Persia, “through which the river Herind flows—whose waters are absorbed by the sands of the Turanian desert without one drop reaching the sea—is covered with the most lovely fruit and flower gardens, vineyards, fields of grain, groves of beech, and villages; whilst crystal springs and babbling fountains rise out of the verdant soil. In the opinion of the Orientals, the waters of this valley surpass in purity, coolness, and refreshing qualities, all the other springs of Asia, excepting those of Cashmere. The climate is temperate, and only such kind of fruit thrives there as is indigenous in the cooler zones. The palm and the sugarcane, the orange and lemon groves of a warmer clime, are completely wanting. . . . The great high-road from Persia through Herat, Candahar, Ghuznee, to Cabool, extends a distance of eighty-five geographical miles, and offers no where any difficulties to an army. A caravan traverses the distance from Herat to Cabool in from thirty to forty days, and a body of well-mounted riders can, by forced marches, do it in eleven days.”

Perhaps it is not now quite so intelligible why we should take an interest in Herat. But we are still on the surface of things. To come at the real reason of our interference we must go deeper. We must understand why England is not content that Persia should hold the key of the gate that bars the road to British India. The reason is very simple. From the days of Peter the Great, Russia has, Janus-like, looked as steadfastly eastward with one face as she has looked westward with the other. In the days of Peter the Great, Russian ships took possession of the Caspian, and Russian troops occupied posts in the maritime provinces of Persia. But when Nadir Shah appeared on the scene, he cleared Persia of her enemies with a word; and it remained for the Emperor Nicholas to establish Russia solidly south of the Caucasus, to secure her supremacy on the Caspian, and to carry her frontier to the river Araxes. That astute emperor showed a “moderation” in the hour of victory similar to that he showed a little later in regard to Turkey: he gave up provinces, but he retained important and commanding positions. After the peace of 1828, Persia—and he knew it—was at his mercy. There are only two obstacles that hinder Russia from marching to the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, says Baron Moxthansen,—“England, and the mountaineers of the Caucasus.” That sentence explains the moderation of Nicholas. He did not wish to alarm England by taking too much, and exposing too flagrantly the hold he had on Persia. He aimed at obtaining a character for moderation, and he hit his mark; but he had nevertheless firmly established a moral as well as physical supremacy at Teheran; and knowing that he was more dreaded than the English, he rather reserved than used his power. When Sir John Malcolm was at Rheims, in 1825, Soult told him that when Napoleon marched against Russia “it was still England that was his object: and all means that Russia could furnish, had that expedition succeeded, would have been turned against India.” And we may say, that when Nicholas marched against Persia, England was his object, and that all the resources his conquests furnished were intended to be used against India. But Russian policy is more wily than that of Napoleon. Russia can afford to wait, because she is not a man, but a system. At any favourable moment, Russia could compel Persia to her views,

either openly or secretly; and when she does so she will use the resources of Persia against India. Thus Russia might instigate Persia to provoke a war with England, and then, as circumstances dictate, she might either step in to mediate, or, without coming to blows with England, she might occupy what she covets greatly,—the province of Asterabad, with its fine bay on the Caspian; and having once got possession, keep possession.

The reader may think that we have wandered from the point. Nothing of the sort. Our sole interest in the fate of Herat arises from the weakness of Persia. If Persia permanently hold Herat, St. Petersburg would be virtually at the gate of India. The Russian agent who accompanied the Persian expedition to Herat in 1838, told the Afghan Ameer, Dost Mahomed, that his master wanted to make a “road to the English.” It is not merely the indirect possession of Herat by a power able to control the destinies of Persia that we have to dread; the danger to England would lie in allowing this fine province to lapse into the hands of a power like Russia, so unscrupulous, so able in intrigue, so capable of exciting disaffection in India, and making Herat the headquarters of the disaffected.

In making war against Persia “about Herat” we are really making war against Russia. This raises very large questions. More than one modern political seer has fixed on Persia as the theatre wherein the only two great powers in Central Asia—Russia and England—will fight for supremacy. It is the interest of both to defer the deadly drama as long as possible. It is our interest especially to avoid any combat with Russia on the plains of Central Asia; it is clearly her interest to attract us thither; and for this reason it is that she excites Persia to the commission of acts that cannot fail to draw forth the hostility of England; whereby Russia serves two purposes,—she weakens Persia, and embroils her with her truest friend, England. We are thus placed in the false position of destroying that very power whose “independence and respectability,” to use the words of Sir John Malcolm, sound policy dictates that we should uphold. By their blunders in dealing with Persia, British statesmen have thus, unwillingly and unwittingly, played into the hand of Russia. Happily it is not given to mortals to foresee the future; but clearly, whether *this* war be or be not the beginning of a great struggle, England must prepare one day to meet the Muscovite, perhaps on the Indus, unless he can be crippled by a fatal blow nearer home; unless, for instance, Poland were revived, and Scandinavia reconstituted.



QUI HY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF “A SUBALTERN’S STORY.”

WHAT, in the name of goodness, is the meaning of Qui hy? Is it the title of a book, like *Dred*; or of a new perfume, like *Frangipanni*? Does it mean something to eat, or is it the eccentric signature of some disconsolate individual advertising in the second column of the *Times*? Is it Hebrew, Russian, or High Dutch? Not to tax the inquisitive powers of the reader any farther, it is neither; it is Hindoostanee, and means in the vernacular, “Who waits?”

To a man constitutionally lazy, India is a paradise of passive enjoyment, and his thatched bungalow becomes a perfect Castle of Indolence. If, on the other hand, he is naturally brisk and bustling, he soon succumbs to the force of circumstances; his sturdy resolutions to battle against the enervating influences that surround him gradually melt like snow before the heat of the climate; and prudently acting on the principle of doing at Rome as the other inhabitants of the Eternal City, he conforms like a sensible man to the customs of the country, in which he is an exotic, and subsides into the helpless state of dependence natural to his

position as a native of the temperate zone transplanted to the tropics.

Laziness, like other bad habits, is easily acquired; and the Englishman in India need never do any thing for himself but eat, drink, and sleep. Has he dropped a book, does he want his legs lifted on to a chair, or a handkerchief drawn from his pocket, or a fly frightened off his nose,—he has only to drawl out in languid Hindoostance the exclamation that forms the title of this article, and, before the words have ceased to echo in his lofty apartment, a snow-clad slave glides silently in from the veranda, and raises the prostrate volume, places the weary limbs in a recumbent position, draws forth the cambric *mouchoir*, drives away the offending insect, and vanishes as silently as he came, without causing the Great Mogul, his master, more physical exertion than the expenditure of the necessary amount of breath to make his sublimity's requirements known.

We are not sufficiently conversant with the domestic habits of the English aristocracy to speak with any certainty on the subject, but we imagine that a noble duke in this country generally shaves himself, and that even the prime minister of England pulls on his own Wellingtons. They manage these things better in India. If the Grand Signior, rolling comfortably on a sofa in slippers dishabille, wishes to "cat the air," he signifies his sovereign will and pleasure to his retainers. One dusky vassal tenderly seizes the sahib's right foot, another softly takes possession of his left, and before his highness can utter the name of that mythical personage, Jack Robinson, he is booted, and spurred if necessary, without so much as moving a little finger in the transaction, or even taking his eyes from the book he is reading.

As for shaving, a panting Anglo-Indian possesses neither moral nor physical energy sufficient for such a fatiguing operation. An "artist in hair" is introduced, who prostrates himself before his excellency, seizes him respectfully by the nose, and in half-a-minute leaves him with chin "new reaped," and "showing like stubble-land at harvest-home."

Bell-ringing is still in its infancy in this luxurious but semi-civilised country; and shouting "Qui hy?" is such a recognised substitute for the English custom of "touching the bell," that the term, as every body knows, or as every body ought to know, when we can get from Southampton to Bombay in a month, has become the generic *nom de guerre* for such of the Company's servants as are doomed for their sins to vegetate in that part of its dominions where the expression is made use of, viz. Bengal, the north-west provinces, the Punjab, and I suppose Cashmere, when we can discover some plausible pretext for taking possession of it.

For the benefit of the uninitiated in such matters, we may as well say that those vegetables which flourish at Madras are called Mulls—not in the Eton or Caledonian sense, as failures or snuffboxes—but from their, we must confess, very pardonable partiality for mullagatawny soup, in the artistic concoction of which savoury and stimulating compound they are unrivalled; while their brethren on the Bombay side rejoice in the *sobriquet* of "Duck"—not of the web-footed species so pleasantly associated in our imagination with green peas,—nor is the expression used as a term of endearment, as applied by a young lady to her bouquet,—but from a glutinous abomination of a fish-like nature, highly esteemed as a delicacy by gourmands in that part of the peninsula, and called a Bombay duck; which, when dried, grilled, and taken in connection with bread-and-butter, eats uncommonly "short," and has very much the flavour of burnt quills.

But leaving the Ducks and Mulls to enjoy their fish and soups by themselves, let us return to the Qui hys, who lead a much more luxurious life, in some respects, than their fellow-exiles in the other presidencies. The poorest subaltern in Bengal is obliged to keep on his establishment nearly a dozen servants; whereas in Madras or Bombay half that number would be sufficient. Each domestic has his own peculiar department—he runs, as it were, in a groove, and

no inducement will persuade him to undertake a duty out of his own particular line. The man who pulls on your socks will refuse to hand you a cup of tea; and the barber who cuts your hair considers it *infra dig.* to sweep away the locks he has severed. Luckily for the subaltern, wages are low, and his own pay high; so that he can afford to live like a gentleman, and support a small army of retainers besides, all of whom, in their respective grooves, are obedient to his slightest nod, when summoned to his presence by the magical incantation "Qui hy?" We propose to pass before the reader a series of pen-and-ink sketches, illustrating the various functionaries that will be necessary to minister to their comforts, should their "kisanut," or fate, ever lead them to become sojourners in any of the northern provinces of Hindostan.

The first domestic, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall bring to your notice is the bearer or valet. His name is usually Gopant, or some other appellation of the azure-coloured Krishna; a deity celebrated in Hindoo mythology for his performance on the flute, and a fondness for practical jokes. The bearer is of good caste, and acts as your general major domo and confidential servant. Observe his clean and respectable appearance, and his lithe and bony figure. There is not an ounce of surplus flesh about him; and his legs are what *Punch* calls capital ones for top-boots: the Asiatic servant, who is a strict vegetarian, not being remarkable for the wondrous convexity of calf that so highly distinguishes the beefed British flunkey.

He is dressed in a light and airy costume, consisting of a white linen jacket open at the breast, and a salmon-coloured "dhotee," that falls in elegant festoons from the waist to the knee, and is a kind of compromise between the flowing petticoat of the Highlander and the baggy garments worn by the French Zouave. His turban is composed of innumerable folds of a white material artfully entwined, and when he goes out shopping in the bazaar, he puts his feet into a pair of clumsy canoes that make his polished mahogany legs look thinner than ever. In the house he is always barefooted, taking off his shoes on entering a room as we do our hats, and stealing about as noiselessly as a cat.

In a country where the currency is silver, and the weight of a shirt-collar an infliction, the European constitution is not equal to the fatigue of carrying a purse; so the bearer becomes your banker, and takes charge of the bag of rupees that constitutes your monthly "tullip." He pays all your bills, taking care to levy a recognised black mail, called "dustorce," from each creditor, and renders an account of his stewardship daily, if required. It is his duty to look after your wardrobe, and see that the necessary darning and fine-drawing is performed by your tailor. This fact may in some measure account for the comparatively small number of married men to be found in the country. Hear it, ye landresses of England, the Indian bachelor never knows what it is to be without a shirt-button! He is spared that fruitful source of misery that drives so many buttonless Benedicts at home to run in sheer desperation into the bonds of matrimony, as a kind of haven of refuge from the tortures inflicted upon them by remorseless washerwomen. In the matter of shirt-buttons, the most affectionate wife could not be more sedulously attentive than the careful Gopant. Each article of clothing constantly undergoes a rigorous scrutiny, and no incipient hole or microscopic fracture has the slightest chance of escaping his vigilant eye.

Day and night he is in the veranda, ready to minister to your slightest wish; and in times of sickness, Florence Nightingale herself could not be a more gentle or light-handed nurse. His pay is sixteen shillings a month; and it is good policy to wink at any little perquisites he may help himself to as a matter of right. If he plunders you on principle in a small way himself, he takes very good care that no one else shall; and you ought to be glad to compound for the security of your goods and chattels on such very liberal terms. He becomes, in fact, your insurance-office, and receives as a premium all your old clothes and boots. If you

only treat him well, he makes an honest, sober, and attentive servant; and many an old Bengalee at home, when he has to button his own boots, or pack his own portmanteau, would give a great deal to be able to shout "Qui hy?" and have it done by the slender-fingered black valet, whom he used formerly to thrash, and call "dog," "pig," and the other expressive but unpolite terms contained in the Hindoostanee vocabulary of abuse. Imagine the astonishment of an English footman at being called "the son of an owl," and kicked out of the room because, in pulling off his master's boots, he had pressed somewhat too heavily on a pet corn!

Having given a full-length portrait—from turban to canoes—of the domestic who does for you externally, I shall next call your attention to the Khidmutgar, or butler, who attends to the numerous wants of your inner man. He is a Mussulman, and wears long hair and a beard, in contradistinction to the bearer, who is a Hindoo, and shaves every thing but the moustache and a kind of a scalp-lock on the top of his head. He is dressed in loose trousers and a white dressing-gown, with a thick "comerbund," or sash, round the waist. On his head he wears a linen pancake, made up in the bazaar. In large establishments there is a head khidmutgar, who acts as caterer and housekeeper. He is called a Khansaman, and always possesses a flowing beard and a large corporation; enjoying the latter distinction in common with chief butlers in all parts of the world. He is usually stricken in years; and lines of silver in his capillary appendage give him a venerable and badger-like appearance. Under him are the common khidmutgars, who aspire, when they are sufficiently gray and short-winded, and he has succumbed to years and corpulence, to occupy his proud position.

Chief of the culinary department is a Bawachee, usually corrupted into "bobbachee," who, though not a khidmutgar, ought to be of the same caste. He is what is called in England a "good plain cook;" the Indian *cuisine* being of the old-fashioned table-groaning description, and more remarkable for quantity than quality. The bill of fare is usually copied from the English *carte*; but there are of course delicacies peculiar to the country, which, if they could be served up at Guildhall, would make an alderman's eyes twinkle with delight. The expatriated Briton, however, naturally sighs for the dishes of his youth; and stale importations from the mother-country, far-fetched and high-priced, and all the more valued for being dear, occupy the post of honour on every Indian mahogany. On all state occasions, the principal dish in connection with turkey is an immense English ham, crumbling to pieces from old age, preceded by tasteless salmon, mashed into atoms during long years of travel and shaking in air-tight cases, and supported by bad imitations of oyster-patties, made out of patriarchal natives with large beards, that were dragged from their beds some time in the reign of George III. and hermetically sealed up in tin canisters by the grandfathers of the present Messrs. Crosso and Blackwell.

But I am wandering from my subject, and trespassing in a department with which I have no business at present. To record the excellences of grain-fed mutton, roast kid, mango fish, kedgerce, Burdwan stews, jullans, kebabs, koofas, and the rest of the queer-named but tempting dainties enjoyed by the Indian epicure, would fill a cookery-book, and require the enthusiastic pen of Monsieur Soyot to do them justice. I am writing of men, not dishes. Let me return to the bobbachee.

If the above-mentioned illustrious *chef* were to travel to Bengal in search of professional novelty, or for the purpose of writing letters to the *Times*, describing the result of his researches in Oriental culinary science, he would be profoundly impressed with the primitive simplicity of the kitchen-range used by the native artists. He would also be a good deal horrified at the want of cleanliness so painfully apparent in a "bawachee khana;" and with visual and olfactory organs unpleasantly affected, would wish himself back again in the well-ordered kitchen of the Reform Club.

We decline to penetrate farther into the unsavoury mysteries of an Indian cook-house, and the reader ought to thank us for our forbearance.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;"

and, as the greatest novelist of the day says, when he has got a couple of characters to a pathetic dead lock, "we will drop the curtain, if you please, upon *that scene*."

In the same category, or "boiling," but lower down, comes the Mūsālchee—literally a torch-bearer, from *mūsāl*, a flambeau—who washes the dishes, scours the saucepans, cleans the knives, and does the rest of the dirty work that devolves in England upon Buttons or the scullery-maid. Ambition is of no colour or country; and, as the plump and pimply page hopes some day to shed his glittering jacket, and burst forth in all the glories of a livery-coat and plush breeches, so the grimy and semi-nude mūsālchee looks anxiously forward to that turn in the tide of his affairs that may lead him on to fortune, and permit him to assume the dressing-gown and pancake of the smart khidmutgar.

In a bachelor's *ménage* this last-named official is a kind of servant-of-all-work, who unites in his own person all the responsible offices enumerated above; and, considering that eating and drinking are the chief amusements in India, he may be said to fairly earn the four shillings a-week that constitute his wages. Like the bearer, he delights in high-sounding names, and is satisfied with nothing under *Hyder*, a lion, or *Meeza*, a mogul. He has charge of your silver, if you have any,—I am supposing the reader unmarried,—and takes care of your wine and beer; of which, as India is a thirsty country, you are pretty sure to have a large stock. There is no fear of his helping himself, as he has taken the pledge; but, like other teetotalers, he has a weakness for tea and sugar, to which, if you give him the chance, he will help himself as unsparingly as the landlady of a London lodging-house.

If he speaks English, he is sure to be a rogue, and you lose in respectability what you gain in convenience. There cannot be a better standard of his honesty than the degree of proficiency he has attained in Anglo-Saxon. The former will be found to decrease in an inverse ratio as the latter approaches perfection; and the better linguist the greater rascal may be considered an axiom peculiarly applicable to native servants in general, and khidmutgars in particular. The reason of this is, that they have in all probability picked up the accomplishment while in service as cook-boys to a Queen's regiment, where, in mastering the idiomatic difficulties of our expressive language, they have also acquired the habits of drinking, swearing, and a few other little foibles that usually follow in the train of conquest and civilisation. Otherwise the khidmutgar is a respectable Mahometan, and a hard-working servant. His duty commences at daybreak. Directly the morning-gun has thundered through the sleeping station the aggravating announcement that it is time to get up, he makes his appearance at your bedside with the cup that cheers; unless you are feverish—or foolish—enough to prefer the one that inebriates, in which case he supplies you with brandy and soda-water. He has then to get-ready your "chota hazare," or little breakfast, consisting of tea and toast, which, with a cheroot, you indulge in after your morning ride. This is a mere snack, an "unconsidered trifle," that serves as an excuse for a little gossip in your veranda with and about your acquaintances. In a couple of hours he is called on to prepare a more substantial meal, comprising fish, fowl, and, if not good rod-horring, perhaps a tin of sardines, or a pot of strawberry-jam. By two, you are ready for "tiffin," a dinner in all but the name; and then the khidmutgar has to tuck up his petticoats, and devote all his skill and energy to the preparation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, your "khana," which makes its appearance at seven o'clock. Should you happen to be invited out to the other end of the station, some three miles off, he girds up his loins, carefully wraps his full-dress turban in a handkerchief, that its glories may be veiled from

vulgar eyes, and with a natty little cap stuck on the side of his head, like a dragoon's,—for your khidmutgar is a bit of a dandy in his way,—trudges off to the bungalow of your entertainer; where, at the appointed hour, he appears behind your chair in a resplendent head-dress sparkling with gold, and ornamented in front with your crest cut in silver.

Do you wish for some particular *entrée*? he dashes furiously into the middle of half-a-dozen of his sable brethren, who are already at deadly strife over the coveted side-dish; and after a terrific combat, during which he, *sotto voce*, consigns them all, individually and collectively, to perdition, he triumphantly brings the wished-for delicacy to your side, panting meanwhile with his exertions, and glowing savagely from his dusky eyes at his late antagonists in the fray.

Are you athirst? he again plunges frantically into the furious *mélée*—for there are more servants than guests—and by main force wrenches the unopened bottle from some loss energetic attendant, casting at the same time the most cruel and unjust reflections on his opponent's nearest and dearest relatives, and victoriously replenishes your saucer-shaped glass with the creaming "simkin," which is the nearest approach to champagne his limited powers of pronunciation will admit of. Might is right on these festive occasions; and the man with the most unscrupulous khidmutgar is the best served at an Anglo-Indian dinner-table, particularly if it be at a mess where some thirty or forty sit down, and each officer has his own servant. When the impetuous Hyder has routed his adversaries, and all your wants, bibulous and otherwise, are temporarily supplied, he subsides into a quiescent state, and stands motionless behind your chair, where, with arms folded, he watches the movements of your knife and fork with the most intense interest. If you are dining in bachelors' society, as soon as the cloth is off the table he places your cheroot-case before you, and is seen no more. He retires to the offices, where he lights his own pipe, and, like other heroes, fights his battles of the dining-room over again. Exit Hyder the Lion.

Enter Dhoby. Washerwomen are unknown in India; the duties of those tea—to say nothing of gin—drinking females, who appear to live in pattens and black bouquets, stuck on their heads like hats, are performed by men, but on a very different principle; instead of being coaxed into cleanliness by the moral force of soap and hot-water, as applied by a London laundress, linen articles in India have it well beaten into them by dint of a sound thrashing. School-boys may be improved by this process, but not shirts; their delicate cambric constitutions are utterly ruined by such rough treatment, and a short course of flagellation soon renders them totally transparent. The operation is perfectly simple. A dhoby, or clothes-punisher, starts off to a neighbouring pond or river with a bundle of doomed haberdashery on his back. On arriving at the water's edge, he deliberately divests himself of the greater part of his extremely limited costume, and wades to a convenient rock previously placed there with malice aforethought, carrying with him half-a-dozen of his master's Eureka's. He then plunges the helpless garments into the water, and giving them a preliminary swing round his head, brings them down with all his force on the rock, uttering with the blow a noise like a paviour, only more vindictive, and sending showers of buttons flying about that fall into the water like rain. Should no suitable stone be at hand, a wooden stool is substituted, which answers his fell purpose equally well. It is quite heart-rending to see a row of these ruthless barbarians ranged in front of their altars on the banks of a river, immolating whole herds of calico and fine linen, and hear them grunting like so many pigs, as if with joy at the havoc they are causing. The result may be imagined. In putting on a nearly new shirt your hand goes through the back instead of into the sleeve, and your collars speedily assume that spiky saw-like edge which produces such an agreeable rawness about the exquisitely sensitive region termed by ornithologists the lower mandible. Consi-

dering, however, the drawerfuls of clean "things" emptied by a dissolving "Qui hy?" in the course of the day, he cannot grumble at the half-a-crown a week which, as dhoby's wages, constitutes the only item of his washing-bill; but it may be easily supposed by thrifty British matrons that this castigatory system of cleanliness is anything but economical, to say nothing of the wear and tear of temper at seeing one's stock of linen growing small by degrees and provokingly less under the vigorous thwacks of a muscular washerman. Ladies, I believe, establish a private laundry at home, under the superintendence of a female servant; as the flimsy articles used in their toilette, if subjected to the tender mercies of the dhoby, would be annihilated at one blow, and never be seen again.

As in the case of a railway accident a surgeon is always sent for to mend and patch up the fractured heads and limbs of the unfortunate passengers, so in an Indian establishment it becomes necessary to keep a Dhorzy, or tailor, for the purpose of repairing the ravages made in your wardrobe by the necessary evil we have just described. This official, who may be recognised by his red turban, assumes the same uncomfortable cross-legged position on the floor as members of the fraternity in England do on their shop-boards; and what with making and mending gentlemen's coats, ladies' dresses, and children's frocks, the family tailor has plenty to do. Selfish bachelors, who have only to "find themselves," and know not the joys of millinery and baby-linen, employ a dhorzy by the day or job; but in the veranda of the married man he is a fixture.

Proceeding with our list, we next come to the Bhoostee, or water-carrier, whose name, literally "bihishtee," though possessing any thing but a heavenly sound to English ears, signifies in his own language an inhabitant of paradise, from *bihisht*, heaven; and certainly, in a land where water may be considered the staff of life, the dispenser of it becomes in some measure a ministering angel.

The greatest luxury a man can enjoy in India is a bath; and hydropathy, to a certain extent, and minus the wet sheets, is one of the most cherished institutions of the country. High and low, rich and poor, white, black, and copper-coloured, are continually dabbling in cold water. With the respectable native, the daily ablution, or "goosul," is a religious observance; to the European it acts as a kind of spur. It gives new life to the tired soldier after a dusty march or broiling field-day, and enables the fagged civilian to get through his daily drudgery in the reeking atmosphere of a crowded court-house. The Company's work would be but badly done, and its rule cease to be ascendant in Hindostan, if its numerous servants were not wound up and kept going by the electric shock communicated morning and evening to their jaded systems through the instrumentality of the bhoostee, who pursues his angelic vocation for the small sum of fourpence a-day.

By a people who carry wheelbarrows on their heads, a pump is, of course, an unappreciated invention; and all water is drawn by the hand, or a cumbrous arrangement of ropes, bullocks, wooden wheels, and earthen pots, imported from Persia about the time of Alexander the Great, which creaks and groans in the same feeble and melancholy way it did in the days of that greedy conqueror. When full, the "mud-buck," or skin, in which the bhoostee carries his precious load, has the appearance of a fat sheep that has been deprived of its head, legs, and tail, and tanned whole, without the wool. In this state of dropsical extension it is by no means an easy burden; and the dark-skinned Aquarius may be seen at all hours of the day, toiling from the well to the house, with his back at a right angle to the rest of his body, and his skinny legs, like black tobacco-pipes, apparently in momentary danger of snapping with the weight of his load. In addition to the duty of keeping his master's tub constantly replenished, he has to satisfy the incessant culinary demands of the bobbachee, and is at the beck and call of any member of the household requiring aquatic refreshment, internally or otherwise.

On a march he becomes a kind of peripatetic douchebath. A small bathing-tent is pitched, and the sahib takes his seat on a low stool. The bheestee, standing over him, loosens the mouth of his skin just where the head of the sheep has been cut off, and the whole contents of the "mud-buck" pour in a delicious shower over the couchant figure of his half-drowned lord and master.

The water-carrier is a follower of Mahomet, and his badge of office is a red apron.

The lowest menial in the domestic scale is the Mehtur, or sweeper, who acts as scavenger-in-ordinary to the establishment, assisted in his duties by dogs, kites, crows, and jackals. He is a man superior to all conventional distinctions of caste or character, who will eat any thing and stick at nothing. It is his duty to feed and exercise any dogs you may keep; and it is a good plan to see them eat their food every day, as otherwise the mehtur will in all probability convert it to his own use. In the native world he is considered a pariah; and he has a villainous hang-dog cast of countenance that enables him to look the character completely. If any article is missed from the house, in nine cases out of ten it may be traced to the mehtur; and he is so oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, that at the approach of his master he slinks abashed behind a tree, or round a corner, that his lordship's eyes may not be polluted by the sight of such an outcast. As he is not by any means an interesting individual, we will not dwell upon his character.

"No one, however," says Longfellow, "is so accursed by fate, but some heart responds unto his own;" in proof of which, the sweeper is usually a married man, and is doubtless considered by the sable partner of his hopes and fears a model of conjugal affection and propriety. His annual income is something under five pounds; upon which, and broken meat, he brings up a large brood of dusky little mehturs.

Leaving the house, we get to the stable. Every body in India keeps a horse, and each animal requires two men to wait upon him—a Syce, or groom; and a grass-cutter, whose name, supposed to be expressive of his vocation, is a pleasing fiction that leads one to imagine there are such things as meadows and green grass in India. Delusive hope! Every thing, except the corn and paddy fields, is drab, drab, drab—as Jetty Treffz used to sing, or something like it. The so-called grass-cutter, armed with a short spud, starts at sunrise for a neighbouring jungle, is away all day; and the result of his labour, which he brings back in the evening, is a bundle of dried roots, such as a gardener at home might amass in a day's weeding of his gravel-walks. This is given to the horse, more with a view of amusing him than any thing else, as none but a quadruped with green spectacles, or a lively imagination, could ever mistake for a heap of juicy grass the collection of green specimens before him. His principal food, in the absence of oats, is grain soaked in water, of which he gets three or four feeds a-day. This grain is a kind of pulse, or vetch, closely allied, we believe, to that miraculous prolonger of human life known in England as *Rovalenta Arabica*, except that it grows in fields the same as wheat, and not on trees like cocoa-nuts, as represented in the pictorial advertisements of that miraculous panacea. Of its beneficial effects on the health and digestion of Arabian and country-bred horses there can be no manner of doubt; and the philanthropic Dr. Du Barry is perfectly at liberty to place this grateful acknowledgment of its merits by the side of the eloquent testimonials of Lord Stuart de Decies and Maria Jolly.

Walking is an exercise never dreamt of by a Qui hy; and the syce must hold himself in readiness at all hours of the day or night to put a saddle on a horse, or bring the buggy to the door at a moment's notice, if his excellency only wishes to go a hundred yards. He has then to run alongside, heedless of pace or distance, so as to be ready to hold the horse on his master's arriving at his destination. On long journeys, he is sometimes allowed, as a great treat, to

sit for a minute or two on the step of the buggy. Though deficient in the commodity called in an English stable "olbow-grease," the syce is an attentive groom, and becomes much attached to the animal intrusted to his charge.

The value of shade and flowers in India can be easily imagined, and it is the object of every one's ambition to possess a garden. For this purpose a "Molly," or gardener, is necessary, whose business is to provide a basketful of flowers, fruit, and vegetables every morning. This is called a "dolly," and is always sent into the house for the Sahib's or Mem Sahib's inspection, that they may feast their eyes upon something cool and pleasant. Some people who have no garden keep a gardener, which, owing to a kind of free-masonry in the craft, answers the purpose equally well, if not better, as, it is a remarkable fact, they always have better bouquets and more delicious vegetables than their neighbours. The plan, however, can hardly be recommended on the score of honesty.

The rest of the servants do not need particular description, and may be "knocked down" in one lot. On the march a Klassee is necessary, who pitches your tent and makes himself generally useful. During the hot season you must engage a gang of coolies, whose duty is to keep your punkah going day and night. Should you go to the hills, as of course you will whenever you can, you will want seven or eight Pharees, or hill-men, to cut wood for you and carry your wife, if you've got one, in a kind of arm-chair slung upon poles, called a "jompou."

The only domestic we have omitted to notice is the Ayah. Being unfortunately of the rougher sex, and single, we cannot speak from experience of her professional abilities; but she has the reputation of being a clever handmaid and affectionate nurse. In her latter capacity, she exercises no sort of authority over the children in her charge, and teaches them a number of bad habits that no amount of education in England will entirely eradicate. Her personal appearance is any thing but prepossessing. In complexion, it is needless to say, she is a brunette of the darkest description. Her hair is coarse and her teeth red. The latter attraction she owes to an unpleasant custom she indulges in of chewing betel-nut. She is fond of silver ornaments, and wears them in her ears, and on her fingers, thumbs, toes, wrists, ankles, in fact, every where except her nose. She is always dressed in white and flowing garments, which, from her habit of continually squatting on the ground, have usually a dirty draggle-tail appearance. Her caste is generally nothing to speak of, and taken altogether she is by no means an estimable character. With this slight sketch of the Indian lady's-maid we close our portfolio. J. H. L.



YOUNG LADIES' WORK.

Nor potichomanie, nor wool-work, or bead-work, or *broderie Anglaise*, or any of the hundred-and-one devices popular among "young ladies," wherewith to suok up the priceless time as it flows by them, drop by drop, minute by minute,—of none of these do we profess to treat. Neither would we decoy any of them. Appropriate and valuable in their way, to fill up the gaps, and ornament the corners, in the fair building of a woman's daily life, they become trivial and absurd only when used as the chief fabric in the construction of the edifice. Plaster and gilding are desirable constituent materials in architecture; but a house built entirely or principally thereof would be but a crazy and ruinous dwelling, equally hazardous to live in and uncomely to behold.

"The young ladies" of well-to-do families form a class by themselves among women. Like the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin; and we may carry the analogy further still as regards their external array. No household cares come within their province; they are exempt from most of those anxieties which beset ordinary lives; and even the common womanly duties of daughter or sister come to them easily, smoothly, and pleasantly. Their "education" finished, what have they to do? They rise in the morning; they dally gracefully with the two or three hours ensuing; play over a now waltz; try a song; write two or three notes till it is time to assist their mamma to receive or to pay calls; drive out till dressing-time, &c.; and after dinner, evening engagements fill up the round of daily "duties." Does the conviction never strike them that a God-given life was meant for better and higher things than all this; that it is but a poor apprenticeship they are serving to the great and sacred calling of woman—the refiner, the consoler, the helper? Verily it is a proof of how much innate goodness and strength exist in woman, when we see the many that issue from such a life as we have described, on to the duties of wisdom and motherhood, and seem to acquire intuitively the needed fortitude and patience, thoughtfulness and self-denial. But how much trouble and failure, how much trial and vexation of spirit, might have been spared, if the previous education and way of life had been what they should have been, as all differing degrees and stages of life should be,—no mere indulgence of the present, but a preparation for a higher future!

Moreover, viewing the question from another side, there is so much work waiting to be done, needing workers, and crying aloud for them, that if we could excuse the idlers among us their sin against themselves, we should still find it hard to palliate their sins of omission against their fellow-creatures. How many poor children might be led into the way of good, or at least rescued from the dark evil of ignorance, if all the unemployed "young ladies" in London, for example, devoted two hours daily from their lavish store of time to teaching "one of these little ones!" Many a mother who would not suffer her children to go to a ragged school would gladly accept an offer of "teaching" from such a source. And the manner of instruction, too, in many ways would be more individually valuable to each child so taught than the commoner method. National and parish schools, grateful though we may be for them, rather extend over large surfaces than plumb to great depths. "Education," in the true sense, is seldom perfectly efficacious in crowds. One person's care and thought will do most in proportion, when occasionally bestowed on a few, where there is time to *individualise*, to become acquainted with each separate temperament and character, and to call into action between teacher and pupil the best and divinest aid of sympathy. With love and patience we may do much among every class of God's creatures; but it is not too bold a thing to say, that with them we may do *all* among little children.

Now all young ladies love children. In simple right of their womanhood, indeed, they cannot do else. Let them, then, prove their love to be no mere empty and frivolous matter of words and gestures, but something real and earnest enough to make them willing to *try* at least to do good to any representative of beautiful and holy Childhood who may come in their way, or to whom their influence can reach. Many of us know instances, very good and pleasant to think of, where that which we are suggesting is doing and has been doing; where "the young ladies" have freely and gladly given a portion of their time to the task of teaching one or two poor children of their neighbourhood. They have battled bravely with the difficulties that met them at the outset of their undertaking—(There are always difficulties to overcome in commencing a good work: they are as bracing breezes to strengthen and invigorate. Meet them as such.)—and they have quietly resisted many temptations to relinquish or to neglect the work they began. In return they receive many an unspoken benison from lookers-

on; much simple affection,—shy and awkward perhaps in expression, but none the less real,—from the children, and, better than all, the unconscious contentment and serenity of heart that only comes to those who, in some way or other, labour *not* for themselves.

Other work of the same order, though differing as circumstances differ, will readily suggest itself to the seeker. To visit the sick, read to the aged, perform little services for the helpless,—such small benefits as these you need by no means confine to "poor people." Among your own acquaintance, surely you know more than one invalid, not very rich perhaps either in money or friends, to whom an occasional visit would give gratification or comfort. True, they may be "disagreeable," sharp-tongued, gloomy, or uninteresting; but it is possible your sympathy might console, your liveliness might cheer them into something better. At least, consider that you pay many visits for your own pleasure; will you not yield half-an-hour occasionally, hoping to give pleasure to some one else?

But this is only one example of what may be done. Look round you, willing to see, and you will find no lack of opportunities for rendering kindness or help. Sometimes the occasion may be close to you, even in your own household; sometimes you may have to go "out of your way" to meet it. In any case, and for any contingency, be alert and ready. You have the best wealth—plenty of time at your disposal; and it is but the will which is wanting to turn that wealth into treasures, often more precious than those of gold or silver, inasmuch as they can be purchased with neither.

A BATH IN EVERY HOUSE.

The practice of bathing has existed from the earliest time, probably from the creation of man. It is one of those natural and healthy wants which barbarism and civilisation have both supplied, but in different ways. Before the influence of civilisation was felt, men were in the habit of plunging into rivers, streams, pools—any place, in fact, where water was to be found in sufficient quantity. No idea at this time existed as to the erection of an apparatus by which they might regulate the temperature to suit the health of the bather. There is every reason to believe that the discovery of hot springs led to heating water by artificial means, and to erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of visitors. Warm baths were first known to the Asiatics. From Asia the custom was introduced by colonists into Greece and Italy.

Homer mentions the use of warm baths in his time, although the bath in the house was not general even in the time of Hippocrates. During the early period of the republic, the Romans, after a hard day's labour, throw themselves into the Tiber to refresh their weary limbs; the luxury of vapour or hot-water baths was not then known to them. A great change, however, took place towards the decline of the republic, when no gymnasia was considered complete without a bath being attached to it. For splendour, the baths of the Romans greatly surpassed the ancient Greeks; the grandeur to be observed in the ruins that remain, especially in those of Titus, Paulus Aemilius, and Diocletian, are the best and most positive proofs of the luxury and magnificence of the Roman people. It is said that in Rome there were 856 baths; but the use of baths was not confined to the metropolis, and they were to be found in all the towns of Italy.

To trace the history of bathing through the middle ages down to the present time would take more space than we can afford for the subject, especially as we wish this paper to be of such a practical nature, that by adopting the means pointed out, a bath might be erected in every dwelling at a very insignificant cost. Our continental neighbours are much before us in the use and appliances of the bath.

"In England," says Dr. Clarke, "baths are considered only as articles of luxury; yet throughout the vast empire of Russia, through all Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Nor-

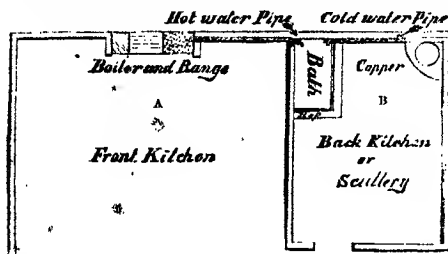
way, there is no cottage so poor, no hut so destitute, but it possesses its vapour-bath; in which all its inhabitants, every Saturday at least, and every day in cases of sickness, experience comfort and salubrity." After such testimony to the efficacy of the bath, we may use the words of Chaucor, and write—

"There is no more to say."

It should, then, we think, be a necessary consideration with every architect and builder to provide bathing accommodation in all new houses; this, it is true, is already done in the homes of the wealthy, where every facility for hot and cold bathing is always provided. Why may not this be done, at a less cost, for the middle and humbler classes?

A bath-room could easily be built, connected with the cistern for supplying water to the house, or at least it might have a pipe leading from it to supply cold-water. We would recommend the bath-room to be so arranged that a pipe from the ordinary boiler of the kitchen-range should provide it with hot-water when required. The copper, usually fixed in the back-kitchen, might be made to answer the same purpose.

In the dwellings of the poorer classes this could be done with ease, as shown in the accompanying plan. A is the



front-kitchen, showing fireplace, with boiler and range. B is the back-kitchen, showing the position of bath, which could be made of slate, and built of a sufficient height to enable its cover—a flap-lid—to serve as a table or dresser on ordinary occasions. In many houses a small bath-room could be constructed in the area, and supplied with water by the same means. If gas were more generally used, there would be even greater facility for practically carrying out the above suggestions.

The cost of fitting-up, in either of the ways suggested, is so very insignificant when compared to the benefit conferred, that a small addition to the annual rent would be ample compensation to the builder. We are not, therefore, without hope that as civilisation advances, no house will be considered complete without the bath finding in it a "local habitation."

THE "SPORTIVENESS" OF NATURE.

Those who love their home, and have, in addition, a nice garden wherein to make observations on the wonders of Nature, never need be subjected to *ennui*. Every day, every hour, brings with it unceasing novelty, and adds largely to the stores of useful and pleasing knowledge. It is not they who have travelled furthest that have learnt the most. Assuredly not.

It is in a private garden that the Sportiveness of Nature



HYBRID, BETWEEN THE GOLDFINCH AND GREENFINCH.

—the topic now before us—may be most readily perceived. Unchangeable in her fundamental laws which rule the universe, yet in her creations and particular fancies who more variable and whimsical than she? Look at the vast number of Insects that flit before us, and come under our eye at every turn. How humorously and exquisitely they are painted! On some, we observe an exact counterpart of the clouds of heaven; on others are represented flowing rivers, or the undulations of their waters. Numbers who has armed with coats of glittering mail, which reflect a lustre like that of burnished metals; in others, she playfully lights up the dazzling radiance of polished gems. Many are veined like beautiful marbles;

others have the semblance of a robe of the finest network thrown over them. The more minutely these "sports" are examined, the more numerous they are found to be,—the last ever handsomer than all that preceded. Nobody should be without a microscope.

Then how dearly Nature loves to sport among the Flowers! If she had her own sweet will, hardly any two of them would be alike. Stocks, peas, wallflowers, pansies,—and how many others?—can verify this. And she courts the bee, too, to aid her in these pretty vagaries. Her thighs covered with pollen, away she flies from flower to flower, fertilising in her progress no end of the oddest varieties. She is a fearful foe to all experimental gardening, and takes inexpressible delight in annoying the cross-breeder whenever she has a chance. It is only by placing a covering of gauze over the "married" plants that the bee can be excluded. Once admit her, and the progeny is no longer pure. Still, she is recognised as a very useful general fertilising agent.

Nor does Nature fail occasionally to present us with something very curiously "sportivo" among the Birds that visit our gardens. It is not at all unusual, in summer, to see a bird near the window whose name we cannot pronounce, and whose plumage fairly puzzles us. His form is elegant, his carriage noble, and his beauty undeniable. All we can do is, to form a guess as to his paternity and maternity. This is not always difficult, as his voice generally resembles that of his sire. His wings, too, betray who was his father. The head and bill are indicative of the mother. These hybrids are usually very tame. In the course of the summer, I get many a visit from them. They are usually produced by crosses between the siskin, greenfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, yellow-hammer, and others. The song of these hybrids is very charming.

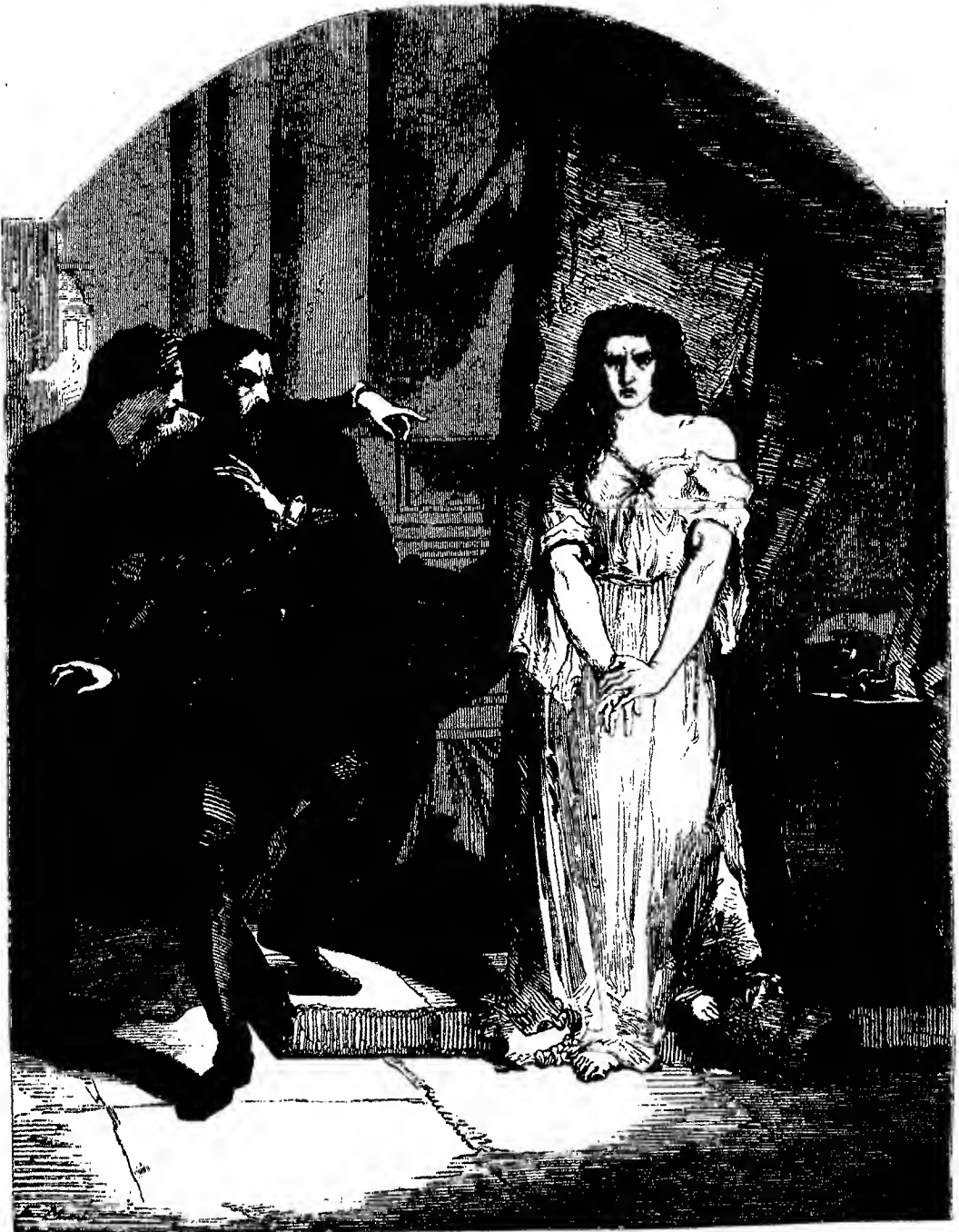
A very fine living specimen of a mule or hybrid,—his father a goldfinch and his mother a greenfinch,—has just been shown to me by Hugh Hanly, Esq., of the "1st Life Guards," a great admirer of birds, and an ardent lover of nature. It is so bold a bird, and its characteristics are so fully developed, that I have asked permission to take a sketch of it, which is here annexed.

It is a curiosity in every sense of the word. It has a fine plumage, is strongly marked, remarkably tame, and a noble songster. There is an unusual richness in the voice, and it has a melodious whistle peculiar to itself alone. It was bred wild in the fields, and caught in a net.

Nature, in the animal world, limits her sportiveness. She has good reasons for this. Mules do not reproduce.

In the insect world, she is less particular. Nor is she rigid in the rules which sway the floral world. There is, however, a fixed limit; and certain creatures suddenly die out, and become extinct.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. III.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOUIS MULLER.

MACBETH.

ACT V SCENE I.

CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER.

HIS LADY MACBETH (ACT V. SCENE 1.).

In the French school of pictorial art, the last traces of the grandiose but false school founded by Le Brun were swept away, along with the race of feeble painters by which it was represented, in the social hurricane of the great revolution at the close of the last century. In such times of mental convulsion, art has generally been represented by special organisations seemingly predestined to reanimate its principles, and, with the aid of marked and powerful genius, to give new direction to its course. At the epoch of the "Reformation," we find Holbein and Luther born in the same generation; and at the breaking-up of the ancient monarchy of France, Louis David was found embodying in a school of painting established by the force of his individual genius the pseudo-classic ideas and forms which marked, even to official nomenclature, the establishment of the "Consulate."

The school of art then developed, protected and fostered as it was by similar tendencies in those sections of the governmental influences to which it looked for support, absorbed every other during the imperial *régime*; or rather, perhaps, no other was tolerated; for the independent spirit of Prudhon took an almost opposite course; but his works, which exhibit a grace and beauty of execution almost Corregiesque, were derided as barbarous returns to effete formulae. They did not range with the taste set up as the imperial standard of excellence, with the requisite military precision of the epoch; they were, in short, not in uniform.

And so the school of David and his *élèves* endured through the whole imperial epoch, and part of that of the Restoration; its cold correctness, statuesque draperies, opaque and stony colouring, being, however, partially overcome by the power and poetic treatment of Gérard, the more picturesque elements infused into it by Gros, and the imagination and technical excellencies of Girodet.

But its powers of expansion had reached their limit; and the advent of a new school, termed "romantic," as opposed to the classic, was at hand. The first appearance, in succession, of the works of Ingres, Delacroix, and Delaroche, created a kind of stupefaction among the critical and academic powers then in the ascendant. They were astounded at the fearless adoption of medieval forms, the reckless audacity of new methods of manipulation, and the novel and utterly revolutionary treatment of colour and chiaroscuro. And then broke forth the war-cry of *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, and a fierce struggle for supremacy commenced. The new school was, however, doomed to triumph.

Onocrite, M. Thiers, then a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, had declared for it at once, on the appearance of Delacroix's scene from Dante,* the work of a youth of nineteen; and such works as the same artist's "Massacre of Scio," which soon followed, and Delaroche's "Death of Elizabeth," aided by the productions of others in the new school, such as the first battle-pieces of Horace Vernet, and the "Raft of the Medusa," of the long-neglected Gericault, did the rest.

We have now to consider the works of one of a younger race of artists, who, following in the main the steps of these great leaders, have recently achieved remarkable success in independent, and to a certain extent original, styles. Among these, Charles Louis Müller stands pre-eminent. He has succeeded in avoiding many of the crudities of colour and general treatment observable in the works of his immediate predecessors,—defects which are inseparable from the sudden creation of a new and daring style. His works exhibit much of the rich transparency and gorgeous magnificence of colouring so remarkable in the great schools of Rubens and Veronese; and those effects are reproduced with all the technical excellence, appropriate expression, vigour, complexity of effects, and rich profusion of detail, which distinguish the best examples of modern art. In 1847, his "La Ronde de Mai" attracted universal attention; its fresh beauty

* Engraved in No. IV. of the *National Magazine*.

of colour, and sunny play of chiaroscuro, and the fascinating elegance of conception and execution in the female figures, were elements that at once stamped the work as "a success." Müller, already favourably known, rose at once to a degree of eminence which was more than sustained by the appearance of his "Madness of Haidée" in 1848, and his "Lady Macbeth," the subject of the present brief essay, which was at once purchased for the national collection of living artists at the Luxembourg on its appearance in the annual exhibition of 1849.

Like more than one gifted artist of the modern French school, Müller has seized the true spirit of Shakspeare with greater force and precision than the translators. The brush has been more successful than the pen in conveying to our neighbours a just idea of some of the finest scenes of our great dramatic poet. The attitude of remorse,—that racking remorse which "murders sleep,"—was never more finely conceived than in the *pose* and expression of the chief figure. "You see her eyes are open," remarks the physician. "Ay, but the sense is shut," replies the female attendant. True, but the painter has given them an inner sight, that tortures their sense with a ghastly picture, that will not be blotted out any more than the fancied blood-stains on those pale hands. "What! will these hands never be clean?" she mutters, as the white and delicate fingers, attenuated with unrest, clench each other in the delirium of the walking dream; and the agony of that thought is depicted in the whole attitude and expression with a vigour and truthfulness absolutely appalling. The figure of the physician, too, is finely conceived; and is executed with a bold facility that recalls the touch of Vandyke, especially in the fine transparent colouring in the flesh tones. The action of the female attendant is, however, somewhat overstrained and theatrical; and the arbitrary, though effective, play of light is ill accounted for. The capricious illumination of the hands and faces alone of the two secondary figures cannot, in fact, proceed from the lamp placed on the balustrade, nor from the open casement—through which, as we remember, the night-sky is seen sparsely studded with stars—unless, indeed, we suppose the moon to be shining beyond the limit of the picture, and lighting it through the same opening, in which case the tone of the colouring would be altogether false.

We must also remark, as a grave defect in this age of archaeological research, and of general accuracy in detail, that the costumes of the physician and the attendant are rather those of the age of Shakspeare than that of the Scottish usurper Macbeth.

We conclude with a few words on M. Müller's masterpiece, "The Summons of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror from the Prison St. Lazare." In this vast picture, the truly monumental dimensions of which far exceed any recent works of the English school, the individuality given to each of the dense crowd of figures, many of them accurate portraits, is truly extraordinary; and yet the general repose of effect, which should always pervade a truly great work of art, remains undisturbed.

OVER THE GRAVE.

POPLARS dim against the gray;
Silver lines that streak the west;
Stars that kiss the waning day;
Winds that hush it to its rest:
Stars that light me to thy tomb;
Winds that wail thy hapless doom:—

Stars and winds and poplars dim;
Silver gleams that bar the west,—
Fado before me as I dream
On the grass that braids thy breast:
Only thy sweet light I see,
In my spirit lighting me.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

I.

"Tapp, sir?" said the waiter briskly; "no, sir."

"Tapp, Tapp?" said the landlord, shaking his head reflectingly; "no, sir; no."

"Suro?" said a grave-looking man in black, to whose inquiries these negatives had been addressed. "Somewhere about forty years of age?"

"Sure, sir," replied the landlord; "that is, not as I know."

"A short gentleman, rather stout; florid complexion," pursued the grave man; "generally wears blue with brass buttons and black stock; baldish."

"No, sir; haven't seen him, to my knowledge. In course, sir—"

This dialogue reached my ears whilst standing at the door of the hotel at Dover, at which I had passed the night. I was bound for Calais, and was waiting to see that my luggage was all brought down-stairs. Just as the landlord uttered the last words recorded, the porter, having completed the lading of his truck, began wheeling it away to the packet. I followed him, and so lost the conclusion of the sentence.

Of course, like other people, we had the roughest passage of the season. Nevertheless we arrived without accident, as travellers generally do; and starting by the evening train for Paris, I found myself, on the following day, comfortably established in my favourite hotel.

We had a very agreeable company at the *table-d'hôte*, where I was fortunate enough to recognise several of my acquaintance; and one day, when a new guest entered the *salle-à-manger*, and was greeted with a welcome recognition by some of the party, Mr. H—, my next neighbour, turned to me and observed, that his wife often said she was sure this planet of ours could not be so large as was asserted; for she had remarked that the same people were always turning up upon it.

I remember I had come home very hungry from my drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and I was at that moment discussing a delicious *riz de veau, sauce tomate*; so, not over-disposed for conversation, I only replied to the remark by a smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—, "I suspect it's but a shabby little world, not much bigger than a large orange. Henry, do you remember Tapp?"

"Tapp?" said I, raising my head.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—; "when we came to Paris, a fortnight ago, we did nothing but run against a man who was always inquiring for somebody of the name of Tapp."

"Why," said I, "I met the very man the other day; at least, I suppose it was the same—a tall solemn-looking man in black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. H—. "His sole object in life seems to be to discover Tapp. We met him in Paris, we met him at Versailles, we met him at St. Cloud, always asking anxiously at the hotels if they had got Tapp. Who can Tapp be, and what can he want with him? I have no doubt that at this moment he has got hold of some hotel-keeper, and is asking him for Tapp."

"I can answer for it, that is what he was doing last Tuesday morning," said I; "for I detected him in the fact at the door of the Ship, at Dover. It's odd enough; perhaps he's a monomaniac possessed with the idea of Tapp."

"Or an officer in pursuit of a criminal," suggested Mrs. H—.

"Or of a debtor," said Mr. H—. "He wants to tap Mr. Tapp on the shoulder."

"I wonder what sort of person Tapp is," said Mrs. H—, with characteristic female curiosity. "I can hardly fancy Tapp a black-looking villain."

"I should think Tapp was rather a genial sort of fellow," said Mr. H—.

"Tapp," replied I, gravely, "is about forty years of age;

short and stout, with a florid complexion and bald head. He usually wears a black stock, and a blue coat with brass buttons. I am disposed to think Tapp is in the military line."

"A regimental Tapp," said Mr. H—.

"Why, you have actually seen him, I do believe," said the lady, rather inclined to be jealous of my superior information.

"No," I replied; "but I heard his description from the man in black; and woe be to Tapp if I come across his path! I shall certainly put an advertisement into the *Times*, announcing that Tapp is discovered, and will be forthcoming on payment of a handsome reward to the advertiser. I shall stipulate for something considerable."

"How do you know that Tapp is not some innocent victim, pursued by that demon in a black coat? His *signalement*, as the French call it, rather prepossesses me in his favour; and if I meet him, I shall decidedly warn him of his danger."

The conversation now turned in some other direction; and although we often alluded jestingly to Tapp and his pursuer, I neither saw nor heard any thing of either of them during the month I was in Paris. At the end of that time, the heat becoming oppressive, I started for Belgium and the Rhine. I stayed a week in Brussels, ran over for a few days to beautiful old Antwerp, and then proceeded to Spa.

I took up my quarters at the *Hôtel d'Orange*; and after one of Monsieur Duchêne's excellent dinners, I went with all the rest of the world—the Spa world—to hear the band on the Place Royale. Meyerbeer was there; and they played some of his overtures so well, that I think the great *maestro* must have been pleased. He goes there every summer; and rides a black donkey, which has the honour to be called by his name, and on which he is said to seek inspiration from the beautiful scenery around.

As is the case with every body who goes to Spa, I met several acquaintances on the promenade; and when the band ceased playing, we walked up to the Redoute, where I looked over the newspapers, and then approached the roulette-table to see what was doing there. The player that seemed to be most attracting the attention of the lookers-on was a man with a long white beard, who had a heap of gold and notes before him; and I watched his varying fortunes with interest for some time, till, his store beginning visibly to decrease, he pushed back his chair in disgust, and left the table; his place being immediately taken by another eager aspirant for fortune's favours. This move of his caused a general one amongst the spectators; and I and a friend who was standing beside me went round to the other side of the table, and took up a position exactly behind the centre croupier; when, casting my eye along the row of faces that were now presented to me, who should I behold seated exactly opposite but—Tapp! I was as sure it was him as if I had known him all my life. There he was; about forty years of age; short, stout, baldish, with a (somewhat faded) florid complexion. There was the black stock, the blue coat, and the brass buttons. I have said somewhat faded, because it was not the florid complexion of full health; you could discern that the colour had been higher, but that it was in some degree paled by sickness or trouble. He was playing *très petit jeu*, only two-franc pieces; but he punted every time, and seemed quite absorbed in the game. I watched him for several minutes with a strange feeling of curiosity, during which he never raised his eyes from the green cloth. At length, putting my fan before my mouth, I whispered to my friend, "Do you know the name of that gentleman opposite, with the brass buttons?"

"No," said he, "I don't. He lodges at the Flandre, and sits opposite me at dinner; but I have not heard his name. He has only been here a few days."

We spoke so low that it is impossible the stranger could have heard us; but at this moment he looked up, and our eyes met. He saw that we were talking of him, and he coloured and evidently became nervous. I instinctively moved away, not wishing to increase his distress, whoever

he might be; but I was so convinced he was the man, that I could not help every now and then taking a distant view of him. He continued playing for some time, and then I missed him; he had left the room whilst I was in the adjoining one.

I could not get out of my head that this was Tapp; indeed, I felt sure it was, and I could think of nothing all the evening but the oddness of my meeting him; wondering too, if it proved to be as I suspected, whether I should speak to him, and tell him about the tall man in black and his inquiries.

"But if he is a criminal," thought I, "I should be defeating the ends of justice; and it is scarcely likely any body but a criminal would be so pursued. Perhaps he is a fraudulent banker, or an embezzling clerk, or something in that line. He does not look like an assassin, certainly; but those smooth bald-headed men are very deceptive sometimes. He evidently became uneasy when he saw we were observing him." These were my waking reflections; and when I went to bed, I dreamed that I was pursuing Tapp along Pall Mall till he reached the Army and Navy Club, into which he entered; whereupon I discovered him to be my own son, with whom I was walking arm-in-arm through the Place Vendôme.

A lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance was lodging at the Flandre; and the following morning I resolved to call upon her, urged, I confess, by a restless desire to learn something more about the blue coat and brass buttons. I rang the bell, and inquired if Madame la Baronne de B— was at home. The waiter said she had not yet left her chamber; and I was just thinking how I could put another question to him, when Colonel V—, my companion of the preceding evening, having just finished his breakfast in the *salle-à-manger*, came to the door with a cigar in his hand, which he was preparing to light.

"Good morning, colonel," I said; "I came to call on Madame de B—, but I find she has not left her room. A fine morning."

"Vory," said he; "by the by, that man's name is Tapp; he's there at breakfast, and I have just asked the waiter. Perhaps he means Thorp or Tharp—the man you were asking about last night, I mean, he of the brass buttons."

We were standing with our backs to the hotel; but as Colonel V— uttered the last words, I turned my head, and there was Tapp immediately behind us. He too had come to the door with his cigar, and must have heard the conclusion of our dialogue.

I bade Colonel V— good morning, and moved off with the greatest celerity. "I shall become the poor man's *bête-noire*," thought I. "He'll take me for a police-officer in petticoats."

However, my suspicions were now confirmed; but reflection decided me to communicate my discovery to nobody, except, indeed, to my son, who quite coincided with me as to the propriety of silence.

"They are probably pursuing him for some fraud or defalcation," he said; "but we have nothing to do with it, and it is best not to interfere. He can't escape long if he comes to such public places as this."

I met Tapp no more that day; on the next, wishing to get a little information without directly asking for it, I inquired of Colonel V— if there were many English at the Flandre.

"More than half the table is filled with English. Two or three went this morning. Mr. and Mrs. G— are gone; and your friend of the brass buttons too—he's gone."

"O, he's gone is he," said I, wishing to hear something more.

"I heard him last night asking for his bill; and as he has not appeared to-day, I conclude he's off."

I confess to feeling disappointed. I had promised myself some amusement in watching the proceedings of this mysterious individual, and had flattered myself I might perhaps witness the *dénouement* of the drama. The tall man in

black might overtake his game here; and after the catastrophe I should have the pleasure of relating what reasons I had had for grave suspicions, and how prudently I had kept these suspicions to myself. However he was gone, and probably I should never hear any more of the matter; though I could not help thinking that the uneasy feeling I had created had hastened his departure.

Twice more on my route Tapp crossed my path, or rather I crossed his; once at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was approaching a table where the newspapers lay; but on seeing me, he turned round and went into the adjoining room. I had taken him by surprise, and he was evidently too nervous to control his first emotion. The next time was at Cologne, where I saw him on the platform at the station. He had apparently arrived by the same train as myself. This time I do not think he saw me. I was wondering whether we should meet on board the Rhine boat the next day; and I examined the passengers with great curiosity; there was a crowd of all nations and languages, but he was not amongst them.

This was the last I heard of Tapp for some time; but when I left Paris, I had intrusted Mr. H— with a small commission, requesting him to direct his letter on the subject to the post-office at Frankfort. There I found it; and I was not a little struck by the following passage: "My wife is quite triumphant about her theory. Who should we meet when we got to Ostend, where we embarked, but the man in black, inquiring for Tapp. We laughed so heartily at the sight of him, that we must have quite shocked his gravity."

II.

"Don't sit there fretting over that letter; but do come to bed, Maria." I was on the summit of the Righi when I heard these words proceeding from a female voice in the room adjoining mine. Like every body else there assembled, we were to see the sun rise the following morning, if we could; and as I had gone to bed very early that I might be the better able to encounter the fatigue of the next day, I was annoyed to hear two people conversing so near me. Whilst I was undressing, the noise I made myself prevented my distinguishing what was the subject of their discourse; but when I had lain down, my bed being close to the thin partition, the voices sounded almost as if the speakers were in the room with me.

"He'll never allow himself to be found, never, I'm certain," said a second speaker, whose by the tone I judged to be younger than the other.

"Nonsense," said the first; "how can he help it?"

"How has he helped it these three months, when no pains have been spared? It's my opinion he has left Europe altogether, and gone to America."

"No, no, Tapp will never go to America; he hates America and every thing belonging to it." I sat up in bed and listened attentively.

"Well, Australia then?"

"Not he; he hates Australia too."

"How absurd, mamma! How can he hate them, when he never saw either? Besides, when a man knows the police are after him, he'd go any where."

"The fact is, you are determined to keep me awake and make me ill, Maria. I am sure I have suffered enough, without your adding to my troubles. I know you'll say it was my own fault."

"No, I shan't," said Maria.

"I know it was my own fault, and I can never forgive myself for being so infuriated; but I've done all I can to repair it, and I shall never cease till he is discovered. You know, Tapp is not a common name; it's not like Smith or Johnson."

"How do you know he hasn't changed it?" answered Maria. "Indeed, I've no doubt he has."

"Now this is really cruel," said the elder lady, in a voice that showed she was not far from tears; "you continually reproach me, and now you won't let me sleep."

This appeal seemed to melt the obduracy of the younger lady; for I heard something like kisses, and they soon afterwards appeared to fall asleep.

For my part, I had at first thought of knocking against the partition, or rising and going to their room to tell them what I know: but, in the first place, I should have lost my night's rest, and I was very tired; and in the next, I confess I hesitated about turning informer and giving up Tapp to his enemies. So I resolved to wait till the morning, when I should be sure to find my neighbours with the rest of the lodgers, looking at the sunrise. However, when we all assembled at five o'clock outside the inn for that purpose, there was such a grotesque group of strange figures, male and female, huddled in cloaks and blankets and shawls, generally thrown over their heads Bedouin fashion, that I could not even give a guess which amongst them was Maria or her mamma. Having really seen the sun rise over those majestic mountains, tinged their summits with that glorious purple hue, that I never saw equalled except when the sun at his setting clothed the mountains of Albania with the same royal robes, I retired to my room; and as the morning was very cold, and I knew my party were not disposed for an early breakfast, I went to bed again. For a few minutes I heard my neighbours discussing the beauty of the scene, and then I fell asleep. When I woke again, it was half-past eight; no sound reached me from the adjoining chamber; and on descending to breakfast, I learnt, on inquiry, that the ladies who had occupied it had departed. They had gone down the mountain on the Kreuznach side; we were going down the other; so that it was clear I had lost them for the present. I really was not sorry; for although curious to penetrate the mystery, I was not at all decided what I should do in the case. Now it seemed that fate had taken the affair in her own hands; and so she had, but not in the way I then believed.

It was not very long after the above event that I found myself at Vevay; we could not get rooms at the *Couronne*, so we went to the *Hôtel du Lac*, where, by the by, they give you very bad dinners; and where, when I was descending the stairs, after selecting bedrooms for myself and party, who should I meet but my tall friend, whom I had last seen at Dover, and whom Mr. and Mrs. H— had met at Ostend. He was not inquiring for Tapp this time, but carrying up a jug of warm-water; and it immediately occurred to me that he had come to Switzerland to meet the ladies, and that I should probably find them here; and so it proved. As there are two dinners, one early and one late, there are generally not a great many people at either; and I had no difficulty in fixing on the right parties, for the tall man stood behind their chairs. The elder, a nice ladylike-looking person; the other, a plain-looking young woman of doubtful age and a decidedly provincial air: but the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and I felt altogether a prepossession in their favour.

After dinner, we went into the garden, and I addressed some observations to them about the scenery; and as one of the steamboats came in view, I mentioned that I was going to Geneva the next day to call on a friend, and I hoped it would be fine.

"We want to go to Geneva too," said the elder lady. "We want to go to the banker's; besides, we ordered our letters to be addressed there. We expected to have come to Vevay by that route, but we came by Lausanne instead. Do you know of a good place to dine at Geneva? for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbours on the Rhine, and that from the thinness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their con-

versation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Bunbury—that's my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have every thing done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man-servant speak French?" I asked.

"O yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Bunbury before also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named"—here I hesitated.

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling those five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half-inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them.

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, that besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence: he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favourite *protégé* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honour do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the — regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had

she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavour to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-town, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Bunbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M. called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable,—she had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved: but there was one chance left; Mrs. M. had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time, had become provincial herself, and was therefore blind to the defects of her lover. A little Paris polish, she thought, might render her more clear-sighted; and the object she and her husband sought be thus attained without further exertion of authority.

Unfortunately a year's residence in Paris proved the fallacy of these hopes. Maria was dressed and drilled, and taken to theatres, to *soirées musicales* and *thés dansants*; but with no effect whatever, except to produce a considerable degree of *ennui*, which manifested itself by very demonstrative yawns. She always insisted that these things afforded her no amusement; they were, on the contrary, an insufferable bore to her; she had no taste for such a life as she was leading now, and was much happier in the village home of her aunt, where she had passed so many happy years.

At length Colonel Middlemas's *protégé*, whom he intended for his daughter's husband, was discovered to have formed an attachment to a pretty penniless girl, who had been sent out on speculation; and that, together with Mrs. M.'s weariness of Maria's obstinacy, determined them to forego further opposition, and allow her to marry the man of her choice; though not without protest, and a hint that she need expect a very inferior provision to that she would have otherwise had.

This point being settled, Captain T. suddenly appeared in Paris. The truth was, he had been there some time, unknown to Mrs. Middlemas; but now he visited Maria without concealment, and Mrs. M. endeavoured to evince as little dislike to him as possible. However, she was willing enough to hasten the marriage and return to her husband; and as the ceremony was to be performed in Miss Darnley's parish-church, they began to make preparations for their departure from Paris.

When Mrs. Middlemas left India, she brought with her a little packet of diamonds, which the colonel directed her to get handsomely set, during her residence in England, as

he intended them for a present to his daughter on her marriage. The affair with Captain T. had prevented her taking any steps about them; and she had written to her husband to know what, under existing circumstances, was to be done with them. The day previous to her leaving Paris, it occurred to her that she might as well show them to some good jeweller there, and hear what he said of their value, and what style of setting he recommended, before she went; so, taking Maria with her, they started for Bassot's, in the Rue de la Paix. On their way they met Tapp; and Maria, who was not at all disposed to consider Mrs. M.'s feelings on the subject, asked him to join them, which he willingly did.

The respectable M. Bassot examined the diamonds, pronounced on their value, and recommended that they should be made into a brooch and earrings, after such a fashion as he described. The inspection over, as Mrs. M. said she was not prepared to decide on what she would do, he folded them in a bit of silver-paper, which he closed with a drop of green wax, after the manner of jewellers; he then put the little packet into a small box, which he enveloped in paper and sealed with another drop of wax. This done, he handed the packet across the counter to Mrs. Middlemas; she put it in her bag, and they left the shop. Tapp escorted them to the door of their hotel and then took his leave, saying he would return later to see if he could be of any use to them.

They had now no servant but Bunbury; for Mrs. Middlemas had dismissed her French maid, whom she did not intend taking to England; so they were engaged in packing all the remainder of the day. Towards evening Tapp came; and while they were taking a cup of coffee, Mrs. M. said to her daughter,

"Do you know, Maria, I am very sorry I did not buy that cap at Laure's to-day; after all, I don't think it was so dear, for the materials were beautiful, certainly."

"I dare say you may have it now," answered Maria; "I don't suppose the shops are shut. Send Bunbury."

"I don't know; Laure closes very early; and Bunbury is out paying the bills. Besides, I should like to go myself, to have another look at it before I decide."

"Well, Tapp can walk with us," said Maria. But just at this point of the discussion Bunbury returned.

"O, here's Bunbury. Then we'll go; and he shall walk with us, because he can carry home the cap, if I buy it."

"Then I had better stay here, to keep watch over all these treasures," said Tapp.

"Do, if you please," answered Mrs. M., "for there are so many things lying about the room; and, by the by, I'll leave these diamonds behind me; it's no use walking about the streets with them;" and so saying, she took the little packet out of her bag and laid it on the table.

Of course she bought the cap. The following morning they left Paris, and arrived in London on the ensuing day. There Maria's *trousseau* was to be prepared; after which they were to proceed to Yorkshire for the solemnisation of the wedding; and the ceremony over, Mrs. M. proposed rejoining her husband in India.

"I think, Maria," said Mrs. Middlemas, a day or two after their arrival in London, "that those diamonds would be useless to you in your position as Mrs. Tapp, living at a village in Yorkshire; and that it would be much better to sell them, and give you the money."

"A great deal better," said Maria. "I should never wear them; and being papa's present, I could not sell them."

Mrs. Middlemas arose from her chair, and proceeded to the adjoining room, which was her bed-chamber. There she unlocked a large trunk; and diving to the bottom of it, she drew forth her jewel-case, which she carried into the room where Maria was sitting.

"I think," said Mrs. M., "you might have a pretty set of fashionable ornaments more suitable for you, and a good bit of money over; for I know they're fine stones,—indeed, Bassot said so. We'll go to Hancock's this afternoon; and

consult him about it;" and so saying, she unlocked the jewel-case, took out the small packet, unfolded the outside paper, and lifted the cover of the little box, which, to her ineffable amazement, was—empty!

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It seems in politics to be a notable fact that the very worst thing you can do to a constitution is to make it logical. Let the groat machino be constructed on the supposition that two and two make nothing in particular, that waxwork is the sort of stuff for furnaces and gun-cotton for safety-valves; and then, after finishing the job to this extent, sand the wheels, cut the straps, and throw water on the fuel, and in all probability your engine will set to work like a Briton, do all sorts of ridiculously good things, help itself, mend itself, and wear till you are tired of it. But begin in wisdom; have a reason for every thing; discard absurdity; stick to figures and common sense; and all you get by your mathematics is the mathematical assurance that the whole thing will be found at Jericho immediately after the first turning of the wheels.

One may feel freely delivered from the fear of any such catastrophe when the British Parliament meets for the despatch of business. The holiday veil is removed, and the fine old Constitution sweeps up the stage again in a hundred unaccountable forms,—some gray as ashes, some tough as leather, and most of them without one logical leg to stand upon. Yet we have much doubt whether the said Constitution would thrive better if it were a more logical invention.

This may seem curious doctrine; and yet there is nothing in it to be wondered at. This beautiful living world is not made of squares and circles, but of men and women, most of whom thank the gods they are not mathematical. They are not made, and cannot act, by arithmetical rule. Laws there are which their nature perforce obeys; but, like the law of storms, the chief thing certain about them is their profound uncertainty, and the surest rule, that of perpetual exceptions. Fixing our eyes on solitary facts and the short and simple sequence of their immediate causes, we can reason mathematically, predict securely, and trust to theories without being nervous as to the consequence; but in those larger processes where facts become gregarious and the universe works out its grander ends, the lines of cause and effect are such as no field of mortal vision can contain at once, and to treat them as if we were sure about them is like steering by the compass among floating icebergs, or trusting to the rules of chess on a battle-field. How an apple falls to the ground we know well enough; can reckon how thick a skull would be cracked by it at a given distance below the bough, and say to twenty decimals the space of time measured by the last foot of its descent. But how the apple grows is another affair. Chemical affinity and capillary attraction; the laws of light and heat, of exhalation and absorption,—we may put all these together if we like, but they will not enable us to say which buds on the flowering stem will ripen, and which will be blighted. In these respects a nation is very much like an apple-blossom. It is entirely so in the complex nature of the laws which govern its development.

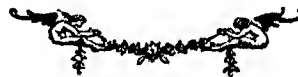
The weakest point in all abstract theories of government is this: they necessarily presuppose that some one or other will do his duty, and practically nobody does it. So the result is one thing, and the expectation quite another. You point straight at your enemy, and find you have hit your friend; you sow corn, and get a crop of cabbages. Elototal theories fail, because electors are neither saints nor sages; constitutions fail, because there is no sieve in the world

that will separate its honest men; despotism fails, because the first act of a despotic conscience is to put itself out of the way. Political systems want mending the moment they are made. The material is itself defective: if you let them lie quiet, they rot; if you use them, they go to holes and tatters. The reason why the most successful among them are to so great an extent the least consistent is, that in these the fabric has been repaired again and again, and their anomalies and contradictions are just the darns and patches by which it is held together.

We come here upon the true relation which political institutions bear to national progress. Whatever form of government a nation may adopt, the first inevitable thing about it is, that it will be continually out of repair; and the first condition of its utility is therefore that it should be well and regularly mended. If there is such capacity in the race itself, and such opportunity in the system of its political affairs as to insure this regular process of reparation; in other words, if the nation and its forms of government grow naturally together,—the result will be a successful one. It is not a perfect theory that we want. It is not exemption from political evils, which is impossible. It is not provision against all contingencies, which would be useless. It is a power of constant re-adaptation—a principle of life—a power of mending.

Looking with these thoughts at the old fabric of England's greatness, the fears or doubts which some parts of our system may at times occasion should fairly fade away. Our institutions are full of things odd and inconsistent, quaint and ludicrous; but their history is the history of steady growth, of continual development. Customs, shocking to our logic, are yet official for our wants; laws, untenable in theory, still hold us together in practice; and the experience of ages assures us that when the nation itself is fit to move onwards, its institutions make no obstinate resistance, but are soon ready to go along with it.

This is perhaps all that can be expected from human government. At best it is but a remedy for the shortcomings of individuals. If all men did their duty, its functions would be at an end. In the mean time reflection should make us tolerant of each other, and allay our impatience of political strife. The war of opinions in England means chiefly that many are zealous in the same good cause. We live in the struggle; we grow torpid in the truce; the grumbling, which is an Englishman's privilege, is also his very life. A man who is just content, is just good for nothing; a nation of grumblers is a nation that may rule the world. Society, however, is made of single souls, and can improve only by individual improvement. A statesman who mends a law, removes an obstacle to progress; but a father who brings up a noble child, has already made his country nobler.



HUGH MILLER.

THERE is no one who has heard of the name of Hugh Miller but will look with the deepest interest upon the characteristic portrait here presented. To those who had the higher privilege of enjoying his personal friendship it will be especially dear. How forcibly does it recall the plain and homely attire, the earnest and manly features, of the great geologist! All that is wanting is the coarse plaid, which was so often thrown over his shoulders; but it has been dispensed with for a little, the better to examine the geological specimen.

The sudden death of this remarkable man, and the tragic circumstances connected with it, are events which we hardly yet feel able fully to realize. Struck down in the midst of us without note or warning, the blow came with all the more stunning, stupefying effect. While the world of science and literature mourns over the loss of one of its brightest



Hugh Miller.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. TUNNY.

ornaments, we in Scotland feel the sad calamity with all the poignancy of a domestic affliction.

With the name of Hugh Miller is associated all that is honest, independent, and manly; simple and earnest nature, indomitable energy, and untiring perseverance. In his autobiography, published a year or two ago, we have a most notable instance of the truth that

"We can make our lives sublime."

It is the story of a career favoured at the outset with no accidental advantages of birth, wealth, or education; subjected to the common lot of working-men, and continued throughout amidst scenes of most surpassing interest. He was born, as he tells us in the fascinating narrative of his life already alluded to, at Cromarty, on the 10th of October 1802. He lost his father, who perished at sea, when very young, and the care of him and two younger sisters devolved upon his widowed mother,—a truly excellent and industrious woman,—who was left to support her family by her own exertions. At the three different schools at which Hugh was successively placed, he seems to have derived little or no advantage from the education there imparted; nor does he acknowledge mental growth to have been the result of attendance at any one of them. His real education began with many delightful walks along the unfrequented shore with one of his uncles, who used to point out to him the

effect of certain winds upon the tide, the habits of the crustacea, and the water-worn fragments of rocks scattered along the beach. In these walks we see the future geologist receiving his first lessons from the great book of nature spread out before him; and to them may be ascribed the bent of his mind towards his favourite science thus so early directed, though at first it lay rather in the direction of mineralogy than geology. Another of his uncles was a stonemason, and to him Hugh was apprenticed for three years. This occupation, though far from being congenial to his feelings, introduced him more fully to the study of geology, which he soon began to prosecute with much ardour, and lost no opportunity of enjoying his rambles by the shore, or of exploring quarries, hammer in hand, and picking up specimens even then. At the close of his apprenticeship, he quitted Cromarty and went to Edinburgh, where he procured employment as a stonemason. After working there for about two years, his health, never very robust, began to give way; and in order to recruit it, he returned to his native place, where he was kindly welcomed by all his old friends.

During this early period of Mr. Miller's life, he occasionally amused himself with attempts at verse-making; but though some of these effusions show considerable merit and feeling, it is by his prose alone that he will be remembered. One of these, however, became so popular in his native place,

that it was handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the village. It was even dressed up by a worthy old lady, the mistress of the boarding-school, and recited by some of her young ladies amidst the most rapturous applause. He was thenceforth styled "the Cromarty Poet." Having, in the summer of 1828, gone to Inverness, he sent to the editor of the *Inverness Courier* some of his poetical efforts; and it was then that he formed his first connection with the press, and became acquainted with Mr. Robert Carruthers, editor of that journal. By him Mr. Miller was induced to publish, in one volume, some fifteen or twenty pieces which had been written during the preceding six years. This unpretending volume (notwithstanding much adverse criticism), and some letters on Herring-Fishing, which subsequently appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, obtained for their author the notice and attention of many good friends, among whom were the late Dr. James Brown, of Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and Principal Baird. The last-mentioned gentleman very strongly urged Mr. Miller to quit Inverness for Edinburgh, where he might obtain literary employment. But the invitation was prudently declined. "I did think it possible," says Mr. Miller, "that in some subordinate capacity,—as a concocter of paragraphs, or an abridger of parliamentary debates, or even as a writer of occasional articles,—I might find more remunerative employment than as a stonemason; but though I might acquaint myself in a large town, when occupied in this way, with the world of books, I questioned whether I could enjoy equal opportunities of acquainting myself with the occult and the new in natural science as when plying my labours in the provinces as a mechanic."

About this time Mr. Miller began to collect the legendary stories of his native district, which were afterwards published in Edinburgh, under the title of *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*. This was his first great success in literature; it revealed the poetic imagination and the fine descriptive power of the writer. "A remarkable book," said Leigh Hunt, "written by a remarkable man, who will infallibly be well known." We also find him beginning to give more attention to political matters; and so interested in local affairs did he become, that on one occasion he even went the length of standing for a councillor at one of the municipal elections. Very much to his surprise, he was successful; but the honour soon lost its relish for him. "In duly attending the first meeting of council," he says, "I heard an eloquent speech from a gentleman in the opposition, directed against the individuals who, as he finely expressed it, 'were wielding the destinies of his native town;' and saw, as the only serious piece of business before the meeting, the councillors clabbing pennies a-piece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town-funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. And then, with, I fear, a very inadequate sense of the responsibilities of my new office, I staid away from the council-board, and did nothing whatever in its behalf, with astonishing perseverance and success, for three years together."

Having accepted the accountantship of a branch agency of the Commercial Bank of Scotland about to be established in Cromarty, Mr. Miller went to Edinburgh to receive instructions; and after a few days was sent to Lanlithgow to be practically initiated into the art and mystery of banking. On his return to Cromarty, he soon afterwards married the amiable and accomplished lady who now mourns over the great and irreparable loss she has so recently sustained.

During all these changes and promotions, the favourite study of geology was never neglected. He was diligently employing his leisure time among the fossil fishes of the old red sandstone, and the ammonites and belemnites of the lias, which abound in the vicinity of Cromarty. The discoveries and restorations in which these investigations resulted entitled Mr. Miller to take his place amongst the most distinguished geologists of the day. But a more exciting subject engaged his attention at this time—the ecclesiastical controversy, and the critical situation of the Church

of Scotland. "Could I do nothing for my church in her hour of peril?" he asked himself. "I tossed wakefully throughout a whole night, in which I formed my plan of taking the purely popular side of the question; and in the morning I sat down to state my views to the people in the form of a letter to Lord Brougham. I devoted to my new employment every moment not imperatively demanded by my duties in the bank-office, and in about a week after, was able to despatch the manuscript of my pamphlet to the respected manager of the Commercial Bank." This pamphlet at once attracted the attention of those ministers who afterwards founded the Free Church of Scotland. In 1840, it was proposed by the party of ministers already referred to, that a newspaper should be established to promote the popular views; and the author of the pamphlet was invited to become its editor. Thus *The Witness* was established, with Hugh Miller for its editor.

In 1841, the results of Mr. Miller's investigations were given to the world in his *Old Red Sandstone*; a work which not only placed its author among the foremost rank of scientific men, but even charmed ordinary readers by the novelty and beauty of its style. A few years later, he published his *Footprints of the Creator*. This work, undoubtedly his *chef-d'œuvre*, has been introduced as a text-book into the universities by the most eminent teachers of natural science. It opposes in it the views promulgated in the well-known book, *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.

Some eight or nine years ago, Mr. Miller published an interesting book,—*First Impressions of England and its People*; but his published works are only a very small portion of the labours of his lifetime. For many years past he has been one of the most industrious and indefatigable members of the Royal Physical Society, at whose meetings he from time to time communicated the results of his observations and discoveries. The papers read there have never been published, with the exception of one or two which appeared in the columns of *The Witness*. It was his long-cherished intention that each of these should form a part of the great work to which for many years his leisure time has been devoted. His design was to combine all his labours among the different formations of Scotland into one grand picture of the geological history of the country.

But the work upon which he was more immediately engaged at the time of his death—only too laboriously—was a new work on geology, entitled, *The Testimony of the Rocks*. It is said to include the two lectures on "The Mosaic periods" delivered in London two years ago; the paper read before the British Association at Glasgow in 1855; and those lectures in course of delivery in Edinburgh on "The Noachian Deluge."

"That volume," says *The Witness*, "will, in a few weeks, be in the hands of many of our readers; and while they peruse it with the saddened impression that his intellect and genius poured out their latest treasures in its composition, they will search through it in vain for the slightest evidence of feebleness or decaying power. Rather let us anticipate the general vordiot that will be pronounced upon it, and speak of it as one of the ablest of all his writings. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume and the close of the writer's life."

We do not attempt to give here any analysis of the character and genius of Hugh Miller. We have given what we considered might probably prove more interesting at the present time—a simple narrative of his eventful life. Of his conduct as a public journalist it is unnecessary to say much here. His brethren of the press have already testified how sincere was their admiration for him, who was such a zealous co-operator with themselves in endeavouring to elevate the tone and style of our newspaper literature. Perhaps of all the tributes to his worth and excellence which have been rendered since his lamented death, the following, with which we conclude our short notice, is the most generous, coming; as it

does, from the representative of other views and opinions than those advocated in *The Witness*:

"In Hugh Miller," says the *Scotsman*, "the newspaper-press of Scotland has to mourn the loss of one who was felt to give it dignity and character. Although scarcely aiming at the performance of some of the most arduous duties of a journalist, the vigour and completeness of many of the articles he supplied to his journal were the admiration alike of his own party and of the public, and of friends and opponents among his contemporaries. The purity and vigour of his English, his wealth of literary allusion, his trenchant sarcasm, his jets of true humour—never altogether wanting even in the least happy of his productions—gave to some of them a celebrity and length of life very rarely attained by any writings that make their way to the world through a newspaper. Having often had occasion to differ from him in matters of taste, and still oftener in matters of opinion, we are, at this painful moment, thankful that we did not, even when controversy was hottest, neglect any clear calls or fair opportunities to make acknowledgment, however imperfectly, of his genius and his moral worth."

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VII.

THAT Herbert Disney left Mrs. Latrobe's with politeness, and then gave way to his wrath with ferocity, needs hardly be said. As he paced round Soho Square, he launched the fierce shafts of his scornful rage at every member of the circle to which we have had the honour of introducing the reader. Georgiana was a cold-hearted scheming flirt, with a vulgar feminine admiration of soldiery (more livery-servants, after all); and she was really not worth another thought. The captain of Fusiliers was a most frivolous mischievous coxcomb, and a worthy sample of the officer-class, which Herbert believed to be composed of every thing that was profligate and audacious. As for Mrs. Parker, if Georgiana had not deceived her (and the girl was artful enough for any thing), that matron had been playing tricks with him,—perhaps set on to do so by that military cousin himself. And even poor Mrs. Latrobe came in for a share of vituperation. Why had she not taught her daughter to behave better, and prevented such barefaced flirtations and inconsistencies? Having slightly relieved his mind by apportioning to each of his enemies his or her place in the system of crotation, Mr. Disney proceeded to consider his next move.

His evident and rational course was to do nothing; and it is highly superfluous, therefore, to observe that a young gentleman of two-and-twenty, who imagined himself in love, dismissed all idea of this course without a moment's hesitation. He conceived himself entitled to revenge of some kind, and this he determined to have.

But revenge is not an easy matter in England. In France, now, if a virtuous and injured young man desires to right himself, he can pick a slight quarrel with his foe, and be shot with much comfort and expedition. But that kind of thing has been stopped here, with no particular ill consequences. Although it was certainly predicted that the extirpation of duelling would turn all our gentlemen into savages; and that we should use bad names and slap faces in the presence of ladies, as soon as it became impossible to call us to account, I have not noticed much of that species of conduct in drawing-rooms. Herbert Disney thought that he should like to defy the captain to mortal combat, but owned to himself that it would not do. He felt satisfied that the Fusilier would summon the aid of a brother-officer in blue, and with a bracelet on his left wrist: and there is nothing chivalrous, or even satisfactory, in being taken in charge. So he abandoned all designs upon the captain's life.

Physical revenge upon the women was not exactly a

thing to plot; and, indeed, what could he do even to Mrs. Parker, who had chiefly caused the injury to his vanity? Unless, like the clown in a pantomime, he went and lay on his face across her doorway, and trusted to her tumbling over him when she came out, it was hard to say what he could do to hurt this aggravating old woman.

Now about this time it came to pass that the greatest poet of the day, aggrieved at certain satire by the most varied genius of the day, had penned some retaliatory verses in the wittiest publication of the day. They were then upon the lips of every body, and upon Mr. Herbert Disney's among the rest of mankind. And one line was this—

"An artist, sir, should rest in art."

And this wise counsel darted through the memory of Mr. Disney as he paced rapidly around Soho Square.

* * * * *

Two months have elapsed, and in the studio on the second-floor may be beheld a young artist toiling exceedingly hard at a picture. He is working with earnestness and gravity. He has discarded his elegant robe and golden bell-pull, and in an old cotton-velvet jacket is labouring away as one who thinks of his work, not of himself. Indignation makes verses. It also makes pictures. It sent our young Herbert to his case; but, in the first place, it sent him to his bookshelf. He required a theme, in dealing with which he might at once avenge himself on his enemies and vindicate his own genius; and he speedily discovered one, for a stick is easily found when—what is that familiar saying? In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* our painter detected a subject which precisely fulfilled his requirements; and that subject he has been busily treating for eight weeks, during which time he has never approached the houses where he sustained the injuries we have recorded.

He has painted a scene from the *Dream*. It is at the moment when Oberon, having awakened Titania, directs Puck to remove the ass's head from the shoulders of Bottom. You discover at a glance that in the charming features of the fairy queen may be discerned the best likeness which Mr. Disney could produce of Miss Georgiana Latrobe; and that the removal of the ass's head from the weaver discloses a malicious reproduction of the handsome lineaments of Charles Llewellyn. Oberon's back, as you see, is towards you; but you can quite perceive that the artist has thought of his own figure; and the portion of the face in view has a sarcastic expression, much cultivated by himself upon occasion. Even Puck is made a little like poor Mrs. Parker in features; and, in fact, the Painter's Revenge embraces every body who has wronged him,—for among some pretty fairies peeping through the branches are two or three ugly ones, and one of these is Mrs. Latrobe, with her mouth open in astonishment at what is going on. Dante himself did not carry out his revenge more completely.

The best, or the worst, of it is, that the young fellow has made a good picture. He has gone to work with so much heart and determination, that the goddess Art, who will be wooed as we are told to woo widows, namely, with vehemence, has listened. He has brought all his knowledge, and all his patience, and all his industry, to bear upon that canvas; and the result is, that he is rewarded by a real success. Drawing and colour and breadth and force and truth, and all the rest of the words which have a meaning, though incapable and inmodest critics do sometimes sprinkle them, as from a flour-dredger, over their art-notice, are required if we want to describe Herbert's picture. He has done the thing this time, and feels that he has done it.

And now, O thou of little mind! thou art thinking that the painter's revenge is incomplete. Thou wouldst have him take such order that his satire should come under the eyes of those whom he has depicted; that Georgiana should colour with anger as she beholds herself owning that she has been enamoured of an ass; and that the captain's moustache should curl with ire as he notes how faithfully he is limned for posterity as the garrulous swaggering clown.

Thou wouldst even like the two old women to see their faces in the picturo. We write no art-tales (with a purpose) to such as thou art, O friend; but truly, friend, wert thou now at the head of a flight of stairs, and I behind thee, I would gladly expedite thy descent by a leverage whereof thou must surely wot.

Not so; the artist rests in art. The impulse of wrath and revenge drove him to his easel, and aided him in his toil; but as he advanced, and found that he was succeeding, a better influence came upon him, and he worked away like an earnest man, and not like a passionate boy. His plan was laid, his likenesses were taken, before the change took place; but long ago he has forgotten his wrath, and is acting under a worthier inspiration. Look at him, and tell us whether that is the face of an enraged and vain young fellow, furiously caricaturing his rival; or is it the countenance of the art-student, following Art through all her thousand coquetties, assured of tracking his way at last to her inmost meaning?

It was late in the summer, and the Academy was about to close. One morning an acquaintance of Herbert Disney's called upon him, and appraised him that, having purchased one of the crack pictures of the year, with intention to engrave it, he much needed a brief pamphlet which should introduce the work in the provinces, whither it was to be taken. The more charming the description of the picture, the stronger the reasons assigned why the owner of an engraving from it should be the proudest man in the kingdom, the better. Herbert had a pleasant pen—guineas were no object to the picture-owner—would Mr. Disney write the pamphlet?

What a clever good little book he wrote! Utterly unlike any thing of the kind which he had done previously. He studied the great master's picture, and sought in earnestness and reverence to comprehend his treatment. A few weeks of sincere work of his own had marvellously opened his eyes to the work of others. Consequently, instead of a smart shower of sparkling words, which read most sweetly to the ignorant, and make the artist smile with not very cheerful contempt, Herbert prepared a genial but discriminating tribute to the masterpiece before him, in which some of its surpassing merits (not all, for no miracle had been worked upon the young man) were eloquently pointed out in a manner which carried to the mind of the educated reader the conviction felt by the writer. Let me add that, though the purchaser of the manuscript paid honourably for it, he did not like it half so well as earlier productions of Herbert's; he did not consider that it would "tell" half so well upon a subscribing world; and he gave the next job of the sort to a very smart and ready young writer, who "did" critiques upon every thing, and who would have cut up the Newtonian system without the faintest hesitation, and at the shortest notice, if it had been the Copernican that he was requested to puff. But the painter of whom Herbert Disney had written read his pamphlet, and made the young man's acquaintance; and in an hour's conversation before an easel, told him things in art that were worth a good many times the guineas he had lost by his earnestness.

Herbert Disney was in a fair way to be a distinguished painter. Let us say at once that he has become one, and that on the first Monday in May every body asks, "What has Disney done this year?" And now, perhaps, some readers may desire an end to this story. Well, what sort of an ending would any body like? I said that the thing was not a novel, but something with a purpose; and that you have had. There is no reason, however, for defrauding any body of the sequel to our history. Once more, what sort of an end would you like?

I see a very good "situation," will you have it? Herbert Disney's "Dream" is sent into the country for exhibition. It is shown, among other places, in the town near the residence of the rich baronet who intends to make Mrs. Charles Llewellyn his heiress. Sir Plutus Goldsworthy buys pictures sometimes; and upon the present occasion he drives in from

Aurifer Hall, with his niece, whom he supposes to be Miss Goldsworthy, to see the new work. Mrs. Charles advances to behold it, recognises the features of her beloved Fusilier, and rapidly drawing from the accessories the deduction that her soldier has been affectionately inclined towards some beautiful girl, represented as Titania, cannot repress her excitable nature, screams, sobs out her story at the feet of Sir Plutus, and is disinherited. There is revenge for the painter.

If you do not like this ending,—and I do not much like it myself,—I will give you another, which I think is the right one. I think that Llewellyn soon left off flirting with Georgiana, and went out of town to shoot; and that Sir Plutus, suddenly departing from this sublunary vale, left him next year at liberty to acknowledge his rich wife. I think that Georgiana speedily recovered from her folly, and that it taught her a lesson; and that at some of the parties in the spring she and Herbert met again, and friendly relations were resumed. Whether two or three years later, when he had a good income, and fancied that he knew his own mind, he was silly enough to go again to Charlotte Street on the same errand as before, and unlucky enough not to depart under similar circumstances of discomfiture, I really do not feel myself obliged to say. The moral of a story does not lie in its marriages. But I think it exceedingly probable that Herbert did marry Georgiana, and also that Mrs. Disney does justice to her sex, and to its logic, by maintaining to this day that all her husband's brilliant success in life is due to herself; for that if she had not driven him to earnest work, by what she tells him, and he tries to believe, was pretended coldness, he would never have achieved the Painter's Revenge.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

To take a comprehensive glance of invisible things, learning to appreciate them justly, and attribute to each its properties and value—presupposes no small advance in chemical philosophy. When the quantities of invisible gases floating around us are reduced to weight and measure, we rise startled from contemplating the figures these weightings and measurings disclose. When the invisible salts, and invisible organic fluids, which contaminate our wells and potable streams, are extracted, and brought by the force of chemistry before us—we gain some new and unpleasant ideas of purity and impurity.

Amongst scientific applications having popular interest at the present time, the economic purification of sewage-water, rendering it limpid and furnishing manure, is receiving much public attention. An elaborate paper on the subject has been read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Fothergill Cooke; the object of this gentleman being to demonstrate that the system of purifying water by means of cream of lime, introduced at Leicester by Mr. Wicksteed in 1845, might with advantage be applied to the metropolis; either exclusively or conjointly with irrigation.

The points seem to be on all hands conceded that cream of lime, when mingled with sewage-fluid in due proportion, can, and does, immediately effect deodorisation; that, moreover, it precipitates all colouring and bodily-suspended matter which may happen to exist in the sewage. Hence it seems to follow that the cream-of-lime process is partially effective; but to assert that it is *wholly* effective, that it can precipitate *all* the extraneous bodies, by the presence of which sewage-water differs from ordinary water, is no less at variance with the teachings of chemistry than the preponderating testimony elicited by the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Cooke's paper. The inhabitants of London, according to Mr. Cooke's estimate, consume no less than the enormous quantity of 12,000 tons of nitrogen annually. This nitrogen ultimately goes to form ammonia, with 15,000 tons of which it corresponds. Now when it is considered that the value of this ammonia may be estimated at 600,000*l.*, and that it would suffice to manure 820,000

acres, or 500 square miles of land, some notion may be formed of the shortcomings of any sewage-purification scheme, economically considered, which does not involve the capture and utilisation of ammonia. It is a fallacy moreover to regard the translucency of water as identical with purity; nearly all the soluble salts originally held by sewage-water will remain there, the agency of lime notwithstanding. Those who most strongly advocate the Leicester system of purification, admit that it is incompetent to deal with the case of highly putrescent sewage; in other words, sewage highly charged with ammonia. The practical question, then, arises, in relation to the metropolis, whether the putrefaction of enormous masses of sewage-liquid can be occasionally prevented under certain meteorologic conditions?

The public, and especially the artistic public, will be glad to learn that a novel, and apparently a good, process of conferring siccative properties on oils has been made known by Mr. Christopher Binks. It consists in heating the oil, previously incorporated with hydrated protoxide of manganese, in the proportion of from five to fourteen pounds of hydrated oxide to every ton of oil. The usual processes of rendering linseed-oil siccative have consisted either in boiling it alone, or boiling it with litharge, red lead, peroxide of manganese, acetate of lead, and sometimes sulphate of zinc. The theory of the effect of drying agents has hitherto been attributed to their oxidating property; yet it would be difficult to show that acetate of lead is endowed with this quality. Then sulphate of zinc can surely impart no oxygen; and as to hydrated protoxide of manganese, now employed by Mr. Christopher Binks, its chemical power is the very reverse of oxidising; it takes oxygen away. Is not the siccative agency of certain metallic salts and metallic oxides referable to the double agency of their precipitating mucilage and generating oleates, the latter being more siccative than uncombined oleic acid? One prospective advantage from the employment of hydrated protoxide of manganese should seem to be its unchangeable colour under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen-gas. All drying oils rendered siccative by means of lead-compounds, and retaining a portion of lead, blacken by long exposure to atmospheric influences. This is a very serious consideration to the artist. Occasionally, Mr. Binks informs us, artists' colourmen effect a separation of the excess of lead by the addition of sulphuric acid. This, in our estimation, is calculated to make matters worse for the artist. The interests of fine art demand that more attention than heretofore should be devoted to the conditions on which the permanence of artistic colouring-agents depend.

The recent prominence which has been given to questions of poisoning has stimulated the investigation of toxicologists, both here and abroad. Among the most useful deductions arrived at in relation to strychnia, and the alkaloids generally, are those of Professor Otto, of Brunswick; who has recently published a record of his experiments in one of the German philosophical journals. The processes of analysis are, however, too technical, and too elaborate, for detailed cognisance to be taken of them here. That philosopher has, however, stated a fact in relation to the widely-extended existence of arsenic which is highly curious, and demonstrative of the fact that the objects of justice may be defeated by the very delicacy of chemical tests. Chemists have long drawn attention to the fact that ferruginous depositions from water contain arsenic. No one example of deposition of this kind, totally devoid of arsenic, has hitherto, we believe, been shown to exist. Cognisant of this fact, Professor Otto was impelled by curiosity to examine the crust which had deposited on the interior of his tea-kettle. Having collected a portion, and subjected it to the scrutiny of Marsh's test, he proved it to be arseniferous.

Whilst our knowledge of the properties of mineral poisons, and cognisance of the means of separating them, have arrived at a degree of excellence which leaves almost nothing to be desired—our knowledge, chemical and physiological, of organic poisons remains painfully incomplete. Even

the alkaloids, strychnia, conia, atropina, and others of that family, are a stumbling-block to toxicologists; and as for the animal poisons, all connected with them is no less inscrutable than ever. In the beginning of December, some interesting but unsuccessful experiments were performed by Dr. Chambers, at the solicitation of Mr. Temple, chief-justice of Honduras, for testing the antidotal efficacy of a Honduras plant, in relation to the poison of serpents. It appears that the woodcutters of Honduras are in the habit of relying upon the vegetable in question, when bitten (an accident of frequent occurrence) by the poisonous serpents so prevalent in Central American forests. Some of this vegetable Mr. Temple brought with him to Europe. It was thought to be the veritable Guaco; but on this point the chief-justice of Honduras was not positive. Two puff-adders and two rabbits were made the subjects of experiment. One of the rabbits, having been bitten, died in thirty-five minutes, notwithstanding the administration of a copious dose of Guaco infusion. Theoretical exceptions may of course be taken to the conditions of the experiment; and the fact sought to be elicited may, in strictness of language, be considered rather in the sense of remaining unsettled, than of being positively disproved. The result was nevertheless unfavourable; and leaves the whole question of snake-poison in the same mystery as heretofore. What successful physiologist will be fortunate enough to discover the connection which probably subsists between poison and the salivary gland? The fatal secretive organ, which belongs to many serpents, is only a kind of salivary gland, and the poison a kind of saliva. In these creatures, the secretion is poisonous normally. The poison of hydrophobia is also secreted by the salivary gland; but, then, only as a condition of specific disease, and abnormally. Contemplating the mysterious nature of animal poisons, one is led into the curious train of reflection—that amongst all the toxic agents of this class, whether naturally occurring or artificially generated, one, and perhaps only one,—cantharidine, the active principle of cantharides,—has hitherto been isolated and rendered amenable to the discrimination of chemical tests!

Dr. Royle, whose long experience of Indian vegetable resources gives weight to all his remarks upon them, bids English paper-manufacturers to be of good hope. Notwithstanding the enormously increased demand for paper, consequent on the abolition of postal restrictions and the spread of cheap literature,—notwithstanding the interdict which continental nations have laid on the exportation of paper-making materials—we have only, it appears, to utilise the fibrous vegetable substances which tropical forests so abundantly produce, and we shall obtain paper of better average quality than heretofore; and in quantities equal to the most exacting demands of our giant printing establishments. Amongst the fibre-yielding vegetables specified by Dr. Royle are—the Plantain tribe; the Marrooi, which latter yields large quantities of fibrous material of exquisite whiteness; the Palma tribe, so universal in its productions; the Leguminaceæ, Malvaceæ, Asclepiads, and Nettles. It appears that, owing to the predilection of English people for cotton consequent on the cheapness of this material, our writing and printing paper is of worse average quality than that employed by most of the European nations and the United States of America. What appears still more extraordinary, having regard to the freedom of the English press, and its enormous activity, the consumption of paper per head in England is less than in France, Belgium, Holland, or the United States of America. Every "Statesman," it appears, consumes 13lbs of paper per annum, on an average of the whole population; each inhabitant of France, 9lbs; of Belgium and Holland, 8lbs; while 6½lbs, or at most 7lbs, are available to every Englishman. The price of the raw material entering into paper is, it appears, in France, Belgium, and Holland, from ten to fifteen per cent below its price in England, and is at the same time much better.

M. Maumené, whose labours in the field of vegetable chemistry have been so conspicuous, has recently published his

suggestions for preventing the enormous destruction of sugar which is known to occur in the process of sugar-extraction from beet-root. One great objection to the economy of that process has been in the supposed necessity of digging out the beet-root, and storing it until the period of mashing and pressing had arrived. If the juice were expressed at once, and set aside in cisterns, the sugar underwent complete decomposition. Complete destruction of the sugar is avoided by allowing the beets to remain in store; but nevertheless the destruction which even then takes place amounts, according to M. Maunencé, to no less than fifty per cent. He expresses the juice at once, and adds lime, by which treatment saccharate of lime—a body not readily subject to decomposition—is generated; and he separates the lime, when desired, either by carbonic-acid gas injected, or sulphuric acid cautiously added. Certain phosphates may also be employed to accomplish the same end.

Kopp publishes the details of his process—at this time extensively employed in England and elsewhere—for an improved manufacture of carbonate of soda; collaterally, too, he generates arsenic and sulphuric acids, the latter being turned to account in the generation of carbonate of soda. In prosecuting the manufacture of carbonate of soda by the process ordinarily followed,—the process of Leblanc,—nearly all the sulphur originally held by the sulphate of soda is wasted; and the enormous quantity of oxysulphuret of calcium obtained becomes seriously embarrassing. Moreover the process demands great individual skill on the part of the workmen, otherwise the calcination does not satisfactorily proceed. Kopp's process permits the employment of existing apparatus used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid and carbonate of soda; it dispenses with lime and chalk, whence the formation of the oxysulphuret of lime is impossible, and all the alkaline matter is turned to account. These are, as will be seen, great advantages. We would give details of the process were they not too purely technical for our pages.

Kuhlman—if his statements be confirmed by further experience—has succeeded in abating that pest and nuisance of applied chemistry, the evolution of muriatic gas attendant on the soda-manufacture. He absorbs that destructive gas by carbonate of baryta, and thus cheaply generates chloride of barium. Some time ago, and without reference to the present invention, the same chemist made known that chloride of barium acted more effectually than any other substance of which he was cognisant in preventing depositions on the interior of steam-boilers. At that period, chloride of barium was too expensive for employment in such manner; but it will henceforth be a cheap substance, if the process of Kuhlman be extensively carried out. Nevertheless the quantities of chloride of barium thus used would be, after all, inconsiderable. It is proposed, therefore, to effect its decomposition by sulphuric acid, thus liberating hydrochloric acid chemically pure; and generating sulphate of baryta for employment in the manufacture of paper. Kuhlman also employs carbonate of baryta as a condensing agent for the nitrous fumes which escape during the manufacture of sulphuric acid. He also liberates muriatic-acid gas into the flues of ordinary fireplaces, and of the furnaces employed for burning animal-charcoal: in this manner he obtains economically, large quantities of sal-ammoniac; and at the same time diminishes the evolution of smoke.

Aluminium does not quite maintain its character for nobility. Not only is its whiteness cold, and disagreeable—very much like the tint of zinc, but it tarnishes by exposure to air and moisture, just as much as copper, lead, and bronze tarnish when similarly exposed. To expect, then, that aluminium can ever occupy the position of silver, as a metal of domestic elegance, and as was once imagined, is futile; but it seems likely to come into use for another purpose. It is remarkably sonorous; more so than any known bronze or bell-metal compound. It has been proposed, therefore, to make bells of it; and we are assured that this, even whilst we write, is being done. A further proposition is, to wire-

draw aluminium, and employ such wire as a substitute for steel-wire in the manufacture of pianofortes; or to substitute for wire graduated bars of aluminium. If aluminium be sufficiently ductile, there seems no reason why the former scheme may not be advantageously carried out; but the mere sonorous quality of aluminium will assuredly not enable pianoforte-makers to substitute plectral bars for plectral wires. Whatever the metal of these bars, an insuperable objection lies against their use. No adequate method has ever been devised for regulating them, and keeping them, like wires, in tune. This defect of plectral bars was long since demonstrated by Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the Bude-light. Apropos of aluminium, it is scarcely nows to say it is now made from cryolite, a Greenland mineral, instead of the chloride of aluminium, which constituted its original source of supply. Wöhler, however, has considerably improved the process of manufacture of late; and Brunner substitutes for cryolite, fluoride of aluminium, prepared by transmitting hydrofluoric-acid gas through hydrate of alumina. Chemically considered, this is an interesting modification of the original process; but looking to the large deposits of cryolite, the latter will remain the better practical source.

Poor Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, has once more been made the victim of physiological inquiry. When a youth, he had the misfortune to be perforated with a charge of duck-shot, by which means a hole through his side and into his stomach was effected. This aperture never healed; and its existence gave facilities to certain experiments on digestion, which Dr. Beaumont long since availed himself of, and with which all physiologists are conversant. Dr. Francis G. Smith, of Pennsylvania, has subjected St. Martin to experiment once more, and has arrived at the following conclusions: (1.) The stomach, when digesting, secretes an acid liquid. (2.) The acid is not phosphoric acid. (3.) Hydrochloric acid, if present at all, is there in very small quantities. (4.) But the chief, if not the only, agent to which the gastric juice owes its solvent powers, is the lactic acid.

We must not fail to record amongst recent scientific memorabilia the Photographic Soirée at King's College on the 17th of December. It would be invidious to draw distinctions where all was excellent; but perhaps the photographic moon-pictures, and the engravings wrought on copper by voltaic action from pictures made by photographic means, were the most novel, and extraordinary. By the by, why do not photographers try what formic acid will do for them? Its strong reducing powers suggest hopes of promise; and the plan newly discovered by Brunner, of making formic acid by distilling a mixture of oxalic acid and glycerine, removes the difficulty which has attended its production hitherto.



THE HOME FOR THE OUTDOOR DRESSMAKER.

By MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since *Household Words* called the attention of its readers to "The Day-worker's Home." The institution then described in its infancy is now, to the honour of its two noble patronesses, thoroughly established; and "The Day-worker's Home" has been transferred from No. 2 Manchester Street to larger premises at No. 44 Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

Lady Hobart and Lady Gederich are the sole originators of this benevolent scheme. Young and energetic, endowed

with superior gifts of the mind, including a sound practical judgment, they ignored all those Utopian ideas which have so often upset the plans of philanthropists. These ladies understood the repugnance that the poorest, if worthy, must have to becoming the recipients of mere charity; so, in a simple and straightforward appeal to the outdoor workers of milliners and dressmakers, they invited them to become inmates of a Home specially organised for them. The tenants were to pay the same price which was charged for a miserable half-furnished room, mostly situated in a dingy court or narrow street impervious to light and air.

The originators felt sure that as soon as such a society was known, it would become *self-supporting*; and so, taking upon themselves the responsibilities of furnishing, &c., they secured the services of an intelligent person, of prepossessing appearance and address, as lady-resident of the establishment.

The lady-resident (Mrs. Lomas) sought out many sempstresses in their lonely attics, and drew vivid pictures of the manifold comforts this "Home" offered in contrast with the cheerless abodes to which, on an inclement winter's night, they often returned drenched to the skin, with no fire to dry their wet clothes, no warm food to restore their exhausted frames, no kind voice to bid the weary ones welcome, or to protect them from the temptations which assail the young and the unwary in every corner of the metropolis.

At first Mrs. Lomas made but little impression; the girls looked with suspicion at any interference with their liberties and independence; they could not believe that they, so unknown, should be objects of solicitude to ladies of station. The generous sympathy applied to their case was utterly above their comprehension; and they refused to avail themselves of the liberal offer of such a Home, until they were assured that no restraints were intended, except such as would be carried out in every well-regulated household. In the beginning a few only ventured upon the trial; but those few soon learned to appreciate the cleanliness and domestic comforts to which they were introduced. By degrees they won their fellow-workers to become partakers of advantages so cheaply procured.

The removal from Manchester Street to No. 44 Great Ormond Street was not only necessary, on account of the greater demand for beds, but also for the accommodation this locality afforded to the inmates of the "Home," as being more central,—nearer both to Regent Street and the City. This was important; for as soon as the summer season is over at the West-end, the autumn fashions commence with the milliners and dressmakers towards St. Paul's; and the increase of business in the latter quarter requires additional hands.

The inspection of the "Home," a commodious mansion, would well repay a visit. There could not, in all London, be found a better situation for the purpose. There are spacious rooms on the ground-floor, leading to a fine terrace, with a broad flight of stone-steps descending into the garden. The garden itself extends the whole length of the back of Queen's Square—a depth of about 230 feet.

One cannot imagine a more gratifying sight than that of these young people enjoying themselves on the terrace on a summer's evening, inhaling the fresh air and the perfume of flowers. How grateful a contrast to the hot and crowded workroom wherein they have been confined all day!

A grand staircase leads to a suite of drawing-rooms, large and lofty. Above them are the sleeping-rooms, capable of containing a hundred beds; some wide enough for two occupants,—sisters or friends, who may sleep together if they choose, and so diminish the expense, which, however, is very little; *a single bed, with the use of fire and candles and sitting-room, with library, only costing two-and-sixpence per week.*

A large fire is always burning in the kitchen till eleven o'clock at night, so that the girls may cook their own suppers at whatever time their labours are over; and the passer by, on a cold winter's night, may have his olfactory

sense regaled by the steam arising from sundry savoury messes, and his ears, if they be kindly ones, gratified by the peals of laughter heard during the process of cooking.

On Sundays the girls subscribe for their dinner, and buy good joints of meat, two sorts of vegetables, and puddings; the whole meal costing from sixpence to sevenpence a head. The cook, moreover, will often give inmates permission to prepare little dishes to take to the workroom on Mondays for the noonday meal.

On Sunday morning Lady Hobart gives Bible readings from ten till eleven o'clock, at which most of the girls attend; and all join in singing sacred music in the afternoon, and are expected to go to some place of divine worship in the evening.

There are French classes, conducted by these ladies, twice a-week; and a singing class once a-week, when one of the lady patronesses presides, and takes great pains in teaching her willing pupils.

An annual concert is also given; and a grand pianoforte is sent in for the evening gratis by some well-known maker. Musical professors are kind enough to assist gratuitously.

During the year there are lectures given upon interesting and popular subjects.

Usually on week-day nights, from supper till bed-time, one of the girls reads aloud, whilst others ply their industrious needles in earning a little money, by making caps or trimming bonnets for their acquaintances, or by preparing little gifts to friends in return for civilities received; and so in peace and harmony all retire to rest in their well-ventilated dormitories.

The library at present contains but few volumes; but how easily the shelves might be filled, if kind-hearted people, who desire to promote the pleasures of their poorer fellow-creatures, would present to this Society a few books, stray prints, or periodicals!

It is pleasant to say, that the originators of this excellent institution are appreciated as they deserve by the objects of it. It would be well if the noble example here set were followed by other ladies of influence, as more Homes are now required.

There are still hundreds of these hard-working dressmakers' girls, who pass their few leisure hours in solitude and in unhealthy localities; many of them, weary of their isolated position, become a prey to the worst dangers of the capital, and sink into a degradation from which they find it impossible to emerge. It is no small happiness for parents in the country to know, that when they now send up their daughters to town, they can, by bringing a proper certificate of respectability, be at once received into a safe asylum, and procure comforts only to be found in a private family. It will be an additional satisfaction for such parents to hear that dressmakers and milliners send to this institution for young people who want employment.

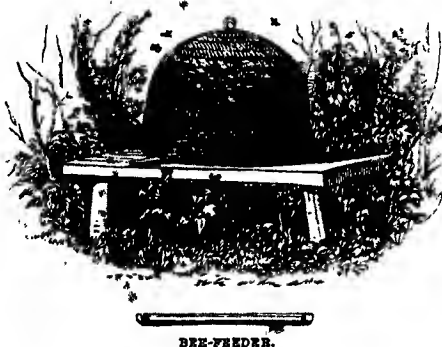
One of the great evils which young dressmakers have to endure is, the length of time they are compelled to work; those out of doors go to their establishments at nine in the morning and leave at nine in the evening; for which they receive from seven to nine shillings a-week, including their tea. But the indoor workers are much worse off; they get no exercise, and are usually expected to be in the workroom from seven in the morning till ten o'clock at night, being scarcely allowed the relaxation of talking; and in the busy season it is often daylight before they retire to bed, too weary to gain even the few hours' sleep which is allowed them.

We all know how difficult it is to obtain a legislative enactment; but it is in the power of the ladies themselves to effect much good for their poorer sisters. It is suggested, as a means of carrying out the present object, that the noble Patronesses of this Institution should use their influence to form a league amongst the ladies of England; and that the members of this should bind themselves not to employ any dressmakers but those who would guarantee that the workwomen in their establishment should under no cir-

circumstances be employed more than ten hours out of the twenty-four.

In cases of emergency, the head dressmakers should undertake to procure a relay of fresh hands to accomplish any necessary extra work; which would not be difficult, as there are generally numbers of girls disengaged, who would be but too willing under such circumstances to be employed. For this end, application might be made to the "Home," or similar institutions; which might always be furnished with accessible lists of young persons of efficiency ready to be hired upon a press of business requiring prompt attention.

Milliners and dressmakers would find it greatly to their advantage to add in furthering the objects of such an institution, as by their more humane treatment of young needlewomen they would command the greater amount of patronage and consequent remuneration.



PRESERVATION OF BEES.

The winter is a season of trial to bees, even under the best of circumstances. Their numbers decrease, and their stores decrease, and many a fine stock perishes from causes that cannot be ascertained. Where bees are kept, the greatest circumspection is necessary at this time of year, in order to hide them over safely to the spring; and the worst season is yet to come, February and early in March being the periods most frequently fatal to them.

The bee-keeper should now look over his stocks, and form an estimate of the general state of things. Stocks which have been fed up to the present time must be fed very assiduously until the honey-season has fairly commenced; and many of those that have not yet been fed will be found so light as to require it. When feeding has once been commenced, it should not be discontinued till the currant-trees are in bloom.

Bee-food is the most important matter the apiarian has to consider in winter; for where the stocks are numerous, feeding is rather an expensive affair. The best food is honey, and the best feeder is a piece of clean comb. But honey is dear, and syrups of some kind or other usually take their place. If the apiary is provided with feeding-pans, and liquid food be preferred, that recommended by Mr. Taylor is unquestionably the best. To make it, use good sound ale and loaf-sugar, in the proportion of a pint of ale to over a pound of sugar; boil for five minutes, and then add for every pound of sugar a tablespoonful of rum.

Liquid foods are, however, fast going out of use, for experience has satisfactorily proved the superiority of solid food, when properly prepared. Take loaf-sugar, and to every pound add a gill of water and a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Boil for about thirty minutes, or until a little of the boiling liquid dropped into cold water becomes instantly solid. Then pour out the preparation on a marble slab or dish, previously smeared with oil or butter; and as soon as it is sufficiently hard, cut it into strips of a convenient size for insertion in the mouth of the hive. If the liquid does not quickly solidify, or if it shows the least tendency to crys-

tallise, return it to the pan and boil it up again. It should be quite solid, so as to bear handling, and be free from any tendency to candy. It is barley-sugar in a pure form; and though you may purchase barley-sugar ready made, it is usually flavoured with lemon, or some other objectionable matter obnoxious to the bees. I made my first trial of this food last spring, and this winter have used no other food. The saving of time and trouble is immense; feeding-pans are quite unnecessary; there is no occasion for shifting or altering the hive-cover; and robber-bees are never attracted by it, as is always the case when honey or sugared mixtures are used.

But many bee-keepers will adhere to old-established rules; and for the benefit of those who have experienced the difficulties and dangers to the stock arising from the use of liquid food, I will suggest a mode of feeding which I used to practise years ago, when barley-sugar had not been thought of. I used to procure a few rods of elder-wood, of about an inch in thickness. These were cut up into lengths of four or five inches; then split, and the pith removed, and each end stopp'd with a piece of cork cut to fit, so as to form a shallow trough, that could be inserted in the entrance, and filled every evening from a can with a very thin spout. For occasional feeding, as after hiving a swarm, or during sudden trials of weather in spring, such a simple feeder would often prove the saving of a stock.

Sunshine is a frequent cause of injury to bees at this time of year; and the hives should be shaded by means of squares of wood fixed to posts sunk before the hives, sufficiently high to leave the causeway open to the south. The shades should incline a little towards the west; for in winter the afternoon sun is the most powerful. Snow is another cause of death to bees. The glare of light, and the bright weather that frequently follows snow, tempt the bees out, and many perish of cold: hence, as long as the snow lies, keep them prisoners, with only sufficient room for admission of air; but as soon as the snow disappears, let the bees have their liberty again. To imprison bees for any length of time is ruin to them.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

MINIATURE FERNERIES.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

I DESIRE to offer my mite towards the recreations of Home, having derived so much enjoyment from the perusal of your high-class Magazine. What I have to offer is, a new and pretty mode of cultivating small ferns, Lycopodiums, and, indeed, delicate and pretty plants of any kind, provided they are small in size. We use in our family a goodly quantity of Florence oil for salads, dressing fish, &c.; and as the flasks get empty, I remove the binding, cleanse them with potash, and then make of each flask a miniature fernery. A little soft peat is dropped into the bottom of the flask, and the fern or other plant is then neatly planted in it by thrusting into the flask a slender stick with which to bury the roots in the soil. A cork is then fitted, and a string attached to the cork to suspend the flask; and a number of such flasks have a very pretty effect in a student's window.

The great value of this plan is, that it enables any one, without the aid of expensive appliances, to cultivate some of the rarest and most beautiful of our smaller native ferns and flowering plants—such as the Tunbridge sly fern in its young state, the lovely spleen-worts, and the wall-rue, as well as the wood oxalis, *Lycopodium denticulatum*, and others; and lastly, it is just the very perfection of a plan for raising ferns from seed.

I have ventured to call your attention to this plan of mine, feeling assured that if you approve of it you will gladly make such suggestions as may enable me to extend my own operations, and induce many others to follow my example.

H. H. COWLEY, Birmingham.

[A pretty suggestion, on which we shall have something to say hereafter.—*Ens. N. M.*]



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. VI.

BY E. H. BAILY, R.A.

MARIUS, AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

MARIUS, AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

By E. H. BAILY, R.A.

"TELL the Senate, that you found Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage!" Such is the text which has suggested to Mr. Baily the fine work whose outlines form the subject of our engraving to-day. The mere choice of such a theme, to find expression through the medium of a single sculptured figure,—including, as its terms seem almost necessarily to do, many of the conditions of picture,—is itself an evidence of the genius which alone could execute it. The power to will in such exceptional cases includes the power to perform. The master-handling and consummate execution have, from these seemingly inadequate materials, brought out all the thought; and the story of Marius in his desolation is hero told, as it were, in one grand epic phrase.

There is one respect in which this work of Mr. Baily's recommends itself particularly to our selection as an example of his art,—in the fact of its being a male figure, and of the heroic type. Steeped in the dreamier portion of Greek poetry, the mind of this sculptor has, as a habit, wrought preferentially on female models; and the mental tendency in that direction is sometimes visible in even the particular type of male beauty which he selects. Among the long series of poetical creations of various kinds that he has contributed to the native school of which he is the chief living ornament, he is therefore more familiarly known by his works in the classes referred to than by a performance like the present,—while nowhere, perhaps, has he delivered a more direct and emphatic utterance of his power than in this. We thus provide for our readers here at once an expression of his genius and of its variety.

There are no statues in the world beside which this figure might not stand. The action is studied, yet without affectation; and the modelling presents one of those felicitous instances of complicated arrangement by which great variety is obtained out of the lines of a single figure, and which are not unfrequent with this sculptor. In the case before us, the effect is that of a bold handling to match the bold thought. We know not why we should speak of this production as having a Grecian character, save for its kindred excellence and its conformity with the Greek canons. The sculptor is here throughout forgotten in his work:—to be which, is to be immortal in art. Form and action and attitude, accident and attribute and sentiment, are idealised into one assenting whole, which utters well the moral of the fallen Dictator. The work is dramatic, because the incident is dramatic. As we have said, the treatment is heroic, as the attitudinal character of the theme demanded; and it is a condition of this treatment, that the figure is entirely nude. But it is a curious evidence of the manner in which genius can deal with a poetic license like this, that at first sight it is scarcely noticed that the forms are naked; and when that fact *does* present itself, it is felt that all the time it has been yielding its unconscious contribution to the sentiment of abdicated greatness and ruined fortunes. The physical nakedness symbolises, as it were, the political destitution. The moral of the situation and of the condition speaks powerfully from this work. There is even, as it were, a sense of the desert about it.—All these things are the evidences of that fine thought in the treatment of sculpture subjects which alone can unlock their inner meanings and evolve their spiritualities. The hand that works thus, is working, we repeat, for immortality.

Another reason why we have selected this particular performance of Mr. Baily's as our specimen of his art, is, because it remains uncommissioned in his studio; and we thus introduce our readers to a work with which they have not had such obvious opportunities of making acquaintance as have been afforded them in reference to so many another masterpiece from the same hand. There are few things finer than this in the English school; and it cannot, we imagine, be long ere it will find its way into marble.

PICTURESQUE SINS.

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

EVERY moralist can show us that vice is universally wrong. I wish some one would arise to show that it is universally ugly. As the world goes, there are many sins—admitted to be sins by their perpetrators—which, so far from being concealed, are worn with a certain ostentation. The reason is, that they are supposed to be picturesque. As some noble houses have been content to hint their royal descent by the blazon of a bar sinister, there are men who will parade their pet sins, from a notion that they are related, however illegitimately, to the more striking and heroic virtues.

There is Harry Carter, for instance, called "Prince Hal" by his boon companions. His house is open to them; they empty his cellar, and hack out his hunters. He has so much conscience left, that he has not yet plunged beyond his depth in extravagance. He can still touch the bottom of solvency on tip-toe; but his fine estates are heavily mortgaged; his old English home, neglected and stripped of its trees, looks at him with mingled warning and reproach. Even the avonme is half cut down, and might tell Hal, whenever he rides up to the house, that he is, in a double sense, on the road to ruin. Worst of all, I am not sure that Hal even enjoys the life for which he pays so dearly. The wine in which he dissolves his pearl has not always the merit of being palatable; and there are certain soda-water moments besides, in which he has twinges of downright remorse. Still, on the whole, he believes himself to be a liberal, spirited fellow—a little reckless, he grants you, but nevertheless a thorough English blood. In other words, he lives in an attitude. He is sure that if you took his moral portrait as he stands, the whole effect—spite of some irregularity in the features—would be picturesque. Could any one prove to him that to trifle with the trust of wealth, to leave labour unencouraged, diligence unrewarded, ignorance uninstructed, was not only immoral, but ugly, I should still have hopes that Harry Carter might be reclaimed.

Our young squire, although he affects indifference to women, is complacently aware of the favour which they bear to him. It is when Lady Nancy, Miss Ditchley, and other Amazons, are in the field that he takes his most astonishing leaps. After the run, he wheels round to the ladies with a confident laugh, not quite free from effrontery. He is jovial, patronising, even careless. Yet if, in the midst of his loud mirth, the slight figure of Grace Noel on her pony should meet him in the lane, a grave deference would come suddenly over him, and he would uncover to her as to a queen.

Grace has not yet seen five-and-twenty summers. She lives in a little ivy-hid cottage, in a lane that skirts Mr. Carter's estate. Two years since, an annuity of two hundred pounds—the produce of a great aunt's legacy—made the young lady independent. An ancient spinster—once housekeeper of the aunt aforesaid—now resides with Grace, rather as a friend than as a dependant. Kindness to the humble is one of Miss Noel's characteristics. You will often find her on a sunny afternoon at the village-school. She will personally examine the little Browns, Parkers, and Smiths, as to their spelling and their samplers; or question them on home affairs, and the interests of their parents. She will cheer up Dame Gossett herself,—the victim of a malady which (without due regard to her position as an instructor) she is teaching the new generation to pronounce "rheumatiz." Does Grace enter the small shop of the village linen-draper, she never by any chance reminds him of the scantiness or old-fashionedness of his stock; but pays with a smile as bright as if she had never seen Regent Street. In general, she consents to encase her dainty feet in boots of country manufacture, and undergoes a martyrdom, compared with which that of the pedestrian who walked on unboiled peas was a trifle, rather than wound the village

Crispin by discarding his clumsy goods for those of the capital.

No wonder that Grace is in high favour with the poor. They all feel the charm of her simple and kindly manner, and vote her unanimously a "born and bred lady."

Grace has, however, less attractive aspects for some people. When a governess in the family of Mr. Tibbetts, the retired oilman, she was duly taught to "know her place" by Mrs. Tibbetts. To dine with the children—to refrain from intruding into the drawing-room, or from mingling with the wealthy guests—often to take her seat in the "rumble," and to bear the rough practical jokes of the elder Master Tibbetts—were a few of the trials to which the poor governess submitted in proud silence; and she a Noel, who could trace her descent to one of the oldest baronial houses in England, and who had a titular interest—though by no means a territorial one—in the romantic ruin of Noel Priory!

Grace did not forget this. Pride of family, and contempt of the merely wealthy, grew together in her breast, both feelings being nurtured by the hardships of her early days. She never forgot that she was born a lady, and did not perceive that her over-consciousness of the fact was gradually sapping its chief moral charm.

For nothing has Miss Noel been more applauded than for her felicity in repelling vulgar ostentation. Some decisive dowager, who wears her jewels as profusely, though less quietly, than the waxwork ladies at Madame Tussaud's; some red-checked plethoric little man, who made a lucky hit during the railway mania, and who utters truisms in an authoritative croak; some hopeful heir of the aforesaid speculator, who makes up a "book" for the Derby, and backs, in one sense of that word, horses which he could hardly venture to back in another,—one and all of these have at various times assailed Miss Noel with their condescension, and retreated from her with amusing precipitancy. Never rude, seldom sarcastic, there is a sort of rebuke in her low clear voice, in her smile full of civil attention but stopping short of interest, and, above all, in her look of perplexed interrogatory when patronage is specially intended, that delights the initiated. They can never admire enough the ease with which she puts down pompous old C—, or arrests the assurance of dictatorial Mrs. F—. She is so self-possessed—so much the lady; her pride, in a word, is so picturesque! Would that Grace could see such pride in its nakedness—a sin, and an ugly one.

For think, Grace, where it is leading you! Already it has taught you gross injustice to a large section of your fellow-creatures, taught you to confound a whole class with its worst examples, and to overlook the refinement and generosity which so often distinguish the architects of their own fortune; and, worse than this, taught you to attach undue value to manner and bearing, and to rate as nothing the warm and honest feelings, which may consist, not only with defects of breeding, but even with vulgar foibles.

Are you yourself, Grace, so certainly free from that very vulgarity which you despise in others? Would it not be a fair definition of vulgarity in its essence, to say that it is the sense of self predominating over the sense of one's relations to others? A woman of your taste, of course, would never make herself a locomotive advertisement of her jeweller and her milliner,—never use her tongue as if it were a weapon, and bayonet society with dogmas; but, in the perpetual sense of what is becoming to *you*,—of what befits the lady that you are,—in the suppressed but complacent contrast of yourself with others, is there nothing, Grace, of the same self-consciousness that lies at the root of all vulgarity? Even your suavity to the humble, which had once its source in spontaneous kindness, is already vitiated by this consciousness. There is more self than charity in your courtesies to the poor, when rendered chiefly because a lady is never arrogant to her inferiors. What will time make of you, with all your delicate tact, if you go on referring conduct, not to duties and sympathies, but to what

sots off and indicates your position? You will be a polished vulgarian, but a vulgarian no less because self-wrapped and heartless. And will not the narrow, though refined nature, that turns ever on itself as a pivot work at last the traces of its petty circuit into your face, until one sees there within how mean a round a soul can prison itself? Compared with a Christian woman, who hopes the best of all, who can see worth beneath a coarse exterior, who aims to make even the worst better, whose free kindness flows out of her like the perfume of a flower or the song of a bird,—compared with such a character, Grace, your own is not merely unamiable; it is ugly.

There is another sort of picturesque sinner, not unknown in our day. We lately met an example of this class, in the person of Mr. Leigh Challoner. Challoner is an amateur artist, poet, and musician; and his capacity in all these directions is current in a very select circle. It is mysteriously hinted that Challoner is a great genius, but that he scores general opinion too much to write, paint, or compose for the public. He scarcely deigns to abuse it, except by implication. If a genial humorist sends a laugh rippling over the face of society, if a poet rivets its attention by some simple earnest strain, Challoner smiles, observes that A. or B. was the very man to succeed—there was no dangerous depth or subtlety in either; and tells you that the painter understood the public to a nicety who wrote "this is a horse" under his picture of the quadruped. Challoner receives we know not what admiration on the strength of being superior to his kind, and especially because he never helps it to his level. This quiet supremacy and disdain are again supposed by some to be eminently picturesque. O, Challoner, under any interpretation of your mind, it seems to us an ugly one! If you have not the genius to which you pretend, you are simply an impostor. If, possessing it, you purposely shun the homeliest phrase or form that may touch the heart of your brother with beauty or enlighten it with truth, you are a misanthrope: you may choose between the hypocrite and the scorner. Good men will raise statues to neither.

Many are the personages once held to be picturesque who are now seen to be mere scarecrows: powdered gentlemen of fashion, who founded their own reputations on those they had ruined; who could first insult the wife, and then "piuk" the resentful husband; highwaymen, who rode to Tyburn-tree decorated with the favours of the fair; duellists, who were knaves in disguise, and compelled men to stake lives that had the sterling ring of manhood against their own brazen counterfeits; fools, who affected Byron's faults, without a touch of his genius, and disdained the world that they neither comprehended nor improved. Touching these, the delusions of society have long ago ceased, and they are now either abhorred or despised. Their successors will share the same fate. May we not learn from experience that whatever runs counter to moral worth is ugly, and that in reality there is no such thing as a picturesque sin?

THE ROMAN BALLADS.—No. I.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE Greek language, as it now exists, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the human mind. Jews and gipsies are well known as capital specimens of the obstinate persistency of nationality in races, and of the resistance which they offer to the accumulation of the methods of fusion which are constantly acting on a dispersed people shaken loose from a firm footing in any particular locality. But the continuity of national existence in the case of the Greeks presents phenomena to which neither Jews nor gipsies afford a parallel. The gipsies no doubt carry about with them a peculiar spoken language brought from the east, but it is a language of no historical significance or literary culture; while the Jews do indeed teach their children to mumble prayers and texts of Scripture

in their original national speech; but it is a process of indoctrination altogether forced and artificial, and as far remote from the daily life and habits of any modern Hebrew sojourning in Germany or Poland, as the Horatian stanzas and Greek iambs manufactured by boys in a classical English school are from the quotidian instincts and habits of the great British beefeater. But the Greeks, with an unbroken continuity of the strongest national feeling, possess also a spoken and written language, which is in all substantial elements identical with the dialect hummed by the musical young Homer on the banks of the Melas at Smyrna nearly three thousand years ago, and rolled out with the awful weight of moral dignity and political sagacity over the fine-eared crowds of the Athenian forum by that famous Pericles, who, like a terrestrial Jove, "lightened and thundered, and confounded Greece," more than four hundred years before the Christian era. The Greek language is, in fact, the only European dialect that by its continued existence bridges over the mighty gulf between the classical and the modern times. Latin has been transmuted into Spanish, Italian, French, and those wild uncultivated offshoots of the stout old Roman speech that still survive on the banks of the lower Danube, and in the country of the Grisons; but the long life of the Byzantine empire, protracted with so many painful struggles and morbid convulsions during the whole period of the middle ages, saved the language of Plato and Chrysostom from having its rare elements thrown into a crucible, for the purpose of forming a new product. Greek, even in that worst stage of corruption which it exhibits in the metrical romance called *Erotocritus*,* is in no sense a new building made of old materials; but rather an old building somewhat weather-beaten, with the polychromatic decorations in some places washed off, and with lichens here and there eating into the solid stone, and defacing the beauty of the sculptured forms in the frieze: recognisable, however, plainly as the very sacred temple in which anciently a blue-eyed Minerva, or a dark-locked Jupiter Olympius, possessed their terrestrial tabernacles. The whole solid framework and substantial materials of the building are entire, ready to shine out in almost pristine brightness, when the brush of a loving renovator and the touch of a skilful restorer shall be applied.

Those who wish to see in what a state of perfection the language of Homer and Pericles now exists, after the most recent refurbishments, applied with such skill and zeal since the example was shown by the illustrious Corais at the commencement of the present century, can be referred to no better or more obvious source of information than the *History of the Greek Revolution* by Tricoupi, of which three volumes have already been published in this country; but in this, and a few subsequent papers, it is our intention to leave out of view altogether the Greek of living polite writers, and say a few words on the songs and ballads of the unlettered peasantry, which form such a valuable department of the essentially national and popular poetry of modern Europe. When the Turks took Constantinople in 1543, they found a corrupt people no doubt in the metropolis, and a government in every respect worthy of the enslavement to which it was subjected; but it is seldom that a people is so worthless as the government which represents it; and a nation is never truly conquered so long as the peasantry, and the better portion of the lower and middle classes, cherish the national traditions, use the national language, and glory in the national faith. So it was with the Greeks. Nothing but absolute butchery or systematic expatriation could have caused the Greeks to cease from the land which was hallowed to them by every thought and every feeling by which man lives, when he is a single inch removed above the brutes that perish. Turkey could never conquer Greece morally or intellectually, fallen as this country undoubtedly was from that high position which

enabled its wise men to come forward as the schoolmasters of pretors and pontiffs in that all-embracing Rome to which they were made subject. The soul of Greek independence lived on for four centuries under the trampling hoofs of Mahometan despotism; and the spirit that once inspired the lofty odes of Pindar, and the choral-hymns of Æschylus, still made itself heard in the chanted liturgies of unlettered but faithful priests, and in the rude songs of high-hearted freebooters, who maintained the independence of their native hills by disowning the yoke of a law which could only be received on condition of national slavery and degradation.

The popular poetry of every people,—that is, the poetry which gives expression to the thoughts and feelings of the many in language intelligible to the many, without the aid of a special artistic culture,—will, in its characteristic outlines, as well as in its lights and shadows and whole tone, be a faithful reflection of the public and social condition of the people to whom it belongs; and herein lies its great value. As pieces of art many of the Romaic ballads are utterly worthless: were such things written now by any poet of the day, no person would take them for worth more than the paper on which they are written; but as "voices of the people,"—to use a phrase made popular by Herder,—as mere breathings, if you will, of popular feeling, and occasional jets of popular fancy, they are invaluable. In the simplest and least cumbrous form they give us the very soul and atmosphere of the popular life. In this view, the exploits and fortunes of their famous robber-chiefs, to which many of their ballads refer, possess no vulgar interest. A few of these we shall now translate in the measure of the originals; which is, the common long iambic verse of fifteen syllables, with a regular cesura after the fourth foot, following the accentuation of the spoken language, as distinguished from the quantities of scientific musical training,* and without the modern accompaniment of rhyme. In "The Death of Diacos," the brigand appears in his noblest character, dying the death of a Leonidas, indeed, almost at the very gates of Thermopylæ; for the event described in this ballad took place on the banks of the river Spercheius, at the outbreak of the Greek revolution in the month of April 1821.

THE DEATH OF DIACOS.

A CLOUD is blackening o'er the plain, a cloud as black as ravens!
Comes here Kalivas with his band, comes here Loventoiannes!
'Tis not Kalivas with his band, 'tis not Loventoiannes;
But 'tis Omasr Bríones comes, and with him eighteen thousand.
This news when Diacos heard, I trow his soul was fierce within him;
His voice he lifted high, and spoke to the chief of his Palicari:
"Come, gather all my host, and call my valiant Palicari;
Deal powder freely to the men, and give them lead by handfuls!
Come quickly, quietly! then with me march on to Alamanna,
Where ramparts strong and trenches are; and there we will encamp us."
They took their bright blades in their hands, their heavy guns they shouldered;
To Alamanna's camp they came, and stood within the trenches.
"Look cheerly up, my sons," he cried, "look up and never fear them;
Stand to your post like Greeks, and fight like valiant old Hollenes!"
But fear came o'er them, and they fled dispersed all through the forest
But Diacos stood, and faced the fire with eighteen Palicari.
Three hours he stood, and fought with them, these eighteen Palicari;
Fought till his weary rifle burst, and fell in pieces near him;
Then drew his sword and bravely rushed there where the thickest fire was hailing,
And cut down Turks in countless lines, and seven Boeluk-Pashas,
Till sprang in twain his trusty blade close to the hilt; and Diacos
Fell on the ground, and came alive into the hands of foemen.

* Nothing can be more perverse than the modern practice of the Oxoniæ in pronouncing Greek prose according to artificial laws founded on musical quantities; whereas, the mere fact of the modern Greeks having preserved the accent, while they have lost the quantity of the ancient words, proves that the former was a much more essential, and therefore more persistent, element of classical speech than the latter.

* Written in the sixteenth century by Vincenzo Cornaro, a Cretan of Venetian extraction.—See Brande's *Mittheilungen über Griechenland*. Leipzig, 1842, vol. iii.

And on the road Bríones thus with private word bespoke him :
 "Diácos, a Turk wilt thou become, and chango the faith thou
 holdost,
 Wilt worship in the mosque with me, and leave the church of
 Christians?"
 Then answered he, and thus in wrath bespoke Omas Bríones :
 "Away with you and with your faith, ye dogs, to black por-
 tion!"
 Greek was I born, and when I die, you'll find a Greek in Diácos !
 But if a thousand golden coins with Mahmud's stamp upon them
 Will satiate your greed, for six days wait, till comes the brave
 Ulysses
 With Athanasius Vainas here, and they shall pay my ransom."
 These words when Chalilboy did hear, he wopt, and cried with
 anger,
 "A thousand purses I will give, a thousand and five hundred,
 To him that strikes stout Diácos down, that robber bold and
 lawless,
 Who wastes the Turkish land with war, and saps our wide
 dominion!"
 He spoke, and straight stout Diácos seized, and on the stake
 impaled him,
 And placed him upright in the midst. But Diácos laughed and
 scorned them,
 Flouted their faith, and taunting called them dogs and im-
 believers.
 "When I upon the stake shall die, 'tis but one Greek that's
 perished!
 Ulysses lives; and prospers well our captain, brave Nicetas.
 They still shall waste your lands with war, and sap your wide
 dominion."

It is interesting to compare with this record of popular
 tradition the account of the last hours of this modern Leo-
 nidas given by the polished historian Triconpi, in the four-
 teenth chapter of his first volume. We translate only the
 concluding part of the narrative.

"After the battle, the pashas took the road that leads to
 Zetouni, taking with them Diácos and his foster-son,* who had
 been taken captive with him, and commanded the stout old
 chief to walk before them to grace their triumphal procession.
 But fearing lest he might run off and escape on the way, they
 soon afterwards set him on a mule, and bound him with chains.
 The night after they arrived at Zetouni, they caused him to be
 brought before them in presence of Chali Bey, and began to in-
 terrogate him about the insurrection. Diácos replied at once,
 without fear, that the whole Greek nation was sworn either to
 be exterminated or to achieve its liberty. Whereupon Mahomet
 Pasha, admiring the boldness of the man, said that he was wil-
 ling to deliver him from his present evil case, if he would serve
 him faithfully. To which Diácos replied, 'I will not serve you.'
 'Make your choice,' said the pasha; 'serve me, or I will kill
 you.'† 'Hellas,' replied the captive, 'has many a Diácos.'
 On the following day, the 24th April, the order went forth that
 he should be impaled. The man who communicated to him the
 harsh ordinance, put into his hands at the same time the pain-
 ful instrument by which he was to die, and told him to carry it
 and follow him. But Diácos threw the stake on the ground,
 and turning to the Albanians who surrounded him, exclaimed,
 'Is there no one here who will kill me? why do you allow these
 Orientals (τοὺς Ἀνατολίτας) to torture me? I am not a malofac-
 tor.' When on his way to the place of execution, he stood, and
 casting his eyes on the ground, which was smiling with all the
 green freshness of the spring season, he repeated the couplet—

Ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦ διαδίσχιν ὁ Χάρος νὰ μὲ πάγῃ
 Τάχα τ' ἀντίθουν τὰ κλαδιά καὶ ἔρῃ ὃ γῆ χαράζει.‡

Arrived at his final destination, he bore manfully the most pain-
 ful of deaths, being in torture for three hours."

In the following ballad, representing a dialogue between
 Olympus and Kissabos, the natural opposition between the
 mountain country as the home of liberty, and the plains as
 the abode of slaves, is well brought out. In the translation
 we shall depart here from the strictness of the original
 rhythm, and adopt our common rhymed ballad verse of four-
 teen syllables.

* The modern Greek word for this is *ψυχώνης*, literally son of my
 soul—a fine idea.

† Here the original presents another example of a frequent new ap-
 plication of a classical word, *ἐξουθενώ*, literally I will darken you—
 quite Homeric.

‡ We have retained the original of these lines that any of our readers
 may have an opportunity of judging in what way the vulgar Greek
 of the uneducated modern peasantry differs from the classic old dialect
 of Homer and Plato. The translation is,

"Behold the time when Charon grim to take my life hath chosen,
 Even now when green is every branch, and grows each blade the
 greenest."

OLYMPUS AND KISSABOS.

OLYMPUS high and Kissabos once hotly strove together,
 Of storms they talked and blustering days, of snow and rainy
 weather.

White snow from high Olympus came, dark rain from Kissabos;
 Then Kissabos turns round and speaks to high Olympus thus :
 "Strive not with me, Olympus high, thou lawless robbers' nest,
 With Kissabos among the hills of Thessaly king confessed,
 Whose lofty grandeur from the plain Larissæ's agas know."
 Olympus then to Kissabos turns round and speaketh so :
 "Ha, Kissabos, inglorious hill, foul misbeliever's nest !
 By cruel agas ruled at will, by Turkish foot oppressed ;
 The old Olympus high am I by all the world confessed.
 Fifty cloisters I can count, my peaks are sixty-two ;
 On every ridge a church, a well 'neath every peak I view.
 On me the robbers dwell secure through all the wintry snow,
 And when the spring with green is bright a-roving forth they go.
 Free robbers in the mountains dwell ; slaves litter in the plains ;
 On me with kingly flapping wings the golden eagle reigns,
 And sits upon a mist-crowned crag, and to the sun doth say :
 O sun, thy morning beam is faint, but strong thy noontide ray,
 My claws thou makest warm and strong, that I may find my
 food,
 Where lurks the partridge in the field, the pigeon in the wood !"

This little piece is of more value than many pages of
 high-toned historical rhetoric, to show by what habits of
 thought and association it was that the Greek *klepht*, or free-
 booter, became clothed to the popular imagination of his
 countrymen with many of the finest poetical qualities of the
 hero and the patriot. William of Deloraine, Watt of Harden,
 and the other mass-troopers of Sir Walter Scott's lay, were
 robbers unquestionably in many of their habits of life, if
 judged by the strict law of our peaceful and proper times ;
 but they were stanch Scotchmen also, and patriots, better
 than many who now breathe. In the same way it is un-
 questionable that the mountain-caves of Olympus, Pindus,
 and Parnassus, which sheltered the freebooting clan under
 Turkish despotism, were the nurseries of Greek nationality,
 and the training schools of Greek independence.

In our next Paper we shall give a few more specimens
 of the genuine Klephtic ballad, and then proceed to cull a
 wreath of more miscellaneous interest.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable
 Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate
 with the writers.]

WHAT, more poisoning, more cases of garotte and of wife-
 beating? Yes, it is even so. We might be ashamed (only
 that it is out of fashion to feel ashamed) to own how our
 type of crime has changed, and become essentially one of
 cowardice. The terrors of Hounslow Heath are a tradition.
 We no longer emulate the deeds of Turpin or Claude Duval.
 We pity the foolhardiness of Colonel Blood and Jack Shep-
 pard. The bull-dog characteristic is wearing away. We
 do not affect that now. When we shoot a man, we prefer
 doing it from behind a wall ; if we rob him, we do not stop
 him on the highway, pistol in hand, with the old-fashioned
 choice, "Your money or your life;" but we spring on him
 from behind, and throttle him as well as we can. It is a
 slight comfort that this detestable mode is still considered
 so un-English that we express it by a French name. But if
 the crime takes root, we may as well invent a word for it.
 We have taken to infernal machines and strychnine. Cer-
 tainly the terror of those who are not yet garotted or poisoned
 has risen to the height when it becomes deadly ; and Sir
 George Grey, who represents, we suppose, the feelings of
 the masses, has been hanging right and left with much im-
 partiality. We dare not reckon up how many men have in
 the year of grace 1856 been put to the worst use to which
 it is said a man can be put. Perhaps these very men have
 perished on the scaffold mostly in order that ticket-of-leave
 men should still enjoy their liberty and breathe the pleasant

air of their native country. The same difference is beginning to be perceptible in warfare. Bull-dog courage is not less valued, but it obtains perhaps a less reward than skill and dexterity. Not only the valour to do, but the knowledge how and when to do, is prized; so that as gunpowder first insured death at a distance, so now revolvers multiply with terrible precision the number of deaths, and economise the time spent in doing it. We have altered even in our minor vices. We no longer drink until we are mad; we only smoke until we are stupid. We have raised our examinations, and lowered our regulation height. Paul, Sadleir, Robson, Redpath, Palmer, and Dove, are specimens of our present race of criminals; and it is undeniable that cowardice and subtlety are the characteristics of their offences.

This is the moral aspect of the age. Now let us regard the physical aspect. In the eyes of some it will merely present a coincidence; to the minds of others it will appear as the root and reason of that condition. It is a patent fact to the most idle of observers, that the treatment of disease is essentially different now to that which was practised 150 years since, and is suited to the æsthetic type which in these times predominates. Fevers are principally of the low typhoid order, acute inflammatory diseases have decreased; while cholera and influenza have established themselves among us. Wine and brandy are prescribed in spite of what teetotalers say; and taken also, or refused under peril of death. Insanity, essentially a disease of debility, has largely increased, and though our extended population, and the accurate classification of our panper-lunatics supply a reason for a part of that increase, there is still a large margin for which we are unable to account. Ask the next person you meet if he has no case near home of palsy, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, and such diseases as depend more or less on the brain. If he answer truly, he will confess to more than one. The excessive use of tobacco has been urged as a reason for this; but perhaps with more plausibility than truth. We could not, if we would, stand the immense amount of drinking which our forefathers did. That they could was owing to their exercising the body considerably more than the brain, and to their out-of-door life. Sedatives or narcotics are the natural and appropriate remedies for cerebral excitement. Smoking promotes dreamy thought, and soothes the brain; hence, probably, the secret of its extensive increase. Philosophers have suggested as one cause the state of the atmosphere, and the greater cold and damp which have prevailed ever since the Lisbon earthquake: but this is but one of many. Our growing tendency to forsake the fields and dwell in large cities; the difficulty which thence arises of supplying pure air and water to the poorer classes; the unhealthy trades, and indoor life of our artisans,—these are the real causes. In fifty years all this has had time to tell; and the result is seen in our precocious children, our conceited and vicious youth, our stunted men, and in the shortened lives of our ablest and best men. No doubt cultivation is much more general, and intellectually much higher, than in the last century. In the present day, to obtain the chief honours in our universities demands, not only great and steady industry, but a brain of certain size and power, and some surplus of health. It is probable that in time our senior wranglers and double-firsts will not win their laurels without a sacrifice of youthful energy perilous in the extreme to the future man. Kirk White said that there ought to be a picture of Fame in the University Senate House, represented as concealing a Death's-head under a mask of beauty. Byron, Swift, Cowper, Laman Blanchard, Kirk White, Canning, form a group of examples. Scott said of himself, "Though the plough neared the end of the furrow, he was still urged on by the fixed habit of labour." Leland perished in a like struggle; and but a few weeks since one of our most industrious, learned, and kindest of spirits—Hugh Miller—has passed away.

Among the less cultivated, the highest knowledge and science have been simplified and popularised until the dis-

coveries of learned professors, and the laborious conclusions of our deepest thinkers, are A B C to the mass. The Eusebian mysteries are profaned, and the multitudo run riot. And precisely because minds grasp results which they have never needed to fag out for themselves, they lack the humility and reverence which that discipline grants to the hard-working student. The Germans have a proverb: *Doctor Luther's Schuhe sind nicht allen Dorfschwestern gerecht*,—"Not every parish-priest can wear Dr. Luther's shoes." "If at an altitude of 102 feet the barometer stands at 29.71, what would be the pressure to the square inch?" This was a question actually propounded by a self-educated pert youth to a certain professor of note. "Do you think I carry my head stuffed with facts for your convenience?" was the reply. "My boy, you need to learn how to learn." It is a pleasant thing to confess, on the other side of the question, that the increase of brain-work, and of thoughtfulness generally, though it has tended to deteriorate the animal, has also produced a greater amount of moral courage among a larger number of people than in former times. Thus the moral courage to desert a side, not because it is falling, but because it is false, is not wanting in these days. And those who call Sir Robert Peel and Newman apostates or traitors, with many a score of others of the most subtle intellect and purest moral character, must remember that they deserted for no reward, but, sure of opprobrium, of the upbraiding of their friends, and the seething of their adversaries. If this was not to obtain ease of conscience, what other dream did they hope to realise?

But to return once more to our subject. Figures go to prove that among a given number of persons a given number of crimes are annually committed. It is even tolerably certain that of these so many murders will be perpetrated with pokers, sticks, and such things as come first to hand, indicating sudden revenge; and so many by means of guns, knives, poisons, and the like, denoting more deliberate vengeance. It is also found that certain conditions pressing incidentally—such as scarcity, want of employment, epidemic disorders, political or religious excitement—will increase temporarily particular classes of crime. To those who have arrived at the conviction, that a certain extent of crime must always exist among a given number of people, and inquire no further, it is sufficient to urge, that though unquestionably what we call evil may never in the present life be wholly extirpated, nor that which we know as misery be banished entirely, it is well to remember that though "these offences must come, woe unto those by whom they come!" Since certain ascertained conditions increase evil, change or ameliorate those conditions, and you have the amount though not the existence of evil to contend with. Since there are many in whom the principle of right and wrong is naturally feeble, who require hope of immediate palpable reward to keep sober, to be clean, to act honestly, and fear of punishment to deter from violence and cruelty, and the indulgence of powerful propensities—in a word, since there are many in whom the cerebellum predominates over the cerebrum, it is manifestly the duty of those to whom wealth or talent or influence has been committed to use them for this end. Let the rich man give of his means. Let him who has moral strength show the way. Let the man who can work his brain, and the orator use his best speech. The work is not hard to find, or far to reach; it is near, to each man close at hand: let him do it with his might.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

DON'T LOSE A SHEEP FOR A HA'P'ORTH OF TAR.—This appears to be the true reading of the proverb, and to make better sense than the more current one, "Don't spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar." So much might save a sheep from the scab; but it is hard to conceive how the spoiling or not of a ship could be a question of a bit of tar more or less.

W. K. KELLY.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

III.

MRS. MIDDLEMAS could not believe her eyes, nor Maria either, when she discovered what was the matter. They had both seen Bassot place the diamonds in the box, and seal it up only a few days before. It had never been opened since. It was put into the jewel-case the same evening, and that was placed in a trunk, from which it was now first taken. The jewel-case had a Bramah lock; and the key was attached to her watch-chain, which was at the head of her bed by night, and round her neck by day; and yet the diamonds had disappeared. Somebody must have stolen them; but when? Certainly not since their arrival in England; for the trunk in which the jewel-case was packed had not been opened till that morning; she was still without a maid; and the keys had never been out of her own possession. "The Custom-house," suggested Maria; but Bunbury himself went to the Custom-house with the luggage, unlocked the trunks, and locked them again; and the jewel-case had never been opened,—for Mrs. M. had gone straight to the hotel, and the key was hanging to her chain. "They never took it out of the trunk, nor touched it," said Bunbury, on hearing of the calamity. "I was thinking what I should do for the key, if they wanted to open it."

Of course, when this sort of inexplicable thing happens, people can do nothing but wonder and talk and recapitulate all the circumstances; and when they have come to the end, begin over again.

"You know, we stood talking to Bassot whilst he put the diamonds in the silver-paper. I remember how neat and flat he folded it, turned up the two ends, and sealed them with a bit of groen wax; my eyes were never off him for a moment."

"Nor mine either," said Maria.

"Then he folded the box in paper, and sealed that also, and then handed it to me. We can't be deceived in that: he certainly put them in. If I never see the diamonds again, I can't accuse him. I remember," she continued, after a pause, "that when I got home, I laid the bag on my bed; it had never been out of this hand till then since I left Bassot's shop; and there it lay till I was going to Laure's. Now, nobody could get into that bedroom without going through the *salon*, which we never left for a moment the whole afternoon."

"No," said Maria, "except when we were in the bedroom. It is impossible that any living thing but a mouse could have got at the bag without our seeing it."

"Then, I remember, when I had got my bonnet and cloak on, to go to Laure's, I took up the bag, for my purse was in it; and that as I was going through the *salon*, I remembered the diamonds; and I said it was no use walking through Paris with diamonds about me, and I took out the packet, and laid it on the table."

"And Tapp said he would stay and take care of them," said Maria.

"Very true; so he did," rejoined Mrs. Middlemas; but the tone of her voice was changed; she spoke slowly, as people do who are arriving at a conviction.

"And he never stirred out of the room, I am certain," pursued Maria. "Indeed, I recollect he said he had not when we returned. He said, 'Here I am, like a faithful watch-dog; I have never left my charge.'"

"He did; and he was the only person who ever saw the box, or who knew what was in it," said Mrs. M. significantly.

"If it had not been Bassot himself," began Maria, after a pause.

"It's nonsense to talk about Bassot, Maria," said Mrs. M. impatiently; "we know very well he has nothing to do with it."

"Well, but who has? It's impossible to fix upon any body."

"Hum! Somebody must have done it, you know," said Mrs. M., looking at Maria with a peculiar significance.

"Who?" said Maria, whilst the blood rushed to her face; for she was struck with Mrs. M.'s expression.

"It must be somebody, you know, who had access to the box. Now, whilst it was in my bag, you must admit, nobody could get at it, unless they were magicians, and could make themselves invisible."

"Well, I know they could not," replied Maria; "I don't know what you are driving at."

"And certainly nobody could have got at it whilst it was in the dressing-case, and the dressing-case in that trunk; you'll admit that, I suppose."

"Of course I admit it," said Maria, drawing up her head and looking steadily at Mrs. M. "And what then?"

"Only that the diamonds are gone, that's all."

"I see what you mean," said Maria, bursting into tears; "I could not have believed such a thing."

"Nor I either," rejoined Mrs. M. coolly.

"I mean, that I could not have believed you would be so cruel, so insulting, so unjust!" sobbed Maria.

"You may say it's cruel, insulting, and unjust, Maria; but do me the favour to tell me, who ever had a moment's opportunity to take the diamonds, or who could have any motive for stealing the contents of that little insignificant-looking box in preference to all my jewels and valuable things, which they might quite as easily have taken? He did not know they were for you, nor you either; because, till I got your papa's letter about them, I would not mention it, for fear he might say I was not to give them to you."

"I have always known you hated him, and wished to separate us," sobbed Maria.

"I own I never approved of the match," said Mrs. M.

"You could not expect I should—a penniless fellow, of no family, and nothing in the world to recommend him. You know the distress it has occasioned your father; and now that this has happened—"

"Now that what has happened?" said Maria fiercely.

"You may be as indignant as you please, Maria; but you cannot alter facts. You know, as well as I do, that nobody else *could* have taken the diamonds."

Maria's faith was strong; she could not for a moment believe it; and yet what Mrs. M. said was unanswerable. Nobody could have had access to them but Tapp; he alone knew any thing of them at all; he alone knew where they were; and alone he was left in the room, with the box lying on the table, for three-quarters of an hour; he had plenty of time to open the paper it was enveloped in, and to seal it up again. There were wax and matches in the room.

Overcome with grief, indignation, and perplexity, Maria retired to her room; and after indulging herself with what ladies call a good cry, she sat down to write to Tapp, who had left London for Portsmouth, where his brother, a lieutenant in the navy, was then residing. She told him of the loss of the diamonds, and of their great perplexity as to what had become of them; but she could not bring herself to hint Mrs. M.'s suspicions. She begged him to write by return of post, which he did, saying he was very sorry, and that it was very strange, &c. &c.; but on the whole treating the matter very lightly, as Mrs. M. indignantly said; which apparent indifference, Maria held, went to prove his innocence; while her mamma, of course, held a directly opposite opinion.

"It's his interest to make light of it," said Mrs. M.

"He doesn't see what he has to do with it," said Maria. "Besides, he doesn't set any value on such things."

"He sets some value on money, I suppose; and I presume he's aware that diamonds are very saleable articles. There are plenty of Jews at Portsmouth. I thought he was in a great hurry to get away. Besides, it's such a convenient place for sending them out of the country: I dare say they are across the Channel by this time."

Great as was Maria's indignation and faith, she had nothing to answer. There was no denying that appear-



CALAIS PIER. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

ances were very much against Tapp, and that, in short, nobody else *could* have taken them; yet she could not believe that he had; and all she could do was to say so.

"Well," said Mrs. M., "the loss of the diamonds is very serious; but there is a much more serious consideration involved in the business than that. Of course you will not marry a man that lies under such a stigma."

"I shall certainly not give up my engagement," said Maria.

"I think you had better consider a little," replied Mrs. M. "Of course, neither I nor your father can ever give our consent to, or in any way countenance, the connection. Your aunt, I am quite sure, when she hears what has happened, —and I shall write to her immediately,—will withdraw her consent; so, setting aside all other considerations, I should like to know what you are to live on?"

"We shall find the means to live, I dare say," said Maria.

"Well, certainly you may, I forgot that: if Captain Tapp is a dexterous hand at this sort of thing, he will find the means to live for a time; but that is but a precarious mode of subsistence, you know, and it's apt to end in a visit to the colonies."

Maria's iterations, that she did not believe in his guilt, of course, were of no avail, in face of the unanswerable proofs Mrs. M. could allege. Miss Darnley, horror-struck, withdrew her consent from the match; and Colonel M. was written to on the subject. The poor girl could do nothing but weep; she could not bear to tell Tapp of the conviction that prevailed, which he did not seem to suspect, or passed over in silence; whilst Mrs. M. was unwilling to take any legal steps, for fear of making public an affair that would connect Miss Middlemas's name with such a low-born contemptible scoundrel as Tapp.

"I wonder if I could convince you of this man's guilt," said Mrs. Middlemas, after some reflection, "whether you would be willing to give him up?"

"Certainly," said Maria; "I wouldn't marry a thief; but it is because—"

"Well, never mind arguing the point now. But I am determined to go back to Paris, and put the affair into the hands of the police; for indubitably it was there the diamonds were stolen: but, before I speak to the police, we'll go to Alexis, and hear what he says about it. He was certainly the means of finding Madame de T—'s bracelet; he described the woman that had taken it, and told when and where it was stolen."

"With all my heart," said Maria, who, having witnessed several successful experiments, had a thorough belief in clairvoyance; and if he says that Tapp took them, I'll believe him; but I am certain he will not."

The next day they started for Paris, leaving their luggage at the hotel, and mentioning their design to nobody whatever. If any body inquired for them, the waiter had orders to say that they had gone out of town for a few days.

On their arrival, they drove to the hotel they had formerly inhabited, but made no allusion whatever to the loss they had sustained; and the following morning they were the earliest visitors Alois received. Being put to sleep, and his attention directed to Mrs. Middlemas, he said, "I see you have lost something; it's something of value; it's something bright—how it shines! Ah, they are jewels—you have been robbed!"

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Middlemas, whilst Maria's heart beat with anxiety.

"And can you see the thief?" inquired Mrs. M.

"You lost them here in Paris. I see the room; it's a large room, and there's a door open to another room; there are a great many things on the table, and the jewels are there too, in a little box. He should not open the box."

"Who?" said Mrs. Middlemas.

"The thief. He has taken the jewels, and put them in his waistcoat-pocket."

"Can you describe him?" said the mesmeriser.

"He's short, not thin; he has not much hair; I think he is a soldier—yes, he's a soldier."

Mrs. Middlemas nodded her head, as much as to say, "I know it," whilst Maria sat pale and trembling, overcome with grief and astonishment.

"And can you see where the jewels are now?" inquired Mrs. M.

Alexis said yes, that he could see they were in a box with a great deal of other jewellery, and that box was in another large box; but he did not succeed in conveying an idea of where those boxes were to be found. However, the information, as far as it went, was decisive. Alexis could never have seen or heard of Tapp in his life; it was utterly impossible he could have learnt their loss, as they had mentioned it to no one in Paris, and only to their own family in England. The evidence appeared to Mrs. Middlemas irresistible; and even Maria felt that she could not reject it. The next day they had an interview with the chief inspector of the *arrondissement*, and told him the story. He expressed a strong conviction that *ce Monsieur* was the thief. Naturally; for who else could it be? And when he heard he was no longer in Paris, observed that it was much to be regretted, as his absence greatly diminished their chance of recovering the jewels. However, he promised that every diligence should be used, and immediate inquiries made amongst the receivers and others, in case he had disposed of them before he left France. He proposed also that the police in London and Portsmouth should be put in possession of the circumstance.

"What could you do more if he were here?" said Mrs. M.; "for I don't wish any publicity given to this affair, for particular reasons, though I should be very glad to prove his guilt, and also to get back the diamonds."

"We should have him under surveillance; we should know all his goings and comings, all his associations and resorts," said the official; "we should ascertain what money he had, or had spent."

The revelations of Alexis, and the conviction of the shrewd inspector, produced their natural effect on Maria. Unwilling as she was to do so, there was no alternative but to believe her lover had taken the diamonds. But now a new idea occurred to her: he had doubtless done it as a jest, to frighten and perplex them. He was certainly not habitually a joker, practical or otherwise; but he might have taken a fancy to exhibit himself in that character for once; so she resolved to write to him, assuming that view of the case, saying that they had discovered his jest through the revelations of Alexis, blaming him for carrying it so far, and requesting him to write by return of post if he had them, of which fact she felt no doubt. Thus, she thought, if he has taken them in jest, he will exonerate himself; and even if it was not in jest, this will give him an opportunity of returning them. By the same post, unknown to the ladies, the French inspector notified the circumstance to the chief of the London police, who lost no time in conveying the information to the inspector at Portsmouth.

On the third day after these letters had been despatched, Tapp entered the *salon*, where Mrs. M. and Maria were sitting at breakfast, in a state of extreme fluster and agitation. He said he had started immediately on receipt of the letter, and protested violently against the supposition that he had the diamonds. His protestations, however, produced no effect on Mrs. Middlemas; the diamonds had been taken, and it was morally impossible that any body else could have taken them. The circumstantial evidence was as strong as circumstantial evidence could be; even the police said there could be no doubt as to the fact. "If you choose to return them," she said, "we shall consider the affair as a jest, and you shall hear no more about it; if you do not, you must take the consequences." Tapp maintained his innocence; appealed to the evidence of his former life, of which, however, they knew very little; and urged the cruelty of branding him with such a crime, when they had no evidence that he had committed it. Mrs. M. answered that many a man

had been hanged upon less; she became very angry; Tapp covered his face with his hands and wept, and Maria kept him company.

"Perhaps you had debts," said Mrs. M., "and you wanted to discharge them before your marriage." He declared he had no debts. "Perhaps not now; you may have sold the diamonds, and paid them; but only confess it, to relieve our minds from anxiety, and I promise that no further steps shall be taken in the business."

But her entreaties and Maria's tears availed nothing; he swore that he had not taken them at all, neither in jest nor in earnest; nor ever even touched the packet, which he admitted Mrs. M. had left on the table when she went to Laura's. This scene lasted some hours; and at the end of it he went away, saying he should go and give himself up to the police. But the police declined taking him into custody. They left him free, which answered their purpose better. But he soon became aware that every step he took was watched; and it appeared to him that every body was in the conspiracy against him. He thought the people at the hotel where he lodged looked suspiciously on him; and the *garçon* at the *Café Anglais*, where he dined, had his eye upon him. If he passed a *sergent-de-ville* in the street, the man turned his head to look after him. If he went into a shop to make a purchase, he saw the people took him for a thief, and followed his movements with suspicion. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he felt he was never alone. He had no motive for staying in Paris; he wished to return to his brother at Portsmouth, whom he had so hastily quitted; but he was doubtful whether he should be permitted to depart. However, driven to desperation, he at length resolved to try, and he found no obstacle placed in his way; but when he went to Laftte's for his money, the clerk that took his paper looked up sharply over his spectacles when he read the name; and when he took his tickets at the railway, he observed a man standing beside him, who followed him to the carriage, and never lost sight of him till the train started. He took his ticket to London, where he saw a policeman whispering to the cabman who drove him to his hotel; and he had not been at Portsmouth half-an-hour before he observed another talking to the cook through the area-rails.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Middlemas and her daughter returned to London, where, alas! there was no necessity to purchase a *trousseau* now; and after a short stay there, they proceeded to Yorkshire, where they intended remaining some time with their relation before they left England. Mrs. Middlemas was going to rejoin her husband; and Maria, wretched and ashamed, had consented to go with her. "I don't believe in his guilt," she said; "I never will; but I know I can't marry a man lying under such a stigma; and therefore it's better I should go with you."

When the time approached for their departure, Maria, who had broken off all communication with her lover, could not resist the temptation to write him a farewell letter, saying that appearances were unfortunately so much against him that she could not act in opposition to the opinions of her family; and that therefore, as their engagement was terminated, she was going to India with Mrs. M.; that she hoped he might form another that would be conducive to his happiness; and that it might be a satisfaction to him to know that, in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence adduced, she could not bring herself to believe in his guilt.

This letter she addressed to the care of his brother, at Portsmouth, and she looked anxiously for an answer; but none arrived; and as she had informed him of the period they had fixed for the termination of their visit, she concluded he had either not received her letter, or that he was too much hurt and too indignant to write. This gave her a great deal of pain; for she had a longing desire to hear from him once more before she set out on her long journey, which was to be on the ensuing day; and as she sat in the bed-chamber occupied by herself, and Mrs. Middlemas, surrounded by trunks and boxes, and all the litter of a great

packing-up, she thought sadly of her disappointed expectations and blighted hopes. Her habits and her tastes wholly unfitted her for that life in India which Mrs. M. described as so agreeable. She was leaving the friends of her youth for strangers; for even her father she had been very little with; and she felt that, though she should be living in his family, she should never feel herself of it. Then she thought of her lover. She was confident he was not habitually dishonest; and if he *had* taken the diamonds, it must have been under some extraordinary pressure of circumstances,—the relief of his brother, perhaps, who she knew was very much embarrassed by a narrow income and large family—two things which are dreadfully apt to go together. But no, he had not taken them; nothing but his own confession should ever convince her of his guilt; and if he was innocent, how cruel, O, how cruel it was! with that warm and affectionate heart, that simple unsophisticated nature, that shy and susceptible temperament. She knew he was not handsome, though in her eyes it was a good honest countenance. She knew he was not polished up to the mark of a fine gentleman; but his manners partook of his character: he was too good-natured to be ill-bred. And he was so alone in the world; for what acquaintance he had were in the village where Miss Darnley lived, and where he would no more appear. He had no relations but the poor brother at Portsmouth; and she herself had been his hope and his mainstay for five years, during which they had kept their engagement secret, knowing it would be disapproved. "And how he relied on me!" And she wept and sobbed till her aunt's little dog Spot, who was lying under the bed, crawled out, and, rising on his hind-legs and placing his fore-feet on her lap, looked up with his large brown eyes, expressing wonder and commiseration, into her face.

"Ah, Spot," she said, with that melting of the heart that makes us greet with welcome the humblest sympathy; "ah, Spot, he was always kind to you, and you loved him! What nice walks we had together, Spot,—hadn't we?—through the green lanes and over the broad fields, when you used to scamper away after the hares and rabbits that you never caught! Ah, Spot, there'll be no more such walks for us!" But Spot seemed to take a more hopeful view of the case; he wagged his tail cheerfully, and seemed to be of Gripp's opinion, that we should never say die. Relieved by her tears, Maria dried her eyes, and set to work once more at her packing, while Spot crawled back under the bed.

We are all more or less disposed to melancholy on the eve of a long journey. Parting with people or places that we may never see again, even when we don't care much about them, arouses recollections and reflections that soften and sadden the heart; and this mood of mind is not diminished by the air of discomfort that usually pervades the house on these occasions, and the irregularity that deranges the establishment. Even dogs are sensible to this influence, and generally fall into low spirits when they observe symptoms of a great move.

"By the by, where's Spot?" said Miss Darnley, as they sat in silence over the fire after dinner; for she had been thinking what an unfortunate thing this broken engagement was for her. If Maria had married Tapp, the young couple were to have lived with her; in fact, in countenancing the connection, she was not quite free from selfish motives. She loved her niece, and they perfectly suited each other. She knew it was not such a match as the colonel expected for his daughter; but she firmly believed Maria and her lover were calculated to make each other happy; and their pecuniary interests she was herself able to provide for. "Now," thought she, "I shall pass my latter days in solitude, with nobody but poor Spot for my companion." But this put her in mind of the dog, and she remembered that he had had no dinner. "Poor fellow!" she said, "he never could bear packing; the sight of trunks and litter always takes away his appetite."

"I think he's under our bed," said Maria; "I'll go and fetch him."

"You had better take a candle; you'll fall over the boxes," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"No," said Maria, "I'll only go to the door and call him."

"Spot, Spot!" said she; and immediately she heard the dog crawl from under the bed. "Poor fellow!" she added, patting him as he came to her feet; "come with me, and I'll give you some dinner,—it's the last dinner I shall ever give you, I dare say," and wagging his tail, Spot followed her down-stairs and into the dining-room, where he was very civilly received, and his dinner presented to him.

After he had eaten it, and refreshed himself with a little water from his basin, which stood under the sideboard, he drew towards the fire, by which they were sitting, and having turned round four or five times, curled himself up on the hearth-rug, and lay down.

"What's that shining on Spot's ear?" said Miss Darnley, as the firelight gleamed on the dog's head. "Come here, Spot; let me see what it is you've got there. I declare it's a bit of glass entangled in Spot's curls;" and she picked out the bit of glass. "And here's another bit. Has there been a glass broken in your room?"

"No," said Mrs. Middlemas; "not that I know of?"

"Here's some more of it sticking in his frill," said Miss Darnley, feeling about the dog's throat. "Do ring the bell, Maria; let us have candles; he may lick himself, and swallow some of it."

So the candles were brought, and the little bits of glass picked out and laid on the table.

"How they shine!" said the ladies, taking them up and examining them.

"Is it glass?" said Miss Darnley; "I don't think it's glass: they appear to be crystals. Look, when they are all together;" and she put them in a cluster. "Why, they might be taken for diamonds!"

"I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Middlemas; "I think it must be glass."

"It's out of your room; for Spot's been there all day. Run up, Maria, and see if there is any more of it."

Maria, who had at first not paid much attention to what was going on, at the word *diamonds* had approached the table, and taken one of these shining atoms in her hand. She rolled it between her finger and thumb, and satisfied herself that it was not glass: it was perfectly smooth and polished; if it had been broken glass, the edges must have been rough. Then she looked at them clustered together; and she observed, when the light fell on them, that they reflected various hues. There were six or seven of these shining atoms found entangled in the dog's hair. What could they be? She took up the candle, and walked slowly up-stairs, with a sort of vague feeling of, not hope, but wonder and curiosity; for she believed in her heart that they were actually diamonds; and if they were, they could scarcely be any other diamonds than the lost ones, for they had no others unset. But then it was impossible: where could they have been all this time? Somebody must have taken them out of the box in the first instance; and that person could, it was proved, have been nobody but Tapp. Suddenly a dreadful thought struck her. He *had* taken them, and this was the means he had adopted to get rid of them, and escape further detection and trouble. He *had*, in some way, got them conveyed into the house, and probably into their bed-chamber. He had several acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and had probably induced one of them to undertake this enterprise for him; or he might have bribed one of the servants to do it. Her heart turned sick at the thought of this confirmation of her lover's guilt. With a pale cheek and trembling hand she opened the door of the bed-chamber; and stretching out her arm with the candle, so that the light should be diffused, she looked around the room, but no shining objects presented themselves. Then she examined the carpet; nothing of the sort. Lastly, she lifted the valance of the bed. Ah, here indeed was the nest from which Spot had purloined those bright feathers! There was a cluster of them, together

with bits of torn paper and unconsidered rubbish, that in the course of a week's packing, during which the housemaid had been forbidden to touch any thing, had got kicked under the bed. With a fooling of intense grief at this overwhelming proof of Tapp's unworthiness, Maria summoned Mrs. Middlemas and her aunt up-stairs. "Look under the bed," she said, holding up the valance, and throwing the light of the candle on the stonoes.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Middlemas; "it's certainly the diamonds;" and she stretched out her hand to draw them out. "How in the world could they come there?"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Darnley; "and how you have accused that poor fellow, Tapp, of stealing them, and you had them yourself all the while."

"But it is impossible," said Mrs. M.; "every thing has been packed and unpacked and packed again; besides, how could they get out of the box? There must be more: look, Maria, the largest of them is not here. Pull out all that litter; it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

Maria said nothing; she would not be the first to suggest how they got there; it would probably be discovered soon enough. "Here's the box," she said; "Bassot's box."

"I remember, I threw it on the floor yesterday when I was packing the jewel-case," said Mrs. M., as Maria handed out the lower half of the box, and then the cover.

"And Spot's been gnawing it," said Maria.

"He always gnaws something when he is forgotten at dinner," said Miss Darnley; "I think it's to teach us not to do it again."

"O," cried Maria, rising from her knees, "O, look, mamma! look, aunt! they've been here all the while!—they've been here all the while!" and sitting down on the side of the bed, she burst into tears.

It was quite true; the diamonds had never been out of the box where Bassot had placed them. He had sealed the bit of silver-paper in which he had folded them; and when he put on the cover of the box the little packet had stuck fast to the top by the warm wax. There it was still, adhering by the same green wax, though happily torn by Spot in impatience for his dinner. The remaining diamonds were found in its folds.

We will not dwell on all the emotions of joy and remorse to which this strange discovery gave rise. Letters were immediately despatched to Portsmouth explanatory and apologetic; the voyage was given up for the present; and Tapp was invited to presont himself without delay. But in a few days an answer came from the brother, saying that the poor fellow had been so broken-hearted about the whole thing, and was so possessed by the belief that the police were after him, that he had left England without telling where he was going; "for," said he, "if I am inquired for, you can then say with truth you don't know where I am. If I find myself uncomfortable on the continent, I shall go to America; but if I do, I promise to write to you." Therefore, said the brother, "I think he is still in Europe, though where I have no idea. He knew he could never prove his innocence, and expected to live and die with this stigma upon him."

The discovery of the diamonds had taken place about three months previous to my meeting them; and in spite of Bunbury's travels, Tapp had not been traced, which I thought might be owing to the delicacy with which they conducted their investigations. They were afraid, if any vague rumour of pursuit reached him, he might leave Europe.

The information I had to give was of course most joyfully received, and they were encouraged to undertake a fresh campaign by the hope it inspired. They left Vevay the next day, to return towards the Rhine; whilst I was left to meditate on these strange events, and on the curious trifles which often decide our destiny. What would have become of Tapp, and what would have been Maria's fate, if Mrs. Middlemas had not thrown that box on the floor; or if Spot had been called down to dinner at the usual time?

Who can tell? Certainly, the whole course of their lives would have been changed.

I thought of the extraordinary error of Aloxis, too. I have never seen him; but I have witnessed many wonderful phenomena of that description, and I concluded that it was a case of thought-reading. He was placed in *rapport* with Mrs. Middlemas, and gave back her own impressions.

Some time afterwards I heard, with great satisfaction, that the poor injured Tapp had been discovered at a hydro-pathic establishment on the Rhine, where he had gone to avoid English travellers, and also with a hope of obtaining some relief from the state of nervous disorder to which those events had reduced him.

The wedding was fixed for an early day, and I shortly afterwards received two cards, united by a bow of white ribbon, which I suppose was the supreme fashion at the village of B—. They were inscribed with the names of Captain and Mrs. Tapp.

TERROR IN THE TILL.

REVOLUTION is a catching disease. When it once breaks out in your neighbourhood, you never know who will take it next; yourself, perhaps. And the after-consequences of an old revolution in former times are almost as bad as the effects of a recent eruption at the present day; they are apt to show themselves when least expected, and to betray a constitutional taint where we never dreamt of looking for it. Charles I.'s decapitation was made the precedent for guillotining Louis XVI.; and the two together will serve as a joint example for some unhappy monarch one of these days. But that ugly grin French revolution not only violated the unity of royal and aristocratic necks, it did worse in some folks' opinion,—it rifled people's pockets, it touched their tills. Citizens and citizenesses were compelled to buy and sell in novel coins and weights and measures of unheard-of relative proportions. Nothing but tens, and multiples or decimal fractions of tens, were permitted to pass current by the *Assemblée Constituante*; and the result was, a system of decimal moneys, measures, and weights, which endure, and are even approved of, to this day.

It was hard upon the vested interests of the old-established coin to be thus swept away into annihilation. The plea was the old one—necessity, that it served the culprits right, and that they richly deserved their fate. For it must be confessed that coins current, like feudal tyrants, may sometimes reach the point of unbearable; men can put up with their exacting and impracticable nature no longer. The Code Napoleon and the decimal system of coins, weights, and measures, founded on the *mètre* (or the ten-millionth part of the earth's meridian from equator to pole), have conferred such inestimable blessings wherever they have been adopted, that we will not now too nicely discuss the price at which they were originally purchased. I will put a few questions to the point.

Have you ever travelled through Switzerland and the minor states of Germany? What do you think of the small change there? How did you get on when you crossed the frontier out of one grand duchy or canton into another? Did you ever find you were able to dispose of your foreign cash in hand at a premium? Aro not batzon, groschen, silber-groschen, schelings, bloutzgers, rappen (whence the phrase, "I don't care a rap"), gulden, kreutzers, florins, sols, and the rest of their mis-minted race, enough to make a man curse the day when coppers in general, and base silver tokens in particular, were invented? Do you think you ever got your fair change, or half of it, out of a silver five-franc piece or a golden sovereign? And did you bewail your destiny, or bless your stars, on escaping out of the monetary labyrinth into Belgium, France, Geneva, or Sardinia, where decimal francs and centimos are the national currency?

Things are not quite so bad as that in England; but we

have still had enough to worry our patience. We have such harmonious and consistent proportional parts as, five yards and a half make one rod, pole, or perch; twelve ounces make one pound troy, while sixteen ounces make one pound avoirdupois; and for every-day convenience, we have the simple and rational combinations,—so uniform and easy for foreigners and children to learn,—of four farthings make one penny, twelve pence make one shilling, and twenty shillings make one pound. Verily the pence and shilling tables are a fascinating study,—such as you give to good boys and girls as a pleasing recreation, and as a reward for having said their lessons well. Nay, some worthy Dominos of the olden school consider the shilling-table far too easy, and see a radical defect in the decimal element which enters into its constitution.

It is further back than yesterday that a monetary revolution has been threatening to break forth, even in our own beloved anti-revolutionary island. Murmurs, not loud, but deep, have been heard to issue from the lips of people who think themselves, justly, somebody. Conspiracies have been hatched in high places, in dark places, and in light ones too; for an international convention held its sittings in the Palais d'Industrie at Paris, during the Great Exposition there. To be brief, our tills and cash-boxes are seriously menaced with a thorough reform, which will completely change the aspect of compound addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, not to mention reduction, practice, and tare and tret. "Woe's me!" shouts the ciphering-master in an awful fright. "My bread will be snatched out of my mouth, if a decimal system of accounts be adopted. I must have compensation, or a retiring pension. It is a barefaced robbery, of which we, poor pedagogues, are the innocent victims!"

For the present, the evil day is staved off a little while, by a combination of bankers, who patriotically consult their own convenience, and have voted, when referred to by high authority, that things shall continue in *statu quo*. But the English plan of progress is, to move on slowly and surely. The coinage-reform may not come immediately; but, sooner or later, come it will. Meanwhile the revolutionists are slightly divided among themselves, though rather apparently than really so. Some say, "Take the sovereign as the starting point, and found a decimal coinage on subdivisions of that respectable piece;" in which case the penny must be sacrificed. Others, more democratic in principle, say, "No; the penny is the people's coin. At all events, we will be true to our coppers. Make a decimal coinage out of multiples of pence, if you like. You will have to throw the sovereign overboard; no matter."

Error is in the till; the trembling money-counters speculate as to whose doom it will be to be immolated first. As often happens, the lowest in rank are the loudest in their lamentations and appeals for mercy.

"Help!" cries the penny in an agony of apprehension. "Help! Murder! Fire! Thieves!"

"And pray," we answer, "what's the cause of all this riot, you brazen-throated representative of George III.?"

"Why this, sir; although I wish you would mind your own business, instead of interfering with mine. During a late session of parliament, on the motion of Mr. William Brown, the great Liverpool merchant, and one of the members for Lancashire, a resolution was carried in favour of a decimal coinage. A committee of inquiry was consequently appointed, at the head of which Lord Overstone,—better known as Mr. Jones Lloyd, the great London banker,—presided. It would be the business of the committee to obtain information from every quarter, and to report in favour of what it might consider the most eligible plan for the introduction of a decimal system of book-keeping and accounts. Of course any recommendation of this committee would have much weight in influencing parliament in its final decision. It is right this should be generally known; because within another year or two perhaps we shall have an act of parliament in force establishing a decimal system."

"Do you really think so, my dear Mr. Penny? I only wish we may get it."

"You do, do you? I don't; that is, not exactly. I therefore advert to this important matter, in order to call public attention to what seems strangely overlooked by the press, and in public discussions of every kind; although there can hardly be any public question of greater importance, or which more concerns the interest and convenience of every individual in this country."

"Very well declaimed, Penny Brown, Esquire; but what is this point so strangely neglected by the press, and in public dis—?"

"I advert to it, sir, inasmuch as Mr. Brown (no relative of mine—I disown him!) urged upon the House of Commons the propriety of adopting a system which involved in its establishment the disarrangement of me, the present penny. He proposed to retain the pound unaltered, but to divide it into a thousand instead of nine hundred and sixty parts, as at present; thus inevitably deranging the value of the nearest equivalent to the penny four per cent, less or more. At present there are two hundred and forty pence in the pound. The new plan gives two hundred and fifty pence, decreasing the value of each penny in proportion. I will not submit to be so degraded."

"But surely you will yield a little, to accommodate your superiors in pecuniary rank?"

"Don't talk to me about superiors. I say the disarrangement and inconvenience which would ensue, should the member for Lancashire's treasonable plan become law, on a vast number of small payments is very obvious; and the injustice—the inevitable injustice—such a system would induce is a matter of no small importance. I warn my countrymen what they may expect should there be no decided expression of public opinion in favour of me, the existing penny, who have no desire to become the late Mr. Penny; for it is understood the views of all the members of the committee are in favour of retaining the pound, dividing its nine hundred and sixty farthings into a thousand, and thus entirely superseding the penny. Yes; don't treat the matter lightly. I warn you, the infringement of my (Penny's) rights will be the break-up of the British Constitution. The banishment and expulsion of the penny will be followed by the same disastrous results as the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the last total eclipse of the moon, the introduction of railways, the great comet, free-trade in corn, and the winding-sheet on my grandfather's rushlight."

"But do you mean to say that we are to abandon decimals altogether, in order to preserve untouched the entailed inheritance of the Penny family? Have you the face (whatever you may have the reverse) to say that decimal accounts, weights, and measures, are not desirable for Great Britain to adopt?"

"Not quite that, sir. The importance of a correct system of decimal coinage and accounts can hardly, I own, be over-estimated, and must shortly inevitably engage the serious attention of the mercantile community. There can be no question of the vast convenience of decimal book-keeping, compared with the mode at present in use; but, sir, in adopting the change, it would be infinitely more easily effected, and inconceivably more convenient, could it be accomplished in a way not necessarily to require the setting aside of any of our existing coinage; and above all, so as not to interfere with the present penny. It is atrocious on the part of Mr. Brown to retain the pound, but to alter the value of the penny. It is a base violation of all national feeling."

"Nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense; but I tell you that it will be found much more important to preserve inviolate the penny than the pound. Such an arrangement would occasion infinitely less inconvenience to, and misapprehension among, uneducated people. Rather more than a century ago, when the adjustment of the style took place, there were very large numbers of the people who honestly believed that

they had been cheated out of eleven days of their September in that year; the same will be the case with the Pennyites, if you depreciate their favourite coin at the rate of four per cent."

"And so the onlightened and well-informed portion of the community is to yield to the prejudices of the ignorant. Had you not better instruct them a little in the real state of the case?"

"I know nothing about that. I only know that no later than fifteen years ago, when a new copper coinage was obtained for the Isle of Man,—when the old fourteen-pence Manx to the English shilling was assimilated to our currency,—there were in consequence actual riots in the island, far more serious, comparatively speaking, than any of the Sunday demonstrations in Hyde Park. The calculation there was clear and explicit—threepence-halfpenny Manx equal to threepence British; yet there are Manx people, even at the present day, who speak of the measure in bitter scorn, as having robbed them of their twopence to the shilling."

"But as we are to have a thousand pretty little new coins, to be called 'mils,' instead of nine hundred and sixty farthings, people would be much more reasonable were they to rejoice at having gained forty 'mils' in the pound."

"Mere sophistry, sir, which will persuade nobody. Should the value of the penny be altered, so that there can be no precise equivalent, the people will persist in the belief that decimals are only an attempt to injure them for the benefit of the rich; and the allegation would not be entirely unfounded. Why should the rich man be enabled to compute his pounds as heretofore, while the poor man is called upon to pay his penny and a fifth, most probably his penny and a quarter, postage for his letter or his newspaper, in place of a simple penny? It would be a tax of four-and-twenty or five-and-twenty per cent, falling almost exclusively upon the poor, for the convenience of the rich and the middle classes. There will always be an insuperable difficulty in introducing a denical coinage, if the present penny is in any way interfered with. Mark me; you will, and shall have penny riots, perhaps a penny revolution, if you dare to touch the sacred penny."

"Who would have thought that an honest penny would have ever turned firebrand and agitator! In the first place, is it quite a fact that it is poor people who pay the penny postage? And are you sure that that same postage would not be reduced a fraction, instead of increased a fraction? But please just have the goodness to inform us how you would patch up a coalition between decimals and pence."

"Easily enough. I have two plans; both admirable. The first, without being exactly a decimal system, would closely approximate to it, without interfering with the present coinage in any respect. Let accounts be kept in crowns and pence; the crown, value five shillings, equal to sixty pence. According to the proposed method, the sovereign would be equal to four crowns '00 pence; the crown would be expressed thus, 1'00; the halfcrown, 0'80; the shilling, 0'12; the penny, 0'01; the halfpenny, 0'00½; and the farthing, 0'00¼. The pence-column must be added, and divided by sixty, the quotient (crowns) carried forward, and the remainder (pence) set down. This would be a very near approach to a decimal system, and would embrace many of its conveniences."

"Whew! you make me whistle Lillabullero, like Uncle Toby. Decimals, by Irish arithmetic! A multiplication table made of india-rubber, and stretched cornerwise, so as to make twice two are five, and twice three are seven! Certainly a very near approach, a close shave, to decimal accounts, with four farthings (in vulgar fractions) to a penny, and sixty pence to a crown! You would get, however, still nearer to decimals were you to take either nine or eleven pence to the shilling, and either nine or eleven shillings to the pound. My dear Mr. Penny, you must be joking."

"Never was more in earnest in my life. But I perceive, sir, you are determined to find fault with every thing that I

propose. However, you cannot refuse to accept my second proposition of victorines and mils."

"Victorines! Do you mean fur-tippets?"

"No, sir; I am shocked at your levity. I say we can establish a perfect system of decimals and decimal book keeping without disturbing our present coinage in any respect. Suppose we reckon in victorines (value four shillings and twopence) and mils (halfpence), value as at present, there would be a hundred mils in the victorine. Mr. Brown's thousand-mil system would involve three or four (?) decimals, and this of itself would become an inconvenience tending to inevitable confusion; whereas the same end may be accomplished by this invention of mine, without altering or interfering with the penny, that is to say, with the halfpenny. By this system no present coin need be withdrawn. A new silver coin, the victorine, sufficiently dissimilar not to be readily mistaken for the present five-shilling or crown piece, might be issued. It would perhaps be more simple, and answer every purpose, to continue to reckon farthings in vulgar fractions. A farthing might be called a demi or half mil."

"Very simple indeed, to have two silver coins current at the same time, one equal to four and twopence, and the other equal to five shillings! Very simple to have vulgar fractions in one column and decimal fractions in the next! Go on, brave Penny!"

"The method of expression would stand thus: the sovereign would be 4 victorines 80 mils; the half-sovereign, 2'40; the shilling, 0'24; the penny, 0'02; and the farthing, 0'004."

"And so, dear Penny, to save yourself, you would make the sovereign an odd number; that is, a value which is not a multiple of your unit, the victorine?"

"O, that's a trifle! In any conceivable alteration of the coinage which may be proposed there will always be some obstacles to surmount."

"Perfectly true. And therefore we may as well take the trouble of surmounting them for the attainment of a wise system rather than a foolish one."

"But mine is wise, and easy too. The process of conversion from £ s. d. into victorines and mils is very easy. Reduce the sum to halfpence, strike off the two right-hand figures, which are mils; those to the left are victorines. You may perhaps say that this is not strictly an original plan, but a sort of imitation of the American dollar of a hundred cents, or of the French franc of a hundred centimes. What if it be? There is nothing absolutely original in the system of decimals; adaptability is of more importance than originality. And what originality is there in dividing what is now nine hundred and sixty into a thousand, unless it be an originality in needless confusion and positive injustice? The American and French systems are both equally excellent, and better than any thing we can create at the expense of disarranging the important penny. Should parliament pass a decimal law, setting aside the present penny, the legislature neither would nor could (except in the exercise of a liberality or an injustice which the country would not submit to) at the same time sanction a universal reduction, or a general imposition of four per cent on all present payments. Besides this, the inconvenience, misunderstanding, and confusion which such a law would inevitably occasion among small traders and the humbler classes of society would arouse an outcry against it, and an opposition not to be endured beyond the termination of a single prerogation of parliament. It is of no use your saying that the poor man (on the thousand-mil system) would receive fifty mils for his shilling, instead of forty-eight farthings; and, in purchasing power, the mil would no doubt be as great as the farthing. You are trying to bribe the poor man with the base temptation of gaining two mils on the shilling. Such a corruption of principle horrifies me. To be sure, the thousand-mil per pound would be all very well, if we only wanted a new system, and were not called upon to deal with, what I glory in, the existing state of things; above

all, with that great national bulwark, popular ignorance and popular prejudice. I prophesy you will have a penny outbreak. With a penny match you will set fire to the wooden framework of society—I mean the assembled blockheads. A penny, sir, notoriously regulates all existing contracts, and the amount of every monetary transaction. London streets may be paved with gold; but, sir, coppers are the keystones of the Royal Exchange, and of every arch in London Bridge, not to mention the tolls over Waterloo ditto."

"And when do you propose the introduction of your victorines and mils?"

"There is not the slightest occasion to hurry. In our grandchildren's time will be soon enough. The great beauty of the project is, that it may be adopted permissively rather than compulsively—in fact, gradually, or not at all, if you like. An act might be passed allowing its optional use, but legalising contracts and accounts kept either according to the existing system or the new one. All large establishments, at least the majority of such,—all government offices (so fond of improvement!), including the Custom-House, the Stamp-Office, and the Post-Office, would probably adopt it at once of their own free-will and fondness for change. Perhaps they wouldn't, and there would be no legal obligation on them to do so. Perhaps some might like to try the new plan, while others would have too much reverence for the good old times to abandon the genuine British coinage. Thus even the prejudices of large numbers of the people would be properly respected, as they ought. In process of time, within another generation, or two, or three,—for all schools and educational establishments more or less would exclusively teach decimals perhaps,—the decimal system (with vulgar fractions for the farthings) would become universal. And, with the exception of the new silver coin (the victorine), value four shillings and twopence (which could never be mistaken for a five-shilling piece in a hurry, or in the dark; it could give rise to no disputes with urbane cabmen and mild omnibus-conductors), no other new coinage would be required for at least a quarter of a century. After the lapse of some such period, the present silver and copper coinage would be considerably worn, and would require to be withdrawn from circulation. Then, and not before, the new issue might be called respectively half and quarter victorines (value 2s. 1d., and 1s. 0½d.), ten-mil pieces (value 5d.), and five-mil pieces (value 2½d.). The two first would be very similar in appearance to the florin and the shilling, and the two latter rather thinner, but having very much the appearance of the present sixpenny and threepenny pieces. The new copper coinage might be of two mils (one penny), the mil (one halfpenny), and the half-mil (one farthing). The present pound would always be the equivalent of four victorines and eighty mils. Discontented people might call that an awkward proportion; but to show how unreasonable is such a complaint, I have only to mention that the five-pound bank-note would just be twenty-four victorines. What do you think of that, sir? You have your decimals, and the penny is saved."

"Confusion worse confounded! Contradiction! Absurdity! Indecision! Delay! If that be all the prisoner Penny has to say for himself, his days are numbered, though his sentence may be deferred. But the indictment is already fully made out. The preamble was published in the *London Gazette* for October 26th, 1855, as follows: 'The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal, nominating and appointing the Right Honourable Lord Montagu of Brandon, the Right Honourable Lord Overstone, and John Gellibrand Hubbard, Esquire, to be her Majesty's commissioners for considering how far it may be practicable and advisable to introduce the principle of decimal division into the coinage of the United Kingdom.' If nothing comes of it immediately, something surely will by and by."

"And that's the way in which an old servant is to be trooped? Spare me, gentlemen, spare me, on account of my previous good character. Pity the sorrows of a poor old

Penny, whose trembling rim has rolled him to your door, whose life is dwindled to the shortest span. O, give him a reprieve, and Heaven will bless your store (of halfpence and farthings)!"

E. S. DIXON.



THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

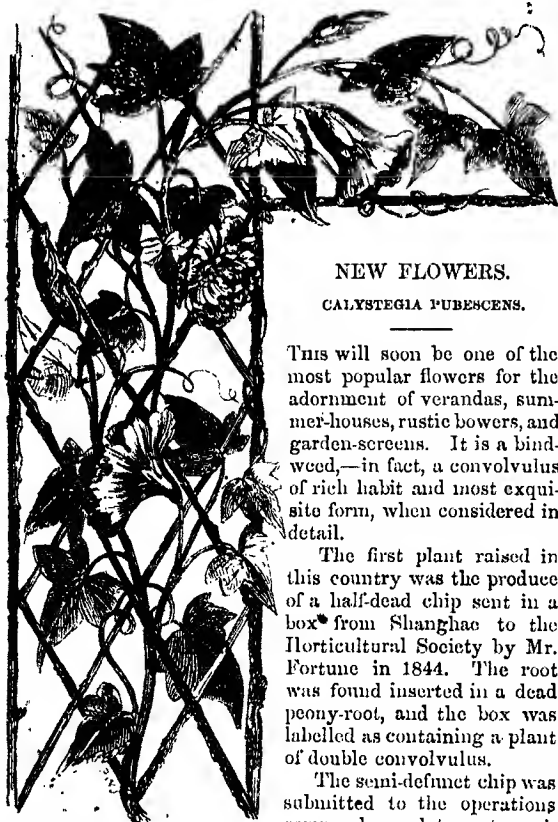
I.

We were travelling a few years since in Cornwall, outside the antiquated vehicle, a four-horse stage-coach, when we suddenly came upon a singular feature in the landscape—a brook flowing with milk, or what seemed to be such. In that land of hills and rocks most of the streams are of an ochreous red colour, opaque and unsightly, owing to their being fed in part with the refuse-water from mines. But at this stage of our journey the brook which foamed and tumbled at the roadside was of the purest white; the mud which lined its banks was white; the very grass and briars that grew within reach of its spray were encrusted with white. We rattled along by the side of this river of milk for a brief space, toiled up a steep hill, and emerged on a wide common, when the mystery was at once solved. We had reached the china-clay works; and the water which had excited our curiosity had been employed in washing one of the materials which contributed largely to the excellence of English pottery. The geological structure of the country is granite; a rock which, though generally exceedingly compact and hard, is liable to be converted into sharp gravel by the decomposition of one of its constituents, feldspar. The result is a white powder or paste, according as it is dry or wet, mixed with crystals of quartz and mica, the other minerals of which granite is constituted. To be available, the former substance has to be separated from the others, which is effected by letting the water run into pits filled with the mixed mass in the state that it is quarried. There the lighter particles are suspended in the fluid and allowed to run off into other pits. After a time the water is drained off; and the sediment is pure feldspar, of the consistence of clay. This, when sufficiently dry, is cut into cubic blocks, and shipped off to the potteries.

But why, it may be asked, is it not manufactured on the spot, and the expense thus saved of conveying it to Staffordshire, and of bringing back the pots and jugs to Cornwall? For two very good reasons, each of which (as is not always the case when two reasons are given) would be a sufficient one: first, because feldspar alone is not convertible into jugs and cups, other ingredients being requisite which are not found in the neighbourhood; and secondly, because potteries consume a vast quantity of fuel, and Cornwall can supply neither coal nor wood. A similar white clay is found in Devonshire; but there a manufacture is established, because the other necessary minerals are within reach, and coal is also found. There exists at Bovey in that county a manufactory which turns out no small quantity of articles in pottery of excellent quality; the necessary fuel being afforded by the stone-coal, or anthracite, found there.

The main seat of the potteries, however, is in Staffordshire; and thither, a few days since, we were whisked in a very different sort of vehicle from the Cornish stage-coach, being deposited by railway at the Stoke station of the North Staffordshire Railway. No granite rocks, heathy commons, or rivers of milk here! Dingy walls, cone-shaped furnaces, and a smoky atmosphere, indicate the centre of a crowded population devoted to some occupation more artistic than

that of raising to the surface the natural products of the earth. Passing through the office, we found ourselves under a portico paved with encaustic tiles; the road, wherever its materials can be discriminated from the black mud which coats it, appears to be composed, hore of coal-ashes, thoro of potsherds; a dirtier place we have never set foot in. But if a good workman is known by his chips, we have here ample evidence that the industry which scatters such chips as these must be gigantic. We proceed towards the town.



NEW FLOWERS.

CALYSTEGIA PUBESCENS.

This will soon be one of the most popular flowers for the adornment of verandas, summer-houses, rustic bowers, and garden-screens. It is a bindweed,—in fact, a convolvulus of rich habit and most exquisite form, when considered in detail.

The first plant raised in this country was the produce of a half-dead chip sent in a box from Shanghai to the Horticultural Society by Mr. Fortune in 1844. The root was found inserted in a dead peony-root, and the box was labelled as containing a plant of double convolvulus.

The semi-defunct chip was submitted to the operations commonly used to restore vitality; and the result was, a plant of fine promise, that won favour for itself at once, and is already in the hands of the trade, for the good of every body.

Imagine, in the first place, a common bindweed of the hedges,—one of the noblest of our wildings; then make the leaves smaller and more leathery in texture; make the flower as large as a double anemone; crimp it up irregularly after the fashion of a nearly full-blown rose; paint it of a delicate pink; and you have *Calystegia pubescens* in its individual character. Then imagine a fine breadth of garden-hedge festooned with it from head to foot; or a bowery retreat sheeted with it in rich masses, the slender stems covered with their elegant foliage, and a profusion of flowers creeping into every crevice, and breaking every angular outline with dashed leafiness and soft blotches of colour; and you have, in your mind's eye, the same fine trailer in its landscape or ornamental character.

It is very hardy, grows freely—too freely sometimes—in the worst of soil; but prefers a rich moist loam, like other convolvuluses; it is increased by division of the root, and flowers freely in July and August.

Those who cultivate this *Calystegia* must beware of its fast-spreading roots. If planted any where in the open garden, it will be likely soon to monopolise every square yard of ground, and choke up neighbouring things with its luxuriant growth above ground. For an archway of wire, or a

trellis, in any spot where a delicate climber would not grow, or where some ugly object is to be “planted out,” it is very useful; but the cultivator must, in planting it, not forget the tendency of its roots to set all boundaries at defiance. If allowed to run riot in a rough shrubbery, or mix with a tall fence, where its roots cannot reach the general garden soil, it is a fine thing, and worthy of adoption. I cannot speak positively as to its capability for bearing the smoke of towns; but did I need such a climber to screen a town-fence, I should not hesitate to plant it.

Messrs. Henderson, of Wellington-Road Nursery, St. John's Wood, have an improved form of this plant, raised by Mr. Donald Beaton; it is called *Calystegia pubescens simplex*, a chaste French-white single flower, which lasts from June to September. Mr. Beaton says, in the *Cottage Gardener*, it should be grown in masses in by-corners, and allowed to climb over pea-stakes, no matter how rich or how poor the ground is. This variety of Mr. Beaton's will certainly become a popular flower as its merits get more fully known.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

FAMILY UNITY.

ONE, perhaps, of the greatest miseries is a lack of unity of feeling and affection in a family, and one also that unfortunately too often prevails. A “lone body,” and a looker-on, for nearly threescore years, I have seen much of this unhappiness, almost invariably arising from the most insignificant causes,—a want of forbearance and unselfishness in the every-day course of life,—exactng too much similarity of mind and feeling. It is strange how very little concession we can make to others in unimportant things, if they differ from us. An opinion is passed on the most trifling subject; some one dissents, and then follows an argument, which, as neither will “agree to differ,” ends with angry feeling on both sides, simply because we wish to make our own ground good, and exercise no control over our “unruly member,” the tongue.

Again, in our intercourse with those around us, we rarely are careful always to maintain that true politeness, which is only another name for a much higher feeling—unselfishness. The sacrifice of perhaps a favourite seat, or a pet habit only, or some such seeming trifle; but which would very often greatly conduce to the comfort of those with whom we associate so intimately. I had the privilege of once knowing well one of those rare beings who found her life in promoting the happiness of those around her. She was perhaps, in the eyes of the world, a quiet unobtrusive person enough; but in her family she was a spirit of light; an atmosphere of peace seemed to pervade when she was by. Was there a sick child to be amused, quieted, she was the one called on. (Children especially acknowledged her influence by their conduct while with her, as children always do intuitively perceive when they meet with one whose habit of mind is higher, purer, than is generally met with.) Was there a piece of disagreeable advice to be given, to her tact it was committed, and it assumed a different aspect. In any little dispute, both parties felt she could settle it without either feeling they had been *worsted*. In any press of occupation, her time was always available when others required it. And so it was in every thing; and I believe the whole secret of her influence over others, and her power of conducing to their comfort, lay in perfect forgetfulness of self, which gave her the power of throwing herself into the very thoughts and feelings of others, while carefully bearing in mind the relative claims each had upon her. Did we all bear in mind that, except when actual duty points another way, the greatest virtue in social life is to conciliate all with whom we come in contact, and consider them in every way before ourselves, we should find life never wanting in that interest of which so many complain; while by this abnegation of self our own daily upward course would be much smothered.



PAINTED BY G. E. O'NEILL.

VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

THE PICTURE OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: 1851.

VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

By G. B. O'NEILL.

THE old fellow before us is relating some marvellous hap,—appearance of a ghost maybe, “down by Farmer Hodges’ five-field,” or something which has occurred in a far-off country—some tale of Australian or Californian gold-finding; or what “them Booshians” did in the Crimea. Whatever it be, his auditors have fallen into the interest of the tale with all their hearts. Often has the tale been told by him, we see; for his senses, which age has half-blunted, have overcome the shock of the first news, and he has become critical, telling his story with comments of his own. ‘He is a practised snuff-taker, as his eye shows, and also the form of his nostrils; notice, too, the habitual pinch of the right fore-finger on the thumb, and the way of use with which the left hand holds his box. There is an intollient look about him; and it is evident that he has seen many a seed-time and harvest, not without profitable reflections thereupon. He is the gaffer of the village.

But if his senses have become blunted, not so the girl’s. Look how she takes in the marvel with eye and mouth! Her action is capital, and her face healthily pretty. She is the future belle of the village perhaps; for we see by her dress that modern customs have not been without their effect upon her.

The dame’s face is good. See how she reproaches something which is in course of telling; and how the form of her hands shows a life of labour, contrasted with those delicate ones of the girl!

The picture has a pretty little frame in itself, of those great leaves of the vine, and the white-flowered alder-bush. The only thing to be regretted in it is, that the old man’s arm is rather too small for his head and his approximation to the spectator; and also we doubt if the action of the girl’s right hand should not be more in unison with that of the left. These hands are so capitally drawn, that this is the greater pity.

The reader will see how important a part the hands play in such a picture, if he hides the faces; when it will be perceived that the action of the hands alone would almost tell the tale.

JOHN PIKE YAPP.

A TALE OF MAYO.

By THE AUTHOR OF “PAUL FERROLL.”

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE is a tract of land in the West of Ireland, comprehending 45,000 acres, which has been bought by an English gentleman. He took to it after the great famine had won the battle over it, and after the battle-field had been cleared of victims, and the very walls which had once sheltered human beings had disappeared.

So complete was the desolation, that in places all trace of habitation was lost. The new owner was once superintending the cutting of a deep drain, which was to prepare the way for the operations of the plough, and for introducing the cultivation of wheat in the west of Mayo. As they cut, the workmen came to a spot where some large stones retarded their operations.

“What is this?” he said. “It is strange to find these stones in the bog.”

“This was father’s cabin,” said a gaunt naked boy, who, with a score more idlers, were gazing on the Englishman’s movements. Those few words went to the English gentleman’s heart; but to the young savage they conveyed nothing more than the fact; for they had all been so used to misery, that misery came naturally to him, and left little space for feeling.

There had been, however, dwellings in the bog, where things were a little better; and among these John Pike

Yapp’s had perhaps been the least wretched. This was owing in part to the small number of his family; for he had but two children. His wife and he were both young and healthy; their boy was beginning to earn money by running on errands, when an opportunity offered itself; the girl was the youngest and the least hearty of the family, and, from the cares she required, was the one who had wound her way deepest into poor Pike’s heart.

He had been employed up to 1848 on his own bit of land, and a job or two in harvest; and although the produce of his labour did but just keep him and his family above starvation, still it had done so, and they had been content. But the beginning of that year had been the beginning of the great woe of Ireland. The partial failure of the potato-crop of 1847 had exhausted all the small reserve of resources the inhabitants possessed; and the doubtful appearance of the actual crop, with the report of disease already apparent in different parts of the island, alarmed the more prudent with the prospect of the winter.

Pike among others took alarm. Many of his neighbours had often gone east in the summer, and returned with the gold of the east to pay their rent, or repair their ragged wardrobe; and Pike, though he had been able to avoid this severe experiment hitherto, came by degrees, in the early summer of 1848, to the conviction that it was the only course remaining for him.

“And when will ye come back, Pike—when will ye come back?” said Honor, his wife, when the last morning was come, and they were up with the light to speed him on his way.

“I’ll be back, my girl, by the blessing of the saints, before ye’ve done grieving for me,” said Pike.

“Ah, Pike, ye must grow an old man or over I leave grieving,” said Honor; and hiding her face in her hands, she burst into unrestrained tears.

Pike sat down by her, and flung his right arm about her neck. He drew up his children on his knees and kissed them, and twined his hard begrimed fingers in the shining curls—shining, though they were matted and tangled—of the little girl.

“Partly curls!” said he. “May the blessed Mother protect ’em till I come agin! Don’t disremember yer dad, my little ones, and mind ye what yer maunny says; and look out for me one autumn day, and ye’ll see me coming over the hill as ye see me going now. So come, Honor, come past the big stone with me, and there we’ll part.” And hand in hand, silent and with swollen hearts, they left the cottage together, and walked up the steep bank at the bottom of which it was built.

A traveller on horseback was going along the road into which the path emerged. He was Mr. Threader, the English agent for most of the property in the neighbourhood. His attention was caught by the pair who approached, their heads drooping and their hands together: the woman in the dress of the country—the red petticoat and blue cloak; the man with his long coat, patched and mended, his brimless hat, his small bundle, in a once bright-coloured handkerchief. Pike and Honor reached the big stone where they were to part; and here they looked each other in the face, and tears and sobs broke out from either heart, the man and the woman alike breaking down and giving way to nature. Neither spoke, nor was another kiss given; but at last they let each other’s hand fall, and each turned to go on their different way, weeping aloud.

The Englishman was less moved than he would have been by more silent sorrow: this was not the sorrow of his country. Presently he rode up by Pike’s side, and said to him:

“Well, my man, is it like a man to give way thus to your grief?”

“In throth is it,” said Pike; “for it’s being a man makes me feel it.”

“Still it’s women only who shed tears,” said Mr. Threader.

"And what for should not they that's woman-born shed tears, when their natural sorrow comes upon them?" said Pike. "But I've done; I'll go forward now; so good morning to your honour."

"And where are you going?" said the traveller.

"To the east, to win bread."

"What do you expect to earn by the time you come back?"

"Arrah, I'll be discontinted under three guineys," said Pike.

"How easy it would be to give him three guineas, and let him stay with his wife and children!" thought Mr. Threader; but he did not do it. Instead, he pulled out the substitute for most of our painstaking and most of our charity,—half-a-crown namely,—and made a present of it to Pike.

"The blessing of Heaven be upon you!" cried Pike, astonished and delighted. "Ten times twenty thousand blessings be upon ye! It's good luck, besides three tinnies. I'll take it to the woman." And turning, he ran down the hill as quickly now as he had come up it slowly, and rushed into his own cottage once more, which he had not thought to see for so long. Honor was raking together the turves on the fire, weeping still; the boy was watching his mother very gravely; the little girl was on the ground, setting up a broken teacup.

"Here's a Godsend!" cried Pike; "here's enough to buy oatmeal these three weeks. And here's another kiss, my woman; and God bless the purty ones! A gentleman give it me, and give me a light heart too. It's loock!"

"And I've seen ye agin too," said the woman. "O, ye'll come back now; I feel ye'll come back!"

"And good by agin, Honor. That run has done us both good," said Pike; and away he shot with an easier heart.

Mr. Threader's half-crown had been well laid out in the purchase of light-heartedness for a fellow-creature.

The summer wore away, and Pike prospered. He did not find it necessary to cross the seas, but got enough to do in Dublin and the neighbourhood; and by the time harvest was housed, had accumulated the sum he had fixed upon. He had heard no news from home, nor had he sent any; the natural thing was, that all should go on as if he had been at home, and vain fears did not torment him. Honor, who was safe at home, was more troubled for her wandering husband than he for her; for she knew not where to look for him, nor in the perils of the way what might befall him. Still she believed for the most part in the natural course of events, and took patience to wait till they should unfold themselves at their own leisure. Thus, when October was half over, she began to expect him every day; and it was no surprise, though it was great joy, when one evening the latch was hastily lifted, and Pike himself cheerily burst into the room.

"Honor, how is't all with yer? I'm here, my girl, agin at long last; and where's the little ones? All right—all right; yes, here's kisses for all, and long life to us!"

"Why, then, 'tis you that are welcome entirely," cried Honor; "and no more trouble at home, at all at all, now the man's in it agin."

"And I bring the guineys too," said Pike, carefully drawing his old handkerchief from his bosom, and showing her the three golden sovereigns.

"Ah, indeed!" said Honor; "but the master's proctor has been here after the rent, and that will take the biggest part, honey."

"Sure it will," said Pike; "but it'll save the phaties."

"Pike, Pike, haven't ye seen all along the country they're gone every where?"

"Nay, I see two or three patches as green as never they were; and I thought all along ours was to be one of them."

"Scarce a root here in Castle-Anton," said Honor; "not a blessed root."

"But, woman, what's the heap at the door? sure I see a covered-up heap as I come over."

"Ah, Pike, it's just a few not so bad as the others; but last year we would not have given them the pig."

"Well," said Pike cheerily, "we have never a pig this year to give 'em to."

"But my cousin Johnny died, by lave of the Virgin herself," said Honor, "and left me yonder milk-pitcher. See if she shan't have the best corner and the best oover, the blessed cratur." And she led her husband to the side of the few smouldering turves; and there (lifting a very old bit of sacking) showed him a goat, whose swelling udder justified the fond title, of milk-pitcher, which she had given it.

"Blessed Saint Anthony!" cried Pike. "Is not she better than the Dublin Savings Bank? And the childer themselves can put in their gatherings of grass, and draw out preciouiser than money from her blessed teats."

"Ay, but it's very little support with scarce no food besides," said Honor gravely.

"Well, but have not I brought you a present as was made me by a gentleman's house that saw me walking past. Here's crusties for all, and some for to-morrow," said the hopeful Pike, emptying his pocket of broken bread, which he had hoarded since yesterday for this home-feast.

Both parents were well aware of the extreme difficulties which threatened them through the approaching winter; and they managed the little store they had like sailors, leagues from land, who have to spin out the resources to which there can be no addition till the long waste of ocean is past. They ate the worst of their small stock of potatoes, and every day turned and wiped the others, renewed the earth over them, and chose out for their meal those which decayed. They determined to send their goat to a distance along the bog, where it might find fresher pasture; and every day Pike himself, or the little boy, if his father could find any better employment for himself, fastened a string, knotted together out of numberless pieces, to the animal's neck, and patiently attended on its nibblings. They laid out a very small portion of Pike's earnings in oatmeal, and this they kept in a jar with a stone on the top, which stone was thoughtfully lifted and parsimoniously replaced. More than all his money was due to the landlord; but these were not times when landlord or tenant could contemplate the payments proposed when things went prosperously. Payment of some kind, however, must be made. Accordingly, one fine autumn day, Pike drew from his hoard of money four-fifths of his whole substance, and wended his way five Irish miles to put it into the hands of his landlord. The landlord had, indeed, no hands of his own; he had tied the cords of debt fast about himself, and was a mere lay figure between his income and his creditors. As such he kindly received his numberless tenantry, and as far as a good word would go had one for every body.

It was chiefly such tenants as had any property which could be seized, should they not pay, who came to bring their money to O'Toole. No doubt Pike had had his own thoughts of the turf-heap and the goat, the cabin and the garden where potatoes used to grow, which he should have perilled had he not produced his earnings; at all events, there he was, fumbling with the bit of rag that folded them up, and slowly counting to himself, as if it were unnatural to finish in a moment a matter which, to him at least, was so important.

"I hear you've been from home," said O'Toole; "but not across seas, hey Pike?"

"No, your honour; only far-enough to fetch these many shillings for your honour. There's forty-two of them and one groat. Will it be enough?"

"We'll put them to your credit," said the agent, booking and bagging the coin. "There'll be ten still to pay some day."

"Or maybe ye'll get excused," said O'Toole in a low voice; "times are hard on us all, and I've me payments to make as ye have," he continued, "else perhaps I could do more than good wishes for me people."

"Long life to your honour for that same," said Pike, folding up the empty rag and replacing it in his pocket.

"But I'll tell ye something," said O'Toole, "that's better than any thing I could do for you. England's ashamed of herself, wallowing in luxury while poor Ireland's starving, and has been stirred by her conscience to send us over a few of her loose guineas: I'll tell you what it is, Pike, there'll be no starving, if indeed you're not better off than before; for if all's fairly divided that's coming, there'll be a real ten-shilling piece for every man, woman, and child in Ireland."

"Salvation to me!" cried Pike in astonishment. "Then it's myself wishes I had a dozen childer! Why, I'd got a dozen illegant ten shillings, and that's six pounds, among us four,—Honor and little Honor, and Johnny the spalpeen, and me!"

O'Toole laughed at Pike's calculation on his imaginary twelve, who were to feed his real four, and told it as a brave bull in as many companies as he went into for a month to come. But the impression on Pike was more serious. He went home in the state of mind of a man whose most confirmed and habitual opinions have been overthrown by some undoubted authority, but he does not understand the reasons.

"Honor," he said, "here's great news indeed. We have not need to fear any longer; for there's a terrible good lady been a-looking after us."

"Then God bless her sweet face, and give her back her own and three halves!" said Honor. "And who shall she be, honey?"

"The lady with the pitchfork in her hand, and the deep bonnet on her head, and the big pan she holds fast to sit upon, and her clothes so thin you'll see her skin through," said Pike, who had been deeply studying and admiring Britannia on his groat as he went that morning to O'Toole's.

"Hut, Pike; who are you maning?" said Honor.

"Who could I mano but England her ownself?" answered her husband.

"Ah, what jeer has the master been putting upon you?" said Honor. "I fear you had a taste of his drink after the rint."

"If I but had!" said Pike. "But no such luck for tinnepenny tenants like me, girl. No, no; it's all thrue. England has been sending over more gowd than goes in forty ships; and we're all to get a piece of it in place of phaties."

"O, blessed mother, what a stone off one's heart!" said Honor; "for I've been afraid days past to look on the phatie-heap and think of the winter."

"That's bein the way with me too," said Pike; "but I said nothing till now. And now, girl, my opinion is, 'twere best to eat away while the creeturs are good at all at all, and then go in and get the bounty they have for us."

"Besides," said Honor, "the less we have the more they'll give, I'm thinking. Maybe, if we said we had kept a store, they'd answer, Then you don't need."

"That's as like as not," said Pike, struck with his wife's foresight. And accordingly they took the stone off the jar of oatmeal, and dived among the potatoes for the best of them, and for some time eat fearlessly, and rejoiced to see the little ones stout and cheery again.

This temporary and comparative plenty existed more or less all over the neighbourhood, as the news spread of the expected bounty. It was, however, but a very short-lived gleam of comfort; for the unusually scanty resources of the country were soon exhausted when thus called upon.

"Neighbour Pike," said a voice at the door one day, when they sat about nearly the last bowl of potatoes they could collect out of the decaying roots, "I'm called on you to see can you spare half a phatie; I've not eaten too long—all out;" and the man who thus spoke staggered into the room, eagerly staring at the food which was on the bench.

"Take your share," said Pike, handing him the bowl; "but fairly, man," he added; for his hands seemed about to grasp all they could hold of the slender meal.

"O, if ye knew what it was to burn here as I do for want of natural food!" said the man.

"And don't I; and don't we all in our turn?" said Pike.

"And what's to be coming of us I can't see; for the bounty of England is long reaching us."

"Some have had it, but not me," said Lewis.

"I thought ye war above wanting it," said Pike; "ye had yer males always convanient at Miss Tredabor, when I went east."

"Ay, but there was a loss of grain there," said Lewis; "a sack or so out of her hundreds of sacks; and they went and proved it on me, though I was as far from taking it as you may yourself suppose, Pike; and I've lost my males ever since entirely."

Pike shook his head. "Arrab, Lewis, I did not think you'd fall into the ould way agin. But take ye food now; I don't believe we shall have it to take or give by and by."

"And milk ye havo!" said Lewis. "How came you by milk, yer sowl?"

"There's a little left in the creetur," said Pike, pointing to his goat, which was tethered behind the cabin.

"Troth, if she was mine," cried Lewis, "I'd cat roast this day."

"Keep yer hands off her," said Pike; "she's our salvation. I'll look to her like the youngest child, or I'll know the reason why any body casts his eye on her."

It was not unadvisedly that Pike spoke; for the eyes of the starving man coveted the goat; and when he was gone, Pike observed to his wife, that if any harm happened to her he should know whom to accuse. Nor was it long before he found he had some reason for his fears.

Shortly after, the famine, which had been hanging over the country, descended with all its blighting influence; and the small stock of provisions being exhausted, the inhabitants rapidly fell into the fangs of the torment. They searched the earth for one decayed fibre of the once friendly potatoe; they travelled for miles to buy half a peck of oatmeal a halfpenny cheaper in one place than another; they tore off the bark of trees; they dug up the roots of grass; they turned their languishing eyes to the promised help from England; and crowds beset the doors where those appointed to the office divided as well as they could whatever stores reached them. It was quite impossible to give to all, and nearly so to give in the proportion of need. Cousins and kinsmen came in for Benjamin's share, and those who showed misery most got more than those who bore it best.

Pike saw Lewis among the foremost; and when Lewis's bag was filled, pushed forward himself, knowing that his own claim was at least equal. But he spoke the truth in saying that he had only two children, and that he had earned money in the harvest; and as they were compelled to refuse many applicants, they refused Pike, at least for the present. His visions had been of four ten-shilling pieces—unreasonable visions; but his bettors it was, who had raised them; and when they vanished, and not oven one meal of food took their place, the poor fellow's heart sank within him. Could he return and carry nothing home? Impossible; and he took a circuit of ten miles to pass by his landlord's house, where he had first heard those tidings which had so deceived him. He did not need to go quite so far; for as he crossed the moor which lay all round O'Toole's demesne, he espied on the side of the hill, where the hoather conquered the bog, the master himself, gun in hand, striding along, with the usual attendance of ragged boys.

"Good loock to yer honour," said Pike; "and better loock than's with me the day."

"Ha! it's you, Pike," said O'Toole. "Well, and I am glad to see you. Is all well with you?"

"All's can't be worse," said Pike, "savo seeing yor honour in health."

"And how's that? though indeed, except health, I won't say there is a great prosperity in my own concerns."

"Ah, yer honour has no needcessity to depend on them ten-shilling pieces as ye promised me."

"What, don't ye get them?" said O'Toole. "How's that, I'd be glad to know?"

"Jist because there are none to have," said Pike.

"Then I've been misinformed," said O'Toole; "and that's treatment I don't understand."

"Meantime, if yer honour had but an errand to run," said Pike more doubtfully, "or a broken vittle—the childer at home is well-nigh out-hungered."

"And, by Jove, ye should have it, had I it," cried O'Toole enthusiastically; "but am I not here,—I'll tell you the simple truth, Pike,—trying for a bird, because there's gentlemen coming to dine with me; and save the salmon, which is out of season and can't be had, and the grouse, which I have not got yet, and the claret that remains in the cellar, I've just an empty larder for them."

"O, yer honour is pleasant," said Pike; "but ye would think seriouser if ye saw the childer at home."

"I could not think more, nor graver than I am thinking, if it was my own," said O'Toole. "But see, Pike, this I'll do: I put these pence, out of the back of the drawer, into my pocket this morning; and they are yours. I do believe they may be a few of your very own at rent-day; for some were put by for my private use. And here again, here's bread-cake, which stayed after breakfast on the table, and I took it up and thought I or some of the boys would like it. Take it, Pike, and good may it do you;" and O'Toole, with generosity that warmed his own heart, emptied his pocket, and put into Pike's ragged garment a little hoap of the brown cake.

"Then the blessing of the Lord be upon you!" said Pike, "and give ye half every thing to the day of judgment. I'll go home with an easy heart now that I daro face their hungry crying this night. Long life to yer honour, and give ye yer heart's desire on the birds for dinner;" and well satisfied with his day's work, he descended the hill, and in the village he went through laid out his few pence in the shop, and made his way home as fast as his faint limbs would let him.

When he was within half a mile of his cabin, he saw before him on the moor a boy, whom he recognised as his own, very slowly leading the goat, which he suffered to stop every moment to crop the bog-herbs and grass. The boy, he soon perceived, was crying bitterly; and when he called to him, sat down by the wayside and sobbed as if his heart would break. In vain the father for some time inquired what had befallen. At last the lad, waxing more and more loud as he came near to the necessity of explaining his woe, pointed to the udder of the goat and, scarcely audibly, said, "She's milkit."

"Murder!" cried Pike. "Who's done it?" and stooping, he verified the too true word by examining the only storehouse of life that remained to them—the udder of the animal. "That blackguard, Lewis," he added directly. "Stop yer roaring, Johnny, you young bull-calf, and tell me."

"The man that put his hand so far in the phaties," sobbed Johnny.

"And this is his thanks!" cried Pike. "How long ago? Which way did he go?"

"Before sundown," said Johnny; and it was now waxing dusk.

"Which way, I say?" cried the father, greatly excited.

"Home," said Johnny, pointing behind to a cabin just visible above the bog.

Pike said no more, but darted away to the place pointed out. The door was ajar; it could not be shut close. Lewis was within, sitting on the floor, his back against the wall, a child crawling over him, and seeming to kiss him; but the hapless wretch was gathering the remains of food from his shaggy bristly beard. Two more had got an iron-pot between them, scraping it for remnants which no longer existed. A ragged woman stood in the bare cabin weeping. There were few cabins then that did not contain that dismal sight—a woman weeping; but *her* tears were bitterer than most.

"Ye thief!" said Pike, bursting in; "where's the milk ye've stole from me this day—my childer's milk?"

"And what will I know of yer milk?" said Lewis, stumbling to his legs.

"It's just in yer throat; it's on yer beard still," said the angry Pike; "ye've made a meal of my childer, and I believe ye've not oven fed yer own."

"And that's truth," said the weeping wife. "The brute, —was not he *there*, a-standing *there*, this minute past, with his one hand in the dish and the other a-fighting us away; fighting even the little one, that was made worse, seeing and not tasting the food."

"Ye base, ye cruel!" cried Pike, scarce comprehending what he heard.

Lewis at this time was in a state of satisfied hunger; human feelings could get in, the wolf's being appeased. He tried at first to bully; and then, every thing convicting him, gave in and burst into tears. "I could not help it, Pike," he said; "it's harder for me than other men to starve; there's that here when I starve that nobody feels but me. But I am sorry now."

"And don't we all starve?" cried the indignant Pike. "Is it since yesterday morning I've not had the blessed bit in my mouth?"

"Noa, Pike," cried Lewis; "and what's that in yer bag?"

"Is it not the childer's and the woman's own, that should have been a meal with the drop milk that's in yer greedy paunch, and would I touch it?"

"Ah, yer sowl," cried Lewis, drawing near, and folding his hands as if he were praying, "give a bit jist to this famishing child!"

"And ye daro!" cried Pike, astonished at the boldness of the request; "ye—ye that are full of my meat, and would have the robbed man feed yer own. No, by the powers, if they all starve dead before the eyes of us!"

"It wasn't I drank the milk, neighbour," said the wife; "it wasn't the little ones,—one crumb for the childer."

"Ask your husband," cried Pike. "Didn't I hand him the bowl when he was hungry? didn't I tell him the ones-at-home's life was in the goat's teats? wouldn't I have shared with him the bit of my own share?—the thief! And he and his comes thinking I shall just feed 'em for robbing me. Be aisy, ma'am, be aisy." And so saying, indignantly did he fling out of the cabin, pushing back the children who clung about his legs, and who wailed and wept with weak voices as they ran after him, holding their arms up to shield their heads from the thrusts he made at them.

Pike's kind heart bled to hear those weak wailing voices. Even as he ran, his fingers fumbled in the bundle and broke a piece of the coarse bread. "Thon it's jist eating the less myself," said he, breaking it into four, and giving each a bit; and turning again, he ran all the way home, overtaking his sobbing boy and the goat, and bringing, together with the bad news of her robbery, the good news of food to stop the direct present starvation.

BOOKS AND MEN.

THERE are, in the realms of literature and thought, as in the more material world, byways as well as highways. Besides the great works in poetry, philosophy, history, and science, there are many lesser productions which deal nevertheless with topics of no little significance; and others which, though in peril of neglect and oblivion, are, in their small way, not unimportant, and supply indications of approaching discoveries destined at a future time to be regarded as of considerable value. The multitude of books, of which we all wish to know something, consists of such tentative efforts: the higher creations of the intellect are necessarily the few. Out of the mass, we may occasionally make a selection, on which some passing remarks, conceived in a right spirit and applied in a proper manner, may not be altogether unprofitable.

A curious state of feeling has arisen in some thoughtful

minds, both in America and England, in relation to Shakspeare, owing to the exceedingly doubtful character of the documents usually relied on for testimony as to the supposed events of his life. It must be confessed that we can scarcely touch one of them, as proof of a fact, without its becoming on the slightest inquiry transmuted into a myth. An instance of the sort occurred lately in our own experience. There is a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*, which is relied upon by Shakspeare's biographers for contemporary evidence of the poet's conversational powers, as discriminated from Ben Jonson's. Here it is: "Many were the wit-combates between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." Who would suspect that this celebrated passage was written by a man who was only eight years old when the poet died? Yet such is the fact. Its value, therefore, is only traditional, and not personal. It is a fancy portrait of the two dramatists, derived, not from actual intercourse, but probably from the perusal of their writings; not a record of what their conversational "wit-combates" really were, but what, from a critical estimate of their works, they might be imagined to be. With such examples of the tricks to which the inquirer is liable from acknowledged authorities, no wonder that scepticism should in some minds take an extreme form. The latest is, that Shakspeare is not at all the author of the works that pass under his name; but that they may with greater probability be referred to Lord Bacon. This is the theory propounded by Mr. William Henry Smith in a printed letter to Lord Ellesmere, and since advocated by him in more than one lecture delivered at the Beethoven Rooms and other places. Of course his argument is mainly negative, tending to make out a *prima facie* case for inquiry, rather than supplying data for a demonstration; and, indeed, it would be absurd to attribute any larger value to the argument than to show how curiously circumstances will range themselves about a startling theory when once propounded. According to Mr. Smith's statement, we have no reliable sources of information as to Shakspeare's boyhood,—no suggestion of any precocity of talent, any adequate schooling, whether in circumstances or tuition, or any manifestation of superior attainments at any period of his life. Taking Shakspeare's antecedents, the production of the plays under his name by him would be simply miraculous; while taking Bacon's antecedents, it would be no marvel at all. Mr. Smith adopts Pope's notion, that what occasioned the "plays to be considered Shakspeare's was only this,—they were pieces by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him." That this was the case with some of the plays is generally acknowledged; Mr. Smith asserts it of all. William Shakspeare, then, in this gentleman's opinion, was the man of business of the theatre, who had to provide the wardrobe, properties, and plays, and exhibited in the purchase of any or all of these matters much shrewdness, skill, caution, and sagacity. As to the authorship of plays in general, "the chambers of the briefless barrister have ever been the hotbed of dramatic productions." In Lord Bacon, we find a man who had been unexpectedly driven to the study of the law as a *métier* of subsistence, with scanty means whereon to support luxurious habits, and who would naturally add to them by pursuits so usual with persons similarly situated. Proof exists that Bacon had great dramatic talent. It is recorded that "he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each, with a facility that was perfectly natural," and that he both "wrote and assisted at masques." In a letter to the lord treasurer, Bacon expresses his regret that "a joint masque of the four sons of a court," which had been intended, could

not be performed; and informs him that there are "a dozen gentlemen of Grey's Inn ready by themselves to offer an entertainment to the queen." We are also informed that, in a masque acted before the queen, at Greenwich, in February 1587, the "dumb shows" were "partly devised by Master Francis Bacon."

It would be between the years 1579 and 1611 that Mr. Smith supposes that Bacon was thus occupied with dramatic production, while he was studying for the bar at Gray's Inn, and was on terms of intimacy with Lord Southampton, the avowed patron of Shakspeare. That he was during this period in that state which induces men to adopt almost any means of raising money, is attested by this fact, among others, that he was arrested in 1598 by one Symson, a goldsmith of Lombard Street, for the large sum of 300*l*. And, in conclusion, "surrounded by enemies ready to represent him upon all occasions to the greatest possible disadvantage, we can readily conceive that he felt the necessity of keeping his connection with the players unknown to be hardly less urgent than the necessity which compelled him to resort to them."

In his lectures on this subject, Mr. Smith calls in the testimonies of Coleridge, Macaulay, and Pope, to prove the identity of the faculties exerted by Bacon and Shakspeare in their various writings, and particularly in regard to the remarkable strain of humour displayed by both. An examination of the text, too, shows some singular resemblances,—frequently the same allusions, indicating the same course of reading, and the same errors of reference and citation. Without, therefore, supposing for a moment that it will at length be proved that Bacon has any right whatever to these immortal dramas, we may conclude that the inquiry set on foot, and the collation instituted between the texts of the works of the sage and the bard, may result in some curious coincidences, and lead to very suggestive inferences. One thing must be granted, that justice has not yet been rendered to Bacon's poetic talents, and that the verses which are extant in his name have far more merit than is generally supposed. There are verses, too, of Shakspeare, which Mr. Smith himself has undervalued,—the sonnets and poems of Shakspeare, which prove Shakspeare's capacity as a poet, and, in Coleridge's opinion, manifest all the powers afterwards more fully developed in the dramas. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, *Lucrece* in 1594; and Francis More's, a writer of the time, mentioned, in 1598, Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets amongst his private friends." It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Smith's first inquiry should be to account for Shakspeare's power to produce these. The same man who wrote the poems evidently might write the plays: the critic's wonder is accordingly misplaced.

A work has been lately published calculated to throw some light on our Elizabethan literature, and which may rightfully be mentioned in connection with this subject. We allude to the collection of Sir Thomas Overbury's *Miscellaneous Works*, edited by E. F. Rimbault, LL.D.; an author most famous in his day, and since unjustly neglected. His poems, *The Wife* and *The Remedy of Love*, are replete with every excellence: they have imagination as well as wit; the learning of the schools, and the knowledge of the world, are combined in these compositions. Of his prose works, that entitled *Characters* is the most meritorious. Here are indeed shown graphic power and skill in word-colouring seldom reached. Both Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were indebted to Overbury's works; and the latter bore express testimony to him in verse and prose. No such record proceeds from Shakspeare in relation to any contemporary. It certainly is extraordinary that Shakspeare has not left a single commendatory line concerning his followers, in an age in which commendatory poems abounded.

In dealing with a forgotten poet of a past age, let us not forget a minor poet of the present, whose merits are considerable. There is many a lover of elegant verse who will be pleased to learn that another volume has proceeded from

the pen of Mr. W. C. Bennett. It is entitled *Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems*. Among these, there are strains that bring Tennyson and Browning to mind, without abating our respect for the immediate author. The ballad which initiates the collection is written in stanza-couplets, and shows a power in dealing with the elements of the terrible perhaps not suspected by the author's admirers. On the fair Rosamond he dwells but little; the vindictive feelings of the jealous Eleanor are those that have plainly fascinated the poet's genius. A dramatic poem, entitled "A Character," manifests the same tendency. The creole, Lina Merton, is a Queen Eleanor on a small scale, and of a more metaphysical turn of mind; but her vengeance is equally cruel, or rather more so. The queen only murders, but the creole annihilates. The piece, however, most to our mind is "The Boat-Race." The "New Griselda," which is evidently the writer's favourite, has less of pure beauty, and the conventions introduced disturb the ideal impressions. Mr. Bennett's classic imitations are, as usual, excellent. Theocritus writes again in such pieces as "Pygmalion," "Ariadne," and "The Judgment of Midas." The political pieces are vigorous, satirical, and fully justify the reputation already acquired by the author for compositions of the kind. But it is in his domestic moods that we best love to encounter Mr. Bennett. Is not the following exquisite?

"BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!
For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.
And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!
For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.
As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.
Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!"

No doubt the hypercritical will discern faults in the above; but the true natural feeling manifested will atone for all trifling defects. Among the more ambitious efforts, we may note with especial commendation the poems entitled "Columbus" and "The Star of the Ballot." The last is a ballad in which simplicity, thought, and sentiment wrestle for the victory, and lovingly unite, as it were, in a war-embace. The most remarkable poetic phase of the times is truly that of our minor minstrelsy.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailing Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

Mrs. Norton has made many powerful appeals through the press in behalf of the rights of mothers to have the care of

their own children. But this is only half of the argument, and goes upon the assumption that all mothers are good and careful trainers of children. The following plain narrative shows another side of the question.

A wealthy man in the sister kingdom, in the first-class social position, was married to a lady of corresponding position, and had a family of four children, three boys and a girl. The father was a *bon vivant*, who kept horses and dogs and claret, frequented the turf and gaming-table; and after being "nobody's enemy but his own," died of *delirium tremens*; and his wife soon followed him to the grave, leaving the children utterly destitute. Relatives "well-to-do" abandoned them; and refused to bestow upon them even the means of showing their destitution in the commonest conventionalities of outward garb. They were thrust forth as pariahs upon the world.

But the oldest boy, scarce sixteen years of age, had the heart of a hero. A tradesman of his father's gave him some coarse mechanical employment at a few shillings a-week; and then seeking a poor lodging in an outskirts of the town, he became the father and protector of his brothers and sister; feeding on potatoes, but exulting in the thought that those he loved were kept away from the dregs of vice. Horror-struck at his father's end, he took the temperance pledge, and religiously kept it.

Grown to man's estate, after privations that none but the heroic nature can undergo without debasement, he made his way to England, and obtained good wages. All the luxury he then indulged in was changing his diet of potatoes for a diet of dry bread. Every farthing of his wages beyond this and lodging was devoted to the task of sending out his brothers and sister to establish them in the United States. This heavy task accomplished, he married a delicately-nerved woman, of nature as heroic as his own, and power of self-sacrifice that was a marvel. Goodly children were born to them; he rose in position from a workman to a foreman, with the confidence of his employers; and all would have been well, but that one of the brothers in America had married a dawdling worthless wife, and become a drag on his resources. His incessant help was unavailing. His sister came home to him; and one after the other his brothers died.

Meanwhile hosts of relatives poured in upon him in his prosperity. They who had shirked him as a poor boy were now not ashamed to borrow his money, and quarter their families on him, till human nature could bear no more; and the delicate nerves of the wife, roused to action, forbade with resolute will all further encroachment. Letters came from America, asking for more assistance to enable the widow of the deceased brother to carry on his business. A consultation was held, and husband and wife resolved to send for the widow and her four children, to bring them home to live with them, treating her, a stranger to them, as a sister, and her children as their children. The money was sent out to pay their debts and their passage home.

They came: a girl of ten, two boys of four and five, and another boy a year old. Nothing could be kinder, more genial, than their reception. The mother was placed in the position of sister, and the children put upon an equality with their cousins. Soon came out the truth, that all the children were afraid of her, that the daughter had been made her drudge and slave, and the other children victims of her tyranny; that the death of her husband had been a consequence of her selfish misconduct, if not worse. The children, browbeaten into fear, wore all liars from terror, and frightened at her. She would do no kind of work, give no help, even to the care of her own children. All she cared for was, to eat and drink, and complain of want of society, and denial of places of amusement. At home she preferred the kitchen to the parlour.

At length she told her brother-in-law, that if he would take all the children on himself, and give her a specified sum of money, she would go to her relations in Ireland, and trouble him no more. She went; and the children were



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. FROM A MEDALLION BY MARSHALL WOOD.

sent to school, and were gradually trained to better habits. The youngest child remained at home, and became a favourite.

Six months elapsed, during which the worthless woman had spent the money, and tired out all her relatives. She then came back, and wanted again to be taken in; but this was sternly refused. Then she tried to exact blackmail, as a compensation for leaving her own children to be maintained. Failing in this, she laid down at the door for the whole day, howling like a wild-cat, to get the commiseration of the neighbours on account of her "cruel separation from her dear children." Then she set up a life of mendicancy in the neighbourhood, making her occasional appearance whenever the children were at home, and scaring them out of their senses. At length, on promise of better behaviour, she was allowed to come to the door and see them from time to time. It almost required force to get the children to her; and her practice was to threaten them, that when they grew up she would shame them all. One day she called, and the servant set the youngest child down at the door while she went to fetch the others, who had run away to hide themselves from such a mother. During the servant's absence, she carried off the child, to use as a means of better obtaining charity.

And so, as the plea of maternity is in all cases to give a right to the care of children, this unfortunate child is to

be brought up in a condition of hopeless misery. The heroic self-sacrificing nature of the husband and his wife is simply martyred by the malicious will of a demon in woman's form. The question, therefore, is, not one of woman's right to her children, or man's right to his children, but the right of the children themselves to such training as may raise them to be useful members of the community, and not mere pests to society.

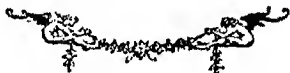
And the wretched woman herself thinks she is ill-used. She tells every one that her father kept his carriage, and that it is the duty of her relatives to see that she is comfortably maintained, without being degraded by working. To her own mind, she realises a series of iniquities practised on her, and is very desirous to have possession of her daughter, that she may work for her, while she lives in idleness. She can only see justice from the side of her own comfort.

She too has been injured in being badly brought up. Her lazy and worthless nature might have been turned in early youth, not to love justice, but to recognise necessity, and bow down to it, instead of uselessly struggling to plunder the industrious. Meanwhile there is a clear case of an unscrupulous wild-beast in woman's form passing her time to compass the misery of a generous and self-sacrificing household, in order to extort blackmail, with more calculating wilful cruelty than a garrotter. And probably when

she has thoroughly destroyed the child by the inculcation of vile practices, she will some day leave him at the door of his uncle—when she can no longer extract a profit from him—a poisoned thing, to inflict still greater pain on those whose affection will forbid them to abandon him.

In the eyes of the law, the uncle would be justified in sending the whole family to the workhouse; and the humanity and affection of his nature is made an instrument of torture to him.

When will the law provide a remedy for the wrongs done by, as well as against, mothers as well as fathers; and give to the children a chance of being well cultivated, as a counteraction to being badly born?



AURORA LEIGH.*

THE progress of Mrs. Browning's mind, from her earliest poems to the present, is an interesting study for the poetic observer. After the plaintive human tenderness of her first lays, now little known, we had the spiritual aspiration revealed in the "Seraphim;" then the strife between human love with its mortal crosses, and faith with its immortal crown; which formed the frequent burden of her two volumes in 1844; then the sympathy evinced in "Casa Guidi Windows" with the present condition of Italy,—a poem proving the writer's sense of the uses and responsibilities of her power; and finally, the present volume, *Aurora Leigh*, in which a direct and practical interest in the world of to-day is yet more evident.

Mrs. Browning has lost something since she began to write; but she has gained more. There is less tenderness, less of the touching music drawn from grief, less of those qualities that come home to the individual; but there is more strength, a yet nobler aim, a profounder insight, a deeper sympathy with universal man. There are times now when Mrs. Browning becomes sarcastic and denunciatory. Her genius has laid aside the lute that whispered of life's sorrows, and done battle with its ways. Its mien is at once sterner and loftier; less winning to the many, but with a grander expression, enhanced, as it were, by the scars of conflict.

Aurora Leigh is a poetess. She is so, not by any formal choice or mere mental aptitude, but by nature. Her genius is the growth of her being, the necessary efflorescence of such a root. Given the quick instincts of right, the warm impulses, and the ideal yearnings that are blended in this woman's heart, you have as its inevitable result such a creation as an Aurora Leigh. Such a woman will pierce to the core of things, despise all false semblances, aspire to an unattainable perfection, and turn at first with a sad scorn, not only from the counterfeits of worth, but from its true exemplars, if they move on the humble level of mere utilitarianism, and propose by their benevolence to ameliorate man's outward condition only. Her cousin, Romney Leigh, embodies this latter type of character. He is a philanthropist who would rescue the victims of poverty and crime chiefly by an improvement of their circumstances, and who is apt, in what are called practical reforms, to coudonn the influences of imagination and feeling, and the solemn realities of man's inner life, to which they point.

Spiritual agency and material agency are symbolised in these two persons; and their union in the sequel signifies the fusion of the principles which they represent. The aspiring and scornful idealist finds the noblest use of her gifts in their practical application. The material worker learns that man's social progress is blindly aimed at unless pursued in the light of his immortality; and, better than all,

both acknowledge that in every true worker there must be that which is lovelier than any glimpse of imagination, director in its blessings than the most practical deed,—the surrender of the door in soul and act to the Source of all good, a will that seeks but to reflect His, and leaves results with Him who, through all intermediates, is the One Cause. Says Aurora to Romney, referring to a long-past conversation:

" 'We both were wrong that June day,—both as wrong
As an east wind had been. I who talked of art,
And you who grieved for all men's griefs . . . what then?
We surely made too small a part for God
In those things. What we are, imports us more
Than what we eat; and life, you've granted me,
Develops from within. But inmost
Of the inmost, most interior of the interne,
God claims his own, Divine humanity
Renewing nature,—or the piercingest verso,
Prost in by subtlest poet, still must keep
As much upon the outside of a man
As the very bowl in which he dips his beard.' "

Interwoven with the story of Aurora Leigh and her cousin Romney is that of Marian Erle; and there are passages in it which will startle and probably repel the reader. In selecting an image of almost saintly purity from surroundings of misery and sin, Mrs. Browning has so far exercised a choice which cannot, we think, be fairly impeached. Such cases are exceptional; but an exception, no less than a rule, is a fact, and may claim its place as a true contribution to our experience. Moreover, the exception is here fraught with meaning. Providence does at times demonstrate the worth of the soul by showing it victorious over circumstances; and the effect of such an instance is always ennobling. Still, there are certain external impresses left on the forms of character, even when they do not touch its essence. The spirit of a Marian Erle might possibly, under all opposing conditions, have remained holy and devoted, as it is here shown; but its mode of expression would have been more homely, and its very purity would have earlier conducted it from those scenes of pollution by which it is so long environed in the story. But when from these considerations we pass to the graver one, that Marian Erle becomes the innocent victim of an outrage almost too horrible to glance at, we naturally demand from the poet overpowering reasons to justify such a result.

Doubtless Mrs. Browning has set forth these terrible details partly to show the nobility of Romney Leigh, who will not allow the foulest indignity of circumstance to shake his constancy to one who is virtually pure. Doubtless the truth that no malignity of fortune can stain an unblemished soul finds a powerful illustration in such a narrative. Yet we are bound to say, that all these ends might have been attained by means less harrowing and repulsive; although we fully admit, that if we could reconcile ourselves to the obnoxious theme, it has been treated with consummate delicacy and power.

Yet again, while on points of taste, we must object to that abrupt invocation of sacred names which so often occurs in the book. Irreverence is the last quality that we should really attribute to Mrs. Browning; but there is a savour of it in her manner which will give needless pain.

In unfolding its general design, the poem touches upon the chief figures in modern society. The poet, the artist, the high-churchman, the pantheist, the woman of convention, the woman of fashion, the seamstress, the mechanic and labourer, with all the varied social problems which such characters suggest, have their place and their comment. Again, there are exquisite descriptions of scenery, a wonderful affluence of fresh and striking imagery, and passages of story intensely dramatic. In treating of the poet's art, which may here stand as the symbol of all intellectual effort, the perception that religious feeling is the prime element of the highest genius is finely conveyed. The transcripts of nature and external life, it is urged, lack their real value, unless they express man's spiritual condition.

* *Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman and Hall.

"There's not a flower of spring,
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence; to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
With human meanings; else they miss the thought,
And henceforth stop down lower, stand confessed
Instructed poorly for interpreters,—
Thrown out by an easy cowlip in the text."

The following, too, is nobly felt and expressed:

"Fame itself,
That approbation of the general race,
Presents a poor end (though the arrow speed,
Shot straight with vigorous finger to the white),
And the highest fame was never reached except
By what was aimed above it. Art for art,
And good for God Himself, the essential Good!"

The poet's duty to apprehend sublimity in the present is
not less grand in conception and utterance:

"Every age,
Through being beheld too close, is ill-discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man:
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little of any human form
Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
Or ere the giant image broke on them,
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso,—hand, that slung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in,—overmore too great
To be apprehended near.

But poets should
Exert a double vision; should have eyes
To see near things as comprehensively
As if afar they took their point of sight,
And distant things, as intimately deep,
As if they touched them. Let us strive for this.
I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
O not to sing of lizards or of loads
Alive! the ditch there!—'twere excusable;
But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter,
Some beautiful dame, half chattel and half queen,
As dead as must be, for the greater part,
The poems made on their chivalric bones.
And that's no wonder: *death inkerits death.*"

Froo on the whole from the obscurity that counterfeits
depth, the book is not, on the other hand, poetry made easy.
It deals both with imagination and philosophy; and those who
love neither, and yet expect to understand the entire poem,
will be disappointed. Yet there are many pictures invested
with such a glow of feeling, that even a dim imagination
will make them out by the light of the heart. Has there
been any thing yet written of a babe more lovely suggestive
or musical than this? The mother

"Approached the bed, and drew a shawl away:
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so,—
Nor would you find within a rosier flushed
Pomegranate—

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,

Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; every thing so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of it.

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence,—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said:
As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life."

In almost every page the reader will meet the proofs of
a moral insight, keen and noble, embodied in felicitous
diction. As an instance, take this on the superiority of the
blindest veneration to frigid and learned scepticism:

"Good love, how'er ill-placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
A pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild-goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns back
The strata . . . granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, 'Here's law! Where's God?'"

Nor are examples wanting in which a fine meaning is
disfigured by a reckless audacity of phrase. Thus:

"Headlong leaps
Of waters that cry out for joy or fear
In leaping through the palpitating pines,
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
With thrills of time upon it."

In many cases, where the talk of frivolous persons is
reported, the language becomes mere prose cut into lengths;
but the dramatic intention is here obvious, and the writer
should be allowed the benefit of it. She never puts trite
dialogue into any mouths but those from which nothing
better would emanate in life.

Still, it must be said that the poem wants some of the
graces of art, even though it often shows that better grace
which is proverbially beyond art's reach. Hasty and even
random execution is often visible. The last touch of the
chisel is lacking, and will be regretted by all except those
sectarian minds who mistake roughness for strength, and
cannot believe that grandeur of idea may consist with accu-
racy of detail. When Mrs. Browning is logical or philo-
sophical her verse is often harsh, and outrages every rule of
scanning. When, on the contrary, she writes from emotion,
the defect rarely occurs; at times, indeed, the lines swell
upon the ear, wave after wave, as it were, with the fullness
and the cadence of a tide. As critics, we of course register
these peculiarities of style for praise or censure; but let us
say (and we can pay no greater homage to Mrs. Browning's
mind) that praise for her merits as an artist is the last
thing we care to tender her. There is a strain of noble
intensity in her book that attracts us from its manner to
its substance. We feel that we have been communing with
a spirit, perhaps somewhat extreme in its scorn of pigmy
natures, and at times confounding narrowness of view with
insincerity of motive, but a spirit so generous, earnest, and
high, that it lifts from the transitory and the mean all that
come within its range; translates us from the world of
shows to that of realities, and makes us feel that the
noblest things are also the most real. There is so much
help, truth, and sympathy in the aspect of such genius,
that we only notice by an after-thought the wreath upon
its brow.

LONDON CHILDREN.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

I REMEMBER of old time attending a public lecture in Whitechapel. What the lecture was about, I cannot at this distant period take upon me to distinctly say; but this I know, that the very climax and bloom of the evening—the noisy tumultuous hand-clapping moment, the umbrella-knocking and toe-crushing period—was when the lecturer produced a handful of green corn, just picked, and a bunch of ripe wheat-ears saved from last year's harvest, and explained to the children the rise and progress of the quarter loaf, from the small dry yellow seed to the full wonder of the autumn fruitfulness.

Not a child present had, I am sure, ever seen a corn-field; and such delight and twinkling of small pale faces I never beheld since I once attended a meeting of five hundred white-faced bakers, who intended to strike, and were planning a rise in wages,—five hundred bakers, I may say, in a violent and distressing state of fermentation, who found they could not make their own bread by manufacturing other people's.

On my way home from Whitechapel I fell into a muse on the hard lot of London children, whom Fortune has driven out of Paradise, that is, the country, into the flowerless thistly world, which is London. No angling for minnows for them; no knocking down of glossy chestnuts; no dog-roses to pick to pieces; no blue sky even; no swift chase of purposeless sunbeams over field and common;—but instead, black alleys walled out from heaven; subterranean cellars, where even the yellow-toothed rat sickens; noisome fever-garrets, where the spider would be too feeble to trap even the thin fly, were the thin fly in a proper robust state of health, or of an average good constitution.

For them no autumn gold trees wave, or blue violets grow; no rich crabs lurk sour, yet tempting, behind sheltering leaves; no stream babbles its unformed child-music; no bird prates its one untiring thought of love and spring. O, friends, what must the London street-child think of God, for making that city, which he supposes is all God's world! Spring he knows by the bunches of primroses sold by squalid pale men in Oxford Street; autumn by the dead dry leaves that blow and whisk idly about Russell Square. He knows nothing of stillness or of solitude; you can't be quiet in London. His idea of the perfection of the human voice is derived, not from Lind or Grisi, but from Brother Jack, who cries all day past the doors of rich fraudulent bank-directors, "Buy a rope—buy a rope!" a cry which might be thought personal, did we not see Jack means a rope of onions, red and yellow and brazen, with shivery shining skins, and a scent disliked by all respectable people. The child's idea of an octave is not drawn from Mario, but from Uncle Bob's "Salmon—delicate salmon!" a sound which makes musical critics tear their beards, and thrust their fingers in their, alas! too sensitive ears.

I watched a pair of children only yesterday: the eldest girl with her mother's bonnet on, the bonnet too large, and much squeezed and doubled up; the girl overwhelmed with a pile of fat listless babyhood hidden in a shawl; the youngest a little Saxon angel, with dirty face and eager wondering eyes, very quick in their azure changes to various brightnesses and aspects of joy. As to dress, the youngest had very little on but an old dress-coat, the tails sweeping the ground, and evidently much used for purposes of warfare and traction. The pair were on a tour of sight-seeing between school-hours, and I determined to follow them, just to see what amusement they would pick up.

First they halted, with a wistful deprecatory look, alternately coaxing, flattering, and independent, before an old woman's fruit-stall, that stood under an archway not far from a crossing in a street in the Strand, where the river showed by fits below, flashing now and then like a

silver sword half-drawn suddenly in playful anger. The stall was gay with five-fingered chestnut-leaves, and had cherries tied with white thread on sticks. To London children's eyes, they seemed so many blood-red jewels, brought from distant lands of sweetness and delight. Alas, to me had long passed away the great days of bob-cherry and knuckle-down! There were apples too, dry and red as old men's cheeks, and leathery gold pears, and chestnuts, mealy and out at elbows, suffering a crackling martyrdom over a kettle of red-hot coals, and singing as they died. There were nuts, too, mahogany-brown, that the old cheery woman, who was reading a greasy tract and knitting, would roll and shake about in a tempting way that Government ought not to allow; it was so deliciously cruel. A sarcastic and reproachful glance, which signified, "You little miserable creatures, you haven't got a halfpenny; don't stare about here, if you don't buy!" drove the children on; but they stopped at the next crossing. Here was something too good to lose,—a real sham soldier, with a wooden leg and a sham nodal on his chicken heart. Why, Lor', this is better than the blind man who stands in the Clapham Road, shuffling about his eyelids, with a dirty card on his breast, on which is written, "Blind from his birth, likewise totally deaf," as if he was rather proud of the thing. They stop and see how the sweeper splashes those who don't give him any thing, and how he grinds his old teeth when a cab almost amputates his toes. The men who sell sweet herbs and boot-laces stay them for a moment; but, great observers as they are, they must run home now, for father comes to tea at five.

Then a chatter and a squeak drives them into instant hysterics. Yes, it's Punch; and Punchdom, with its sudden revolutions, its *émeutes*, suppressed revolts, and final tyrannicide, hurries them away to fairy-land, and drowns all thought of mother's hard knuckles, father's fist, and daily short-comings; or perhaps some eventful day presents to their large eyes those Apollos of Southampton Street, the Arabian acrobats, rich in spangles, boneless, extraordinary men, who perform feats of superhuman agility with a jaded and morose air of disconsolate, yet almost regal pleasure. Wonderful sights are waiting at shop-doors, too, for these favoured children: enormous turtles flapping on the backs of fat porters; stuffed birds, all emerald and crimson, standing in conceited attitudes in shop-windows; squirrels in the treadmill at bird-fanciers' doors, with real chickens, that the children feed with their scanty meal.

So that, after all, in spite of black mud, houses, and dark alleys, and screams of quarrelling women, and curses, and dog-fighting, there is some compensation for London children for the flowers, meadows, and the trees that make a low noise at night as if they were audibly breathing, and for the blue skies that ripen at sunset into red. Yes; these poor London children, that stare greedily into pastrycooks' windows, that watch older and richer boys buying fruit at stalls, that push through the legs of an execution-crowd, that laugh when elderly gentlemen trip up, that watch old flaunting dowagers get out of their carriages at Regent-Street doors, that pinch footmen's fictitious calves, that laugh at fussy barristers' wigs, that sing popular melodies, that fly kites and drive hoops in quiet streets,—the pert, ready, lively, sarcastic, suspicious, cynical street-children have their amusements, and do not pine for the country's summer green or autumn orange.

I love these London children, with all their diseased precocity, their pert premature manliness and womanhood, their air of patronage, and their indomitable republican independence; their daring, energy, and restless curiosity are all cherished by me. All the same to them is it whether a pale face and a heap of wet rags is carried dripping on a stretcher to a suburban hospital, or if it be two red-faced cabmen pounding themselves to "purple ruins;"—it is all one for the gesticulating boy, who forgets his special errand in his wider sympathy for the human race in general.

The London child knows nothing of the dear old country sights. He has had no glimpses through black doorways of

gigantic blacksmiths emerging from blazes of orange light; for him are no chasings of stately geese over thirsty commons; for him no silvery dances of merry dace or gold-finned minnows round the green fresh water-cresses in the brook. He traps not the hesitating sparrow or the wily finch; for him no starlings' necks twinkle, opal and emerald, in the sunlight that bathes with gold the elm-tops. The jolting and ceaseless thunder of the Fleet-Street omnibuses is for him a poor exchange for the mellow pounding of the thrasher's flail, or the rasp and tinkle of the whetstone and the scythe. When he meets in St. Giles's a band of Irish roapers, with their sickles twisted with hay, and their faces turned countryward, he thinks little of the golden seas they will soon be wading in waist-high; or how the larks, a thousand strong, will carol to them as they toil with their hot faces all in a row. He sees man's spoiled muslin-work till he forgets the perfection of God's wild-flowers.

The London child's world is one of blank squares, with black bushes like worn-out brooms, and leaves on which the lamplight shows the black dew; soot-dripped statues on sooty pedestals; silent by-streets and noisy courts, where every body seems washing and no one washed, where half the population are children, and the rest women and thieves. He plays with oyster-shells, or builds palaces of mud. Walls particoloured with handbills are his delight, and the Temple Gardens are his idea of rural perfection, if it wasn't that he had seen Rosherville. He is always watching, whether he is an errand-boy studying the flageolet, or a butcher's boy with slate castanets in either hand—now it's a shoal of black lobsters who object to being dyed red; or, at the same fishmonger's bulkhead, a prism-coloured mackerel, or a basket of eels, who will tie themselves into dark slippery knots. To-day he rubs his nose flat against the window of a shop by St. Paul's, and sees the silken vanities that flaunt in mockery of the church and its stone soraphs and protesting saints. To-morrow, the purple satins and the yellow tiffanies that stream in coloured cataracts in other windows are better to him than a popp-show. For him the street ballad-seller tapestries the black railings with fluttering songs; and in the square of Leicester the itinerant astronomer offers men a view of another world for "one penny." Every one who passes him is to his eyes a sight, an amusement, whether porter with white apron and shining badge, lawyer with friz-wig and blue-bag, brewer with quilted doublet and copper-nailed shoes, shoe-black in scarlet, or even the dismal man in livery who deals out handbills as if he were dealing at whist. The jeweller's shops, with their golden trophies; or the cobbler's stall, where the busy dwarf jerks the thread,—it is all one to him; for he is a child-philosopher, and from all things draws inferences. The London boy is generally a cynic, and contemptuous of foreigners, particularly thin shivering Hindoos; and quizzical Germans with red mops of beards are to him guys—just that—guys. He is all eyes, and is quick as a spy, keen as a detective.

I still look on London children, I repeat, as so many fallen angels driven from the paradise of the country to the purgatory of the town. Exiled from all pleasant sights, scents, and sounds, to inhale the exhalations of sewers, to batten on fogs, and to toil through mud, deafened by the brute violence of the endless roll and roar of trade. To live only, and not to live well, is the object of the poor in cities. The flowers he sees are cut and dying flowers; the birds, the poulterers'. His sky is a lurid vision; his air, bearable miasma. He is thrown cheek by jowl with vice, as poverty always is in cities. His life will be toil, and its end the workhouse; his grave will be in a dripping corner of that grassless burial-ground that makes rich men shudder to look at or to think of.

Do London sights compensate children for the loss of their country birthright? I trow not. No, not even those great globes of crimson blood that incarnadine the common pavement with rich reflections cast through the chemists' windows; nor even the Zoolu's skull and the alligator's jaw at the old curiosity shop; nor the medieval upholsterer's

helpless armour and china teacups;—no, not even the blue-eyed portraits next door to the dentist's, nor the miles of tapeworm put in pickle in the enterprising medicine-man's window in Long Acre.

Not but what there is something very supernatural and haunted about the broken windows of a house in Chancery, with its walls sloughed and speckled with posting-bills and notices. A London hearse, too, with its nodding black feathers and red-nosed coachman, is a thing to be remembered; so is a country-waggon, with a red-checked girl staring from under the awning-tilt for the first time at daybreak at the unheeding town. There is no place where amusement is so thrust upon you and forced down your throat as in this London. The broken-down gentlemen that lurk about at ginshop-doors, the wrinkled veterans at cab-stands, are all part of the London boy-experience. Every street is a leaf in the page of the great volume he can't help reading. The tinker with his flaring kettle of coals, the sparks spiriting from his sandstone-wheel, the chair-mender on the door-step, the grinning Italian with his shuffling feet, the sly groom in the Quadrant with a stolen dog under his arm, the itinerant almanac-seller, or all his friends and fellows. The beadle, the costermonger, the pugilist, the soldier, the city-man, the beggar, the cabman, the cartor, pass before him in shifts and changes, and all for his amusement.

Over this great mammoth city, with its black dome, red roofs, and white towers, the coppery fire of the blank sun smoulders through the fog; and all for his delight as much as for the big thirty-thousand-pounder just stepping into his barouche and bound for Clapham. For him, through tawny smoke and lurid clouding, break the soft blue spots of summer sky, like glimpses of the very veil that hides Heaven's Holy of Holies. The stars shine and interchange for him, though he does live underneath an alley, and next door to a potato-cellar. For him every sunset flowers and widens into the great black blossom of night, on whose sable leaves the stars shine but as dewdrops.



THE CONDENSED AIR-BATH.

BY AN M.D.

THE effects on the health and spirits of the various changes of weather, only too numerous and sudden in this capricious climate of ours, are well known and constantly experienced by every one. The circumstances to be taken into account as producing these effects, in connection with changes of weather, are numerous. Differences of temperature and of amount of moisture, the force and direction of the winds, electrical changes, ever-varying degrees of light, have each their effects on the human system; but there is one circumstance,—depending to a considerable extent, indeed, on some of those already mentioned,—not so perceptible to an ordinary observer as most of them, which nevertheless must bear a large share in producing the results of atmospheric changes. We allude to the varying density, weight, or pressure of the air, indicated by the rise and fall of the mercurial column in the barometer; the former, of course, indicating an increase, the latter a diminution, in the weight of the air. Judging by our sensations merely, we should be inclined to suppose that the state of the atmosphere was just the reverse of what it really is. In fine weather, when the barometer is generally high, we feel a lightness and exhilaration of spirits, an increased aptitude for exertion; while nothing is more common, in an opposite state of the weather, than to hear it said that there seems to be a weight in the air. We then

feel heavy, languid, and unwilling to exert ourselves, and our spirits are more or less depressed. These varying effects are more perceptible on the occurrence of sudden changes.

The effects of diminished atmospheric pressure also are manifested in a marked degree by the change from low to high altitudes, and have been graphically described by many travellers and aeronauts; while those of increased pressure are experienced on descending in the diving-bell or into deep mines.

There has just been introduced into this country a means of taking advantage of increased atmospheric pressure in the treatment of disease, which, although it has been in successful operation in France for a considerable number of years, has attracted but little attention from the members of the medical profession in this country. It is, however, to an Englishman that we must ascribe the merit of making the first steps in this direction, without at the same time detracting from the deserts of the French philosopher, of whose researches we have afterwards to speak. So long ago as the year 1664, Dr. Henshaw constructed an air-tight chamber, in which, by means of a large pair of organ-bellows, the air could be rarefied or condensed; and he seems to have applied this means to the treatment of various diseases, using apparently rarefied air for those of a chronic character, and condensed air for the acute. The degree of rarefaction or condensation was regulated by the sensations of the patient as regarded his respiration. He states, however, that difficulty of breathing is oftener experienced in condensed than in rarefied air. We shall find, as we proceed, that the contrary is the true state of the case, under moderate increase of pressure. These experiments do not appear to have led to any useful results; and no doubt from various causes, especially the insufficiency of the means available for the purpose, and the supposed dangers of increased pressure. The subject seems to have fallen into unmerited neglect, till M. Tabarié, in 1832, presented to the Institute of France a report on the effects of differences of atmospheric pressure; and starting from the idea that an element so indispensable as the air to the existence of all organised beings must also, by modifications of its physical and chemical qualities, become an inexhaustible source of useful influences on the organism, after long and laborious research established this fact, that compressed air is an agent of the highest importance in the treatment of various maladies, and enunciated certain principles serving as guides for its efficient application. He was assisted in his researches by Dr. Bertin, of Montpellier; and Dr. Pravaz, of Lyons, has made a series of independent investigations, the results of which he has published in an essay, which received the honour of being *couronné* by the Institute of France in 1850. M. Tabarié found that, to produce salutary effects, the pressure must be gradually increased, sustained for a time at a certain degree of intensity, and again gradually diminished; and that the amount of pressure calculated to be of greatest service is moderate, an increase above this not being attended by any increased advantage, but rather the reverse, as he believes that the principal salutary agency is *continuance* of the high pressure, that the transition from any pressure to a higher has a disturbing effect, and that therefore the shorter, within certain limits, we can make the interval of transition the better. Dr. Pravaz also has shown, that beyond a certain limit no advantage is to be expected, principally because the pressure of the air, when highly increased, overcomes the resisting elasticity of the lungs. The amount of pressure considered most beneficial is about two-fifths of an atmosphere additional; that is, about six pounds on the square inch more than the ordinary pressure of the air, which is fifteen pounds. These researches have led to the establishment of compressed-air baths at Montpellier, Lyons, Nice, and more recently at Ben Rhydding, in Yorkshire, where we have had an opportunity of experiencing and observing its effects. We shall now proceed to give some account of the construction, use, and effects of the bath itself.

An iron chamber is constructed, of sufficient strength to bear, the increased pressure, provided with windows of strong plate-glass, and a door fitting in such a way as to prevent any escape of air. A pair of force-pumps communicates with the chamber by a pipe, opening by numerous minute apertures in the floor, and is worked by a steam-engine. By a simple arrangement, a sufficient quantity of air is allowed to pass off constantly to keep that in the chamber of the purity requisite for the purpose of respiration. A barometric tube is placed outside, its upper end open, and communicating therefore with the external air; while the cup, or curved end below, and the mercury contained in it, are subjected, by means of a tube, to the pressure of the air inside the bath. The height of the mercurial column, therefore, will always indicate the difference in pressure between the air outside and that inside; and a scale is attached, showing the amount in pounds.

The interior of the chamber is furnished with seats, a couch for weak patients, and any other convenience that may be requisite; and the iron walls are cased inside with wood. The entrance and exit of the air should be so managed as to cause as little noise as possible, so that patients may sleep, if so disposed. There is an arrangement also by means of which, without allowing of any escape of air, small articles, such as books, letters, &c., may be conveyed into or out of the chamber (for in this bath patients may read, write, or converse, as they please); and by means of a bell, those inside can summon an attendant, to whom orders are conveyed by writing on a slip of paper, and showing it at one of the windows. If necessary, an apparatus may be adapted for heating or cooling the air before it enters the chamber. The barometer and the valve for regulating the escape of the air may be placed in the engine-room, so that the whole is under the eye of a single attendant.

The patients, then, being seated in the chamber, the door is closed, and the engine set in motion. By regulating its velocity and the amount of air escaping, the pressure is raised to the amount of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb to 6 lb on the square inch, as indicated by the barometer, at a rate of 1 lb in five minutes. When it has reached the desired maximum, the engine still continues to work, as there must be a constant supply of fresh air. The high pressure is kept up steadily for a time, varying from half an hour to an hour, and is then reduced as gradually as it rose. In general, the entire sitting occupies two hours; but the amount of pressure and the length of time must be adapted to the capabilities of the patients, some being unable, from weakness or peculiarities of constitution, to bear it so long.

The first feeling generally remarked by an individual in the bath is a sense of pressure, sometimes, though rarely, amounting to acute pain, in the ears. This is easily accounted for, when we remember that the internal ear communicates with the throat by a small tube, and is separated from the external by a membrane commonly called the "drum of the ear." The pressure on the drum, then, is caused by the loss of balance between the air outside and that inside the ear, the former not gaining immediate admittance to the internal ear from the walls of the tube, at its opening into the throat, being in contact. Swallowing once or twice, or endeavouring after inspiration to expel the breath while the mouth and nostrils are kept closed, will in most cases open the tube and establish the balance of pressure. When the maximum pressure is attained, the sensation in the ears generally ceases, but returns again as the pressure is brought down, from a reversal of the causes above mentioned; the condensed air in the interior of the ears not finding a ready exit by the tube, and therefore pressing the drum outwards. After a few sittings in the bath, the tube commonly continues pervious, and no uneasiness is experienced. The saliva is generally increased in quantity. But the best marked effects are those on the circulation and respiration, particularly in persons labouring under maladies implicating these functions; for it is to be remarked, that a person in health

may not experience much, if any, change beyond the pressure in the ears. When the pressure reaches its maximum intensity, or rather after it has continued for a time at that intensity, the pulse undergoes in most cases a diminution in velocity, varying from a few beats per minute even to forty-five; and what is most remarkable is, that in many cases the pulse does not again rise after coming out of the bath to the same amount as before, and so its velocity has thus been permanently reduced. The same remarks apply to the rapidity of the respiration, which, as is well known, is in some diseases much increased; while under the action of the compressed air difficult and rapid breathing becomes easier and slower, and even persons whose respiration is healthy find a remarkable facility of breathing—feeling, indeed, as if breathing were unnecessary. In most persons there is a greater flow of spirits and increased appetite for food; and in some drowsiness comes on in the bath, and sleep is improved after it.

The diseases in which the air-bath is found most beneficial are those of the air-passages—such as relaxed sore-throat, loss of voice, diseases of the windpipe, chronic bronchitis, asthma, consumption, palpitation of the heart, and chronic congestion of the brain.

On the theory of the mode of action of the air-bath we shall say but little. There are one or two circumstances, however, connected with it which we may briefly notice as contributing very much to the results. First, the effects of increased pressure on the tissues with which the air comes in contact, especially in the air-passages, which may easily be conceived to have a tendency to diminish congestion, that is, increased quantity with diminished circulation of blood in a part. Secondly, M. Pravaz has shown that an increase of the capacity of the chest is caused mainly by the compressed air opposing a greater resistance to the natural contractibility of the lungs. And thirdly, in breathing condensed air, we receive into the system, through the lungs, an increased quantity of its vital ingredient, oxygen-gas; for not only is the actual volume of air inhaled increased by the greater facility of respiration, but that volume contains a larger quantity of oxygen than an equal volume of air at the ordinary pressure, though the proportion of oxygen to nitrogen remains the same. How important a due supply of oxygen is to the system, and what beneficial results may be expected to flow, in many cases, from an increased supply, we cannot here fully explain. One thing will be obvious to every one, that if oxygen is necessary to the system, a patient whose lungs are so affected as to diminish the quantity of air respired, must suffer from the want of a due supply of that gas. This want, then, the air-bath tends to supply, both by introducing air charged with an additional amount of oxygen, and by increasing the capacity of the lungs for receiving it.

The results already obtained in the treatment of disease by this method are very striking; and there can be little doubt that it is destined to become one of the most valuable means of alleviation and cure in a large class of maladies.

Among the cases we have seen treated at Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, with favourable results, may be noted one of palpitation of the heart, and two cases of consumption.

One of the most remarkable cases we have noticed, however, is that of an old soldier who had suffered from chronic bronchitis and asthma for the long period of twenty-seven years. Here also there was increased mucus; and in some parts of the chest a wheezing or coughing sound, generally accompanying asthma. After the first sitting the coughing was gone, and after five baths the mucus sounds were much less distinct; and other favourable changes had taken place in the chest. This man's pulse before commencing the baths was 108 per minute; during the first bath it fell to 84. When examined the day after his fifth sitting it was 90. His weight increased in five days three pounds and a half. But a still more remarkable change and improvement had taken place. When first examined, it was ascertained that the utmost amount of air he could expel from his lungs, after the deepest

possible inspiration, was 80 cubic inches; 180 less than a man of his height in health ought to breathe. After five sittings, the amount was 150 cubic inches. His breathing, as might under these circumstances be expected, was much relieved, and his sleep greatly improved. In the two cases mentioned before, the increase of vital capacity was by no means so great; but still remarkable, considering the amount of morbid deposit in the lungs. In one it rose from 73 to 80; in the other, from 130 to 140 cubic inches after ten sittings.

Such results are truly encouraging, and give good reason to anticipate still further advances in the treatment of that sad malady which annually destroys so many of the young, the beautiful, and the accomplished, in our island; and we may expect that when the benefits of the air-bath become more extended, it will do away with the necessity, in many cases, of patients' seeking in other lands the mild atmosphere they cannot find in their own, and too often suffering and dying far from the friends and comforts of home.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

II.

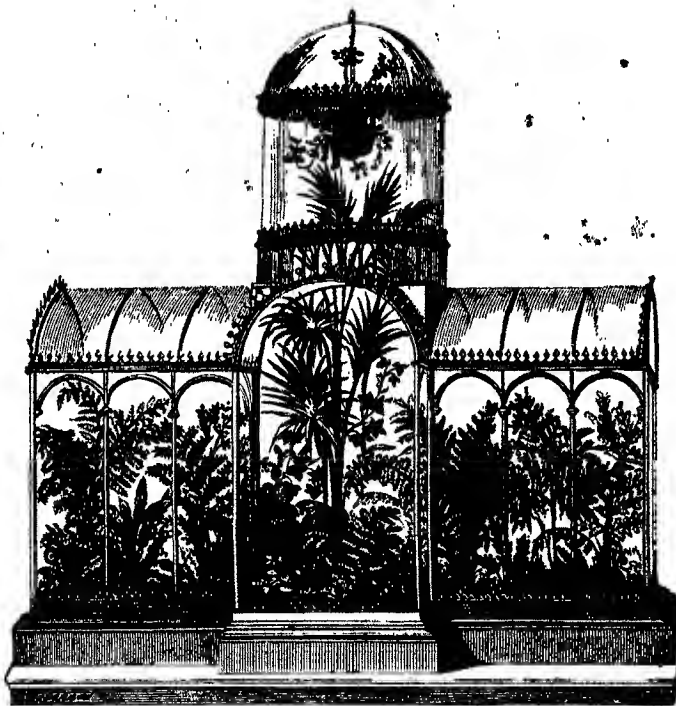
In the neighbourhood of the canal are extensive yards and warehouses, in which are collected or stored away the raw materials on which the skill and taste of the artisan are shortly to be expended. These masses of flint, of so little value at home in the chalk districts; these blocks of steatite, amazingly like the specimens we brought away from the Lizard Point; these cubes of white clay, the very counterpart of those we saw being carted away from the Cornish clay-works,—are the far-fetched treasures of the Staffordshire potter. This art took root here in some distant age, when men were contented with mere earthen jars and beechen platters. Here it spent its little-progressing infancy; here it gained its strength under the stimulus afforded by wealth and luxury; and here most undoubtedly it has attained perfection. Some poor wanderer, perhaps, centuries ago, discovered that the country afforded clay to mould and coal to bake, and here set up his wheel. His trade thrived, he employed his children, and hired labourers to help him; and now, though most of the materials of modern pottery are fetched into Staffordshire from a great distance, the wheel still revolves in its primitive simplicity, and Staffordshire-ware is to be found wherever the English language is spoken.

A familiar sound of heavy dull hammering calls us to look into a shed from which the noise proceeds, and here we find a stamping-apparatus precisely similar to that used in Cornwall for reducing tin-ore to powder; here employed in pulverising the burnt flints, which play a very important part in the finer kinds of ware. The use of flint as an ingredient in potters' clay is said to have owed its origin to the following accident. A potter, named Asthery, travelling in London, perceived something amiss with one of his horse's eyes; an ostler at Dunstable said he could soon cure him, and for that purpose put a common flint-stone into the fire. The potter, observing it to be, when taken out, of a fine white colour, immediately conceived the idea of improving his ware by the addition of this material to the whitest clay he could procure. Accordingly he sent home a quantity of the flint-stones of that country, where they are plentiful among the chalk; and, by mixing them with tobacco-pipe clay, produced a white stoneware much superior to any that had been seen before. Some of the other potters soon discovered the source of this superiority, and did not fail to follow his example. For a long time they pounded the flints in private rooms, by manual labour, in mortars; but many of the poor workmen suffered severely from the dust of the flint getting into their lungs, and producing pulmonary disorders. These disorders, and the increasing demand for the flint-powder, induced them to try to grind it by mills of various constructions; and this method, being both effectual and safe, has continued in practice ever since.

THE PLANTING OF A WARDIAN CASE.

CRYSTAL Palaces for Home have been treated of as to their general principles; and we have endeavoured to show that unless they are regarded as miniature greenhouses no permanent success can be expected. Since the appearance of these papers in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, several other journals have taken up the question, and have adopted similar views. Mr. Glenny, in *Jerrold's paper*, Mr. Appleby, in the *Cottage Gardener*, and other practical writers, have called public attention to the original failings of the Wardian cases; and though we should hesitate to say that we gave the hint for this new view of the subject, it is certain that *we were the first* to analyse the causes of failure, and point out the remedy. A correspondent has called our attention to some passages in the pamphlet of Mr. Stephen Ward, alleging that we have dealt with it unjustly. We desire to act fairly and openly; and the only difference between ourselves and Mr. Ward is this: he trusts for ventilation to the impossibility of hermetically sealing the case; we insist that ventilation should be properly provided for. Between the two the difference is great indeed.

The design for a crystal palace is intended for the adornment of a window, a conservatory, or any position where its outline would produce a pictorial effect, and where abundance of daylight and little sun would reach it. We need say nothing as to its construction, except that access is to be obtained to the interior by having the front of the central compartment and the end of each wing fitted on hinges, so that the glass-plate forms a door. In each division the framework running along the roof should also be finely perforated, and a slide of zinc fitted so as to move to and fro in a groove, to admit air, or close the ventilating holes, according to circumstances. The two wings and the central compartment might be made separate, so as to fit neatly together, and allow the three parts to be removed from the trays in which the ferns are planted. If so constructed, several trays for plants may be made; and when the vegetation loses beauty, as it may do with the changes of the seasons, the trays can be lifted out, and fresh ones containing new sets of plants inserted in their place, and those removed from the case carried to the greenhouse to be regenerated by careful treatment. This is the way the Wardian cases are managed by the nobility, who contract with nurserymen to supply trays of plants from time to time; and this trick has been kept secret, so that many a connoisseur not *au fait* in the matter has been puzzled again and again to discover by what process the Wardian cases are brought to such perfection just as the London season opens. For every Wardian case we should recommend this plan; for it is agreeable to change the vegetation occasionally, however well the plants may be doing, with careful management.



The case here figured is planted as follows. In the centre is the beautiful dwarf palm of the south of Europe, *Chamaerops humilis*. At its base grow some dwarf ferns and lycopods—such as the Tunbridge filmy fern, Wilson's filmy fern, the True Maiden-hair, *Adiantum capillus veneris*, *Asplenium marinum*; the lovely little bladder ferns, *Cystopteris fragilis*, and *C. alpina*; with *Lycopodium stolonifera*, *formosa*, *denticulata*, and *apothecia*.

In the left wing are specimens of *Lastrea cristata*, the crested fern; *Lastrea filix mas*, the common male fern; the lovely Hart's Tongue, *Scolopendrium vulgare*, of which there are at least twenty-five distinct varieties; *S. vulgare proliferum* being very

desirable as a diminutive curiosity: it bears little plants on its fronds. On the right of the Hart's Tongue, *Osmunda regalis*, the most renowned of British ferns, completes the planting of this side, as far as conspicuous plants are concerned.

In the right wing the graceful Lady fern, *Athyrium filix femina*, throws up her plumes of verdant feathers. At her feet is the common polypody, *Polypodium vulgare*; the commonest and most easily cultivated, and, with two or three exceptions, the most beautiful and distinct of all the British ferns. Another polypody, *P. dryopteris*, rises from the hollow below it: it has one clear stem, with three branching divisions of the frond; the colour a most refreshing green, and the whole aspect of the plant distinct and elegant. The common brake, *Pteris aquilina*, and *Lastrea spinulosa*, complete the planting on this side. All the plants are drawn from nature.

For covering the diversified surface and filling the hollows of the rock-work, there are many interesting British ferns and flowering-plants suitable. Spleenworts, the Adder's-tongue, *Asplenium lanceolatum*, *A. trichomanes*, and *Trichomanes radicans*, are low-growing ferns that delight in the moist air of a Wardian case; and among flowering-plants, the pretty *Drosera rotundifolia*, Marsh Pennywort, Ground Ivy, Hound's-tongue, Wood Oxalis, Rosy Oxalis (a border-flower), Germander Speedwell, and common small-leaved Ivy, are gems in their way.

The same soil will suit the whole of these, namely, one-third fibrous peat, one-third loam, and one-third flower-sand, with a moderate mixture of broken flower-pots and soft charcoal. The soil should ~~not~~ be sifted, the coarser its texture the better; but the several ingredients should be well incorporated, and the whole brought to a friable and light texture. A layer of crooks should be placed below the soil, for drainage.

Most of the nurseries contain collections of ferns from which selections may be made. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining just what are required, Mr. Sim, of Foot's Cray, Kent, can supply from his splendid collection any kinds, whether British or foreign. *Simplex Hirsman.*



SCENE FROM THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. VII.

PAINTED BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

SCENE FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A SCENE FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Among the other tokens of affection which Sir Roger de Coverley's neighbours were frequently exhibiting for that most worthy of country-knights,—the Quixote of modern times,—the Spectator relates that a former servant of his who had set up a hostelry in that part of the country was struck with the idea of having a portrait of him painted for a sign, doubtless reckoning that such a mark of respect to this common friend of all the country round would be duly appreciated by Sir Roger's friends from far and near. This was done, and the portrait suspended from the appropriate post in front of the inn. There it hung a week, until the unexpected and most undesirable compliment came to the ears of the man so honoured; he, with that chivalric consideration which is one of the most subtle characteristics of Addison's greatest creations, went to see this work of art; and finding that it was really intended as the highest honour which could possibly be paid by his old servant to him, took no offence, but quietly said that he considered himself quite unworthy of such a compliment, and suggested that a few touches would sufficiently alter the face to something else, and promised to be at the cost of doing this. The artist was again called in; and by the addition of whiskers and an exaggerated expression to the countenance, turned it into a tolerable representation of the "Saracen's Head;" but the worst result of this was, that a strong resemblance remained to the good knight himself.

The scene Frith has chosen is where the Spectator and Sir Roger are inspecting the picture after its metamorphosis. This picture is one of the very best of this artist's works, in a class which he seems to have made almost his own by his perfect success therein. It will not fail to catch the observer's notice, how truly he has given the good old-gentlemanly aspect of the knight, not without a touch of vanity most becoming to the enslavers of the fair widow. Witness the black wig and feathered hat. How capably the expression of nervous irresolute benevolence which belonged to him is shown by his way of standing, and the action of wiping the spectacles; the look of appeal, too, at the Spectator himself, not without a suggestion that his vanity had been secretly flattered by the mere fact of that outrageous compliment!

The Spectator's attitude is also most excellently characteristic; see the stoop of the shoulders, like that of an habitually observant and thoughtful man; the genial laugh. Notice the different manner in which his feet place themselves on the floor to the way in which Sir Roger has his, and the way of use with which he holds the whip behind him. The dog's half-dubious look of recognition is, however, one of the finest parts of the design of the picture, and one which the text does not suggest.

It is amusing to notice how the addition of whiskers, the change to a bare neck and dishevelled hair in the portrait, have metamorphosed Sir Roger into the Saracen; and also how even this could not entirely overcome the likeness, although the panther's skin thrown over the shoulders, and the bow and quiver, are far removed enough from an idea of the original. There is an excellent piece of humorous perception by the artist in putting flashes of lightning playing about the head of the ferocious Syrian. This is one of those points of wit which are so frequently found in Frith's works.

The host's half-conscious deprecatory look as he appeals with the eye to the Spectator, his hostile costume and attitude, as though he had got into an habitual start, with "Coming, sir, coming!" like the "Anon, anon!" of Shakspeare's Francis, is well marked.

The luncheon is set out on the table, and introduced in the picture in order to allow of the presence of the girl. See how healthily pretty she is, coming through the sunbeams. Frith's waiting-girls are always capital. Witness his "Sherry, sir?" which is so popular at present.

The county-map on the wall, the tea-beard, arranged after the fashion of hostesses, behind the punch-bowl and coffee-pot, are points well made in the picture, as well as the look of the chairs and tables, evidently from some mansion, and perhaps Sir Roger's gifts to his old servant on starting in business; the footman drinking at the bar on the other side of the house-passage, the hostess behind, and the string of lemons suspended from the ceiling in the further room, are parts of character which we should be sorry to miss.

The Spectator, relating the story, says: "Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'" This is one of the finest hits in all the series of papers, which is unquestionably Addison's *chef-d'œuvre*.

It may be remarked of Frith's paintings, that although it is to be regretted that his style of execution is not more solid, he is yet beyond doubt the most successful of the humorous painters of the day; that he deals with the vanities of men with a skill and delicacy of perception and gentlemanly feeling which is only inferior to the manner in which Hogarth dealt with their crimes and follies. Frith is to humorists what Hogarth is to satirists; and higher praise than this it would be difficult to give to any man.

The picture we have engraved is very brilliant and powerful,—of course not so rich in colour as some of Frith's other works; his excellent judgment would not allow him to indulge in this quality in a sober English scene; but, as the reader will see from the engraving, the expressions of the faces are as full of character and humour as they can be. He is one of the few painters who, having confined themselves to almost a single range of subjects, have not fallen into the besetting sin of mannerism. This work is one of the most solid of his pictures, far more so than one which attracted much more attention,—"*The Coming of Age*,"—and is one of his most excellent works in his best style. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847.

JOHN PIKE YAPP.

A TALE OF MAYO.

By THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE few people in the neighbourhood who were above the rank of peasants themselves did what they could for the universal distress; but, after all, it was but prolonging death by starvation for the most part. Twice a-week some few gave to some few. Every body was poor, and they could do no more. Then the poor souls, with their wretched cans, or broken pitchers or cups, would crowd in hungry multitudes about the doors; and some would receive, and many would fail of receiving, the pittance which seemed necessary to keep life within them. Yet they lived on; and how? It would be hard to answer that question. But, for instance, Lewis had a lean and hungry dog, to which, except in the matter of giving him any thing to eat, all the family were kind. Even Lewis, when he was trying to doze on the stool, with his back to the wall, would call him to his knee; and hungry man and hungry dog would warn each other into a sleep that comforted both. The children, of course, wore its companions; when not too miserable, they still played with it, and it still followed them as they toddled by the brook, looking over the bog for some remaining berry. This dog Lewis took one day from the sun, where it lay shivering, and without a word to any one killed it before them, as if he neither saw nor heard them. He was in a transport of hunger; and when the prospect of satisfying it occurred to him, he could see nothing but that one object. Timmy was

relieved from his own wretched life, skinned, cut in pieces, and laid over the smouldering turf, while the children yet screamed around; and then, like a savage, Lewis tore the unpalatable morsel with his teeth. The wife and children also ceased to lament; the irresistible smell and sight of food overpowered all the rest, and in silence they too partook of the half-cannibal meal.

When they had done, the wife prepared to lay by something that remained; but Lewis interfered:

"Tib," said he to the eldest child, "take the bit to Pike, with my service; but mind you, Tib, don't say it was poor Timmy." And forth from the hut he walked leisurely, and lay himself down under the shelter of a wall, there to go profoundly to sleep.

Whether the meal did good or not, I cannot tell. However it may have been, Lewis's wife Nancy, a few days after, passed from active illness to passive; for, indeed, the change was little more than that she could no longer drag her weakened frame about, but sank down to perish. Pike heard of it, and came with a quarter-pint of his goat's-milk to do his neighbour good. "And I took it very kind of ye," said he, "sending us some of your own mate the day by; queer mate it was though; who give it ye?"

Lewis with his foot pushed something which lay on the floor towards the corner. Pike's eye fell upon it:

"Sure 'twasn't the dog we ate?" said he.

"Why not?" said Lewis.

"The mate had an unkind taste anyhow," said Pike, his eyes fixed on the paw, which nobody had thrown out of doors. "But the dog's aisy, and was born to help Christians, the poor baste. Notwithstanding here's a more humane potion like, for the poor 'oman, that I've spared ye the day."

"More of the illigant milk!" cried Lewis, his hands twitching, his mouth twisting, at the sight of it.

"Let alone—let alone!" said Pike; "not a drop except for Nancy only, the erone."

"Give it her, quick!" said Lewis; "I don't want to see it with my eye; take't away, lest it be too much for me." And squeezing his rags about him, he turned and went out of the cabin, picking up a bit of dry stick and chewing it, as if to employ the saliva which the delicious morsel had excited by its mere sight.

It comforted the poor woman for half an hour; perhaps for so much time it delayed her death; but death at that time was the familiar friend of those whom it took, though still hideous and dreaded by those whom it only threatened. She was the first in the immediate neighbourhood whom the famine destroyed, and she was buried with decency in the Catholic burial-ground; but a month after that, nearly all attempt to lay the dead respectfully to their long slumber ceased; and left to themselves, the perishing peasantry could but just remove out of sight, any where, the corpses which encumbered their cabins. There was none to bear them to the churchyard, none to receive them there, no power to invoke spiritual help; for the faint remains of life were employed in feeding its own flame, and all interests were absorbed in suffering, buried under the dead weight of famine.

Lewis's family soon dwindled to two children. Pike's at this time were down in the fever, as they termed it. None had died yet; but his little boy had been the first seized, and would plainly be the first to go. Honor held him in her lap, or sat by his side most of the day. Pike led out the goat, which they had never trusted far, when the children were its guides, since the day of Lewis's robbery. Pike's frame, accustomed to hardship, still fought bravely against famine; and he as yet felt no symptom of the famine-bred fever. He would take his little girl with him, —the fair-haired child, whose pretty locks so pleased his eye, and whom her parents had saved as yet from the worst extremities of hunger by sacrifices which destroyed themselves.

It chanced one day that the father and child had climbed

the hill above their cabin, and were slowly attending upon the goat by the side of the mountain-path which ran along the face of the ridge. It was the end of the third quarter since Pike had here parted from his wife, and since Mr. Threader, making his periodical round, had witnessed their tearful parting. Again Mr. Threader was taking the same route; and when he came upon Pike and his child he stopped, with some vague idea it might be the peasant whom he had then seen, and asked, "Did he remember him?"

"Ay, by token the three tinnennies," said Pike, scratching off the ragged remains of his hat, and joyfully recognising his benefactor.

"And were they lucky? Did they bring the luck you expected?" said the Englishman.

"In throth did they," said Pike. "I remember prospering terrible well."

"Remember?" said Mr. Threader; "why it's not so long since."

"It seems to me before time," said Pike.

"Did you get the three guineas?" asked Mr. Threader. "If so, you ought to be rich still."

"The rint," said Pike, "the rint swallowed all."

"Well, I must say your honesty was most commendable," said the Englishman, "to provide for your rent when you were in such want yourself. It's very honourable to you."

"But look ye there, yer honour," said Pike; and he pointed a little farther, where three small heaps of ruin lay together,—shattered walls without roof, grass growing in the windows, stanchions in the stones, but no doors. "My own full cousin, and my wife's half-cousin, and another, lived there; and the roofs were taken away as they laid on the floors—all for rint. I don't complain," added Pike; "but they had not got it, and I had."

"What became of them?" said Mr. Threader.

"Dead," said Pike; "and for that matter it wouldn't matter if we all was with 'em,—and shall be, some sooner, some later."

"Nay, I hope times may mend. Have you lost any friends yet, my poor fellow?"

"My boy's a-dying," said Pike, "and Honor's sickening this morn."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mr. Threader. "But the little maiden—no, no, she's well yet."

"Ay, bless her!" said Pike; "she was the last as ate any thing among us."

"Could you eat again, my pretty curly-pate?" said Mr. Threader, taking out a sandwich-case and a flask containing a slender glass of whisky.

The child's eager eyes answered.

"Take my luncheon," said Mr. Threader, reaching down to her a slice of bread and meat. "And you, my man, swallow this drop; it will keep up your pluck, and that you deserve."

Father and child eagerly seized the gift. Little Honor was comforted and inspirited; but poor Pike's exhausted frame was set on fire by the potent spirit. It did not inspire him; on the contrary, it seemed to sever all the bonds of habitual restraint, and set free the anguish that had collected and frozen in his heart. He caught Mr. Threader's hand, and tried to speak; but his speech turned all to water, as it were, deep sobs burst from him, and overcome with emotion, he struck his breast fiercely, and uttered the most dismal lamentation.

"O, my poor boy! his poor great eyes staring so piteous; poor Honor a-trying to carry him, and forced to catch at the chimney to steady herself; and the little one, the youngest little one, that the sun's shining on there, and that will be cold under the sod so soon. And all day and night to be yearning for a morsel, and the childer crying through the cowl, though the cowl'd is only starvation. Ochone, ochone, the Lord is departed, and not a saint to listen!"

Mr. Threader was shocked. He got off his horse, and supporting Pike to the bank, made him sit down. There

his passion exhausted itself; and again by degrees there shone out of him "the sacred patience of the poor." But he was shaken by the outbreak of passion, and Mr. Threader would take his own way about accompanying him down the bank to the cabin.

In this time of trouble he had given his services as one of the committee for the distribution of assistance; and as the present case was evidently one which claimed whatever could be done for it, he readily took the opportunity of examining into the misery of the family, and relieving it as far as the funds intrusted to him might be so employed.

Pike had said truly that his boy was dying. He lay on the floor, with the heather from the hills under him, his cheeks flushed, his eyes half-open, his almost naked body showing every bone under the skin. The mother had resigned him; misery, sickness, and custom had quite trained her to suffer, and she sat on the low stool near him, supporting her aching head on the wall, and half-stupefied with fever.

The scene was one which Mr. Threader had witnessed over and over again for weeks past, and which he knew existed wherever he should turn his steps. He looked on it very differently from what he would have done, had one individual instance of such misery been seen by him in better times. He gave what the funds could afford without wringing other poor wretches, and he authorised Pike to make a claim upon the food distributed at the town, if, when he should apply, there was any food to be distributed. Thus were those who could eat in the family kept alive for that time also, and a little comfort of their hearts bestowed by the notice taken of their great woe.

The boy died; and wrapped round in the branches which had been his bed, was carried in his father's arms to lie in the trench dug by his father in the enclosure of turf and stones which surrounded the cabin. The mother mean time lay struggling with the fever; the fire of it, which was feeding on her life, gave her as yet a false strength. She went on from day to day, moaning and tossing on the fresh heather which her husband had brought from the mountain. He did not stay by and watch her; he went out in the morning to feed his goat, the only hope left. The little curly-haired girl, at five years old, was her mother's nurse; she brought water,—for the spring hard by glistened and whispered on through all that deadly season; she pushed together the branches of heather, all scattered by the poor woman's uneasy movements; and when she herself was sleepy, she lay down by her mother's side, her lips, healthy as yet, parting and inhaling the hot pestilential breath of the nearly unconscious woman. Pike came back in the evenings, sometimes with an ounce of oatmeal, begged or given, or a cup of broth; often with nothing but the milk of the goat, now sadly diminishing. When that was the case, he himself tasted no food whatever; and his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes told how famine preyed on his frame.

One night his wife, who had not spoken all day, called him in a clear sharp voice, as those do who, suddenly aroused from slumber, imitate the tone they would have had if perfectly awake.

"I'm going a journey, Pike," she said. "I've been sent for by a great lady; but if she spares me, I'll be back."

"Are ye going indeed, Honor honey? Honor, my darling," said Pike, "is it you are going?"

"I'll see you perhaps again. Isn't Johnny ready yet? He came first among us, ye know, Pike."

"And he's gone first; then ye, Honor honey, and little Honor no doubt next, and me. Ah, Honor, tell them as ye're going amongst not to forget me." Thus spoke Pike; and the tears gathered and ran down upon her parched face, but she hardly seemed conscious of them.

"Lewis is always a-watching," she began again. "When I am away, mind him; I see his face at the window when we're both out—I seed him just—"

"No, no, darling," said Pike soothingly; "I'm not thinking that—don't trouble for Lewis."

"Ay, but he was here," said the little girl.

"The thief!" cried Pike. "And what did he want?"

"You, daddy," said the child. "Ho said Tike was dead and Tib was dead."

"Both!" cried Pike; but his attention was more fixed on the dying woman.

She wandered still, but mildly and less distinctly every minute. Her words came by ones and twos. The name of her dead boy, whose death they thought she had not noticed, occurred often, and once she bade the little girl be good, and held her lips to kiss her. The child stooped for the deadly kiss. "So, good bye, Pike," said she; "good night;" for indeed the shades were darkening over her eyes, and after another half-hour's perhaps unconscious struggle for breath, she lay at ease on the cold couch of the dead.

Pike sat by in silence. He was hungry and tired; there was a crust on the table, which he meant to have soaked in water for his wife; and now the child, the little Honor, having fallen asleep during the stillness of her mother's death-struggle, it remained for him. But, though hungry, he could not eat; though tired, he could not sleep. He sat and waked by the dead: it was the old custom in the oldest natural shape. Towards midnight he heard a tap at the window; and presently Lewis, pushing open the door, stole in, and came up to where Pike was sitting.

"She's gone, is she?" said Lewis, fixing his eyes on the dead body, over which the moonlight shone. "So are mine—all gone."

"I wish we were the same," said Pike.

"No, no—not I. Who knows what the dead knows?" said Lewis. "I would rather be here, provided I could get one morsel of Christian food."

"Christian food," said Pike; "is not all that is, Christian?"

Lewis did not answer; his gloomy eyes fixed themselves on the floor. After a silence, he looked up. "It's the blessed male I want to taste; I want the taste of the herb, the oatmeal again."

"I care not if ye eat *that*," said Pike rather disdainfully. Lewis required no more bidding, but took the morsel, and ate it slowly, tasting it as he did so.

"My dead lies close by me," said he at last, "beside the big stone where the first phatics used to come. I did the best I could for 'em."

"I must do the same by mine," said Pike; "for I've not the strength left, no more than you, to take them to chapel. Come, neighbour, ye are restless like me the night; ye shall help me to open the earth and put her in. I brought her to a poor home, but I didn't think to carry her out to such a last one."

Lewis silently assented, following his benefactor—for such he was—into the bit of ground where still the perished potato-stalks showed themselves, and with a broken pitchfork helped him to open a deep trench. They worked in silence. Both were feeble, and the drops of perspiration stood on their brows in the cold night air. When the space was large enough, they went together into the cabin, and bore the hapless mother from her hearth, no covering over her but the remains of the red petticoat, in which he had left her in the spring, when she had bade her husband farewell; and laying her down in mother-earth, heaped the clods over her. When they had done, Pike sank on his knees, and kneeling upright in the moonlight, prayed and wept aloud, mingling his wife's name with that of the saints.

Lewis stood beside in gloomy silence. "Ye've an aisy heart, Pike," said he, when the latter rose from prayer, and stood looking on the new-made grave.

Pike looked up. "It's the last convenience I may stand accused of," said he. "What mane you saying that?"

"Ye'r a good man," said Lewis, "and can pray near yer dead; for they can't cast nothing in yer teeth."

"Ah, neighbour, I understand you," said Pike. "Ye've not always been as tender as ye might; but ye see, tender or not, they all do but die. Mine are dead."

"I ate all from them," said Lewis, "and now I'm afraid of them."

"Art afraid?" cried Pike. "Mighty Father! speak a word man; say ye have not lifted yer hand—"

"By the powers, by the saints! have I never done any sich thing," said Lewis. "Father Humphrey knows it, like as I know it mine ownself. He come in, and held Tib in his arms to die, while Tikey lay dead. But they was starved—I ate all, Pike. Was that enough, or no?" and Lewis fixed his eyes on the ground in silence.

Pike also said nothing, but stood with the fork in his hand, leaning on it partly, and his eyes fixed on his neighbour. Many thoughts passed through his mind, but they all merged in one at last. "Lewis," he said, dropping the pitchfork, and going nearer to him with clasped hands, "I've got *one* left; and I've *one* way of saving her, maybe. O, by yer mother, Lewis, spare me the goat. How am I to watch the cratur now, how shall I keep the one drop o' milk, if yer will is to take the goat? I've given you my own, and ye've tooked my own, and my mate's in yer mouth now, and welcome with it; therefore be a man, a human man, to me, and spare me the goat."

Lewis's heart was touched. Tears mingled with his words, as he took hold of his neighbour's hand. "I've been more villain nor man," said he; "but I won't be to you. I'll go away—I'll forget the look of her. Indeed, indeed, Pike, in my hunger I grow to be a dog—just a cur, that the nature of is to stale. If I'd been born a lord, and had my full of mate, I'd have been a good man."

"Even those lords have their trials," said Pike; "but, friend, I, that am sich a poor man, have been good to *thee*."

"And I shall think of it," cried Lewis; "and I'll do ye the best of kindness by taking myself clane away. Let me lie on yer floor till the morn's morn, and I'll trouble ye never more in this world."

"Lie down, if ye will," said Pike. "The morning's in the sky, and where shall we be in the eve?"

III.

The day which poor Pike saw breaking was one of those mild days of winter which can be found in no place like Ireland. Rain was far off; its heavy clouds gathered back in the horizon, and like a curtain rolled together, giving a sight of the pale blue sky overhead. Between the swellings of the ground on the bog were here and there little sheltered valleys, through the lowest part of which trickled a thread of water, and the sides were drained and dry. Here the sun shone through the mild damp air, collecting its warmth upon the steep slopes, and bringing out the fragrance of the earth; and here Pike and his little girl sat down the day after the mother's death, and their goat browsed among the tussocks before them. The child had followed her father up the bank; but as soon as they were seated, her eyes seemed to grow heavy, and though he woke her once or twice, she as often fell asleep again. He was glad of it. She did not feel hunger whilst she slept; and he sat by in inert repose collecting the sunbeams, and afraid to disturb the stillness that came over him. The little girl roused up once or twice, and went down to the brook to drink; came back, got close to her father, and again fell asleep.

When the evening came on, Pike roused her at last, and said they must go home. The child arose; but shivered so violently she could scarcely stand, and Pike laid hold of her. Alas, the burning skin, the parched lips, told him that the day's slumber had been but the first inroads of the fever! Before morning she was quite prostrate, sick as her brother and mother had been. Pike had believed that she would live; for no good reason, but he longed for this last tender life; and the human heart revolts from going over again the scenes of misery which it has just passed through. Yet she was there; on the same pallet with the same pain. He had no help either; he knew every cot was starving; and save he himself could aid her through, his darling must die.

He watched her continually: his few moments of relief were when he brought the goat to the spot where she lay, and there pressing the little supply of milk into the can, raised her head on one arm, and with the other hand held it to her lips, which gratefully received the comforting draught. This was done many times a-day; and the creature, growing familiar with the practice, would utter a low bleat when he gave the signal that she was wanted, and come of her own accord to yield her treasure, and offer her shaggy beard to Honor's thin fingers, if she was well enough to play with it. The only employment that took him away from the cabin was, to obtain a supply of food for the animal. He would fasten it within his door; and then going to the hill, tear up such herbs and grass as he could find, and return as hastily as was possible, fearing lest in that short absence something should be worse at home than when he left it. At the door he would pause an instant. The low bleat of the goat, acknowledging his return, was the first sound he heard; then he would hearken as he opened it for the sobbing breath of the little girl, dreading to hear that expression of pain, fearing still more the deadly stillness in which every hour it might be quenched. As yet, however, she struggled hard with the malady, and rewarded her patient father with signs of life more precious than the childless man knows how to believe.

It was nearly a week after the death of his wife, that he lay on the bare floor one midnight, stupefied by exhaustion, while the child dozed under the influence of the fever, half-conscious, on the few rags of the bed. The heat within her agitated her brain, so that it presented no clear image; a thousand phantoms hurried over it, and her low voice perpetually murmured sounds which, low as they were, yet were uttered with the exertion which would fain have made them loud. Pike's heavy slumber was unbroken by them; he had watched, he had given her the last drops of milk which he could collect as yet, and he lay silent and pale in a sleep that imitated death.

Presently, however, the child was aware that some one was standing at her side; it seemed to her that her father was in two places at once, *there* on the floor and *here* beside her. She thought there were candles in the hut; she thought the moonlight had lighted up candles, coping in as it suddenly did at the opened door. Then the figure went away from her; the father who was standing and awake stood by the father who was asleep. She spoke to it and said, or tried to say,

"Don't go from us, father;" for it seemed to her the soul of her father was stealing from the body.

But the standing figure did not move. There was a horror in its face which shot through the bewildered senses of little Honor; the staring open eyes were fixed on the prostrate figure, and terrified her weak consciousness; but at that moment, the father that lay on the floor groaned and stirred, and then the standing figure drew noiselessly back into the shadow. But Honor's consciousness was comforted by perceiving that the horror passed away from its face as the prostrate figure gave signs of life. Still she tried to call, to make a sound, to rise up; she stretched her hands to touch the shape that lay on the floor, and which she thought would rise and hold her in its arms, for she trembled; but when she did so, the other shape swiftly and silently rushed up to her, and, with threatening gestures and strange distorted face, terrified her to silence and inaction. Her pulse throbbed till there came a dizziness over her brain, in which twenty figures seemed to be threatening and grinning, and then to go reeling about the room. She heard a faint murmuring sound which made the goat's bleat come into her mind; there was a struggle going on; a heavy body seemed dragged about by those reeling figures. One of them seemed to pass out of the door, and the rest vanished at the same time, leaving her father alone on the floor, on whom her dizzy eyes fixed themselves in anxious uncertainty and dread, till the nightmare spell was dissolved, when he awoke and raised himself.

It was now daylight; and he came first to the side of the child, whose wandering words and beating pulses he tried to soothe with kind fond words.

"Jewel! is she bether? Hush, darling! what is it she's saying? Was I dead, was I angry? What's that all? Hush, hush! she shall have poor Nanny's comfort." And he turned to the dark corner where poor Nanny's bed of leaves was made; and there—unbelieved was the blank darkness at first—the goat was gone.

In vain was every corner searched, in vain the broken enclosure, in vain the hill-side; despair had never filled up his heart till now; and the gasping lips of his child, which he had used to wet with the precious milk, raised into fury the untamed passion of his heart. He seized a stone—a huge stone—which lay by his door, and uttering an imprecation and the name of Lewis in one, rushed with weak strength across the moor.

Lewis had not been seen in the country since the night they parted by Honor's grave; but Pike felt in his heart that there was none but he by whom this cruel deed could have been done; and, in fact, when he approached the cabin, Lewis was seen sitting on a heap of earth a little way from his own door. When he saw Pike running towards him, he also rose and rushed on the angry man, eluding the stone which was hurled at him, and with little difficulty bore his weak adversary to the earth. When down, however, there seemed no anger kindled at his attack; he let him rise again, and hanging his fingers as it were on his own collar-bones, stood looking him in the face with a dogged persisting look. Pike was confounded.

"Why don't you kill me at once?" said Pike. "If ye did not do it, ye've a right to kill me, for I would have killed ye; and if ye *did* steal her away, best, best kill me, not to see Honor die."

"Do it, ye say?" asked Lewis. "Do what, neighbour?"

"Ye know, ye know," said Pike. "What is it but one thing?—the goat, the life of *her*!"

"Ye shall have lost your goat?" said Lewis composedly. "Shure, and have ye jist looked every where?"

"D'ye think I've got to be reminded to look for her?" said Pike. "I believe it's yourself; man, man," cried he, falling on his knees, "I pray to you give me the creature: the strength's gone by; I've none to fight for her."

"And is not it myself wishes I had her?" said Lewis. "If ye doubt, jist set your feet inside the hut, and see if moral be there, or has been these Sundays past."

"And it's I'll do it," said Pike, turning away, and eagerly entering the wretched cabin.

All was bare; no spark of fire, no remains of household stuff, no broken cup, no half-bowl. Pike went outside, and searched every where for the appearance of blood where the animal might have been killed—for hair, for any thing suspicious. But he found nothing; the ground was disturbed in one place, but that was beside the bit of rock where early potatoes used to come; and Pike remembered that the children were buried there.

"Neighbour," said he, "it's *not* you. O Lewis, had ye one little cratur left, ye could overlook my raving! She must die now, like poor Tiko and Tibby have done."

"Never mind them," said Lewis; "we must all die one day."

"Never mind yer childer!" cried Pike; "and indeed to see the way the earth's scarce put down upon them, it might be said ye minded little."

"Mind you less," said Lewis, pushing him away from the rough untidy ground under which he had said the bodies lay. "In those times there's but one thing we've need to think of—food, food, that's all; I *must* live."

"Where's the *must* to live?" said Pike. "That cruel villain that lives by stealing little Honor's goat had oughted to die far sooner, or he'll know the worse in yonder world."

Lewis answered nothing; he turned off with a sneer; but Pike took no notice of that, or any thing but his loss, and returned broken-hearted to his desolate cabin.

Hope now was over; nothing was to be done all the long day but watch and wait the fluttering life, which still was life, and while it lasted seemed as if it might have been saved from death. We all know the efforts we make to do *that*; how hoarded money is lavished; how there is no prudence thought of, no obstacles attended to: aid for the sick, though it be but imaginary aid, becomes an absolute necessity of our existence, or seems so; for there are thousands to whom it is such an impossibility as it is to the blind to see, or the old to be young. It was so impossible to Pike that he did not think of it; he thought only of the means he had yesterday, and had been deprived of to-day.

The winter sun shone in that day through the open space made for a window; the winter blast, too, made itself felt; and towards evening little Honor, who had not spoken for several hours, uttered a complaint of the cold. The father had sat all day in the dull despair which patience itself in untaught minds becomes. He had sunk this time into a half-slumber; but he rose and took her in his arms, and with what warmth remained in his thin frame, once more cherished the vital flame of his darling. The time for help was gone by. The world's wealth at that time could not have turned back the spirit of life which was slowly leaving its human dwelling-place; the little hands, though cherished in his bosom, froze by degrees; the lips, though he tenderly blew upon them, grew whiter and stiffer; a little froth gathered on the mouth, the father gently wiped it away with his torn sleeve; the golden curls were still the same as they had been in health, except that the scattered hairs were matted to the forehead by the dew that gathered there; he lifted them up softly, and shook his head.

It was now the evening, and every thing within the cabin grew dusky and indistinct. All was still also, except the breathing, which became slower and more laborious. It was the last time,—the time so sacred by the bedside of the rich, the time of such respectful silence.

But at the poor man's door there came the hasty sound of horses' feet, and then the rider's knock repeated, when it was not at first answered. The haggard man, carrying in his arms the dying child, obeyed the call, and undid the door. Mr. Threader stood without; he started at the ghastly faces and figures that met his eye as the door unclosed.

He uttered a low exclamation; and hanging his horse to the post, entered softly, saying, "I would not have disturbed you. Alas, this is a sad sight!"

Pike sat down again, answering nothing.

"She's gone almost," said Mr. Threader; "there's no help for her. But for you—"

"Be silent," said Pike. "Let her die." The spirit within him was worn out, and the further he was from human help the more out of sight was respect for human distinction.

The Englishman stood by compassionately. It was not for long; the breath had almost ceased to labour, the teeth no longer touched, and the cheeks had fallen in where the teeth parted; there was no more struggle, scarce any panting now; the body was clay, the spirit passed; all that had been Pike's child was gone, except the withered discoloured case.

When he saw how it was, he laid the body down on the wretched pallet; and throwing himself beside it, gave way to ungoverned sorrow. Mr. Threader was astonished, for he had seen his patience when first death visited his house. He tried to comfort him.

"Ay, but it's the last," said Pike; "and I'm weaker, and *this* might have lived;" and the passion of grief shook his gaunt frame almost to dissolution.

Mr. Threader had come to the cabin partly with the purpose of bringing to it, as well as to others, a portion of relief; and he now, cautiously remembering the effect of the over-potent draught he had last given, prevailed on the starving man to take some portion of nourishment. He ate; and like the Egyptian, his spirit came again; and though it seemed to grow stronger only to suffer, still the embers of life were at least rekindled.

Mr. Threder promised that the body of the child should be interred in Christian ground, and then went on: "I'm sorry to disturb you just at this moment; but the business I partly came upon is to lay hold of a culprit who has been robbing the whole neighbourhood. I've heard that you may perhaps help me. What are your neighbours here?"

"Most that were neighbours are dead," said Pike.

"But some remain, I suppose; for instance, here's the name of Lewis Callaghan."

"He was alive yesterday," said Pike.

"Is he a good neighbour to you?" asked Mr. Threder.

"I've no harm to say of him," answered Pike.

"Any good?"

"Very like," said Pike; "I'm unfit to judge since all my trouble; and I did him a wrong, thinking him to have stolen the goat."

"That's the very story," said Mr. Threder. "It was your goat, then?"

"What was mine?" said Pike, hopelessly and without interest.

"Well, there's been a strange story brought to me about the robbery of a goat, and many other things. I wish, Pike, if you've lost one, you could come with me for half an hour. I'd give a guinea to catch that fellow."

"Yesterday, would not I have died to have coteched who-ever laid hands on her; but I care not now," said Pike, folding his arms. However, a request was enough to make him obey; and hanging his head, and laying his arms over his breast, he patiently went where Mr. Threder led him.

Mr. Threder had been roused that evening by a report of crimes committed; and when he came over with help among the cabins, he had at the same time taken measures to inquire into it. Lewis was the man accused; during his absence from his own cabin he was supposed to have been the perpetrator of a number of robberies, in none of which, however, he had been actually caught; but respecting one, there was evidence likely to commit him, supposing the owner could identify the remains of the animal whose hide he had been seen burying. Pike's robbery had been heard of; and it was conjectured that his loss and Lewis's crime might be found to relate to the same object.

When Pike entered the cabin, Lewis was standing at the other end, his face averted and his exit prevented by a man whom Mr. Threder had left as guard till he should himself return. He perceived his neighbour come in, and after a moment's doubt turned full upon him, and said:

"So ye're not yet content, though yourself searched for yourself; ye are for making me guilty, though ye know the clane contrary."

"Is it mysoll knows or caros?" said Pike. "Honor's dead."

"'Twas not the goat," exclaimed Lewis; quickly checking himself, however, when he had uttered half the last word; then he added in an artificial tone, "Arrah, neighbour, but I'm consarned to hear that news."

Pike took no notice of either part of what he said; but Mr. Threder was convinced by the first that the suspicious as to the theft were correct; and telling him what he was accused of, ordered a search to be made.

"And it is a credible story entirely," said Lewis, looking round the small bare cabin, with a look and tone of contempt, "that a big carcass will be here hidden, and jintlemen's eyes not see it."

"Suppose ye," said one of the men who had come in with Mr. Threder,—"jist ye suppose it might not be insido the walls we are going to sarch."

"And what's outside, save nothing at all at all?" said Lewis; "not a phatie-stalk ovon to hide as big's a mouse, let alone goats, which is bigger."

"Then what was yer hands a-tearing up earth for at the shriek of day, two morns since, and putting in bigger nor mice?" said the man.

"I was not doing so," said Lewis.

But heedless of this denial, they moved into what had been the garden, leading Pike with them; and Lewis, who, though watched, was at liberty, following at a little distance. He trembled while he did so, but kept silence during the time they went round the enclosure; for the man who said he had seen Lewis employed in moving the earth could not identify the exact spot. They observed that the ground was disturbed near the rock; but the man felt certain it was not there that he had seen Lewis; and they left it to examine other parts, but saw no evidence elsewhere that it had been moved.

It was now quite dark, and they were making their search by the light of lanterns. Pike's interest was gone; his thoughts were all in the cabin where he had left his dead child. But presently he felt his arm grasped, and heard a tremulous voice in his ear, Lewis himself having drawn close up to him; and while he held Pike with one hand, he pointed to the searchers with the other.

"Neighbour, stop them; they will turn up that awful ground. But you know what's there; I always told you it was my dead."

"I can't hinder them," said Pike.

Lewis watched them, and, in fact, after a few moments' consultation, they determined, as they could find nothing elsewhere, to search the stony ground where Pike knew the children were buried, though the man who had watched still persisted it was not there he had seen Lewis at work. But with the first stroke on that ground Lewis gave way. He could not bear it. "'Tis not there," he cried aloud; "you shall not break that earth at night. The dead will appear. Hold, hold!" And finding they did not heed him, he flung himself on the ground, crying, "I did it, if ye must wrench it forth; ye need not look there. I tell you 'tis here." He pointed to what seemed a piece of solid rock at some little distance from the spot where the children lay; and rolling it over, he pushed away the earth under it, and uncovered part of a shaggy hide.

Mr. Threder and the rest had run up when they saw what he was doing.

"Is it yours, Pike? Look at it," said one of the men, pulling it out from the earth; for Lewis had quitted his labour as soon as they left the grave.

In very truth there it was—the skin of the goat; the spots and marks Pike knew so well, the brown and white hairs, which Honor had so often twisted together. Dead as his feelings had become, they were all roused by this sight. He burst forth upon Lewis with a storm of indignation before which the wretch shrank as if the words had been thunderbolts. All that Lewis answered was, "I did it for life."

"And starving's better nor life," said Pike, "if life's so dear as you paid down for it. Murderer—the sweet soul's murderer."

"Ye may think life's little worth and say so, but not I," said Lewis. "Pike," said he, coming close to him, "I dare not die. Hear me. Ye shall; and none else shall hear; nor see neither," he added, glancing back at the children's grave. Then he went on, his voice lowering at every word: "A thing is on my soul, let alone the goat." And here he put his mouth upon Pike's ear, and his two hands, one on each side, so as to shut out the sound of his words from every creature else.

Pike heard, and his passion subsided in an instant; his hands fell by his side; the excited colour faded utterly from his face; he staggered back two paces, and murmured, "I forgive him; he's a more miserable wretch nor I."

"I did it for life," repeated Lewis, in a scarce audible voice.

There was a silence all about them; for every one was trying to make out what was passing; watching their gestures, catching at every sound. Mr. Threder was the first to speak.



OLIVIA AND THE SQUIRE [VICAR OF WAKEFIELD]. BY J. ABSOLON.

"This is not the time to make further inquiries," said he. "Enough is known to prosecute this fellow, and I shall take care it is done. Take him away. But you, kind-hearted Pike, you must live too. I've had the means furnished me of sending a few of you across the Atlantic. You shall have ten pounds—do you hear me, Pike?—five to take you over, and five to set you going when you get there."

"I thank your honour," said Pike languidly.

"You shall go to America, you know," said Mr. Threader. "Have not you heard of America?" he added, trying to rouse him.

"Yes, yes; we often talked of migrating," said Pike, "when there was we in the cabin."

"I can't bring *them* back; would I could, Pike," said Mr. Threader compassionately. "But take comfort; *you*, at least, shall go; *you* shall yet live and prosper."

"Thank you, sir," said Pike feebly; "blessings be on you!" And then getting into the conventional tone, he added in an unmeaning voice: "Hunder thousand blessings on yer honour; and may you never"—and now real natural feelings sprang up, and he took Mr. Threader's hand in both his—"and may you never know what it is to see your own childer die of hunger!"

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It was said in the *Times* that at the Agricultural Exhibition in Paris of the past year the English peasant appeared in person, in manner, and in dress, the poorest-looking man of his class in Europe. We were, of course, inclined to treat the assertion as an abominable slander, and to deny every word of it. For all that, however, the statement has an awkward trick of rising up, confronting us, and defying us to disprove it.

Village-greens are being enclosed, rural sports are passing away; education is very very low; wages are low; there is more than enough kee-tooing to dignities; and too little manly independence,—for how can a poorly paid, hard-worked, ill-clad, ill-fed, untaught man hold up his head independently? Morally, he is a *serf*. He cannot be bought or sold, it is true; but he is bound down and fenced about by an incapacity as strong as prison-bars. He contains the

undeveloped elements of a man, while he toils as a machine. Hands to labour he has, and they are the only part of his organisation which has ample play; his mind lies fallow, his heart, his soul,—God only knows the mysteries of their working! We have often wondered what are the thoughts in the minds of these poor fellows as they tramp at the plough-tail, or gather in the harvest they have sown, but of which they eat so scantily. It is a relief to us to turn from these hard-worked realities to an estate which we possess in Utopia.

Our estate in that happy region comprises many thousands of acres—meadow, moor, corn-land, forest, marsh, and glistening streams; and it maintains some hundreds of men, women, and children. The wild creatures are as free to them as to ourselves; they prey on their little holdings, and ought to redeem the tax they levy. The fish in the river are free to them also. (We cannot quite understand why, even out of Utopia, the flowing rivers and the great sea should be held as individual property.) In our village there is a spacious green, or common, which we shall never enclose as a market-garden for a rental of five pounds. On the summer evenings it is merry with the voices of young men and maidens, old men and children; there obsolete sports and games go on till twilight; there the training of rural militia takes place; there the annual feast is held; there the poor man's donkey can browse, and the poor man's sickly child sit under the broad shadow of the green elms. At one side of this green is a spacious room—school by day, library and reading-room by night. A fair education can be had there free: it is a government school. The children attend it until they are fourteen years old. We hold that the great instrument to raise men in their stations is education, religious and secular; and till they get it, they will look poor, melancholy, and degraded. There is nothing that gives men a feeling of such true and honest self-respect as minds disenthralled of ignorance, and rising to the level for which God has given them capability. It is the dull consciousness of something starved within him that gives the downcast look to the peasant's countenance. Improve the race morally, and it will improve physically also. In support of this, I will instance the improvement education is working, and has worked, in the physique of other classes. What a coarse race in appearance, to judge from still extant portraits, were the country squires of a century ago; and what sweet minds and manners many of them had, and not they only—kings, queens, and "polite people," "the quality," would bear a poor comparison with many a citizen and a citizen's wife of now-a-days! In perusing the annals of courts scarcely a hundred years back, vulgar people may be thankful who know nothing about their great grandfathers and grandmothers; for then, at least, there is no need to blush for them, and there is room for a doubt whether such progenitors may not have been as decent as they were obscure. Now, if education and improved taste have raised nobility out of its slough of grossness,—if education has so far refined the middle classes that they severely gall the kibe of courtiers,—why cannot the hard-handed children of labour profit by the graduated scale of progress, and rise too? In our Utopian property the peasantry have been taught, and well taught; every man and woman amongst them can read, write, and cipher; they have had good maps of their own country, and other countries too, before their eyes on the school-walls, and have profited thereby to a considerable extent. History, both sacred and profane, has been offered to them; social and religious truths have been inculcated, and by one means and another the scales have fallen from their mental eyes. Knowledge has given them more self-confidence than an untaught clown can have; they bear themselves freely; there is nothing of that slouching, under-looking, reluctant courtesy to superiors, which stamps many rustics with an air of stolid malignity, or shrinking bashfulness, as if in the presence of the squire they saw an enemy or a despot.

They work the better for having an intellect awakened;

the head guides the hands. In times of unavoidable distress they are not like mere broken machines; they can devise expedients to help them through the evil day, which no illiterate boor can do. Self-respect is a better guardian than law; but the law that acts amongst them best is the law of public opinion. The whole moral tone of the class is elevated; they are not drudges merely, not so many mere hands to sow and reap that others may eat. Enjoyment, relaxation, ultimate rest from toil, are theirs. On the village-green may be heard, on summer nights, the strains of the band of rural musicians. There is the village flower-show, and due distribution of prizes to the cottage gardeners. Every tenant on our estate has a neat home and sufficient garden about it to grow a portion of his family's subsistence, besides a piece of land in the allotment field.

The wages are better than any body gets out of Utopia; but then we, the owners or stewards of these thousands of acres, are amply content with very moderate interest on the value of the land leased to our tenants, and with still less upon that of the simple cotters; thus, with providence and industry, a man may hope to rest from his hard labours before "the keepers of the house tremble, and the grasshopper becomes a burden;" in short, a time of independence and rest may be attained to by all who merit it, except in those isolated cases of trial, loss, and misfortune, of which every community will produce examples enough to keep alive human charity. We have less, our tenants have more; and thus the whole is fairly balanced, and every body in Utopia is content.

The minister of our parish is known to his people as the director and promoter of their temporal as well as spiritual good: he awards the prizes at the flower-shows, is an encourager of all manly sports, is president of the school and library, friend and adviser and comforter to all in distress, and general court of appeal in difficulty and disagreement,—a wise, honest, God-fearing man; and, what a good priest always is, the best-beloved and chief man in the place. It is very pleasant to walk about the village on festival-days—the cottages so fresh and clean; the gardens so bright and healthy; the green covered with holiday-folks, less rough and far more hearty in their civility to their superiors or masters than they are out of Utopia; children loud-voiced, rosy, large—not pined and stunted with insufficiency of food; and every body in spirits and enjoyment, free from the black shadow of to-morrow's poverty; happy themselves, and unconscious of those whom the Creator of ranks and orders of men has placed above them. They are raised in their station, but they are not lifted out of it. This is only in Utopia, in foolish dream-land!

Elsewhere I have seen wretched cabins,—property of men of thousands a-year,—cabins not fit to house a dog;—we wondered the very owners did not pull them down as eyesores, and build better. The British peasant is of good *pâte* (are not our soldiers the pick of the peasantry?); but he is born in poverty, bred in poverty, nurtured in ignorance, and left to grovel in it his life through; therefore his countenance is mean and mournful, his figure is bent and slouching, his manner is that of a poor overtasked serf rather than of a free man; and in the sight of Europe he is a satiro on the vaunted wealth, charity, and liberal government of his country.

In my lifetime I have seen a good many plump squires and ladies, some very plump farmers and traders; but I scarcely ever saw a plump labourer—scarcely one middle-aged man who did not look too small for his clothes, and of a spare worn countenance. Other people may have been more fortunate in this respect; but generally speaking, the race is capable of much improvement in the matter of feeding, so far as I have observed. As children, they have been insufficiently fed and clad, and put to work too early; and the result is, what has been exhibited in Paris in company with fat cattle. Might it not be well if some of those noble lords and gentlemen who give such ardent interest to the producing of superlative beef would turn their ambition to

improving the peasantry? I am persuaded that the speculation, though it seems so little profitable, would prove a glorious mine to any who may work it, and that prizes would turn up, at least as valuable as those gained by ponderous swine.



TO THE AUTHORESS OF "AURORA LEIGH."

A SONNET BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

WERE Shakspeare born a twin, his lunar twin—
Not of the golden but the silver bow—
Should be like thee. So, with such eyes and brow,
Sweeten his looks; so, with her dear sex in
His voice,—a king's words writ out by the queen,—
Unman his bearded English, and, with flow
Of breastfull robes about her female snow,
Present the lordly brother. Oh Last-of-kin,
There be ambitious women here on earth
Who will not thank thee to have sung so well!
Apollo and Diana are one birth,
Pollux and Helen break a single shell.
Who now may hope? While Adam was alone
Eve was to come. She came, God's work was done.

LIFE IN CHEAP LODGINGS.

LIFE in the large manufacturing city in which I dwell has many different aspects. Ephraim Hardeash, Esq., who rides in his handsome well-hung carriage from a spacious and well-appointed mansion in the suburbs to a palatial warehouse, teeming like a fair with almost every thing marketable, has a different look-out from Jem Ancoats, fustian-coated, cotton-flaked, and oily, in whose idea of rural scenery houses a-building and cindery footpaths are constant elements. What life is to these I can only guess at. Seeing that Ephraim Hardeash, Esq. is sleek, portly, and complacent, I infer that his life is pleasant. As I once saw him enter his mansion, closing the door behind him with a bang, I caught a glimpse of a stately matron in purple velvet; so I infer that it is likewise connubial. Of Jem Ancoats' life I infer from Jem's demeanour, which is generally a blending of exhaustion and doggedness, that it is not altogether a healthy one. I see Jem in the fields sometimes with "a lass," and charitably hope that if his life is not connubial at present, it will shortly become so. And from seeing Jem's excitement on a certain canine Derby-day, and the ardour with which he backed the favourite, by the name of "Mikil's Dog," I infer that even his life has its *agréments*. But the life which I *know* is something different from both of these. It is the life of the lonely bachelor in lodgings,—of the clerk, the warehouseman, the teacher of languages,—the life of many thousands. For a short term of years, as a chrysalis-state certain to unfold into the fluttering delights of family life, this sort of existence may be endurable,—nay, even pleasurable; but I say, in the words of Paracelsus,

"If this be all,
And other life await us not, for one
I say 'tis a poor cheat."

I may be bitter—indeed, I know I am; but if these lines should meet the eye of her with whom I danced at the last Parthenon ball (tickets five shillings; ladies three-and-six), she will understand the root of my bitterness. I will just explain enough to account for, if not to excuse, the somewhat querulous tone in which I am aware I write.

In the Milton Road, just opposite the cab-stand, there is a stationer's shop, which is also a circulating-library. It is just like other shops of its class. Its window contains the usual amount of packages of extra-superfine double-laid

cream note-paper and periodical literature; and in the early spring breaks out into the usual blossom of valentines, of the boisterously offensive sort, representing very rubicund cooks brandishing saucepans, or old gentlemen in blue coats, drab breeches, white stockings, and pigtails; and of the serious and sentimental sort, on white satin with real solid metal spangles, and worse at once touching and business-like:

"A constant heart I bear, and true,
And feelings warm as usual;
I really shall expect from you,
My love, the first refusal."

But if the shrine was but ordinary, how rare was the goddess! O, dimpled rosy little librarian, how much you have to answer for!—for the hungry foreigner's threepence, expended nominally upon *The Coming Struggle*, but really that he might obtain a fuller survey of you, whose chestnut curls he had got a glimpse of through the window; for the shilling of the young warehouseman, ambitious to shine in your blue eyes by the purchase of cheap treatises on abstract science, astonishingly clear in the first page, and unintelligible in the second without a knowledge of the Differential Calculus; for the useless hiring (for had we not read and re-read them?) by self and another gent of the *Pilgrims of the Rhine* and Thackeray's *Edmund*,—for so you most musically pronounced them; for profuse and reckless cab-fares; for Parthenon ball-tickets; for awakened hopes of leaving, and increased disgust at continuing, my solitary life in lodgings. O, the fatal evening when we gents, returning from the city, and beginning to revive in the fresher air and quiet of the suburbs, learnt with dismay that you had married a thriving salesman, and would never more sit behind the little red curtain, protective from admiring glances of passing butcher-boy! O, the dreary Milton Road, perambulated by tall policemen, unrelieved throughout its weary length by the prospect of a cheerful word or smile from you! O gents, O my brothers, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all-rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow!

Lodgings there are, I know, even in this city of my desolation, comfortable enough for the most fastidious bachelor,—quiet, airy, thick-walled rooms, with recesses for book-shelves, and depths of cool shade in the hottest weather—rooms in which a student may read and a Sybarite repose. But these are not for me to dwell in or to dwell on. I leave them to the unfortunate younger brothers of fashionable novels, stoically supporting existence on eight hundred a-year. Lodgers there are, too, with tranquillity proof against the annoyances of any lodgings; fellows of bovine health and iron nerves, who take possession of their apartments like conquerors, and test the resources of the establishment the very first evening of their arrival by entertaining a few friends, who sing and play the bugle, and two of whom stop to breakfast; or men with minds so concentrated on some abstract study as to be insensible to concrete discomforts. But I am bloated with neither the overriding animal spirits of the former, nor the lofty insensibility of the latter. I am neither Bob Sawyer nor Isaac Newton. Life is to me neither an uproarious picnic nor a wrapt meditation. I am not superior to circumstances. I am very much acted on by my environment. I do not expect luxurious elegance; but I do complain of cheap and pretentious inconvenience. Why should every twopenny-halfpenny row of houses be stuccoed and glazed into absurd imitation of its betters? Why should one side of my little room be taken up by a great ill-fitting plate-glass window, exposing me to the pitiless rays of the afternoon-sun and the derisive street-boys? What comfort is there in these colossal knobs of earthenware screwed into door and shutter? Now-a-days a piece of plain, honest, unsophisticated, good old English wood dares not show its face in the humbled dwelling, but it must be painted, varnished, marbled, veined, stained, grained, or somehow hypocritically disguised. Tidiness before tawdri-

ness, bareness before *bad* ornament, is what I sigh for in cheap lodgings. To attain it, as far as rests with me, my first care on taking fresh rooms is to make a clean sweep of all shepherds and shepherdesses, all small marble peep-shows that work with a click, and strike the looker-in with dizziness; all hideous little green china-teapots (of great value); all wax fruit and flowers; all "presents for Mary Ann;" all moth-eaten, one-eyed, stuffed birds, frightfully off their legs; and, as I am not a conchologist, and object to those very prickly shells as dangerous, and to those rich brown smooth speckled ones as nauseous, "I'll thank you, Mrs.—Mrs.—" "Awkins, sir." "Yos; I'll thank you, Mrs. Hawkins, to remove them also." "You'll let them pictures bide, sir?" "Why, no, I think not. That lady in the lace-cap and blue-satin dress is yourself, of course—I should have known it any where; and that good-looking gentleman is Mr. Hawkins,—a spoaking likeness I have no doubt, and very handsome pictures both; but I do not like pictures. (Art, forgive thy worshipper; Truth, thy votary!) That engraving of the Rev. Noah Walker you would naturally prefer to have in your own room; and, let me see, what's this? The Great Exhibition? No. I see; a lithographic view of an entertainment given to the workmen of Messrs. Horrocks and Jorrocks on occasion of the coming-of-age of Ralph Horrocks, jun. Esq., when upwards of four hundred sat down to a warm and sumptuous dinner. You *may* take that down as well."

There is always a Mr. Hawkins; but though he uncords your boxes, fitches your cabs, cleans your boots, and—Mrs. H.'s education having been neglected—casts up your weekly bills, you never see him. His entrance into and his exit from his own castle is by the postern. He leads a back-kitchen and knife-house sort of life. You hear a dull heavy chopping sound at a distance, and suppose he is amongst the coals. You guess his whereabouts by a subdued grumbling or a smell of strong tobacco, which occasionally ascends from the lower regions; till at length, one night, you are startled by the apparition of a man in shirt-sleeves and without his shoes creeping stealthily upstairs. The thought strikes you that it is a burglar; but you check yourself—that is Mr. Hawkins going to bed.

I am by no means an epicure, and have rather a dislike to "warm and sumptuous" dinners; but I like a meal of meat and vegetables tolerably cooked once a-day. Yet even this modest requirement is, in my experience, unattainable in cheap lodgings. The various wholesome and nutritious products of the garden which I see in the greengrocers' shops are forbidden fruit to me. If they require a little extra attention, an impassable barrier excludes them from my table. I am doomed to the everlasting potato, in a state of watery mash or stony hardness.

O, those mockeries of mutton-chops, those leathery beef-steaks, insoluble by any gastric energies save those of a fowl's gizzard! Do I dream, or was there in my childhood such a dish as boiled-beef with accompaniment of soft and delicious carrots? Perhaps pleasure in eating is a feeling peculiar to childhood, like the love of buttercups and daisies; and pain is the normal affection of the mature mind with reference to its meals. In my first revolt against the dreadful oppression of those dinners, I abolished, instead of endeavouring to reform, the system under which I suffered. I treated the custom of dining as an irrational and antiquated practice, kept up only by timid and conventional people. I ceased to dine. For a few days I exulted in my freedom. I felt an ascetic self-complacency; but I was soon convinced by unmistakable signs that, like most violent radicals, I had gone too far. Reaction set in. I began to think that, after all, our ancestors knew what they were about when they set up the institution of dining, and that I would resume it, at all events provisionally, until the discovery of something better. But as the dread of Mrs. Hawkins's cookery was still strong upon me, I took to living like a mariner on a North-Polar expedition. I procured certain soldered tin-cases, which would open only by the use of powerful levers,

and contained concentrated soups and meats of such essential strength, if the advertisement said true, that I was once horrified to find by accurate calculation that I had just consumed for one dinner as good as sixteen pounds of animal food. I fancied that my manners, in spite of my acquaintance with the ingenious arts, were becoming fierce. I had a secret dread of cannibalism. One day, after long fasting, I caught myself looking at my friend Lovesy, who is plump and rosy in an esculcut point of view. He observed it, and grew cooler towards me. I would not lose my friend, so I abandoned the tin-cases. Then, though quite as averse as Jean Jacques to *la gêne de la bonne compagnie et la crapule du cabaret*, I tried Overdone's Universal Commercial Dining-Rooms. Every thing looked satisfactory,—baskets of bread, ample platefuls of meat, sufficient portions of tart. But the palate soon became aware that the viands had been prepared in some wholesale and summary manner. That meat was tender, but with a sodden and unnatural tenderness. The joint from which it came had been subjected to the influences of some powerful machinery. It had been educated along with dozens of its fellows by some wholesale and indiscriminating process, instead of having its individual character studied, and its peculiar excellences fostered by the judicious basting of a private cook. That tart, too; its fruit was too fruity and its paste too pasty. They had evidently met for the first time upon that plate. Where was that delightful intermediate substance, neither paste nor fruit, but partaking of the qualities of both, and better than either, offspring of warm and oven-born union, which I remember in the pics of other days? No good thing comes of crude and hasty alliances.

Candide, we are told, "found life most tolerable after meals." But then he did not know what it is to spend an afternoon in cheap lodgings after a dinner cooked by Overdone or Mrs. Hawkins. The afternoon, under all circumstances, is the most tedious part of the twenty-four hours. It is the dull, unbelieving, disenchanted middle-life of the day. You shrug your shoulders more frequently than is your custom. You begin to think you expressed your feelings rather too warmly in that letter which you wrote last night and posted this morning. But when to the natural influences of the time, and the miseries of a resentful digestive apparatus, are added the outcries of an importunate rag and bone merchant, painfully audible through the whole of his course down the street; a lugubrious barrel-organ playing deadly-lively tunes under your window; a chattering, stamping, shuffling nigger, with no more humour in him than a pulverised mummy-cloth; the squalling of two babies brought by a colony of children on your door-stop, who have evidently come to stay, and have brought their bread-and-treacle with them; and through, and above all, that woman, who sings in a cracked, shrill, and yet pathetic voice, suggestive of other and severer ills of life—Well, I will write no more of mine.

DALTON, AND HISTORY OF THE ATOMIC THEORY.*

THEORETICAL, and practical, are two expressions by which the world seeks to discriminate between two antithetic phases of human knowledge—two opposite characteristics of mental energy. The phases themselves are well marked; they are mentally recognisable to all who, bringing adequate power of analysis to the task, contemplate the steps by which, the triumphs of mind over matter, and material laws, are effected. But though mental discrimination between the two antithetic phases be readily conceivable, the words employed to embody the conception are devoid of the clearness which a logician desires; nor are they free from the charge of leading the public mind astray,

* *Dalton, and History of the Atomic Theory.* By Dr. R. AUGUS SMITH. London: Baillière.

and committing an injustice to the so-called "abstract worker," or "theoretical man."

We doubt whether in the whole range of mathematical and physical science there be such an entity as a purely abstract truth; that is to say, a truth which could not find some practical application, if man only knew how to apply it. The time for such application may not come in a life, in a century—it may never come; still the truth may not necessarily be an abstraction. The laws of the properties of conic sections were not altered by the discovery of ships, and the necessity for navigating them which arose. Yet these laws were numbered in the category of so-called abstract truths, until they found a practical aim in the science of navigation. The discovery that we do not see the heavenly bodies in their true positions—in other words, the discovery of the aberration of light—was a so-called abstract truth, until it found its application in confirming what had already been adduced through other channels concerning the velocity of light. Oersted's discovery, again, of the law of magnetic deflection by an electric current was of the nature of abstract truth, until it found its application in the telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone. And thus might we proceed in our citations of examples of so-called abstract truth made practical throughout the records of every physical science; giving weight at every step to the hypothesis which denies the existence of any such entity as an abstract truth.

Such is our faith; and entertaining it, we award all honour to the so-called worker-out of abstractions, the so-called theorist, ay, if the term must needs be used,—the unpractical man. Honour to him who reveres the pure spirit of truth for itself alone, because it is truthful; not for its immediate applications and the money it will bring. Nor let this be unjustly construed into a disparagement of the labours and a depreciation of the services of practical men. Both qualities are necessary to the development of human progress; that progress would be checked in its career by the destruction of either. A watch, as a keeper of time, would be no less destroyed by the annihilation of watch-mainsprings than by the destruction of mainspring-makers. Still the contingencies would differ in importance; and the case affords an apt illustration of the comparative rank of the men who discover laws or forces, and those who merely apply them.

In its essence, there is something unselfish in the prosecution of truth for its own sake; and amongst the workers of whom this attribute is typical, the records of all countries demonstrate how ill-requited the noble sentiment has been. The self-dependent principle, which lies at the foundation of England's political greatness, renders our system obnoxious to the tendency of giving an undue advantage to the micro-utiliser of discovered truths. He who is fortunate enough to apply a truth second-hand to the improvement of some technical process subservient to the wants of man has seldom just reason to complain; he can obtain in England, better perhaps than elsewhere, the solid recompense he seeks. Far otherwise is it with the theorist, the man of original conceptions; the man, in short, of genius. For him, whilst alive, the praise of a scientific coterie is too often the only reward; when dead, an epitaph. By chance almost, and owing to the earnest solicitation of his friends, the illustrious originator of the atomic theory, or doctrine of chemical equivalents, had a small pension allotted to him on the civil list; but this not till late in life, nor until the period of highest mental activity had gone by. The best years of his existence had been given to the drudgery of teaching. What might we not have expected from his original genius, had early means been afforded him of giving it fair scope!

To mention the name of Dalton is to suggest the grandest day-dream made tangible, the greatest example of law made evident, which has occurred in modern times; assuredly the greatest since the discovery of the laws of gravitation, than which it appears to us in some respects more extraordinary. The atomic theory holds a position exceptional, and almost

exclusive, in the circumstance that it passed nearly at once from the domains of apparently the most abstract to those of the most practical departments of truth. Its deductions found practical application immediately; and what is still more strange, the atomic theory, exclusively accordant with facts though it be, admits of no final appeal, no *experimentum crucis*. The ultimate testimony would be a sight of the atoms; but their inconceivable smallness precludes that hope. A theory, then, it is, and must remain; but to use the language of Dumas, "A chemist speculating on the laws of definite combination is constrained to admit, that whether matter be composed of atoms or not, it could not act otherwise than it does, were it really atomic."

We have preferred to associate the name of Dalton with the name of the atomic theory rather than with the phrase "doctrine of equivalents," though the latter would have been more general in its scope. Nevertheless the evidence favouring the existence of atoms furnished by the laws of definite proportionism is so strong, so practical, and moreover, it was so cherished by the great philosopher himself, that we unhesitatingly adopt it. Even those who object to the word "atom" as characterising a unit particle, admit it to the extent of signifying a unit force; and the latter term does not beget the more intelligible idea.

There are many persons who, unacquainted with chemical science, will, on first encountering the words "atomic theory," turn away from them as the representative of something difficult to understand, or something which, if understood, would be devoid of popular interest. Both assumptions are founded on error. Though the words "atomic theory" may sound harsh and technical, and the words "equivalent proportion" be still less popularly expressive, the genius of the thing can be made evident, even to persons totally ignorant of science. Firstly, what is an atom? To reply, "A very small particle of matter," is not enough. Granted that experience teaches us atoms are particles inconceivably small; but the derivation of the word "atom" (*a repousé, incapable of division*) has no reference to size. Chemists are at this time acquainted with sixty-three different kinds of matter; and every testimony short of visual demonstration points to the inference that *all* matter is atomic. Nevertheless, testimony proves these atoms to be small beyond conception. We may therefore say, speaking of known matter, that atoms are particles inconceivably small; whence it has come to pass that the terms "atom" and "particle" have long been popularly used as synonymous. The thinker who would understand the doctrine of atoms as propounded by Dalton, and corroborated by all subsequent chemists, should carefully fall back upon the idea of indivisibility, regarding the quality of size as one altogether collateral. It is certainly not a probable, but nevertheless a possible assumption, that deep down towards the centre of our planet, farther beneath the superficial crust on which we stand than man has penetrated yet, not only another form of matter in addition to the sixty-three at present known may be found; but that the new matter may be composed of an aggregation of visible parts, all of equal weight and colour, shape and size. If these parts,—we need not say *particles*, for the assumption imposes no limit as to size,—if these parts were found to resist all human means to divide them, they would be, according to definition, atoms, notwithstanding their size. It so happens, however, that if matter at present known be atomic, we cannot hope to see those atoms, they are demonstrably so small. Newton did not despair of seeing them by the application of high microscopic power. No one entertains that hope at the present time. The question whether matter be or be not ultimately divisible was a favourite one with the ancients. Long and tedious were the arguments on both sides. The Grecian philosophic bent was the very antitype of our own. The Greeks contemned all applied philosophy; our tendency is to hold it in undue respect. The question of the ultimate divisibility or indivisibility of matter became too impractical for modern philosophy; it therefore died out. Strange

that an hypothesis so exclusively physical as it seemed to be should have received its strongest affirmative testimony, if not conclusive proof, from the hands of a chemist; stranger that the day-dreams of Leucippus, Democritus, and Lucretius, should now form the basis of all that is certain in practical chemistry, to whatever art applied!

The ancient advocates of material indivisibility failed to recognise the difference between matter, and the space which matter occupies. Taking any given ponderable mass—an apple, for example—a mathematician would be likely to affirm that the infinite divisibility of the atom must be accepted as obviously belonging to things possible in essence, though impossible in effect. The division might be continued, he would argue, so far as our senses, our time, and our manipulative dexterity permit; and that the possibility of still further division must be received as a corollary. Horoin lurks a fallacy. The idea has a contingent relation to the matter of the apple; but a direct and immediate relation to the space filled by that matter. Suppose each of the gigantic atoms, the existence of which we have already assumed, to equal the apple in size, then we perceive how fallacious is the ground taken by those who would deny the existence of atoms by geometric reasoning. Each of the newly-found atoms, though equal to an apple in size, would, being ~~an~~ atom, be indivisible; though the space filled by such atom would be capable of subdivision. Pass we now on to the task of examining how, by the labours of Dalton, the theory of atoms was rendered so probable, that no other theory squares with the chemical functions of matter. Addressing ourselves not to the chemist alone, we shall be sparing of chemical demonstrations, resting content with indicating the broad principles of the subject.

If A and B are two kinds of matter, capable of uniting chemically with each other, then the combining portions of the two, and necessarily the compounds formed, are either unlimited or limited. If unlimited, any number of parts by weight (say 1 part) of A may combine with any conceivable number of parts of B (say 8 parts); and in like manner with any fractional number above 8 and below 16, or finally above 16 and below 8. If limited, what are the limits and the conditions of limitation?

Of this kind were the questions which suggested themselves to Dalton. The unchemical reader may now translate A into hydrogen and B into oxygen; when our arbitrarily taken 1 and 8 respectively become 1 part by weight of hydrogen, and 8 parts by weight of oxygen. Now the combination of 1 part by weight of hydrogen with 8 of oxygen is water. There is one other, and only one other, compound of hydrogen and oxygen, resulting from the union of 16 parts of oxygen with 1 of hydrogen. Where are the intermediate compounds? Where the compounds of $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, 9 to 1, 9 to 2, and so on, up to 16 to 1? They are absent; they do not exist. Of such examples chemistry is full, and they unmistakably point to the atomic constitution of matter. If hydrogen and oxygen be not atomic, if the numbers 1 and 8 do not stand for the ratio of the weight of their atoms, wherefore this long absence of all compounds of the two between 1:8 and 1:16? Dr. Angus Smith has well acquitted himself of the task of making the atomic theory comprehensible. Still better, he has vindicated the memory of Dalton from the vague charge of plagiarism often brought against that philosopher; and has furnished an interesting biographical record of an extraordinary man.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

LEAVE, HONEST, AND YOU'LL GET GRASS.—This is also Italian, —*Canai non morire, che erba da venire*. And it is even found in Turkish: "Dis not, O mine ass; for the spring is coming, and with it clover." Unfortunately, "While the grass grows the steed starves;" and "For the hungry, 'wait' is a hard word" (Germ.),—*Dem Hungrigen ist 'Harr' ein hart Wort*.

LUCK IS ALL.—A desperate doctrine, founded on that one-sided view of human affairs which is expressed in Byron's droll parody of a famous passage in Addison's *Cato*:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But do you more, Sempronius—don't deserve it;
And, take my word, you'll have no jot the less."

"The worst pig gets the best acorn" (Span.),—*Al mas ruin puerco la mejor bellota*. "A good bone never falls to the share of a good dog" (Fr.),—*A un bon chien n'échet jamais un bon os*. And "The horses eat the oats that don't earn them" (Germ.),—*Die Rosse fressen den Haber die ihn nicht verdienen*.

W. K. KELLY.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—Having read in the last Number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE your article on "Young Ladies' Work," I am induced to write to you in the hope of making known to the public through your pages, a new work for the good of suffering humanity. It is one which has already been tried with perfect success; and if entered into by the influential in all parishes, would take its place among the very finest efforts for the amelioration of crime and misery. One of the largest metropolitan parishes has lately sanctioned the visits of ladies to the different departments of the workhouse. The system was originated about six months ago by two ladies, and was found so efficacious in general and individual instances, that a committee was formed, consisting of the wives of the district clergymen and some of the most respectable ladies in the neighbourhood, to the number of fifteen. Every ward of the workhouse (except one, the casual poor) is visited twice a week; each lady taking a separate department. I will not intrude on your time or space by entering into details which would describe the great utility of this arrangement. Imagine the blessing to the poor sufferers from sickness, poverty, insanity, and old age, of thus receiving sympathy and kindness from those willing and able to give them help and comfort. Formerly their only experience was of cold harsh nurses and the officials of the establishment. Now they see kindly faces, and have ready help from private charity. Also suggestions for various improvements can be made to the proper authorities, offered, not with any impudent intrusiveness, but respectfully urged. In many instances such suggestions have been adopted, to the great advantage of the suffering and helpless inmates.

This plan has now been in operation long enough to prove what a boon it would be, if it could be adopted in every parish. That the wives and daughters of the influential would readily give their help, there is no fear. What is wanted is, that those in parochial authority would consent to this arrangement throughout the land. It is the women of England who must exert their influence, and bestow a small portion of their time and thought, to the forwarding of this work of love and charity. They would need no other inducement, could they but see the gladdened faces, and hear the expressions of delight and gratitude with which "the ladies" are welcomed to the several wards by the poor inmates.

Few persons duly recognise the fact of what a vast mass of apparently hopeless wretchedness and vice fester in the workhouse of every large parish. Surely it behoves us to try at least, every means of alleviating both. In the instance where this system has been in operation, I have simply to say it has proved beneficial beyond our hopes: ameliorating

much misery, comforting much affliction, and exercising a most blessed influence alike on the vicious, the ignorant, and the suffering. I may add, that this beneficial influence extends to the nurses, who, aware of the check upon them, are far more careful and diligent in the execution of their duties.

I will now trespass no longer on your space, but remain, yours obediently,
S. P.

AN EPIQUEURE'S STEAK.

I GLORY in a steak. It is a microcosm of all that's good in the wide circle of odibilities. It delights the palate, invigorates the frame, makes life bearable, and—who can doubt it?—is a guarantee of longevity. Soo it broiling—what a sight to console a hungry stomach and gladden a heart capable of joyous tremblings! See the clear fire glowing with a new joy in the consciousness that it is doomed to make that bovine slice a diet fit for gods—ay, too good for gods, such as antiquity represents them, bolting thunder-balls and quaffing the steam of earthquakes! See the gridiron, with its geometric bars checking with black lines the ground-colour of incandescent charcoal; the steak itself nicely lined with ologinous bark, frizzling for your good, and gradually changing from sanguinary red to palatable brown; then how the gravy runs from it in luscious streams, mingling with the creamy slice of butter, and acquiring a medicated perfume with the powdered produce of the Spice Islands! I never see the gridiron ready for a steak without thinking of those lines of Gerald Massey's, where he describes somebody who

"Trode the red-hot bars of fiery torture,
And went his rugged way with bleeding feet;"

which image must have been drawn from the spectacle of a steak undergoing martyrdom in behalf of appetised humanity. Then, when the broiling has commenced, Southey's lines on *Lodoro* always come into my head as most appropriate to the convulsions of a steak, which always groans on the fire, as if a particle of the soul of the ox had been cut away with it:

"Shouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around,
With endless rebound;
Grunting and fighting—
A sight to delight in—

Charming and lulling the ear with its sound."

If a steak seeds one, it has its moral uses also; it suggests country, and calls to mind whole pages of Thomson, and Clare, and Carrington, and Tom Miller, and a hundred other hearty-brained men who have glorified the fat ox as the symbol of strength and endurance and patience, ay, and bodily cheer.

But how do you cook your steaks, eh? "There's the rub." Broil them? Good. Fry them? No, no. If you want to convert tender ox-flesh into leather, use the pan and a slow fire, and the experiment will be sure to succeed; but adopt my plan, and my head for it, you will eat nothing but steaks for the next three months.

Well then, fry it; but not in the vulgar way, with just a bit of fat to keep it simmering. A steak fried in the ordinary way ought to be carefully dished, trimmed up with parsley, and then—consigned to the dusthole. But I'll tell you how to fry a steak; and I do so tremblingly, for it is so grand, so original a recipe, that I think, if I were bribe enough, I might get a million francs for it from the society of gourmands; and now, if I "let the delicious secret out," my prospective million will be lost for ever.

Have your steak cut in one large slice from the middle of the rump; thickness, *one inch*; superficial measurement, seventy square inches; weight, about one and a quarter pounds. See that it has a nice rim of yellowish bark—that

is, fat—along the outer side; and if it is not really handsome, call a poor woman and make it a present to her for her hungry ones, and liberally pay for another for yourself. Take it home yourself, and from that moment let no hand but your own touch it. Even obtrusive eyes should be "kept off;" for my plan of cooking it is not to be hackneyed and vulgarised. Hunt up all the pickle-jars, and take from each kind of pickle a little of the vinegar, say a teacupful each of onion, cauliflower, cabbage, and French-bean pickle,—home-made of course, and with plenty of spicy flavours. Lay the steak in a deep dish, and pour over it the whole of the vinegar. Let it lay an hour. Then take a clean frying-pan; throw in three ounces of butter, and pour into it some of the vinegar from the dish, sufficient just to stew the steak in the refreshing compound. Lay the steak in it; let it stew; turn it as judgment dictates; and if you manage it right as to the quantity of liquor, it will, when done, be found imbedded in a thickened gravy formed of its own juicy essences and the dried-up pickle. Put the steak into a *very hot* dish before the fire, and into the pan throw an ounce more butter, one chopped-up clove of garlic, and two tablespoonfuls of ketchup, and a spoonful of raw mustard. Fry up the gravy, butter, ketchup, &c. in the pan till it boils, and pour it over the steak; and presto! the whole house will be fragrant with a dish that, in the words of puffing traders, "needs only one trial," &c. Only *one* trial, ha, ha! Epicurus.

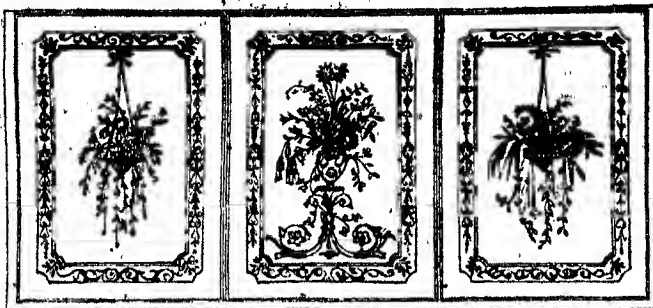
THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

III.—THE MANUFACTURE OF ENCAUSTIC TILES.

OWN cursory inspection of the raw material being concluded, we proceeded to Minton's tile manufactory, where are made those beautiful encaustic tiles now so generally used as the flooring of churches and halls; in which, though chiefly prized as being ornamental and dry, they afford by their exquisite neatness and cleanness a contagious pattern of what should be the condition of the rest of the structure. Models of propriety as are the tiles, it would be unjust to withhold the same tribute from all Mr. Minton's workmen, who, though we were charged with no commission to purchase flooring for church or hall, took as much interest in showing and explaining all that we had any right to see and know, as if they, and not we, were the sole gainers by the examination. It being the dinner-hour, the men were not at work; but nevertheless, wherever we went, some skilled workman was at hand, who, with civility that would have graced a far higher rank, performed, for our special inspection, each his own share in the manufacture. We were taken first into a room where, affixed to a bench, was a screw-press, like that used in coining. A heap of pulverised dry clay lay beside. A portion of this was swept into a mould beneath the screw, and made level with a picco of wood; and the cover of the press being worked by the hand of the operator, the screw descended with a pressure (if we remember rightly) of a hundred and fifty hundredweight, and forced down the clay-dust into the mould; from which it was immediately afterwards raised, by a simple contrivance, no longer in the form of dust, but a solid earthenware tile, requiring only the action of fire to be fit for use. Some of the tiles were plain; others, into which various colours were to be *burnt in*, and which are therefore called *encaustic*, had a pattern sunk in them. These were passed on to other workmen, who poured into portions of the pattern variously-coloured compositions in a semi-fluid state: the groundwork of the whole, for instance, might be buff, with a blue pattern in the centre and a red pattern at the angles. The tiles thus filled are laid aside for a certain number of hours to dry, with the upper surface rough and unsightly. When the colours are sufficiently set, the upper surface is scraped with a smooth piece of iron, and the pattern reappears, defined with wonderful sharpness, and with all the colours distinct, but of a dull hue.

From this workshop we were taken to an empty kiln,—

a huge cone-shaped building open at the top, and having several openings below. In these the tiles are placed, packed in cases of rude fireproof earthenware, called saggars (safeguards), which are piled on each other until the oven is filled nearly to top of the dome. Fire is then applied externally at the openings described above, and the heat is conducted through flues round the inside and under the bottom of the oven. The fire is applied very gradually, and is continued for several days; when it is allowed to subside as gradually, and the saggars, with their contents, are withdrawn, the cracked or imperfect tiles destroyed, and the rest prepared for the market.



EMBOSSSED GLASS.

SIR,—Having perused with much pleasure the different useful articles you have introduced in your valuable publication under the head of "Home," and feeling that any little suggestion which can practically aid in promoting the improvement and comfort of that little world, dear to the hearts of all, may be received as an acceptable offering, I venture to intrude upon your space with a suggestion for the ornamentation of window-glass, simple in execution while it is beautiful in effect. Most persons know of the existence of what is termed embossed glass; an article expensive in its manufacture or preparation, and therefore out of the reach of many; while the attempts made to imitate it are in general meagre and uninteresting. The usual method of imitating ground-glass is by dabbing the surface with putty, or painting the glass with a thin coating of white paint.

This last is the mode employed by the writer for carrying out his process; and a few words are necessary to explain the proper manner of performing it, which requires some little practice. The glass being first well cleaned and free from grease, is then covered with a very thin and delicate coating of white, applied with a short-hair ordinary paint-brush, great care being required to have only sufficient colour on the tips of the hair to leave the smallest possible stain upon the glass. The paint so laid on must not be applied by a sweeping motion of the brush, but by dabbing the end of it gently and with equal pressure over the surface. To avoid the colour being too thick in the brush, it is best to rub most of it out on a piece of board previous to applying it to the glass; in fact, if this is done, the brush can be readily replenished by dabbing it on the board instead of dipping it every time into the paint.

If care and attention are paid to the manner of applying this coat of paint, a uniform shade is given, bearing the closest resemblance to ground-glass. While the paint is wet, take a sharp-pointed piece of wood; and where lines are required to be drawn, a rule should be employed to draw them with. The pointed stick will remove the wet paint, leaving the glass clear; but the stick must be carefully wiped previous to commencing a second line, as, if not, the mark required will be smeared; and it is difficult to clear it, unless drawn clear at the first instance. With the same piece of wood the ornament and patterns may be drawn; but in some instances it is well to provide several sticks of different widths at the end for drawing with (as shown by figs. 1, 2, 3), and these wider ones should be cut with flat ends like the edge of a chisel.

The advantage of these over the sharp point is the removal of a broader surface of colour; where great precision is required, a piece

of wash-leather fixed to the end will greatly assist; but this must be continually changed during the course of the work, as immediately it becomes charged with paint it is no longer of use. When your work is completed, care must be taken to protect the glass from being touched or damaged, as it will speedily dry, and then it will be use-

less to attempt its restoration. The window to be ornamented should be painted on the inside; and if the paint is properly mixed, will, when dry, bear any amount of washing, provided no soap or alkali is employed, a sponge with some lukewarm water being all that is necessary. Of the durability of this kind of work the writer has had ample experience, having decorated the windows of his own studio in this manner, which remained unchanged for fifteen years. It is admirably adapted for windows near the street, or facing a disagreeable view; and is preferable to every other kind of blind, inasmuch as it admits the same amount of light as ground-glass, and may be made most elegant in appearance. It is well calculated for staircase-windows, hall-doors, and inner glass-doors; and has this great advantage, that if the occupant of the house have ingenuity, taste, and perseverance enough to try the experiment of doing it himself, the cost is insignificant, and the pleasure will be enhanced by its being the result of his own labour. The best vehicle for painting the glass with is very pure white-lead, or flake-white, such as is prepared by the artists' colourmen, and sold by them in collapsible tubes; and this should be mixed with very pale drying-oil diluted with pure spirits of turpentine.

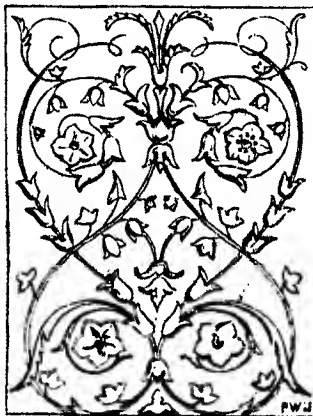
The writer has employed with great success diluted copal varnish, which has the advantage of greater durability; but it requires considerable management, and dries so rapidly, that in the hands of an inexperienced person its use would be more difficult. Annexed are some designs for the decoration of the glass. That at the head of the page is suitable for a blind, when done on the three lower panes of a window; here is a design for a separate pane. Combinations of such designs will of course readily suggest themselves for a staircase, or any other window requiring to be covered entirely.

If difficulty in drawing the patterns on the glass at once, without something to guide the hand, be feared, take a piece of paper cut to the exact size of the pane of glass, and on that carefully draw the design to be executed; then with a fine needle or pin prick holes in all the lines of the pattern.

You must also prepare a little very finely-powdered dry colour (blue is the best), and tie it up in a fine piece of muslin; and having prepared your glass with the coat of paint, place the paper-pattern against it, holding it so as to avoid any pressure upon the glass, lest it should remove the surface; then gently dab with the powder-colour in the muslin over the lines of the pattern, and enough colour will pass through to make it sufficiently distinct for drawing with the point.

I am, &c.

ALPHA.





PAINTED BY A. SOLOMON.

CONTRAST

PEOPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. 12.

PEOPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. 13.

"A CONTRAST."

By A. SOLOMON.

AT low-water, on the long low coast of Artois, with its dwarf earth-cliffs, a party of English visitors are attending upon a young invalid lady, who has been sketching from her wheel-chair. Two of the Boulonnais fishing-people,—in that costume which so astonishes fresh English tourists,—having encountered the party, are scrutinising them with a want of tact which is not very French. The commiserating kindness of the girl's regard is some sort of compensation for this: she is evidently making a comparison between her own robust figure and the delicate one of the invalid before her, not without admiration of the latter's surprising accomplishment of drawing; to the flattering result of which she is obviously aided by the whispered remarks of her companion, who is leaning upon the rolled-up shrimp-net. There is indeed a contrast between the bronzed healthiness of the one and the delicate pallor of the other—opposite results of such opposed courses of life. The lady's husband leans upon the chair paying his affectionate compliment to her skill, and is himself robust enough to be a fitter mate for the fish-girl than for the frail being upon whom he is attending. The observer will notice that the painter, with a sort of sarcasm, has given the palm, not only of healthiness and vigour, but of real beauty and nobleness of features, to the natural woman; her face is actually more refined and grander than that of the other, whose artificial life has not only weakened her health, but in some measure degraded the clear tone of her features. Her mother stands behind, with eyeglass in hand, entertaining some sort of indignation at the intruders, whose remarks are not of that order with which a genuine mamma could thoroughly sympathise. She has not escaped the contagion of French fashions in the dressing of her hair; which effect, however, the painter, with great judgment, has confined to herself, and not shown as extended to her daughters: for we presume that the girl reading is sister to the sketcher. She, too, shows the vitiating effect of modern dress, as well as of customs, by the rigid way in which she holds her most artificial of bodies; her face also, though prettier than that of her sister, has the same characteristics of the hothouse about it. The children are prettily grouped; though we might have wished that the head of the one who is playing with the crab had not been quite so large.

The picture itself requires brilliancy of colour and clearness of tone,—qualities which Solomon is somewhat deficient in. The regard which an artist has for his work is always shown by the way in which he pays attention to little things. In relation to this, we cannot but remark, that the handle of the wheel-chair could never be reached by the rider, being far too short. Observe how scant of spokes the wheels themselves are. The dog's action is ordinary and commonplace; and we should have liked the character of sex to have been more strongly marked in the farthest of the fishing-people. The motive of the picture is so unusually good for its class, that more serious faults might be pardoned in a less accomplished painter than A. Solomon.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

By HESSIE R. PARKES.

IT was a wet and windy night when we started off on our expedition to see the celebrated ceremony of fire-eating, which, with a few other amiable diversions of an equally salubrious nature, are practised by the tribe of the Ben Aissa at Algiers. We took P— with us as protector-in-chief,—large and burly enough to put to flight Arab garotters,—and toiled up the endless zigzags of the road leading, on the outside of the town-wall, to the Casbah, or ancient palace of the Deys, a huge pile now converted into barracks, an armoury, &c. Here lived Hussein, the last dey, for fifteen years, scarcely daring to put his head out of his windows for

fear of his janizaries; and various black memories connected with the fortress singularly increase its mysterious attraction upon a bleak stormy night. Ali Ben Ali, our handsome Moor, who sits to C—for a model, had promised to meet us at the Porte Neuve, and conduct us to the house where the fire-eaters were to assemble. So we picked our way with difficulty over the rough ground below the wall of the casbah, traversed by little streams swollen by the heavy showers of this unprecedented wet winter, and groped up to the arch of the Porte Neuve, which looks at least 300 years old, and fitted to conceal amidst its vast black recesses any number of Algerine pirates on shore for a holiday.

We three Europeans stood motionless in the shadow, calling out "Ali Ben Ali!" till the old stones rang; but no answer came, he was not there. We then went through into the street. A street in the old town of Algiers means a steep, narrow, winding passage, often breaking off into steps, often running under the projecting upper stories of the massive white houses in a tortuous tunnel. On a windy night, when the moaning breezes rush in and out of these so-called streets, crying like the pitiful plaining voices of all the poor prisoners enchained or put to death in Algiers, the place is really awful; and the lamps, suspended by chains, in the old French fashion, at fifty and a hundred feet distance from each other, do but add to the gloom; for as they swing in the wind they reveal the blackness of the holes and archways, and the huge shadows of the houses swing one across the other like some terrific natural phenomenon, the precursor of an earthquake. "Ali Ben Ali!" we shouted in vain; but the cry brought out a Frenchwoman with a candle in her hand, at the head of a flight of steps, who eyed us suspiciously when we asked her if she could tell us in what house the ceremony of the *Idrh* (pronounced *adra*) was to be held. "No," quoth she; "but Arabs live in all the houses round about here;" which information certainly did not add to our cheerful sense of civilised protection.

Up and down a few of the near streets we wandered, afraid of going far lest we should lose our way and find no exit till morning,—a misery almost as possible in Old Algiers as it would be in the catacombs; and doubly tantalised by fancying every now and then that we heard fitful strains of wild native music, or wilder drumming, borne upon the air, but in what exact direction we could not tell. At length I perceived a white figure stealing up one of the dark tunnels, at the far end of which faintly glimmered a lamp; and closing into phalanx with my two companions, I ejaculated, "*Idrh, idrh?*" "Oui, oui," replied the white ghost; and signing us to follow, he preceded us down the aforesaid tunnel to the low arched door, which led, so far as any external indication could show us, into the heart of the solid rock; for it is the great peculiarity of the Moorish houses that they are windowless on the outside (an occasional loophole of the smallest dimensions excepted), being lighted from the interior court which is to be found in every mansion. Ushered, not without internal tremblings as to the *bona fide* mission of our guide, through the little archway, we found ourselves in a small passage leading into a square court open to the stars, which had by this time begun to show their cheerful faces. Herein were at least thirty Arabs, seated cross-legged, or standing about the court, the arcade surrounding it, or the rooms to the side, of which the thick carved folding-doors stood open. I noticed that whenever they crossed the court they pulled off their slippers and walked barefoot, giving one the idea that for the nonce its marble pavement was consecrated.

We were accommodated with a bench under the arcade; and as it is never really cold at Algiers out of the wind,—which is an abominable breeze blowing from the Atlas mountains to the south,—I was not at all uncomfortable, and began to watch the strange scene before me, illuminated by one tall candle, which brought out the light and shadow of the court and its eight pillars into the strongest relief, tinting the wild swarthy faces of a group squatting in its immediate neighbourhood, one of whom was a negro, pre-

paring his huge tambour for the beginning of operations. They took uncommonly little notice of our presence, and talked and laughed and passed in and out for about half-an-hour; while those who were to perform on the great round tambours dried them over a brazier full of charcoal, that they might give out their fullest tone. Our faithless Ali Ben Ali was there,—the only Moor among them,—pattering about the court with his naked feet; also the sheik of the tribe,—a venerable old figure, exactly like Michael Angelo's Jeremiah. Among the Arabs, some were very handsome, and had faces full of spirit and vivacity; others had high foreheads and hooked noses, which in England would have denoted much intellectual endowment; several more were very young—boys of fifteen or sixteen.

When they were fully assembled, and all their preparations complete, the drummers seated themselves under the arcade to our right, backed by a lighted room containing Arab spectators, and with the charcoal-brazier in front of them, struck up the devil's own tattoo; if, as I have always understood, there be such a melody upon the musical catalogue of the world. The final burst of thunder as each in succession took up his instrument really partook of the sublime; and our friend the negro worked away with indefatigable energy, as if he felt himself conductor of the band to his Infernal Majesty. When this had gone on at least twenty minutes, so that the hubbub, at first startling to our surprised senses, had in some sort softened by habit into a background for any thing which might supervene, we were thrilled by hearing a loud human yelp, like no sound by civilised ears classified, and by seeing a youth, apparently in a condition of demoniacal possession, leap out from among the group under the arcade, and take up his position in the court immediately in front of the drummers, who set to work with redoubled energy at this proof of the success of their musical endeavours; while the youth began to roll his head violently, moving it from the upper vertebrae of the back, so that his neck seemed as a thick cord by which to swing the seat of his soul. Such a loose and rapid motion, "backwards and forwards and round and round," I did not think a human head, attached to its trunk, capable of performing. It made me sick and dizzy to watch him; a sensation which did not lessen when the motion gradually extended to his whole body, which swayed as if made of the warmest gutta-percha, or as if every joint were separately tied on with loose ribbons. At this astounding exercise he actually continued a full quarter of an hour, moving in time to the music, and increasing his velocity when it increased in speed. To see his features was as impossible as to discern the spokes of a carriage-wheel in rapid motion. He suddenly stopped, and began raging about the court, shrieking out in Arabic that he wanted "Fire, fire!" This strange demand was no sooner made than another Arab ran forward, bringing him a red-hot fire-shovel, glaring and sparkling with heat. The gentleman of the contortions took it by the handle; and then eyeing it with extreme satisfaction, deliberately licked the fiery shovel two or three times on its broad flat side; he then struck it heavily with the palm of his hand, howling vehemently at the same time; after which he gave it back to the attendant, and went raging about in quest of more food. His desire was gratified; for the magnificent old bearded sheik, seated on a bench under the arcade opposite to our own, held out to him a huge loaf of the thorny cactus, the size and shape of a large battle-dore, at least half-an-inch thick, and covered with strong prickly spines. Our friend crouched down before the sheik, and stretching out his mouth like a donkey intent upon a thistle, grasped with his teeth huge mouthfuls of this delectable food, howling all the time, not with pain or disgust, but with a queer sort of ceremonial satisfaction; the sheik meanwhile wearing a grim smile at the heroic piety of his follower. After which the latter got up, and walked pensively about the court with downcast eyes, while the drumming continued with indefatigable energy. Whether it had gone on all the time, I am really unable to say.

In a continuous roar, noise becomes at last no noise at all; the fatigued ear accustoms itself to the new medium,* and the whole attention is fixed on some more exciting point. (N.B. It is on this principle, applied to sight, that I understand the huge new clock at Westminster is to be faced with figures traced in points, as being visible at a greater distance than continuous lines.) Presently another Arab started up, and the same ceremonies were gone through, with this difference, that the latter had long hair, which was unbound for him as soon as the fit came on, and flew wildly about, greatly adding to the singularity of his appearance. The first Arab soon joined him; and linking their arms together, they rolled in unison, breaking off ever and anon into crazy dancing, backwards and forwards—a sort of desert polka. Two red-hot shovels were then called for, licked, and struck; then kneeling, with their arms across each other's shoulders, they placed themselves before the sheik, and together munched the cactus-leaf; after which they were joined by a third, who introduced a new element in the shape of a long green snake with a forked tongue, which he placed upon the floor, and played with, in dangerous proximity to our toes, which we tucked up instantly on to our bench. Then wreathing it round his neck and arms, he joined his companions in dancing vehemently as before; and as he happened to be next me, the wild motion occasionally brought the head of the reptile very near; he shook his forked tongue at me in a way that, as I was neither a snake-charmer nor a good Mahometan, was, to say the least of it, highly suggestive and unpleasant. Presently, however, they seemed to have had enough of it, or might have feared that snake's temper was getting irritated and his digestion upset by the unwonted motion; for they unwound him, and put him up to bed in a wooden box with a sliding lid, where I have not the least doubt that he lay and ruminated upon whether or no the fair-skinned Frank and dog of a Christian would not have proved very good to eat. In this interlude we had three cups of very good coffee handed to us; of which refreshment we were quietly partaking, when we were thrilled with horror at seeing the second of the three Arabs transfix himself with a long iron skewer, passed through his cheek and out at his mouth. After which he very quietly worked a second through the other cheek, so that they crossed between his lips and stuck out like whiskers; then catching up a quantity of loose skin and flesh in front of his own throat, he stuck that also right through with a third skewer, and raged about the court howling; while a tambour turned upside down was handed to all present for a collection of coppers. By this time we had had enough of it; so dropping some money into the tambour, we made our salaam to the sheik, and sallied forth again into the quiet streets. It was now about ten o'clock; and groping our way again out of the Porte Neuve, we reached home without any misadventure.

We will add to this veritable recital of what we saw with our own eyes in 1857 a few paragraphs from a French book of travels.

Charles Marcolto de Luivieres says, in his *Deux Ans en Afrique*, p. 43: "One evening, having filled our pockets with cigars, we went to see the *Hidh* (pronounce it *adra*), or fire-eaters. These are a Mahometan sect, who unite at certain seasons of the year to celebrate, after their fashion, a fête which seems to derive a remote origin from Christianity, since those individuals also call themselves *Beni Aissa*, which means to say, 'sons of Jesus.' It is said, that Aissa, being in the desert with his disciples, and these complaining and murmuring at having nothing to eat, he said to them, 'Why do you murmur? Have faith, and you will have what you desire also. Eat stones, insects, even fire; and if you have faith, this fire, these insects, these stones, will change into nourishment for your need.' It is this miracle which the *Beni Aissa* celebrate at the present day."

I have only to add the result of a few questions which I asked of Dr. Bodichon, a medical man long resident at Algiers, concerning the moral and physical effects of the

Hidrah. He told me that the sect is strictly Mahometan; the *Aissa* mentioned by De Luivieres not being intended for our Saviour, but for a prophet of the desert, and a true follower of Mahomet. That the state of violent excitement into which they are worked by the music and their own fanaticism prevents their suffering at the time from the effects of what they do; of which, however, the fire-eating part is but a trick, as it is easy to lick red-hot iron by covering the tongue with saliva in a sufficiently quick and dexterous manner; but that they are constantly ill a week after from the effects of their other experiments; and that the sheik will not permit any who are not robust in health to go through them, and turns back the delicate aspirants by putting his hand upon their heads when they leap out of the circle.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

AMONGST the most curious, and certainly the most useful, facts of scientific information we have to lay before our readers this month is, the announcement recently communicated by Dr. Stenhouse, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that a cheap substitute has been found for animal charcoal; a substance so extensively used as a decoloriser, or bleaching agent, not only in the laboratory, but in various branches of manufacture. Granulated or rough animal charcoal, employed in the manufacture of sugar, of tartaric acid, and several other branches of technical chemistry, scarcely contains 10 per cent of real charcoal, and nevertheless costs some twelve or fourteen pounds per ton. The cost of pure animal charcoal, the substance employed in chemical laboratories, is at least fifteen times greater. The desideratum of supplying an efficient substitute has therefore long been felt. The general principle devised by Dr. Stenhouse is this: he prepares sulphate of alumina by digesting pipe-clay with oil of vitriol, and either evaporates it to dryness and mixes the result with finely-powdered vegetable charcoal, or mingles the fluid with the charcoal. In either case the mixture is burned for the purpose of driving off sulphuric acid, and leaving a mixture of charcoal with alumina. Dr. Stenhouse finds that $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of alumina affords the best result. Charcoal thus prepared is fully equal to bone-black for most purposes to which the latter is applied in the arts. We are curious to be informed on one point which Dr. Stenhouse does not touch upon. Can he render his artificial decolorising charcoal, in the granular form, capable of being used as a filtering mass, as charcoal is employed in the sugar manufacture? It may be well here to call attention to the fact, that though animal charcoal has long been considered the decolorising body *par excellence*, nevertheless vegetable charcoal was the first form of carbon employed for that purpose. The property was first discovered by Lowitz towards the latter part of the last century. Not until 1811 was it that the superior decolorising power of vegetable charcoal was discovered by Professor Figuier, of Montpellier. The rationale of the decolorising property remained unknown until 1822, when MM. Bussy Payen and Desfossez proved that the origin of the charcoal was immaterial, and that its decolorising effect was purely referable to the degree of its comminution. The efficacy of the new treatment devised by Dr. Stenhouse, therefore, depends on the alumina effecting a separation between the particles of charcoal employed. Dr. Stenhouse arrives at the conclusion that the artificial substance may be advantageously employed for the decolorising of any liquid which does not contain sulphuric acid; which latter would of course dissolve out a portion of alumina.

The preceding discovery, involving the employment of alumina, is suggestive of aluminium, that curious metal which is still under investigation by M. St. Clair Devillo (the philosopher who first brought it to light *en masse*) and many others. M. Martin is conspicuous amongst the latter. He has recently sent in a memoir on aluminium to the Paris Academy of Sciences, making known the leading chemical

properties of that metal. When strongly heated, aluminium, it would appear, oxidises superficially. The crust of oxide does not penetrate to any great depth; but it is sufficient to remove aluminium from the companionship of noble metals, amongst which chemists were inclined, somewhat prematurely, as it would seem, to register it. Notwithstanding that aluminium does not support its original pretensions, it is still a very useful metal. Our readers will therefore learn with pleasure that various facilities of manufacturing it have been introduced, and that its price may be expected to fall considerably.

The Belgian agriculturists are on the *qui vive* respecting the discovery of enormous deposits of mineral phosphate of lime in the Ardennes; a substance which they somewhat prematurely, we fear, imagine will render them independent of bone superphosphate, if not of guano. We fear they are to be disappointed in this matter. In England there are also deposits of mineral phosphate of lime; but our attempts to employ the substance as a manure have been almost unavailing. It does not seem capable of assimilation by vegetables.

A very interesting paper has been read before the members of the Society of Arts by Mr. John Anderson, on the application of machinery in the war department. The author of the memoir, although shackled by official reticence, presents a suggestive glance at the mysteries of destruction enacted in our large military arsenal. Some time ago, Mr. Hale, the discoverer of the war-rocket without a stick, adopted the force of hydrostatic pressure for charging his rockets, instead of the process of monkey-ramming previously followed. It appears that hydrostatic pressure is now to be exclusively applied, not only in the construction of his own rockets, but those on the principle of Congreve as well. The operation of loam-casting for brass-cannon, as universally followed on the Continent, and until lately by ourselves, is now discontinued at Woolwich, and sand-casting adopted instead. When the Minié principle was first adopted in England, fears were entertained that the complexity of the bullet would interfere with the process of rapid manufacture. These fears are dissipated, as it now would seem, the Minié-bullet machinery now in operation at Woolwich being capable of turning out no less than 500 bullets per minute, or more than a quarter of a million daily. The manufacture of firearms and firearm-projectiles is now assuming a very interesting phase. On the one hand, attempts are being made to increase the calibre of cannon to a size unprecedentedly large; whilst on the other, the range of ordinary firearms is being extended to a marvellous distance by mere alteration of the form of the projectile. It would appear that non-military people expect too much from increase of the calibre of firearms, and underrate the value of increasing the range of cannon and small arms now in existence by modifying the construction of projectiles. Even the monster wrought-iron gun, of which the British Government has recently become possessed, lends but feeble support to the argument in favour of monster cannon. It is not considered safe to charge that piece of ordnance with a quantity of powder greater than one-sixth the weight of the ball; whereas the full charge of a long thirty-two-pounder is one-third the weight of its projectile. A very interesting report has recently been made to the American Government by Mr. Daniel Treadwell, on the practicability of constructing cannon of great calibre, capable of enduring long-continued use under full charges. This gentleman begins by assuming the capacity of bronze to withstand pressure to be equivalent to 30,000lbs on the square inch, and of the best sorts of cast iron, at 20,000lbs. He then goes on to express his belief that, so far as those materials are concerned, he conceives the limits of calibre to be nearly attained. Wrought-iron he looks upon as altogether an exceptional material. Not only is it too expensive for general use, but it is difficult to manufacture, difficult to be welded in large masses without flaws, and injuriously soft. Mr. Treadwell points to the fact well known to mechanics, and demonstrable

mathematically, that beyond a certain thickness no considerable amount of strength is imparted by increasing the weight of a cast cannon; and he suggests the following most ingenious plan for manufacturing ordnance of gigantic calibre capable of withstanding full charges of powder. Mr. Treadwell considers the softness of wrought-iron to be a fatal objection to the general use of that material for ordnance, even though the present difficulties of manufacture were removed. He proposes that the internal cannon, as we may denominate it, should be made of cast-iron, and reinforced externally by a system of wrought-iron rings, in the following manner. Fancy the outside of the cast-iron cylinder to be accurately turned, and indented with a screw-thread, upon which a series of external wrought-iron rings or nuts are to be screwed, and these last reinforced by similar screw-rings, or cylinders, and the reinforcement continued until the thickness necessary to withstand the explosion of a full charge of powder is attained; then we shall have a part of the idea of the American engineer. The main point of his proposition, however, is this: *each layer of wrought-iron cylinders is to be screwed on whilst expanded by heat*, so that their ultimate agency will be a continued and enormous pressure on the central cast-iron cylinder. In this way, it is assumed that ordnance of mixed composition can be made, possessing all the hardness of cast-iron where hardness is necessary (*i. e.* along the bore) and all the restraining toughness of wrought-iron. Whilst the Americans and our own home-authorities are endeavouring to increase the resources of warfare in this direction, Colonel Jacob is reducing to practice the idea long since mooted by Captain Norton, of making an efficient rifle-shell. Artillery and rifle practice are now being so rapidly pressed forward in parallel and emulative channels of development, that each by turn threatens to supplant the other in many applications for which each has been exclusively applied.

The daily increasing sunlight of the new year has seemed to exercise a sympathetic power on daguerreotypists, calotypists, and other heliographic philosophers; much having been recently accomplished in the way of improving the heliographic art. In the beginning of last month (January), Mr. Hardwick communicated to the Photographic Society some important remarks on impurities contained in commercial nitrate of silver, unfitting it for photographic purposes; also on some changes to which nitrate-baths are subject, and the best manner of dealing with them. These discoveries were made whilst endeavouring to improve the manufacture of collodion; in the course of which certain anomalous results were obtained when operating with commercial nitrate of silver. Mr. Heinrich, in his last edition of the collodion process, called attention to these anomalies, but was unable to explain them. He however arrived at the conclusion that the pictorial defects admitted of remedy by the use of ammonia and acetic acid. Mr. Hardwick attributes the peculiarities in question to the occasional existence of organic impurities in crystallised nitrate of silver. Impurities of this kind are evidently capable of being destroyed by fusion; but fused nitrate of silver is attended with its own objections. Firstly, it is liable to adulteration; secondly, if the fusing temperature be raised too high, or if it be too prolonged, a portion of the nitrate is decomposed, and lower nitrogen-acids of silver result. It is better, therefore, to recrystallise the fused nitrate carefully. Collaterally, Mr. Hardwick was led to investigate whether the gradual deterioration of nitrate-baths was not attributable to their becoming contaminated with organic matter, and he arrived at the affirmative conclusion. Most operators by the collodion process have noticed that nitrate-baths, after having remained a variable time in use, yield very bad results. Mr. Hardwick was led to develop collodion pictures with baths which had been purposely contaminated with known kinds of organic matter, in known quantities. The results were highly interesting. In the case of one organic body, he says, the plates immediately became covered with transparent markings, although nothing of the kind was noticed when

using a portion of the same bath purposely kept free from the organic addition. In a second instance, there was a peculiar iridescence of the film. In a third case, an intensified transparency of the developed image, with a dark solarisation of the high lights when looked down upon. In a fourth, great intensity of the blacks, with a loss of sensitiveness, and no gradation of tone. In a fifth, universal fogging. Some operators have suggested the filtration of nitrate-baths through kaolin when they have become thus inefficient. The process has not proved very successful. Far better, according to Mr. Hardwick, is it to remove the bath altogether, and extract the silver which it contains. Perhaps we may here do a service to the non-chemical heliographer in stating that silver can be extracted readily from nitrate by adding common salt until no more white precipitate (chloride of silver) is thrown down, washing the chloride well, adding a little hydrochloric acid, and agitating the mixture of acidulated chloride with some fragments of zinc. The reduced and pulverulent silver should next be thoroughly washed, and fused with a little nitre.

Mr. Sims has also communicated to the Photographic Society some remarks on the engraving of photographic delineations by hydrofluoric acid. Great attention must be given to the preparation of the collodion employed in this process. It must be thin, having as much alcohol in it as it will bear; ether only being added when it becomes too gelatinous. It must be iodised by solution of oxide of silver dissolved in excess of iodide of potassium. Much attention must be given to the selection of a proper kind of glass. Not only must it be free from specks and striae, but regard must be had to its chemical composition. After many trials, it would seem that British plate-glass is preferable to all other varieties; and each plate of glass should be cleansed previously to use with sulphuric acid and water. The bath should be made of thirty grains of nitrate of silver dissolved in six ounces of water. Great care must be taken in the developing process, the camera being timed to a nicety. Sulphate of iron is used for developing the picture, and hydrosulphate of soda as the fixing material. Every particle of iodide of silver must be scrupulously removed by abundance of ammonia and water. Finally, the plate must be dried with equal care to that necessary in conducting the daguerreotype process.

Mr. Babbage suggests whether photographers would not derive advantage from the investigation of the laws which regulate the darkness of coloured objects, especially of unchangeable colours, as those of porcelain; and M. Despretz presents a communication to the French Academy of Sciences on the preparation of a dry collodion which will receive images after many days, weeks, or even months.

In physical science, M. de Senarmont has been performing some curious experiments to determine the laws of refrangibility of light when transmitted through water. In employing a new differential refractor, which he substituted for that of Arago, and which has the great advantage of separating the rays much further from each other than can be accomplished by that instrument, he caused two rays of light—one transmitted through air, the other through water—to interfere mutually. The water, during the experiment, was progressively cooled until it fell below the freezing-point; and the experimenter, by noticing the phases of interference, determined that the refrangibility of the water went on increasing in direct ratio with the cold applied; that there was no correlation of maximum refraction with maximum density. At the moment of solidification, the refractive power suddenly decreased; presenting a phenomenon requiring further study to determine its law.

M. Andres Poy, already so well known as an astronomer and meteorologist, has been following up his previous investigations relative to shooting-stars and luminous meteors. According to him, there were observed in England, from 1841 to 1855, no less than 1065 of these meteoric phenomena. Amongst them the colour of 326 was pure blue; of 46 bluish; of 11 pale blue; 2 were blue inclining to red;

and 1 greenish-blue; giving a total of 886 meteors in which blue predominated. The number of yellow meteors was 151; of yellowish, 18; total, 169. The red meteors were 129; reddish, 48; total, 177. It consequently appears that the number of blue meteors is more than double the number of those coloured yellow or red. White or whitish meteors are represented by 195 cases; orange-coloured, by 111. Meteors, the colours of which are composed of tints belonging to the lower part of the spectrum between green and orange, are 465; whilst those comprehended in the limits between green and violet are only 401. M. Poey, we are glad to find, is appointed to the office of director of the observatory about to be established at Cuba.

Amongst the novelties in entomological science of great importance, are the facts contained in a paper sent by M. Guérin Meneville to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the causes which have led to a deterioration of the silkworm in France contemporaneously with the outbreak of the disease of potatoes and vines. French silkworms began to languish, and the deterioration has continued to progress. M. Meneville attributes the malady to the same atmospheric conditions—whatever these may be—from which potatoes and vines have suffered so much. He believes that a succession of mild winters furnish the immediate explanation of the disease, by causing the eggs to assume a premature vitality; and recommends that not only should the eggs be those of carefully-selected worms, but that they should be sent out of France into some much colder country during the winter, and that a fresh race of worms should be imported.

Amongst foreign inventions having a domestic interest, we must not forget to echo the praises of our French neighbours in favour of the ventilating smokeless open fireplace of M. Foret Chambor. Without diagrams and a long description, we could not convey an accurate idea of this fireplace. Perhaps we may find space for a fuller description hereafter.

In physiological and medical science there is a great deal of new information; some of it good, we hope; but still more of it extraordinary, we fear, without being good. In the latter category we include a new project, gravely set forth in the *Gazette Médicale* by M. Papillaud, on the prevention of yellow fever by inoculation. It appears from the memoir of M. Papillaud, that some considerable time ago Dr. Guillaume de Humboldt testified to the existence, in Central America, of a little reptile of undetermined species, which frequently bites people in the feet. The bite is exceedingly dangerous; but persons bitten are in future protected against the infection of yellow fever. The mutilated poison of the little reptile being too dangerous to be used for artificial inoculation, the writer of the memoir hits upon the following ingenious expedient. He provokes one of the reptiles to bite a piece of liver, which serves as a receptacle for the poison; and with the lancet dipped in the liver he inoculates his patients. The virus takes effect in twelve hours, and the patient is well in about six days, after which he is as little liable to attack from yellow fever as persons who have been vaccinated from small-pox. The greater number of persons thus inoculated are not attacked; the majority of those who are attacked, experience the disease in a mild form; and finally, of the small portion who are attacked, and suffer from the disease in its most virulent character, about one-fourth of the number will die. Out of 2477 inoculations, only 288, or 10 per cent, have had the yellow fever at all; 68, or 2 per cent, have died; 2247, or 90 per cent, have been preserved. No less than 16 per cent on the total population of fever-districts are said to be capable of preservation by this treatment! Dr. Ozanan is still prosecuting his experiments, physical, physiological, and therapeutic, on carbonic oxide gas—more poisonous, as it now seems, than carbonic acid. MM. Joret and Homello announce the discovery of a substitute for Quina in "Apoli," extracted from the *Apium petroselinum*; and M. Chapello is very sanguine concerning the efficacy of acetone or pyro-acetic spirit as a cure for Asiatic cholera.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE search into futurity is perhaps permitted to mankind as an antidote to their innate vain-glory. Every mortal soul joins the wild hunt as it sweeps by him; but few bring any trophies home, or come back with any thing to boast of in their memories. Man stands, indeed, "looking before and after;" but his forward look is into the middle of a mist; and though he can no more help assuring himself that he sees something, and knows what he sees, than he can keep from dreaming in the night, yet on the whole he is sure to be wrong—to find it out before he dies, or to leave the discovery as a safe legacy to his children. Let the subject of his prophecy be a man or a revolution, a law or an institute, the fact never falls out as he foresees it; the events of this world, like those of a better, come not with observation.

This is only true, however, concerning the forms of things. Their spirit and essence, like shadows in a cloud, may be seen in the dim future, while it reveals nothing of the shapes that are to appear hereafter. Here the patriot may take comfort, and the philanthropist refresh his zeal. The definite ends for which either of them is striving will rarely be attained; but no good end was ever striven for without a sure result of some kind or other, unlike in form, perhaps, but the same in spirit, with the hope and objects of its originator.

Mechanics' Institutes have not accomplished what was intended by their founders; their very name has ceased in most cases to be an appropriate and descriptive one. They are not specially or even chiefly associations of mechanics, but have drawn together a class something higher in the social scale; and if they should tell hereafter more expressly upon the labouring population, it will have to be through a different method from that originally proposed. But we are not, therefore, to reckon them among the failures of the day. The shaft appears to have been not quite deep enough to get at the lowest strata of society, but it has gone down to veins well worth the working. The system scarcely reaches what we call the mass of the people; but it has been taken up by a section of them who, in point of fact, had more need of it, inasmuch as they were better able to use it. Even thus they are not benefited alone. To drain the stagnant waters of ignorance from a single layer of human life, is imperceptibly to begin the drainage of all that lies below it. One of the chief effects of Mechanics' Institutes has been to wind up a little tighter the common springs of intellectual ambition; and a swarm of reading-rooms, libraries, and other educational helps, among even the most ignorant classes, bear witness to the assured success with which good seed may be cast upon the ground.

The founder of the first Mechanics' Institution was a Yorkshireman. He made his first experiment in London; but the plan seems to have done best in his own native air. Perhaps these Yorkshire folk have an institutional faculty among the many things good and whimsical that make up their individualism. At any rate, the great populous towns of the West Riding have a good deal to show in this way; and they have just given a culminating proof of what can be desired and achieved among them. Rather more than thirty years ago, a few working-men in the town of Halifax asked, in a way at once manly and respectful, for the assistance of their richer neighbours in founding a Mechanics' Institution. The help was given, and the institution formed, on a scale whose insignificance in the eyes of modern citizens is the best evidence of the prodigious progress that has been made. In three years the members occupied a room at the extravagant rental of four pounds sterling. In another couple of years, their numbers having swelled to a total of

eighty souls, it became necessary to take larger premises. This was in 1830. There is an engraving on the opposite page of the New Halifax Mechanics' Institution, opened on the 14th January 1857, in the presence of more than a thousand persons, who were able to stow themselves in the principal room. Besides the Great Hall, the building contains a saloon, a library, a drawing-room, and other apartments for class-instruction. It has cost eight thousand pounds. Less than half of this amount had been actually subscribed at the moment of opening; but before the enthusiastic company separated, the greater part of the debt was cleared away.

Efforts of this kind are worth much more than the figures that represent them, or the local good that is done. It remains for the men of Halifax to make the good example perfect by the future working of their noble institution. They have got a building equal to all their wants, and they have got it rent-free. The spirit of those who raised the money to build it with is an ample assurance that whatever the wealthy men of the place can do to secure success will be done abundantly.

The Halifax Mechanics' Institute ought to become a true people's college, and a model for the nation.

It must be remembered that the object in view is an educational one; that the people to be educated are not those who can give up their whole time for a certain number of years to the process, but chiefly young men and women who must work for their living in the day-time, and can only study in the evening. This of course is a difficulty; but the clerks, the shopmen, and the artisans of our time should be reminded, that after the age of childhood most men are in nearly the same position as themselves. The whole middle class of England are engaged all day in business of one kind or other. If they pursue intellectual studies, if they keep pace with the progress of science and the growth of literature, the work is necessarily done in the evening; and considering the difference in the social demands upon their time, in the amount of mental anxiety and the nature of their daily occupation, it is probable that most clerks have, if they please, at least as much leisure as their masters for the purposes of self-education. The chief advantage of the upper classes over those below them is in the nature of their earlier education; and even here it is not so much in the actual knowledge acquired in childhood, as in the habit of seeking and acquiring it, and the greater mental agility which is thus produced. An institution like the one established at Halifax offers to all who want it as much facility for evening-study as can be enjoyed by most men. What the people of Halifax have to do to make it as widely useful as possible is, by every means in their power to promote that early training of children in the rudiments of knowledge, and that habit of interest in its acquisition, which are the only essential preparation for the future work to be done in their great building.

It is mentioned in the Halifax Report, that while the number of members approaches 800, there are not quite 4000 books in the library of the institution; and of these only forty-three were added during the past year. This state of things is one great defect, often one fatal error, in Mechanics' Institutes generally. Their office can never properly be fulfilled without an ample supply of the best literature in the world. The difficulty is solely one of funds. From the experience of other libraries, we believe that such a supply as the present times require cannot be furnished at a less cost than ten shillings per head per annum, expended entirely in the purchase of books. The tenth part of this amount is perhaps nearer what is usually available. There is nothing in which the wealthy could do more important service to the cause of education than in contributing to the additional funds required for this great service. Nothing keeps men back intellectually and socially so much as a want of contact with the active thought of their own time. That thought is now embodied in books; and full access to the current literature of the day is the only door to it. The experiment of throwing it open to the poorer

classes as completely as to the rich has never yet been tried; and we feel satisfied that no time should be lost in making the experiment. Of course some selection must be made; but, with one of the speakers at Halifax, we most devoutly protest against the old-fashioned and thoroughly mistaken notion, that works of imagination are the least useful things that a poor man can read. Mere trash is good for nobody; but works of real excellence in fiction, poetry, and miscellaneous literature, should be regarded as essential parts of a poor man's education. They do for him exactly what nothing else has the opportunity of doing. They influence his taste through his feelings, and refine them both. The great gulf between the rich and poor is not nearly so much a gulf of learning, or of money, as of taste and feeling; and the true way to bridge it over is by elevating and refining these. We are not advocating excess either way; but the excess has all been one way hitherto, and the tide ought to be turned.

With such a building as they have just inaugurated, there seems no reason why the Halifax Mechanics' Institute should not sweep the whole circle of such human wants as can be supplied by social union. We should like to see a thoroughly well-considered plan of periodical recreation started in the new hall; a plan based upon none of those which have hitherto proved so unsuccessful in most places, but struck out afresh from the evident wants and wishes of the class who will meet together within the same walls. As membership is open to both sexes, there is no reason why those branches of domestic knowledge most needed by women should not be made a special part of their educational course. The instruction they receive at home is often of the worst kind, and entails a life-long disadvantage. Many other things suggest themselves; but good wishes are sometimes better than good advice. Those who have engaged so heartily in so excellent a work are doubtless busy enough in turning it to the best account; and our hope is, that the crown of future success may already be only a little way above their heads.

MY DIAMOND STUDS.

By THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER'S WIFE," "THE LADDER OF LIFE," &c.

"Diamonds of a most praised water."—PERRILES.

"Sir," said the stranger, "those studs are mine."

We were alone together, face to face. The train was flying on at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was already verging towards evening, and we were about halfway between Liege and Brussels.

I shrank back into the farthest corner of my little compartment and stared at him. His hair was dark, and hung in long loose locks; his eyes were wild and brilliant; and he wore an ample cloak with a high fur-collar. I thought the man must be mad, and I turned cold all over.

"Did you speak, sir?" I found courage to say.

"I spoke, sir. You wear a set of studs—diamonds set in coloured gold—very graceful design—stones of an excellent water; but—they are not yours."

"Not mine, sir!"

The stranger nodded.

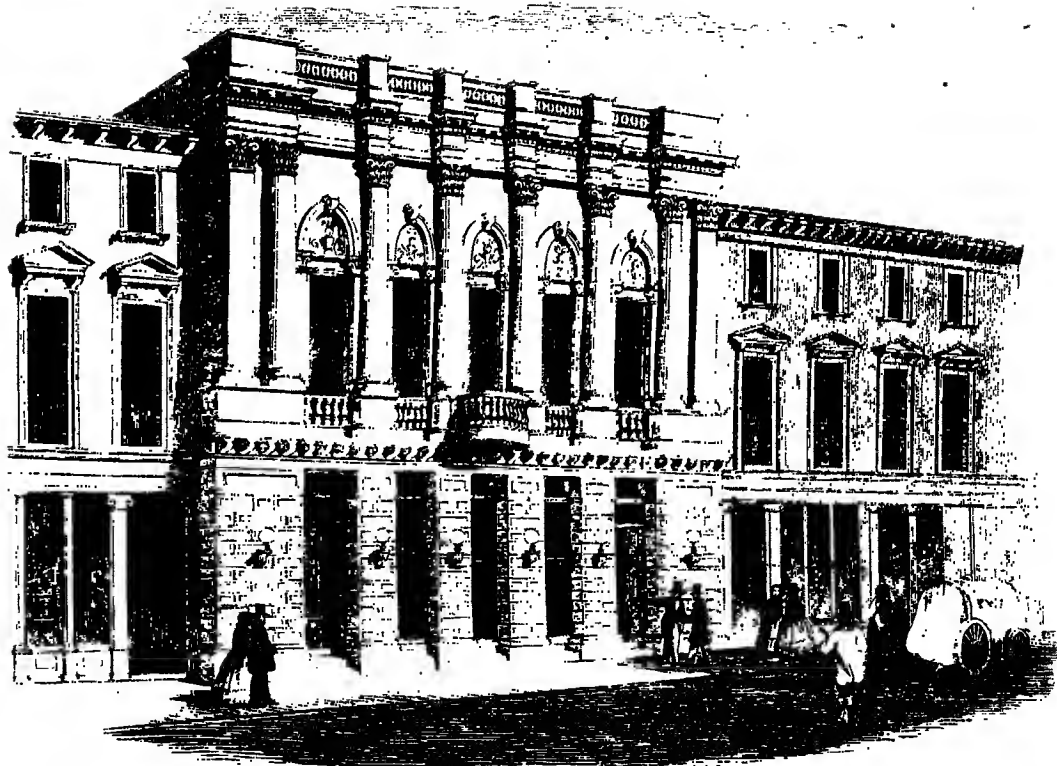
I had purchased them only a week before. They captivated me from the window of a jeweller's shop in Berlin; and they cost me—no, I dare not say what they cost me, for fear my wife should chauce to see this article.

I took out my pocket-book, and handed the bill to the stranger.

"Sir," I said, "be pleased to read this little paper, and convince yourself that the studs are mine, and mine only."

He just glanced it over, and returned it to me.

"I see," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "that they



THE NEW MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AT HALIFAX.

appear to be yours by right of purchase; but nevertheless they belong to me by right of inheritance. I can make this clear to you very easily, if you choose to hear my story; and no doubt we shall presently contrive some plan by which to settle the question of ownership."

My heart sank within me at the cool certainty of his voice and countenance.

"Shall I go on?" he asked, lighting a cigar.

"O, by all means," I replied. "I shall be delighted."

He smiled ominously to himself; then sighed and shook his head; passed his fingers twice or thrice through his elfin locks; crossed his feet deliberately on the opposite cushions; and fixing his eyes full upon me, thus began:

"Though a native of Russia and born in St. Petersburg, I am of Hindoo descent. My grandfather belonged to the province of Hyderabad; but, travelling thence while yet a young man, established himself at Balaghant, and became a worker in the great diamond-mines commonly known as the mines of Golconda. A grave, silent, unsociable man was my grandfather, and little beloved by his fellow-miners. The superintendent, however, placed great confidence in him; and by and by, being promoted to the situation of overseer, he married. The only offspring of this union was Adjai Ghosal, my father. The Hindoos, as you must be aware, place a high value upon learning; and even the poorest evince such a respect for education as would do honour to the working-classes of a more enlightened community. Of this feeling no man in his position partook more largely than my grandfather. Uninstructed himself, he was ardently desirous that his son should benefit by advantages which, generally speaking, were accessible only to the wealthy; and in pursuance of this ambition, sent Adjai Ghosal at the age of eleven years to a large native academy at Benares. People wondered at first, and asked each other what the thing meant, and where the overseer found means to do it. 'Have you found a lac of rupees lately?' inquired one. 'Do you intend to make a diamond-

merchant of the little Adjai?' asked another. But my grandfather only held his peace; and after a time the marvel died away, and was forgotten. And thus eleven more years passed on; and my father, at the age of twenty-two, was summoned home to Balaghant to receive the last benediction of his expiring parent. He found the old man stretched upon a mat, and almost speechless.

'Adjai,' he murmured,—'Adjai, my son, thou art arrived in time—in good time; for I could not have borne to die without seeing thee.'

My father pressed his hand in silence, and turned his face aside.

'Adjai,' said my grandfather, 'I have a terrible secret to confide to thee; one which my soul refused to carry to the grave. Canst thou endure to hear it?'

My father urged him to speak.

'It is to my own shame to reveal it to thee, Adjai; but I bow my head to the punishment. My son, I have sinned.'

My father became more curious than ever.

'Thou wilt not despise my memory, Adjai?'

'By Brahma, no!' said my father, raising his hand to his head.

'Then hearken.'

The old miner lifted himself upon his elbow, and collected all his strength. My father knelt down and listened.

'It happened,' said my grandfather, 'just three-and-twenty years ago, and I was then but a working-miner. I chanced one day upon a vein of extraordinary richness. My son, I was tempted; the evil one took possession of my soul;—I secreted five diamonds. One was incalculably valuable—larger than a walnut, and, as far as I could judge, of admirable water. The other four were about the size of peas. Alas, Adjai! From that hour I was a miserable man. Many and many a time I was on the point of confessing the theft; and was as frequently deterred by shame, fear, avarice, or ambition. I married, and a year after my marriage thou wert born. Then I resolved to dedicate this

wealth to thee, and thee alone; to educate thee; to enrich thee; to make thee prosperous and learned; and never, never to profit in my own person by my sin."

"Generous parent!" exclaimed my father enthusiastically.

"When I took thee to Benares, Adjai," continued my grandfather, "I sold one of the four smaller diamonds; and with this I have defrayed the expenses of thy education. I never spent one fraction of the sum upon myself; and some few golden rupees of it are yet remaining."

"Indeed!" said my father, who was listening with the greatest attention. "And the rest of the gems?"

"The rest of the gems, Adjai, thou canst restore when I am gone."

"Restore!" echoed my father.

"Yes, my child. Thou hast education. It will make thee far happier than the possession of ill-gotten riches; and I shall die in peace, knowing that reparation will be made. As for the few remaining rupees, I think, if thou art not over-scrupulous in the matter, thou mightest almost be justified in keeping them. They will help thee to begin the world."

"Indeed!" said my father, with a curious sort of smile flitting about the corners of his mouth.

At this moment the old man changed colour, and a shudder passed over him.

"I—I have told thee just in time, Adjai," he said falteringly. "I feel that—that I have not many moments to live. Come hither that I may give thee my blessing."

"My dear father," said Adjai Ghosal, "you have forgotten to tell me where the diamonds are hidden."

"True," gasped the dying man. "You will find them, my son—you will find them—but thou wilt be sure to restore them as soon as I am dead?"

"How can I restore them," said my father impatiently, "unless you tell me where to find them?"

"True—very true, my Adjai. Look, then, in the roll of matting which I use for a pillow, and there thou wilt find the three smaller gems and the large one. See—see the superintendent—Adjai—my—my—"

A rapid convulsion, a moan, a heavy falling back of the outstretched hands, and my grandfather was dead.

The stranger broke off abruptly in his story, and laid his hand upon my sleeve.

"And now, sir," said he, "what do you suppose my father did?"

"Went into mourning, perhaps," said I, deeply interested.

"Nonsense, sir. He went to the roll of matting."

"And found the diamonds?"

"Not only found them, sir," said the stranger, laying his finger on his nose,—"not only found them; but—can't you guess?"

"Well, really," said I hesitatingly, "I—that is—if I should not be offending you by the supposition, I should guess—that he kept them."

"Kept them, sir! that's it," said the stranger, rubbing his hands triumphantly; "and, in my opinion, he was quite right too. Well, sir, to continue. As soon as my venerable ancestor had been consigned to the grave, my father left Balaghaut for Calcutta; and embarking there on board a Russian vessel, sailed for St. Petersburg. Arrived at that city, he consigned the gems to a skillful artist, by whom they were cut and polished. Sir, when cut and polished, it was found that the larger stone weighed no less than one hundred and ninety-three carats! My father knew that his fortune was made, and applied for an audience of the Empress Catherine II. The audience was granted, and the diamond shown; but the empress was unwilling to accede to my father's terms; and he, believing that in time he should obtain his price, suffered the matter to drop; took a beautiful mansion overlooking the Neva; naturalised himself as a Russian subject, under the name of Peter Petroffski, and patiently bided his time. Thus nearly a twelvemonth passed; and my father, who had long since parted with the

last of his golden rupees, began to feel nervous. The event proved, however, that he had done wisely; for he one morning received a summons to the palace of Count Orloff, and sold his diamond to that nobleman for the sum of one hundred and four thousand one hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence. Count Orloff was then Catherine's favourite; and to her, on her birthday, he presented this royal gift, some few days after he had made the purchase."

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, almost breathless with astonishment,—"is it possible that these are all facts?"

"Facts!" echoed the stranger indignantly. "Turn to the article on diamonds in any encyclopædia, and convince yourself. Facts, indeed! Why, sir, that inestimable gem now adorns the sceptre of Russia!"

"I beg your pardon," I said humbly; "pray go on, sir."

He seemed vexed, and remained silent; so I spoke again.

"In what year did you say this happened?"

"In the year 1772," he replied, falling back insensibly into his narrative. "My father now found himself in a position to command immense commercial influence; so he embarked a portion of his wealth in the fur-trade, and became in process of time one of the foremost among the merchant-princes of Russia. During many years he devoted himself utterly to the pursuit of riches; for gold, I must confess, was my father's weak point. At last, when he had obtained the reputation of being at the same time a millionaire and an irreclaimable old bachelor, he married; married at sixty years of age, just thirty-eight years from the time when he left Balaghaut. The object of his choice was a rich widow, in every way suitable as regarded money and station; an excellent woman, and the best of mothers! I respect her memory."

Here the stranger paused, and wiped his eyes with a very fine cambric handkerchief, which filled the carriage with an overpowering perfume of patchouli. Presently, conquering his emotions, he resumed:

"But for my birth, which took place within two years from the date of my father's wedding, the newly-created family of Petroffski must have become extinct. As it was, therefore, my appearance was hailed with extravagant rejoicings. I was christened after my father, Peter Petroffski. My schoolfellows called me Peter the Second. I remember little of my boyhood, excepting that I had always plenty of roubles in my pocket, a pony, and a mounted servant to attend me to and from school; and plenty of indulgence from all my teachers. No boy in the academy played so many pranks, or was so readily forgiven as myself; but money covers a multitude of sins, especially at St. Petersburg."

He paused for a moment, and a question which had long suggested itself to my mind now rose to my lips.

"You have not yet told me," said I, "what your father did with the three smaller diamonds."

"Sir," replied the stranger, "I am coming to that presently."

So I bowed, and waited in silence.

"From school I went to college; and, as my father's position excluded me from the college of nobles, I travelled into Germany, and studied for five years at the University of Heidelberg."

Peter," said my father, as we parted, "remember what a priceless life is yours. Above all things, my darling son, be careful not to injure your health by over-application."

Never was good advice more scrupulously followed. My studies at Heidelberg were pleasant rather than profound, and consisted chiefly of rowing, drinking, and fighting. By dint of strict attention to these duties I earned for myself the rank of a 'mossy-head'; and indeed I may say, that I graduated in Bavarian beer, and took out my degree in sabre-cuts. At length I reached the age of twenty-one, and returned to St. Petersburg, just in time for my birthday. On this occasion my father threw his house open for a succession of dinner-parties, balls, and suppers. On the morning of the actual day he called me into his study, signifying

that he had something to say and something to give to me. A small morocco case of triangular form was lying on his desk. From the moment I entered the room I felt convinced that this was intended for me; and my attention, I fear, wandered sadly away from the wise and affectionate discourse which my father (leaning back complacently in his great arm-chair) was pleased to bestow upon me. He said a great deal about the extent of his trade, and the satisfaction it was to him to have brought up a son who should succeed him in it; informed me that from this day I was to fill the position of junior partner, with a munificent share in the yearly profits; and finally, taking up the morocco case, bade me accept that as an earnest of his parental love. I opened it, and beheld a superb set of diamond-studs. Each stone was a brilliant of the purest water, and about the size of an ordinary pea. Their value, I feel convinced, could not be less than three hundred guineas of your English money. For some moments I was speechless with delight and astonishment, and could scarcely stammer forth a word of thanks. Then my father smiled, and told me the history, which I have just related to you. I had never heard any thing of this before. I knew only the common story current in the city, that my father had been a great Eastern merchant before he settled in Russia, and that he had sold a wonderful diamond to the Empress Catherine many years ago. If, therefore, I had been amazed before, I was now still more so, and listened to the narrative like a man in a dream.

'And now, my dear boy,' said my father in conclusion, 'these diamonds, as I daresay you have already guessed, are the three remaining stones which I took from your grandfather's pillow of matting just sixty years ago.'

From this time I led an enviable life. I owned the handsomest *droschky*, the finest horses, and the smallest tiger in St. Petersburg. My pleasure-yacht was the completest that lay alongside the quays of the Neva. My stall at the opera was next to that of young Count Skampsikoff, the great leader of fashion and folly, and close under the box of Prince Ruffantuff, who was at that time one of our most influential nobles, and generalissimo of the Russian army. It was not long before Skampsikoff and I became the firmest friends in the world; and before six months were over, I was known far and near as the fastest, the richest, and the most reckless scapegrace about town.

It was at this period, sir, that I first beheld the peerless Katrina."

The stranger paused, as if he expected me to be surprised; but finding that I only continued to listen with a countenance indicative of polite attention, he looked at his watch, ran his fingers through his hair, hemmed twice or thrice, and then went on with his story.

"You will ask me, perhaps,—who was the peerless Katrina? Sir, she was a violet blooming upon a rock; a rainbow born out of the bosom of a thunder-cloud. She was the dream, the poetry, the passion of my life! Katrina, sir, was the only child of Prince Ruffantuff, whose name I have already mentioned. Strange that the fairest, the most ethereal of beings should come of so stern a parentage! As Katrina was the gentlest of women, and the most loving, so was Ivan Ruffantuff the fiercest of soldiers and the severest of fathers. He carried the discipline of the camp into the privacy of his home, and made himself dreaded as much by his household as by his troops. I never saw so forbidding a countenance, or one more expressive of pride and defiance. Gazing upon the delicate creature seated beside him in his box, one wondered how nature could have played so strange a turn, and sought in vain for the faintest trace of apparent consanguinity between them. Prince Ivan was a giant in stature; Katrina was almost childlike in the graceful slightness of her proportions. Prince Ivan was swarthy of complexion, and his features were moulded after the flat intellectual type of the Tartar tribes; Katrina's features were regular, classical, and Greek. Prince Ivan was proud and cruel; Katrina was loving, innocent—born for all purposes

of tenderness and womanly compassion. What marvel, then, that I loved her? Loved her, sir, as only few can love—loved her with all the force, and self-abandonment, and passion, of which man's nature is capable. I had never been in earnest before, but I was in earnest now—hopelessly in earnest, as I well knew; but despair itself fed my love with fresh energy, and obstacles only served to make me more determined. For a long time I loved her with my eyes and heart alone, as a devotee worships a saint upon an altar. I could but gaze upon her from afar. I had never even listened to the sound of her dear voice, though I would have died only to hear her pronounce my name. Night after night, during the whole opera-season, I sat and watched her from my stall. I heard no more of the music than if I had been in Siberia; I grew thin and pale and abstracted; I fell into a listless dreaming mood, and replied at random when spoken to; above all, I wandered like a ghost in and out of the *salons* and gaming-rooms where I had of late been so eager in the pursuit of pleasure. At last Skampsikoff came to my rooms one morning, and remonstrated with me upon my unaccountable despondency.

'You don't do justice to me, my dear fellow,' he said, twirling his mustachios. 'I have introduced you, set you going, made you, in point of fact, the fashion; and I take it rather unkindly that you should reflect so glaring a discredit upon my judgment. You might as well be at La Trappe, as far as your conversational powers go at present; and as for your looks, why, hang it, you know the least a man can do for society is to look pleasant. Are you in debt, and does the dear papa draw his purse-strings too closely?'

I shook my head. I had no debts but such as I could readily liquidate, and my father was as liberal to me as I could reasonably desire. It was not that.

'Not that?' exclaimed Skampsikoff, 'well, then, you must be in love. Why, man, you blush! The thing's as clear as the sunlight; and Peter, the magnificent Peter, is in love! Now, by all the saints, this is too ridiculous! Who's the girl?'

'The Princess Katrina,' I answered with a groan.

Skampsikoff started, and whistled dismally.

'The Princess Katrina!' he repeated.

I laid my head down upon the table, and burst into tears.

'I know that I am a fool,' I said, sobbing. 'I know that I have no chance—no hope—no resource but exile or death; and yet I love her, O, I love her, and I am dying—dying—dying day by day!'

My friend was moved.

'Cheer up, Petroffski,' he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder. 'Cheer up; for I think I know of a plan by which to gain you an interview with her; and that once done, why you must accomplish the rest for yourself. You will throw yourself at her feet. You will propose an elopement, or a secret marriage. She will not have the heart to refuse you. We will set relays of horses for you on the road to the nearest seaport; you will embark on board a schooner, ready hired for the purpose; and, once off and away, who is to follow? Come, come, I see nothing but success for you; and if you will but look a trifle more lively, I'll set out at once to see about the ways and means.'

I felt as if night had turned to day on hearing these words.

'Skampsikoff,' I said, 'you have saved my life!'

That evening, to my surprise, I saw him enter Prince Ruffantuff's box in company with a nobleman of his acquaintance, and be presented in due form both to Ivan and his daughter. He did not remain there very long, but contrived to enter into conversation with Katrina. Just before he left the box, he nodded to me and waved his hand. She instantly raised her glass. They exchanged a few sentences. She looked again; and I felt as if the whole theatre were turning round. In a few moments he had made his bow, taken his leave, and returned to his stall at my side.

'The ball is rolling,' he said, rubbing his hands gaily; 'the ball is rolling, and the game's begun. She saw me

recognise you, and naturally asked me who you were. "A fellow," said I, "with the best heart and the handsomest studs in St. Petersburg." "Of horses?" asked the fair Katrina. "No," said I; "of diamonds." Whereupon she looked again. "Not but that he has horses too," I added, "and plenty of them. He's a noble fellow, and my most intimate friend; but he is far from happy." She surveyed you with more interest than ever. There's nothing like telling a woman that a man's unhappy. She's sure to be half in love with you directly. "He looks pale," said the fair Katrina. "What is the cause of his sorrow?" I smiled and shook my head. "Princess Katrina," I said meaningly, "you are the very last person in the world to whom I could confide that secret." With this I took my leave; and I think you ought to be very much obliged to me.

And I was very much obliged to him, especially when I saw that Katrina's attention wandered continually that evening from the stage to myself. Once or twice our eyes met. The first time, she started; the second time, she blushed; and I thought myself the happiest fellow in the world.

Henceforth life assumed for me a new and beautiful aspect. Somehow or another (whether through the hints dropped by my friend, or her own attentive study of my eloquent glances, I know not) the fair Katrina became aware of my passion, and was not so cruel as to discourage it. Sometimes, when they stood near me in the crush-room, she would drop her handkerchief or her fan, that I might have the opportunity of handing it to her. Sometimes she left a flower from her bouquet lying upon the front of her box, that I might go round and take it when she and her father were gone. At last she accorded me an interview."

The stranger buried his face in his hands, and sighed heavily.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in a broken voice. "My—my emotions on recalling this portion of my history are so overwhelming, that (with your permission) I must smoke a cigar."

I have, be it known, a particular aversion to the odour of tobacco. To speak plainly, it disagrees with me. However, in this instance I waived my objections; the stranger lit his Havannah; and presently the story of my diamond-studs went on.

"Those only who have loved," said the stranger, "can picture the condition of my mind during the hours that preceded that eventful interview. I could think of nothing, speak of nothing, but Katrina. To me the universe was all Katrina, and there was only nothingness beyond. Dusk came at last—the dusk of a winter's evening, when the tinkling bells of the *droshky*-horses, and the guttural 'Yukh, yukh!' of the drivers, rose from the streets and public squares, where the snow lay thickly on the ground, and on the bare branches of the trees, and upon the roofs and balconies of palaces. Then dusk turned rapidly to night, and the frosty stars came out; and I wrapped myself in my cloak of furs, and went out alone on foot.

Swiftly and silently I traversed the few thoroughfares that separated our dwellings; and, gliding along by the wall at the back of Prince Ivan's gardens, stationed myself in a deep angle of shadow, and waited patiently. Presently a small side-door opened, and an old woman, closely muffled, looked out.

"What art thou doing there?" she asked, in a shrill tremulous tone.

"Waiting for the sun to shine," I replied, in the words of the signal which we had previously agreed upon.

The woman extended her hand to me, led me in, closed the door, and so guided me in utter darkness through a long passage. Presently I saw a thread of brilliant light; then a door was thrown suddenly open, and I found myself in a brilliantly lighted apartment. Here my conductress desired me to wait, and lobbied out of the room. A quarter of an hour elapsed thus. I counted the seconds by a time-piece on a console-table; but every minute seemed to be the length

of an hour. At last the door opened. I turned; I fell on her feet; it was Katrina!

For some moments neither of us spoke. I do not now recollect which first broke the delicious silence; but I believe it was myself. The remembrance of what was said has altogether passed away from me. It seems to me now like a dream, or the dream of a dream, so bright, so far away, so unsubstantial!

There was a fauteuil close at hand. I placed her in it; I knelt down before her; I bent my head upon her knees, and covered her little hands with kisses. And so we told each other the story of our love,—a broken faltering story, interrupted by exclamations and questions, tears and kisses, but the sweetest that is told (once only during life) by human lips.

Suddenly,—while I was yet kneeling at her feet, while my arm clasped her waist, and one of her dear hands was resting on my head,—we heard voices close at hand.

"Her highness," said one, "is in her boudoir overlooking the terrace."

"Good," replied another, at which we both shuddered. "You need not announce me."

"Alas," cried Katrina, with trembling lips, "it is my father!"

The heavy steps came nearer; I sprang to my feet; I encircled her with my arm, for she was about to fall; and before I could draw another breath the door flew open, and he entered.

For a brief instant surprise seemed to usurp every other feeling in Prince Ivan's breast. Then the stern features flushed beneath the swarthy skin, and a terrible expression glared from his cruel eye. He was in full uniform, and (never stirring a foot from the threshold where he had paused upon opening the door) plucked a pistol from his belt. Without a word, without a pause, he pointed the weapon at my head.

There was an explosion, a piercing shriek, and—

And Katrina—Katrina, my beloved, my adored, had flung herself between us, and received the deadly charge!

I caught her as she fell, senseless and bleeding; I uttered wild words of hatred, of love, of despair, of cursing; I threw myself upon the ground beside her, and strove to stay the purple stream that gushed from her bosom. Alas, it was in vain! Before the smoke had cleared away, before Ivan himself well knew the deed he had committed, all was over, and the beautiful Katrina had passed away to that heaven for—for which—"

The stranger's voice faltered;—and, letting down the window next to him, he leaned out for a few minutes in the evening-air. When he drew in his head again, I offered him my pocket-flask of brandy. He emptied it at a draught, returned it to me with a long-drawn sigh, threw away the end of his cigar, and resumed:

"You will forgive me, sir, if I hasten over this portion of my narrative. It is of a nature so agonising to my feelings, that I must content myself with merely stating a few leading facts, and passing on to subsequent events. Prince Ivan, struck with remorse and horror, solicited the emperor's leave to retire from the army, and entered a convent of monks near Moscow. I received an intimation from the government that I should do well to travel for the next eight or ten years. It was a polite form of exile, to which I was compelled to accede, greatly to the sorrow of my parents. For my own part, I was utterly heart-broken, and cared little what became of me. I went direct to Paris, and plunged into a course of the most reckless dissipation. Billiards, race-horses, dinner-parties, betting, and follies of every description, soon brought upon me the expostulations of my family. But I was careless of every thing—of health, fortune, reputation,—all. When my father refused any longer to supply my wilful extravagances, I incurred innumerable debts, and, giving no heed to the consequence, spent and drank and gambled still. At length, by some unaccountable chance, a rumour got about that my father had disinherited

mo. From this moment I could find no more credit. The *éclat* by which my follies had been attended seemed to vanish away. My friends dropped off one by one; and, except by a few blacklegs, and two or three good-natured clowns, I found myself deserted by every one. And still, such was my infatuation, instead of reforming—instead of meriting my father's aid and forgiveness—I only sank lower and lower, and continued to tread the downward path of vice.

An event, however, occurred which altogether changed the tendencies of my career. I had been dining with some wild fellows at the *Maison Dorée*. After dinner, when we were all very nearly intoxicated, we called as usual for cards and dice. I soon lost the contents of my purse; then I staked my cabriolet, and lost it; my favourite horse, and lost him; my watch, chain, and seals, and lost them. On this, somewhat startled, I paused.

'I'll play no more to-night,' I said doggedly.

'Pshaw!' cried my antagonist. 'Throw again; next time you'll be sure to win.'

But I shook my head, and rose from the table.

'I'm a beggar already,' said I, with a forced laugh.

De Lancy shrugged his shoulders. 'As you please,' he replied somewhat contemptuously. 'I only wanted you to have your revenge.'

I turned back irresolutely.

'Will you play for my house and furniture?' I asked.

'Willingly.'

So I sat down again, and in a few throws more found myself homeless. This time I was reckless. I poured out a bumper of wine, and tossed it off at a draught.

'If I had a wife,' I cried madly, 'I would stake her next; but I have nothing left now, gentlemen—nothing but wine and liberty, and myself. As this is no slave-country, you won't play, I suppose, for the latter?'

'Not I,' said De Lancy, sweeping his gains into his hat. 'I suppose you have no objection to make out that little affair of the house, cabriolet, &c. in writing, have you?'

There was an easy, satisfied, sarcastic triumph in his tone that irritated me more than the loss of all the rest. I made no reply; but, tearing a leaf from my pocket-book, wrote hastily, and half threw the paper at him.

'Take it, sir,' I said bitterly; 'and I wish you joy of your property.'

He surveyed the acknowledgment coolly, put it in his purse, and said with a sneering smile,

'Does it not seem a pity now that you should have absolutely nothing left whereby to retrieve these things? Another throw, another billet of a hundred francs, and perhaps they would all be yours again. By the way, you forgot your diamond-studs all this time. Will you try once more?'

And he threw the dice as he spoke. They turned up sixes.

'You might have thrown that, Petroffski,' he said, pointing to them.

I was sorely tempted; but I resisted.

'No, no,' I said, 'not my diamond-studs. They are an heir-loom; and—and I shall write to my father to-morrow.'

'Like a penitent good little boy,' said De Lancy, with an impatient gesture. 'Nonsense, man; throw for the studs. I feel convinced you'll win.'

'Say, rather, you fool convinced that you'll win, De Lancy. Have you not stripped me of enough already?'

'Insolent!' he cried. 'Do you think I value the paltry winnings?'

'I think you grasp all you can get.'

'Liar!'

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when I flung a glass of wine in his face. In another moment all was confusion. Blows were exchanged, the table was overturned, the lights extinguished. I received a severe wound upon the temple from falling against the open door, and fainted.

When I came to myself, I was stretched upon a sofa in

an adjoining room, with a surgeon bonding over me. The morning-sun was streaming in at the windows. My companions were all gone, no one knew whither.

'What is the matter?' I asked faintly. 'Am I dying?'

The surgeon shook his head.

'You are severely hurt,' he said; 'but with care and quiet you will recover. Had I not better communicate with your friends?'

'Write to my father,' I murmured. 'You will find his—his address in my pocket-book.'

The surgeon took up pen and paper, and wrote immediately, partly from my dictation, and partly from his opinion of my condition. He then said that I must not be moved, and must, above all things, avoid excitement. As he uttered these words, and rose to take his leave, a sudden idea, or rather, a sudden presentiment, struck me.

I put up my hand to my bosom. *The diamond-studs were gone.*

After this I remember no more. The shock produced upon me that very effect which the surgeon had been so anxious to avoid. I lost consciousness again; and on being restored to life, passed into a state of delirious fever. For many weeks I lay upon the threshold of the grave; and when I at length recovered, it was to find my dear father and mother at my side. They had hastened over with succour and forgiveness, and to their tender cares I owed a second existence. As soon as my health was tolerably established, my father went back for a few weeks to Russia, disposed of his business, realised his fortune in money, and returned to France an independent man. The excellent man did not long survive this change. Within two years from the period of his establishment in Paris he died; and my mother survived him only a few months. They left me to the enjoyment of a princely fortune, which former experience has taught me to use worthily. I neither drink nor gamble. I pass my life chiefly in travelling. I am not married, and I do not think it likely that I ever shall be; for Katrina is ever present in my heart; and when I lost her, I lost the power of loving. Since that period fifteen years have elapsed. I have wandered through many lands: trodden the ruins of Thebes, and waked the echoes of Pompeii; shot the buffalo on the Western prairies, and pursued the wild-beast amid the forests of Westphalia. I am now on my way to Denmark; but purpose remaining a few days in Brussels, where probably I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again.'

The stranger bowed as he said this, and I bowed in return.

'And now, sir,' he continued, 'from the night that I lost them in a scuffle at the *Maison Dorée* till this evening, when I behold them upon your shirt-front, I never saw those diamond studs again. I have sought for them, advertised them, offered rewards innumerable for them, during the space of fifteen years,—up to the present moment all was in vain. Not for their intrinsic worth,—for I could purchase plenty like them,—but for the associations connected with them, do I place so high a value upon those stones. They are the same which my grandfather concealed in his pillow of matting, which my father gave to me upon my birthday, which first drew upon me the eyes of my lost Katrina. Surely, sir, you will acknowledge that this is a pardonable weakness, and also that the studs are really mine?'

'Your tale, sir,' said I, politely but firmly, 'is indeed very surprising, and I may say very conclusive; but the case is so singular, the studs belong with so much apparent right to both of us, that I really think we must refer all decision on the point of ownership to the law. You cannot expect me to relinquish any thing so valuable without first ascertaining whether I really am compelled legally to do so.'

'My dear sir,' replied the stranger, 'I had no idea of asking you to relinquish the studs. If you will do me the favour once more to show me that little bill (the amount of which I have forgotten), I shall be delighted to give you a cheque for the same sum.'

But I had no wish to part from my studs.

"Excuse me, sir," I said somewhat uneasily, "but you have not yet proved to me that these stones are those of which you were robbed in the *Maison Dorée*. Make it evident to me that this is not a case of accidental resemblance, and—"

"Sir," interrupted the stranger, "when my father gave me the studs on my birthday, he caused my initials to be engraved in minute characters upon one of the facets at the back. To do this was a great expense. When done, it deteriorated perhaps from the market-value of the gems; but it made them infinitely more precious to me. If, sir, you will have the goodness to take them out of your shirt, I will show you the initials P. P. upon the under side."

By this time the train had reached the suburbs of Brussels, and in a few moments more we should arrive, I well know, at the station.

"I think, sir," said I, "we had better defer this examination till to-morrow. We have almost gained our destination; and by the feeble light of this roof-lamp I—"

The stranger brought out a small silver-box filled with wax-matches.

"By the light of one of these convenient little articles, sir," he said, "I will engage that you shall see the letters. I am most anxious to convince you of the identity of the stones. Pray, oblige me by taking them out."

I could no longer find any pretence for refusal. The studs were attached each to each by a slender chain, and to examine one I was forced to take out all. As I was doing this the motion of the train slackened.

The stranger lit one of his matches, and I examined the stones in tremulous impatience.

"Upon my honour, sir," I said very earnestly, "I can perceive nothing upon them."

"Had you not better put on your glasses?" asked the stranger.

"*Bruxelles!*" shouted the guard. "*Changement de convoie pour Gand, Bruges, et Ostend!*"

Hang the glasses! they were so misty I could not see an inch before me.

"Allow me to hold the studs for you while you rub them up," said the stranger politely.

I thanked him, polished the glasses with my sleeve, held them up to the light, put them on.

"Now, sir," I said, "you may light another match, and give me the diamonds."

The stranger made no reply.

"I will not trouble you, sir, to hold them any longer," I said.

I turned; I uttered a shriek of dismay; I stumbled over my own portmanteau, which stood between me and the doorway.

"*Monsieur veut descendre?*" said the guard, with a grin.

"Where is the stranger?" I cried, leaping out and dancing frantically about the platform. "Where is the stranger? where is Peter Petroffski? where are my diamond-studs?"

"Has monsieur lost any thing?" asked the railway-interpreter, touching his cap.

"He had my studs in his hand! I turned my back for a moment, and he was off! Did any one see him?"

"Will monsieur have the goodness to describe the person of this thief?"

"He was tall, thin, very dark, with black eyes and an aquiline nose."

"And long hair hanging to his shoulders?" asked the interpreter.

"Yes, yes."

"And he wore a large cloak with a high fur-collar?"

"The same; the very same."

The porters and bystanders smiled, and glanced meaningfully at one another. The interpreter shrugged his shoulders.

"Every effort shall be made," he said, shaking his head; "but I regret to say that we have little prospect of success."

This man's name is Vaudon. He is an experienced swindler, and evades capture with surprising dexterity. It is not three weeks since he committed a similar robbery on this very line, and the police have been in pursuit of him ever since without effect."

"Then his name is not Peter Petroffski?"

"Certainly not, monsieur."

"And he is no Russian?"

"No more than I am."

"And—his grandfather, who was a Hindoo—and the Empress Catherine—and the beautiful princess who was shot—and—and—"

"And monsieur may be convinced," said the interpreter with a smile, "that whatever story was related to him by Pierre Vaudon was from beginning to end—a fiction!"

Quite chafed, I groaned aloud, and took my melancholy way to the Hotel de Ville. There I stated my case, and was assured that no pains would be spared on the part of the police to apprehend the offender.

No pains were spared, nor money either; but all was in vain. From that day to this I never laid eyes upon my diamond-studs.

MARE'S-NESTS IN PARNASSUS.

THERE is a class of individuals who make the most wonderful discoveries, and contrive to make a stir about them, too, whose findings are all "open secrets," only surprising to others as seeming noticeable to the finders themselves. A "superfluous gentleman" of this kind (to quote a phrase from an old *Quarterly Review*) has lately told the world that a certain new poet is a plagiarist, because he has borrowed various images and bits of imagery from preceding poets. As if no poet had ever done the same before! Are not Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Virgil, perhaps even Homer himself, full of imitations? And is not every great poet in a state of indebtedness to some previous ballad-monger, whose untaught strains have furnished many of the materials of his more elaborate epic, didactic, or dramatic work? How many old things have become new, when touched by the magic finger of genius! Poetry as an art grows even in this way: the later bard stands on the shoulders of the elder, and sees farther. Wordsworth shows the influence of his reading in his better passages; there are in them a learned style, classic allusions, German philosophy, and certain techniques, which in *The Farmer's Boy* are not traceable. Is, therefore, this poem more original than *The Prelude* or *The Excursion*? The great mind becomes greater by communion with other great minds, and the learned poet has the advantage of the simple minstrel.

If "these be truths," why should the "Life-Drama" of Alexander Smith be called over the coals by any "unnecessary Z" or other more serviceable letter of the alphabet, whose commonplace book teems with extracts from the bard of Rydal Mount, Campbell, Sholley, Keats, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Bailey, Spenser, Coleridge, and Lemprière? The poetic accountant would make commonplaces of Mr. Smith's choice figures; nay, the experienced arithmetician can count the repetitions on his digits, and tires of looking at his own finger-ends. If he had ever looked much farther, there would be no need to tell him now that his discoveries are all "mare's-nests."

These appropriations of Mr. Smith's, as appearing in the first poem of one who had at the time scarcely attained his majority, indicate nothing more than that plastic sensibility to beauty which, in such a case, is rather a credential to the embryo poet than a bar to his title. All young poets are prone to imitation. The all-important question is, Are the appropriators really poets? Is there, in spite of all their borrowings, a distinctive character in their productions? If they have this mint-stamp, all is well. We have read carefully all the parallel passages on which "Z's" charge of plagiarism is based; and in almost every instance we find

some addition or modification by Mr. Smith, amply sufficient to prove his poetic endowments. That the various beauties of many other writers could have been fused into harmony by one with no corresponding genius, is an assumption purely ridiculous. That a young writer should partially imitate and repeat such beauties, and combine them with his own, is at once feasible as a theory, and in this case, we believe, indisputable as a fact.

In some instances, Mr. Smith is accused of stealing from more than one poet, the same image. For instance, the "mysterious voids, throbbing with star-like pulses," is traced both to Keats and Wordsworth. Then perhaps one of these poets borrowed from the other. Which? Either! Well, then, let Keats or Wordsworth suffer the charge as well as Mr. Smith, and all alike claim the privilege of the poetic fellowship—a community of goods. The disciples of Pope used a common language; and though more modern poets have enlarged the vocabulary that contented them, the diction of poetry is still peculiar. The garb of thought in verse is different from that which it wears in prose. It has its "singing robes" as well as its work-day clothes.

Having learned how to wear these, having acquired the sacred language, and mastery in its application, Mr. Smith is fully equipped for an independent course of action. He has qualified himself to add to the treasury of poetic expression; and more individual conception and execution will follow on these 'prentice doings of the muse's son.

In conclusion, may we not venture to suggest, that in the poem contributed by Mr. Alexander Smith to our own pages—"The Night before the Wedding"—there is a freshness of feeling, and an originality of phrase, which already shows maturity in the artist, and an ability to depend for the main body of his composition on his own resources? To whatever extent he may be able to do this hereafter, still at all times he will have the privilege,—and there is no reason why he should forego it,—to receive and appropriate glancing lights and illustrative reminiscences from preceding poets. Inspiration, however pure, is not clear of association, and will be qualified by the channel through which it issues. The mind has its memories as well as its imaginings; and both will blend in the result, and make it more beautiful from the union.



A HOME OF CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE;

OR, NOTES OF A RECENT VISIT TO COLNEY HATCH.

MELANCHOLY pleasures, although not popular with the multitude, may yet be profitably indulged in now and then by those who would realise the value of life.

"Half the world," it is said, "do not know how the other half live; neither do they care." I am disposed, however, to believe, that if they *did* know they would care. Many people appear callous, simply from the want of "opportunities" for reflection. In all human hearts there is an impressive place to be found—if it be sought for.

Let me, then, try for a few moments to interest the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in one especial class of unfortunates, who, from various painful circumstances, have lost the image of their Maker; and who, being deprived of the invaluable blessing of Reason, are placed under kind (but needless) restraint.

I have just returned from a visit to Colney Hatch, after having passed a most pleasant evening in the best of company,—all delighted to share with the inmates in their

annual Christmas festivities. It is of this I propose to speak.

I would observe, *en passant*, that the causes of insanity and mental aberration are as various as the phenomena of life itself; but some present themselves in special prominence. Drunkenness,—now, alas! alarmingly on the increase,—is of course the principal. The want of the actual necessities of life, and a deficiency of clothing, come next. Religious enthusiasm, over-study, undue excitement, the want of sleep, and hereditary taint,—these follow in the direful catalogue.

It is a subject for rejoicing, that all harsh modes of treatment are now discarded. I can remember the time when the lash was heard daily resounding through the walls of our lunatic asylums, followed by piercing shrieks and hideous howlings. These are silenced—let us hope for ever.

Insanity, at the time I speak of, was regarded as a crime, and treated accordingly. It is now viewed as a misfortune, and creates general sympathy, cruelty being superseded by mercy. With rare exceptions, and for very brief periods (when the patients are refractory), all is done, and well done, by gentle and soothing words. The patients *feel* this, and the influence at once subdues them. A powerful suggestion have we here, for universal adoption *beyond* the walls of places like these.

Let our readers now imagine us at Colney Hatch; the date, Wednesday, January 14; the hour, 6 p.m.; and the occasion, "The Grand Annual Christmas Entertainment and Fancy Ball."

The scene is laid in the Great Hall of Exercise, which, on all state occasions, is brilliantly lighted up, and fancifully decorated with flying flags, banners, evergreens, festoons, &c. &c.; three colossal twelfth-cakes (to be described presently) standing out in "high" relief, and completing the tableau of varied attractions.

The clock has chimed the hour of six. And hark! what are those sounds? They tell of a little army of anxious feet, all marching towards the doors of entrance. Here they come—in couples, triplets, and quartets. How pleased they look while taking their seats upon the numerous wooden (movable) benches that fill the hall—the males on one side, and the females on the other!

And what countenances! Oh, for the vivid pencil of a Hogarth to depict them faithfully! They present a deeply, painfully interesting study. The bystanders are affected; they sigh; and more than one tear is seen trembling in many an eye.

And now begin the evening's festivities in good earnest. First comes a charming series of Dissolving Views, accompanied by suitable airs. But how is this? Where is the band? Oh, it has missed the earlier train, and (for the moment) we must rest content with the piano. What matters? There is music enough in every heart to supply all deficiency.

A voice exultingly exclaims, "The band is come!" A moment more, and we hear as well as see it. A fresh gladness springs up. The instruments soon inspired, and all is mirth and jollity. How spirit-stirring to mark the effect now produced on those twelve hundred arms, legs, heads, and voices,—all roused into the most amusing state of grotesque activity!

From close observation, it is evident that the familiar airs and well-known strains, as they fall upon the ear, awaken in the minds of these poor creatures thoughts of happier days, when scenes like the present were little dreamt of.

But *so*, the Chromatropé is in full play, with its millions of artificial fireworks, exhibiting an endless variety of changes, forms, and colours. To suppress the laughter, cheers, and shouts of the spectators, might be attempted; but succeed it could not. All are in irrepressible ecstasies, and in the best of humour to make acquaintance with the next part of the performances, viz. the distribution of the twelfth-cakes. Previous to this, the room (hitherto darkened) undergoes a magical change. The Chinese lanterns with which the hall is beautifully decorated are quickly illuminated.

Lamps, too, out of number, pour out a flood of light. Harlequin's wand has been at work. We have an entirely new scene, and new effects,—a *tableau vivant* at once novel and picturesque.

The twelfth cakes are but three in number; but they are of a "sensible" size. The centre one (some six feet in diameter) weighs *only* 3 cwt.; the other two average 1½ cwt. each! All were made and baked in the establishment, and were (of their kind) pictures of beauty, being very prettily as well as profusely decorated.

It was better than any play to view the upraised arm of the operator, when wielding the glittering blade that sliced away at those monster cakes. Nor was it a matter for less merriment while remarking how mysteriously and quickly the slices disappeared when cut. It was, with many of the silly old ladies, "cut—and come again."

But quick there! Clear away the benches! The time has come for the Ball. Dancing, waltzing, polking, pirouetting, flirting, &c. are now the order of the night. Oh, to look at those delighted performers in this little drama of life! Some evidently fancy themselves kings, queens, princesses, shepherds, and shepherdesses; others are harlequins, columbines, and coryphæos. Away they fly! The hall resounds with sounds of joy and harmony. I was highly amused with some of the "ladies' head-dresses." How purely original and grotesque! It must have occupied hours of time, and weeks of ingenuity, to invent and complete *such* a toilet!

Among the assembled visitors—several hundreds—it gave me unfeigned pleasure to observe a goodly number of the gentle sex, who took great interest in the evening's amusements, sympathising freely with the inmates in their harmless amusements. It is woman's mission to be kind and gentle. She is an "angel of mercy," where her heart is enlisted.—But the scene has closed. The railway-whistle summons me home.

How much sorrow, mused I, whilst flying before the wind, exists in this world of ours, that might (with only a slight effort) be alleviated, if not altogether removed!

What a lesson, both as to the past (to be shunned), and the future (to be realised), is presented to us by Colney Hatch! We here view the irresistible power of kindness. This is the magician who has changed, as by a move of his arm, the old into the new lunatic asylum,—given a fitting home to the saddest of the sad, and who thinks it no trouble or condescension to amuse these poor creatures by such festivals as we have described. Who, after this, shall deny that little kindnesses *do* produce great results; and that many a passing cloud of darkness may be fringed with gold and lined with silver?

WILLIAM KIDD.

AN AQUARIAN IN TROUBLE.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I saw the aquarium first at the Regent's Park Gardens, then in a shop-window in the City Road, and then—every where. It is just the thing to arrest a wandering eye, and it arrested mine; and I at once determined to be the happy possessor of a tank. Alas, I knew not the penalties attendant on this worship of Neptune.

First of all, I bought a sixteen-inch bell-glass, fitted it with mud and rock-work, and stocked it with an abundance of British fishes. A slight frost came, and one morning, only a fortnight after my commencement, I was petrified at beholding the wreck of my toy; it was fractured into a dozen pieces, eight or nine gallons of water and a few quarts of fluid mud had saturated and spoilt the carpet, and all my pretty fishes were sprinkled about like dead sprats on the pavement at Billingsgate. I cooked two fine dace for breakfast, and gave the rest to the cat. Vile sacrifice!

Well, I began again, and avoided rock-work, thinking the weight too much for a *blown vessel*. I made a mud bottom as before, fixed my *Vallisneria* into it, and about half-a-dozen other weeds, and then completed the stock with roach,

bleak, minnows, dace, chub, carp,—altogether thirty very fine fishes. In a week my fishes began to die, and I at once changed the water; still no better; every morning I found one or two silver-bellied pets "floating on their watery bier." Then the snails ate up my *Vallisneria*; the sides of the vessel got coated with filthy green scum; and as to the slopping of the room in frequent changing of the water, I dare not even reflect upon it for a moment without a shrug of horror. Chapped hands, broken jugs and pitchers, spoilt carpet, frightful waste of time, and the result—dead fishes, shabby plants, opaque glass, the bottom black and fetid, and the whole thing a bore.

Now what shall I do?—sing the vessel to old Harry, and bid adieu to the noble sport of aquatics, or *try again*? There must be some grand secret, known to the few adepts in these matters, also how are the tanks managed that are every where exhibited?

J. PAUL, Chertsey.

["Try again!" Decidedly; and when you do try, proceed as follows: Empty out the vessel, and clean the sides with fine sand, so as to remove the green growth from it. In laying down the bottom, use *pebbles only*, and of these not more than two inches. Take some tufts of *Anacharis* and *Starwort*, and tie a pebble to each tuft by means of a strip of bass, and pitch them in; add a few heads of *Water-Soldier*, and any other common weed you can get. Be content with a dozen fishes, and those mostly small. Use spring-water, and not a particle of sand or mould; and lastly, do not change the water at all; and you will be as much or more pleased than if you had never known a failure. Feed twice a week with small red worms, or minced beef or mutton.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]

GARDEN NOVELTIES.

OBLONG-LEAVED ST. JOHN'S WORT.

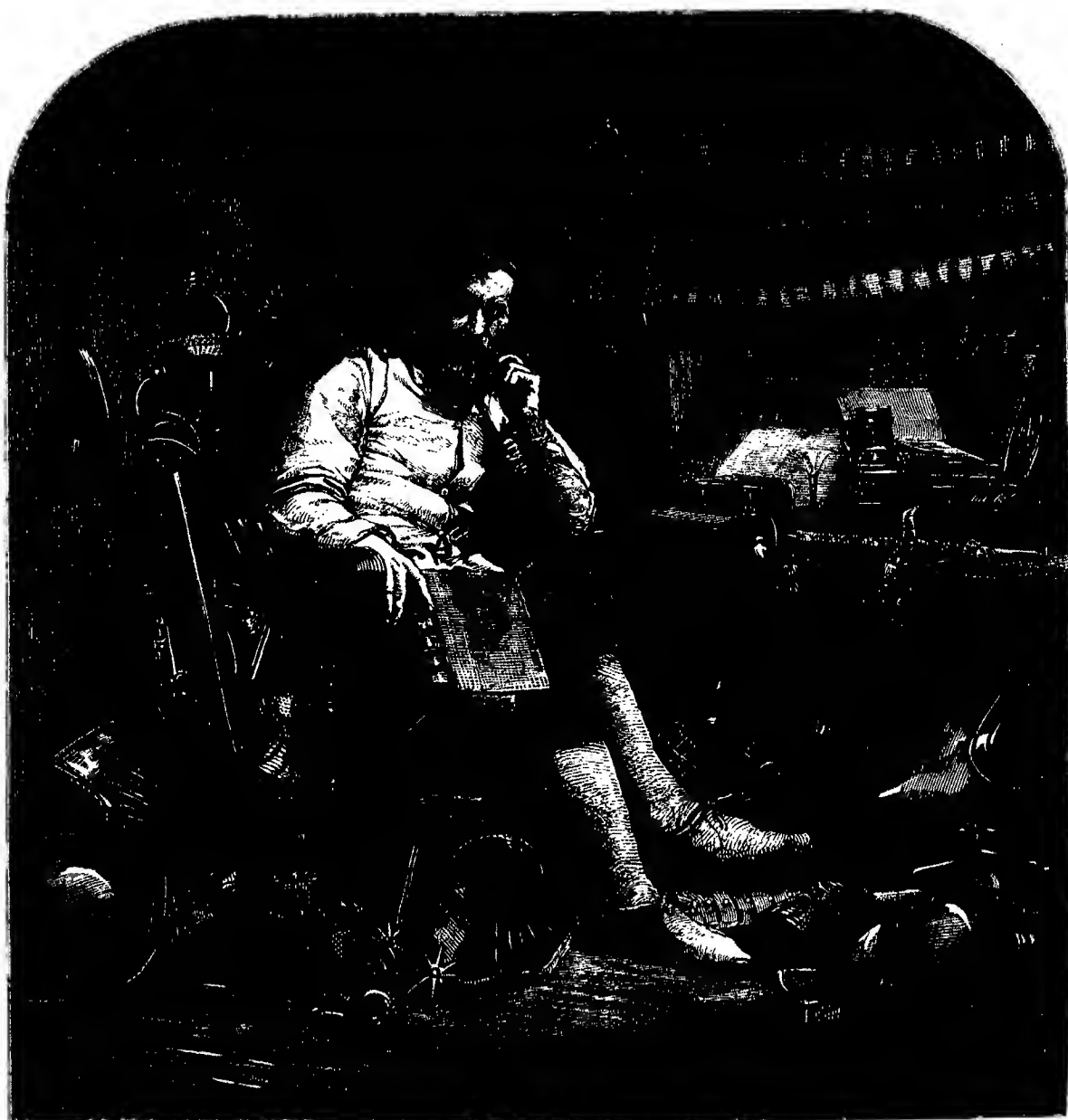


THIS is a new and beautiful example of the Hypericum tribe, of which we have a notable representative in our English Flora

—the common St. John's Wort. It was sent to Messrs. Veitch, of the Chelsea and Exeter Nurseries, by their indefatigable collector, Mr. Lobb. Its botanical name is *Hypericum oblongifolium*; it is evergreen, and forms a handsome garden or shrubby plant; it flowers freely, the blooms being large and of a splendid yellow. It is quite hardy, as might have been expected, from its having been found on the Himalayas, as high up as 12,000 feet. It is a native of Northern India, Nepal, and the Himalayas; and on its native mountain-slopes presents many a gladdening picture of floral beauty and luxurious shrubby growth to the eye of the explorer.

Those who are now busy in completing their plantations of shrubs will do well to include this *Hypericum* in their list of new and pretty things. Sir W. Hooker says, "It will soon find its way into every garden and every shrubbery."

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



HENRY LINTON.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE PRICE.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE PRICE.

THE worthy, old, great-hearted Don Quixote sits before us hero absorbed in thought. What far-off unearthly land lies in his imagination? Has he settled the respective merits of Palmerin of England and Amadis de Gaul; or is it merely some Lindamira whose distresses he is, in fancy, alleviating? The position of Sancho's island perhaps has to be decided upon; but, whatever it may be, we can rest sure that this Lord of the Land of Dreams is thinking how to benefit some other than himself; for, although men have made his name a synonym for folly, yet his heart was higher than that of any of the knights whom he sought to emulate.

Of the merits of the picture as a work of art, we can only say, that any observer will see at once what is the subject, so admirably suggestive is the figure; and that the pieces of armour and furniture about have been rendered with a careful affection which does Mr. Lake Price the highest honour.

A VANISHED APPARITION.

THAT this world is not a palace, but a caravanserai, is a truth we all admit in theory. It ordinarily takes its place, as an article in our creed, exactly like other matters-of-course. We entertain it with a sincerer faith after wandering through the streets of Rome or the environs of Naples, and still more while descending to the lava-vaults of Herculaneum, or while gazing at Pompeii unearthed in its burial-place. But to feel it deeply, we must witness some Mirza-like vision; must behold the torrent of human life rush across a magic mirror, act out its drama, and disappear, leaving a blank and an empty frame; or, as in Mirza's trance of second-sight, concluding in a drop-scene of verdant pastures, and sheep and cattle grazing tranquilly.

"Talk about apparitions!" exclaims Herr Teufelsdröckh. "It is *we* who are the apparitions. We make our appearance on earth, we know not whence; we flit to and fro, haunting certain spots for a given time, and then, at cock-crow, at our summons from a higher Power, we vanish."

I write thus because a phantom-scene of apparitions in the flesh has lately swept before me. The theatre of the vision has been beheld, first, still and empty; then busy, noisy, and crowded; and now, has sunk into stillness again, that is, into the quiet of nature and the repose of the elements, who, after all, are the only earthly agents who never tire, and are never still.

Within sight of the English coast there is a line of cliffs and a range of sandhills, to one of whose nooks I once retired, in search of health for others and rest for myself. We found both in a grassy solitude, where the sound of the waves lulled us to sleep at night, and the lowing of the cattle was our *réveil* in the morning. We left it with the feeling of returning to the world as if out of the depths of the wilderness.

But an evil spirit of the north practised enchantments and incantations, and there arose against him a host of better spirits, whom his black art was powerless to lay. I returned to look again at our calm retreat, and lo! the air was filled with martial music; active sprites were hurrying to and fro, not disorderly, but in well-marshalled phalanx; the green hill, whereon mushrooms used to grow, was covered with white tents that quivered in the morning breeze; camp-fires blazed and smoked on the slopes where the kine used to search for the sweetest grass: the apparition of an army had arisen from the earth.

One morning I looked off from my hermitage to watch the movements of the merry elves,—and they were gone. The turf was simply marked with fairy rings and squares, and silence reigned on the deserted knoll. Had the evil

spirit worked a counter-spell? Perhaps so. The elf-doctors declared the presence of some baneful influence of a secret nature, which they could not counteract; so "Presto!" was the word. "Quick, pass, strike your tents, goblins all!"

But no triumph was this for the snow-girt magician. The antagonist whom he thought he had hewn in pieces instantly became multiplied into four complete and perfect individualities. The divided portions marvellously closed their wounds and recruited their missing members. Four threatening camps instead of one arose, not built of fragile canvas, but erected of solid materials contributed by the woods, the fields, and the bowels of the earth itself. These four phantasmagoric camps, although their camera-lucida image was spread over a long strip of territory which coats the sea-shore, were, in point of fact, still in union. Their life might literally be said to hang on one enchanted thread; for they were traversed by a single-wired electric telegraph,—a monochord musical instrument which sighed out its single note as the breeze passed by it, instead of sending forth an Æolian harmony, after the fashion of its brethren, who are rich in a multitudinous provision of strings.

The gnomes, when summoned, fulfilled their work. In each camp some eleven hundred and fifty huts, or *barraques*,—resembling savage cabins or Indian wigwags, but comprising stables for their phantom-horses, and requisite outbuildings,—started from the ground like an exhalation. Elves, called *sapeurs du génie*, toiled ceaselessly, inspired by the friendship of the great Britannia. They were the mighty genii who fetched wood from the same forest (gifted by the guardian-angel of France with eternal vigorous reproduction) whence other genii, their predecessors, had slaved at the same task in bitter hostility to Albion. For—mark the variable aspect of all terrestrial apparitions—a grand imperial spectre had haunted this very spot in years gone by. A fragment of rock around which he used to hover is still traditionally called the "Pierre Napoléon." His hour has long since struck; and another imperial form has arisen, whose sincerity to Albion has nobly stood the test. When Britannia raised her arms to struggle with the evil spirit, she felt them grasped by the friendly hand of a Gallic fellow-warrior.

Busily, busily worked the gnomes. The soil of the fairy-haunt is light; and, before their appearance there, was covered with short turf, heath, and furze. Countless mole-hills tripped you up, if you went out to ramble on moonlight nights. But Robin Goodfellow's spade and pickaxe soon smoothed all asperities, filled up all hollows, paved and levelled roads. To show the spirit in which these friendly bogies toiled, on the first completion of the shadowy town fanciful names were given to the streets—such as Victoria Street, Napoleon Street, Albert Street; and on one extreme northern corner, Road to Russia! But, as the icy enchanter refused to yield, and grave earnest resistance to his spells became needful to success, those laughing labels were displaced for more practical guides to topography,—for ciphers relating to brigades and regiments, for hieroglyphics denoting secret words of power.

And thus solid-looking artillery-waggons were incessantly employed to fetch poles, small trees, straw-thatch, and other necessities for completing the huts. The passage of the apparitions to and fro was without intermission. Almost every morning one or two battalions came, who proceeded to the spot they were temporarily to occupy under canvas. As soon as each detachment of soldier-apparitions became a little settled, they gave their aid to the *sapeurs genii*. Some played the part of woodcutters, others of carpenters; some were architects, some were labourers, some prepared the clay to plaster the walls, while some made ready the straw to cover the roof. These soldier-workmen, toiling at their tasks, were constantly industrious, intelligent, and gay. With them, often and often, change of work stood in stead of diversion. They left off hat-building at intervals, to take their turn at rifle-practice, drill, muster-roll, or provision-

fetching; and returned to modest architectural attempts when those duties were over, with no other complaint than a joko or a song. The principal foreign aid they called in was the help of the native thatcher; otherwise, these winter dwellings were completely the work of the apparitions' own hands, as if they were trying to learn the readiest way of making a temporary shelter, and of availing themselves of whatever appliances they might find within reach,—supposing that a time of material need could possibly arrive to such ethereal beings.

The little *barraques* of the officer-clves often offered encouraging and instructive examples to men of the art of making the best of a bad bargain, both in their interior and their exterior. A little paint or varnish, a few yards of paper-hangings, a bit or two of stained glass, or a bucketful of plaster, were made to work wonders in the way of decoration. A knife, a trowel, or a brush, under the guidance of elfin taste, converted deformities into ornaments. Here and there miniature gardens appeared, with tables, sofas, or arm-chairs, built of green living turf, such as fairies delight in; flowering-plants in vases lent their aid; obelisks and statuary, in chalk or plaster, helped to give a magic finish; and the very ground was paved with pebbles or shells, disposed in patterns, representing spread-eagles, crosses of honour, combined or separate initials of the imperial form and his consort, cannons, ciphers, fortifications, any thing, in short, which could recall a past glory of the goblin race, or incite their successors to future conquest. About the centre of the shadowy brigade stood the general's hut, with greater architectural pretensions than the rest, but still on a modest and tiny scale, as becomes an apparition's dwelling, even when of highest rank.

Neither were the means of amusement, refreshment, nor even of devotion, neglected. At a hundred mètres distance in front of each camp, close to the sea, a rustic open chapel was erected, where high mass was said every Sabbath morning, weather permitting. As with other fairy assemblies, unpropitious skies, with moon and planets of malignant aspect, sometimes forsook the meeting; but on a fine autumnal day, when the oblique rays of morning tinged every object with silver, it was a gorgeous spectacle to behold nine or ten thousand glittering apparitions congregated in their peculiar worship, with the dazzling sunshine falling full upon the unscreened altar; while the vocal and instrumental parts of the service were admirably executed by the ghostly band.

The whole of this grand spectral picture reposed upon the deep-blue background of the distant sea. Cafés, too, started up as if by magic, rivalling each other in the attraction of their names. The "*Estaminet de Bomarsund*," "*Au salut des Braves*," the "*Café de l'Amitié*," the "*Café de Franco et d'Angleterre*," the "*Estaminet de Silistrie*," and a crowd of others, tried hard which should decoy the densest throng within the fascinating circuit of their theatrically-decorated walls.

It was policy, good sense, and real kindness, on the part of the master-spirits to encourage all these appendages to their encampment. The great point, with apparitions as with men, is to keep them employed and amused; otherwise they become home-sick, discontented, and despondent; they ponder too much on their ephemeral existence here, longing to burst the spell that binds them, and to wander to other earthly haunts; in short, losing their *morale*, as French arch-apparitions express it. Blue-devils, as well as their great leader Satan himself, are sure to find some mischief still for idle hands to do. Therefore the imperial form, with his habitual foresight, organised theatrical performances, at regular intervals, out of his own private store of treasure; providing also warming-places and assembly-rooms for the gnomes to meet in and indulge their predilection for shelter and fire. In fine, the rule was strictly acted on, that a good soldier-apparition is worth a little care. Indeed, had such not been the case, the military ardour of the conscript goblins would have rapidly cooled, or might have taken some

very inconvenient direction, changing friendly spirits into malevolent demons.

Amongst the fixed scenery belonging to this moving ghostly panorama, my hermitage remained standing, certainly, where it did, and so did most of the other houses; but strange intruders forced themselves into our company whom we little expected to see amongst us a twelvemonth ago. Thus, there started up an *estaminet* and a bakery on a bit of land that used to look like a fragment of the desert, and which let for I don't know how many hundred francs a-year. In our garden,—which might represent a rather sterile oasis, but which produced excellent potatoes and kidney-beans nevertheless,—there dropped from the skies an *entrepôt* of wines and *caux-de-vie*, of fine and half-fine liqueurs,—absinthe, kirsch, vermouth, cognac, and gin, sirups of orgeat and gooseberries,—besides something that looked like Seltzer-water externally, but internally more nearly resembling Scheidam. Then, on a bit of coast-guard's garden that skirts the little river's edge, there sprouted up a *Café de la Rotonde*, like a great misshapen puff-ball, or even more analogous to the enlarged pumpkin which served as Cinderella's state-carriage, because its existence was as glittering and as transitory. Herein you might witness,—supposing the apparitions allowed you to join their festivals,—a well-acted *vandeville*; might listen to a real *rigolo* comic song, and eat pork-chops and fried potatoes, washing them down with a bowl of blazing punch. But its flash of glory went out like an exploded meteor. It took root, burst into full bloom, and was pulled up and down again, all in no time. The gratuitous theatres extinguished it. It departed to the limbo of some unknown suburb of some outlandish provincial town, or started possibly for an Algerian exile. There was a little bridge, just wide enough to let a donkey or a wheelbarrow pass, over which the imperial form and his brilliant suite were obliged at first to follow each other in Indian file, with the nose of one elarger reposing on the tail of the next preceding. But, by pulling up the piles of the port, originally constructed to receive flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of England, a bridge with double footpath and central carriage-way was constructed. Good apparitions! English and French passengers trotted amicably backwards and forwards thereon; and I could arrive comfortably at my hermitage-observatory in a one-horse *cariole* with all my luggage, yea, even in a two-horse fly, without being stopped by the rivulet of the Wincreux. Progress and improvement made astounding strides, urged on night and day by the phantom-troops.

Of course slight changes took place among the natives, and village-gossip had news to tell. Our fat Tom-cat, Minet, disappeared; shadowy soldiers are fond of rabbit-eivet and its substitutes. Julie's (the waiting-maid's) lofty perpendicular Adonis deserted her for the present, having found better work to do elsewhere. Would he return to his old love as soon as he had furnished his pocket with five-franc pieces? It seemed all one to her, the she-stoic! Her beloved object once out of sight, she was as good-natured, slatternly, and forgetful as ever. She brought me a bottle of Bordeaux wine, uncorked it, and left me to empty it without the aid of a glass. She gave me soap and a towel to wash with, but troated the water as a superfluous element. She placed a tureen full of soup on the table, supposing that I could eat it with the assistance of a fork.

Yes, New Year's Day and winter came; summer joys had fled. I thanked heaven that we—the apparitions and myself—were at that moment in Franco, and not in the Crimea.

And how do you manage to get through a winter's day in camp, supposing you are one of the spritely army? Drum and trumpet practice at early morn is now impossible; military music oven, out of doors, is not easy of execution in a temperature which freezes the pistons fast in the corners. All that can be done is, to blow a tune into them (as did Baron Munchausen's celebrated horn-player) which shall escape slowly in sweetest tones when the instrument is hung up in the chimney-corner. Active exercise is the order

of the day. Standing still is the hardest work that one can have to do.

Therefore you are not required to keep guard and strut as sentinel for a longer time at once than a single hour. You most unwillingly take your turn to be planted by the edge of a frozen pool, to prevent frolicsome apparitions from sliding thereon and falling in, and also from using up their shoes too fast. You would much rather have had the task of oversawing the notorious children who slid upon the ice "all on a summer's day; when the ice it broke, they all fell in, the rest they ran away." Perhaps, by way of warning your blood, you trot at gymnastic step with a troop of other spirits shod with sabots,—making the earth shake as if a herd of wild horses were rushing by,—to fetch the wood to cook your soup. I may here observe, as a note on the word "sabat," that one important consequence of the Anglo-Gallic alliance, and of the spiritual intercourse between the respective legions, will be the introduction of wooden shoes, if not into fashionable circles, at least into all sensible families at home. The wooden shoes of Franco have rendered as much good service in preserving the national health, as the wooden walls of England have in maintaining the state invulnerable.

Perhaps you run up and down stairs, not in my lady's chamber, but in a path cut in the face of the cliff, carrying stones on your head, on your shoulders, or in your arms, to help to pave the streets of your camp; or, instead of running up and down, you form one of a living ladder, up which the said stones are mounted by the catch-ball method; or you help to raise a bank of earth along the edge of the dangerous precipice;—for, the other night, a comrade apparition, walking outside the camp in the dark, and proceeding in the direction of the sea, advanced exactly one step too far, set his foot upon nothing, and vanished before his time;—or you bear your part in a *corvée* of snow-cleaning, to avoid slush and wet when the great thaw sets in. You carry the white-fated intruder out of the camp on biers, in wheelbarrows, in baskets, or in palanquins, mounting Jack Frost high on your shoulders, as though you were chairing an English member of parliament. The work proceeding but slowly thus, you seize sundry carts and waggons belonging to the military equipage, and convert yourselves cheerfully into beasts of draught. "Ugh! Parosseux!" or, "Come up, Neddy!" says a French civilian as he passes by. You take the joke kindly, without offence at the comparison implied, and mimic the actions of a frolicsome horse.

Variety is ever-charming; so says the copy. Consequently you may be sent on a distant errand, if only for the purpose of buying mousetraps. Mice, rats, and cocks and hens follow the apparition of man wherever he goes. You well know that though sentinels pass the night in the bread-rooms of the *Manutention*, purposely to prevent depredation, the greatest depredators are the rats, who burrow into the inside of a loaf, and eat out all the crumb, leaving the crust entire; so that if the loaf, thus filled with rats, could be suddenly replaced in the heated oven, there would be a complete rat-pie, or murine *vol-au-vent*, at once, without further preparation. And as to fowls, I have seen a little cockorel, spared from slaughter, go to roost in a tent on the footrail of an apparition-officer's iron bedstead; and another apparition, who served in Africa, had a hen that rode behind him on horseback throughout the whole campaign, and every morning laid him an egg.

Then, busy elves, you have to go to the slaughter-house, to fetch your own and your comrades' beef, and to the *paneterie*, or bread-store, for your loaves to eat. An idle hour may be occupied in searching amongst the rocks for flattened bullets, after a day or two's sharp rifle-practice; they will sell for old lead, and so purchase strong drink or tobacco. Sometimes a shipwreck rivets your gaze;—your whole army of thirty thousand genii cannot rescue a single drowning man who sinks into the waves before your eyes;—teaching you that there are more awful forms of exorcising apparitions even than that from the cannon's mouth. Or you watch, almost with equal interest, the flittings to and fro,

the boundings over the waves, and the exits and the entrances, of adventurous fishing-boats. Or you amuse yourself with catching larks, by means of a long line of horse-hair with living decoy-birds attached to it,—a tempting sport, when the ground is covered with snow.

But the shades of evening draw on apace. What can you do, in the thickening gloom, to while the dreary hours away? The ball-season is completely over,—though La Danse is never quite dead in Franco. In summer, the open-air balls were charming; apparitions of ladies, officers, grisettes, and common soldiers, had quadrilling and waltzing to their hearts' content. In autumn, they gradually waned away; no sylphs or nymphs would travel so far from their grottoes and bowers on the understanding that, after capering for two or three hours, they would have to flit back again through the chilly air. The male apparitions got tired of dancing with one another in the absence of sylphs, though it certainly was very good fun at first; and now, my poor deserted phantoms, your brilliant balls have dwindled down to a few snug little "assaults of dance," or competitions of the best dancers of the regiments, performing before an admiring knot in a warm estaminot—saving the draughts—to the sound of a single violin. If you have fairy-coined sous in your pocket, you can enjoy those Terpsichorean pitched battles, in which warriors contend with logs instead of arms; you can go and play a round game at cards, using haricot beans instead of ivory-counters; or you can even enjoy a snug little supper in the company of your bosom-friend. But no money, no public-house pleasures for you. All you can do is, to retire to bed in your hut at seven o'clock, and amuse your fellow-apparitions by story-telling. A military promenade, or a long walk in marching order, over the hills and through the town, with the band playing and the banners streaming, is an excellent day's diversion now and then; for it helps you to go to sleep, especially if, as soon as you reach home, you have to make one of a *corvée* of wood, and have to fetch your dinner before you eat it.

Such, O fleeting elves, were your transitory delights; not but what grumblers, too, were found on your ghostly roll-call. A few lazy wandering hobgoblins, who strolled through the neighbouring villages, and sometimes proved to be deserters, or worse, tried to excite the pity of the simple peasants by complaining that they had not enough to eat and drink. The truth was, that such apostate spirits sold their bread to buy brandy with. What would they have said if they had had a week's taste of what other apparitions suffered in the Crimea? But their grumbling is over, as are their ephemeral joys. A talismanic syllable—PEACE—has caused encampments and apparitions to vanish utterly. Native weeds sprout up where the tiny gardens bloomed; the huts are demolished; the hills are putting on their old garment of verdant turf; the sheep are calculating the day when they shall browse there with a good bite of grass; and mushrooms again spring where apparitions circled in the dance. My warlike vision has ended, like Mirza's, with a calm picture of rural seclusion. The streamlet runs on, the cattle march slowly to and fro, the shepherd signals and whistles his dog, and wild flowers begin to grow where they grew before. But still there are symptoms that the apparitions are only laid, should a master-magician need to call them again. The road remains, the broad bridge still spans the brook; the forest has wood, the earth clay, and the fields thatch, at the service of the gnomes. And if—But I had rather not suppose the possibility of any "if"; and will bound my powers of second-sight on these charmed hills to the splendid crops of grass and corn which I behold waving in the summer breeze.

Some few persons have made their fortunes by picking up the treasure which the apparitions scattered about during their fleeting visit; but very many more have ruined themselves by reckoning on the stability of the weird edifices which met their view, and believing that the shower of fairy-gold would fall for ever continuously.

E. S. DIXON.

THE DEAF AND DUMB COURTSHIP OF HARRY MARTINSON.

BY HOLME LEE.

MR. HARRY MARTINSON, the high-art painter, was a son of old Betty Martinson, at the toll-gate on the north road, about a mile and a half from Milverston. He was a school-fellow and bosom-friend of my cousin Davie; they sympathised with each other profoundly, for both were *geniuses* in their way, both were misunderstood individuals, and both lacked encouragement in their vocations. Harry Martinson interested some benevolent character by the early exhibition of artistic taste in defacing his mother's tables and whitewashed walls with sketches, and was provided with a small allowance to enable him to pursue his studies under a painter in London. We heard great reports of his wonderful genius, and such prophecies of future success, that Milverston began to think that it had produced a second Michael Angelo. Miss Fernley, Mr. Riversdale, and Sir Bertram Sinclair, each gave him a commission for a picture; and the three, when completed, were exhibited in the town-hall. We all flocked to see them. I proceed to a description.

The first, intended to be presented as an altar-piece to the new church by Miss Fernley, represented a great council held by King Ahasuerus and his nobles to advise upon the means of counteracting the evil example of conjugal disobedience set by Queen Vashti. Much care had been bestowed on the composition of this piece,—the subject had never been treated before; but the results were more ludicrous than grand. The second work, destined for the hall of Riversdale Manor, was a still more extraordinary production. It represented the Judgment of Solomon, and the brilliance of the flesh tints was marvellous. This was not, perhaps, unnatural in the disputed baby, which was being held up by one foot, and violently objecting to such treatment; but why should the king, the courtiers, and the witnesses, all look flushed, as if in a high state of vinous excitement? Why should so many of the figures be deformed or foreshortened into impossible attitudes? Why, finally, should the king have a painful obliquity of vision, and every body such a paucity of clothing? The third perpetration was a martyrdom. In the centre it exhibited a hideous old man chained to a post; a horrible wretch in the foreground was dragging forward a purple and reluctant damsel, into whose hand he had thrust a torch for the purpose, apparently, of making her set fire to the pile. I had the nightmare after seeing that picture. Sir Bertram presented it to the Mechanics' Institute, where it now hangs, covering half one side of the lecture-room. There is talk of having a green curtain before it. We tried to say the artist was young, and would improve; but we saw no evidence of a Milverston Buonarroti in his present efforts. Perhaps what now aggravated those interested in him was, that he should persist in daubing atrocities over acres of canvas, when he could really paint delicious little pictures of a less ambitious order. I have seen exquisite bits of his outdoor scenery: his brooks seem to flow, his shadows of trees to waver in the air-currents; woody nooks, where you might almost fancy you feel the summer sultry heat, have come from his easel; quaint village churches and old halls, mossed and gray with antiquity, are the fruits of his saner hours. Children in hobnailed shoes, rustic women, and picturesque street-figures, he can render to the life; but when his inspirations run mad, he paints high-art subjects, such as I have described, for *fame*; it is by the others, and by portraits, that he lives, and supports his poor paralysed mother. He is a most excellent son. But this is not telling about his courtship.

Harry was perpetually falling in love; he was out of one passion and into another as quickly as some luckless mortals who appear to extricate themselves from one bad dilemma for the sole purpose of being free to fall into a worse.

Good resolutions were of no avail; Harry *could not* resist the temptation of a bright eye or a neat foot. Then he made confidants of all his acquaintance, who occasionally supplanted him: but losing a flame now and then was of less consequence, for he could always supply her place in a day or two; there surely never was a man before or since who met with so many goddesses in omnibuses, divinities in steamboats, or lovely maidens in his suburban walks, as did the susceptible Harry. At one season, however, it happened that for a whole fortnight he had no fair damsel to dream or rave about; he had undergone a severe disappointment, and his disconsolate state was deplorable. He spent half his days in fidgeting about from place to place in search of adventures. Davie, missing him for eight-and-forty consecutive hours, and feeling alarmed, went to look after him. He found him singing and working away at a great picture of Herodias's Daughter with the Charger, in a gleeful frame of mind. A lady-love had been found, and one, too, the pursuit of whom promised to be envired with more difficulty and romance than had ever before attended an affair of the kind. Harry described her as possessing every personal grace, but unhappily he did not yet know her name, and had not been able to speak to her; he was, however, devotedly attached.

"And where does she live?" asked Davie, constrained through ignorance to represent the new divinity by a personal pronoun.

"In the opposite house; but she only lodges there, I fancy, with her mother and sisters; they arrived yesterday morning. I wish she would come to the window, and then you would see her. She's a beautiful girl, Cleverboots; and I'll tell you how it happened. I have seen her for a week past in the street. I followed her once, and admired her walk,—she is a Juno for height,—then I caught a glimpse of a pair of flashing black eyes and some long ringlets: you know my taste—large Roman-looking women?"

"Yes; go on, what next?"

"Well, yesterday morning an omnibus drove up to the house across the way, and deposited a cargo of luggage, my inamorata, and three other ladies. I watched the windows all day, and saw them moving about in the drawing-room. Once *she* came forward to pull down the blind, but when she saw me she bashfully retired; I could have sworn I saw her blush."

"And is that all?"

"No; listen. This morning I was at my post of observation, when she came to look out into the street: our eyes met; she smiled. O, Cleverboots, her face looked radiant as the east when the sun is rising! I ventured to bow, and she returned it,—such frankness, such courtesy!"

"Remarkably quick work. Is there any more?"

"You are so impatient, Cleverboots. Can't you let a man tell his tale in his own way?"

"O, certainly; there is no hurry. Get on, Harry."

"At noon she brought her easel to the window for more light, and I could distinguish flowers that she was painting—a fellow-feeling for art, you see; and I very cautiously ventured on a sentence in the dumb alphabet. She responded gracefully; indeed, she seems as much an adept in it as myself. We held a conversation for a few minutes, and I asked permission to call upon her."

"And was it granted?"

"Yes; and for this very evening at eight o'clock. There's encouragement, Cleverboots!"

"You are to be envied, Harry. She is not uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"No, that's the cream of it. There is far more satisfaction in a woman of beauty and experience than in a little missish thing just released from back-boards and bread-and-butter."

While Davie was with his friend, the lady in the opposite house came to the window, hung up a birdcage, and arranged some flowers in a basket. Harry commended her elegant and feminine tastes, while Davie scrutinised her

claims to beauty with the eye of a poet. He saw a tall amply-developed woman in chintz *barège*, whose full rosy face had the charms of maturity,—say seven-and-thirty,—rather than the modest bloom of maidenhood and youth. He was not rapturous in his praises, and Harry seemed rather huffed. He was twenty-two, and very fiery in temper; but Davie could trust him; for, if susceptible, Harry was fickle also.

Still the affair waxed serious. In a few days Davie learnt from his friend that he paid daily visits to the lady of his affections, and that he had been introduced to her mother and sisters—all charming women. The lady's name was Hannah; she played and sang, and her domestic virtues surpassed her personal fascinations.

The next news was, that she was not a portionless damsel, and that Harry had proposed and been accepted. Hannah's family did not approve of long engagements, and the marriage was to take place within a fortnight.

Harry had no relatives to interfere, and the important day approached. Davie fancied that the happy man's elation diminished as his brief bachelorhood drew to a close; and that, if a way had offered, he would have been glad to elude the bonds preparing for him. At last, unable to restrain his pent feelings in his bosom, Harry confessed his fears.

"I am going to marry four women instead of one, *Cleverboots*!" he began, with a lamentable effort at being jocular. "The mother and sisters are to live with us. I cannot endure a mother-in-law. And—and, Davie, yesterday I saw a suspicious little boy about ten years old: I could be certain I heard him call Hannah 'ma' as I went in; but she laughed it off. I cannot find out either where her money is lodged. Altogether I don't like the look of things. That boy is as like Hannah as one pin is like another. What shall I do?"

This was a delicate case to advise on, and Davie was mute.

"I'll catch the influenza, and go to bed, and stay there till the boy is accounted for. The day must be put off; manage it for a poor fellow, *Cleverboots*."

Davie did not relish his office, but he undertook to break the ice; and Harry kept his bed ten days, his friends relieving guard over him, lest any of the family from over-the-way should come in. During the interval the school-holidays began, and more suspicious little boys came to light—five in all. Hannah, the blithe and buxom, was an Irish widow, and these were her promising offspring. One of them, stimulated by alecompanie, pointed out his mother to Davie, who instantly went and harrowed up the feelings of his imprisoned friend by a relation of the facts the boy had told. Harry groaned; so extensive a family was an undertaking even his love for the mother could not cover. He furnished Davie with powers to the extent of a fifty-pound bank-note to negotiate a truce and a separation of interests. But Hannah wept, scolded, threatened; she had letters and verses sent her two or three times a-day by the recusant which would support her cause in any court of law in the kingdom, and he should learn that a weak unprotected woman was not to be trifled with and trodden upon with impunity. Davie brought all the battery of his eloquence to bear upon the family now collected in deadly array against him; but they had taken their stand on the law, and were not to be moved. He asked, would twenty pounds compromise the matter? The mother said no. Would twenty-five? Hannah grew less hysterical and listened. It was love, not money, she said, and gasped. David saw he had gained an advantage, and with a bold stroke of diplomacy, said that if twenty-five pounds would be acceptable, his friend would pay it; but that deception had been practised on his confiding and magnanimous heart, and to that a just law would look. The woman instantly closed with the bargain; and, in returning the balance to Harry, Davie told him he considered that he had got off remarkably cheap. The influenza was cured that very moment.

Harry Martinson lived a bachelor until forty-five, when

he married a pretty girl "just emancipated from back-boards and bread-and-butter," and he never showed better taste than in making that selection.

PASSION PAST.

BY ASHTON KER.

WERE I a boy, with a boy's heart-beat,
At glimpse of her, passing a-down the street,
Of a room where she had entered and gone,
Or a page her hand had written on,—
Would all be with me as it was before?
O no, never! no, no, never!
Never any more!

WERE I a man, with a man's pulse-throb,
Breath hard and fierce, kept down like a sob,
Dumb, yet hearing her lightest word;
Blind, save if only her garment stirred,—
Would I pour my life as wine on her floor?
Ah no, never! never, never,
Never any more!

Gray and withered, wrinkled and marred,
I have gone thro' the fire, and come out unscarred,
With the image of manhood on me yet,
No shame to remember, no wish to forget;
But could she rekindle the pangs I bore?
O no, never! Thank God, never—
Never any more!

Old and withered, wrinkled and gray;
And yet if her light steps passed this way,
I should see her face all faces among,—
"God love thee, lady, whom I loved long!
Thou hast lost the key of my heart's door;
Lost it ever and for ever,
Ay, for evermore!"

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

CONCERNING art at present, we are a nation of infidels; not of the dogmatic order, but of the order of King Peradventure, who neither affirmed any thing nor denied it, but only doubted. We have an inorganic belief in the existence of art, an automatic habit of praising it, a most superior notion of any body who gets a name by it; but as to faith, as to putting our trust in it, we are free from this national extravagance, and have perhaps a singular bad idea of what such an act of fidelity might be. This has not been so every where and always. There have been men, nay nations, who had as much faith in art as they had in any thing; who trusted it, in fact, implicitly, as a man trusts his friend.

We are not a faithless generation in all things. We can trust prodigiously hero and there:—in money, for instance; in station; in beef and fashion. Who hesitates about getting rich, if he can? Who stands on the social ladder and fears to put his foot on the next step higher? Who doubts in dinners or in dress, being English-born? No man can deny an Anglo-Saxon's power of trusting. At all events, and to the last extremity, he thoroughly trusts himself. This is a grand attribute. The power of holding fast to something, of sleeping soundly somewhere, is the very power that moves mountains and conquers worlds. We have got it in us. Let us see if we cannot make another good use of it.

Putting technicalities aside, art is the choice of what is grand or beautiful, because it is so; and faith in art is faith in the goodness of such a choice. As a nation, we have no

such faith at present. We don't accept the doctrine that grandeur and beauty have an inestimable value in themselves. We think they are pleasant, but not important; desirable, but not indispensable. To call a thing useful is perfect praise; to call it ornamental is partial disparagement. Yet there is no bold denial, no sturdy turning of our backs, when the claims of art are in question; for we are in the happy state of neither knowing our own mind, nor knowing that we do not know it.

Look at our literature. Its daily volumes fall like manna on the land, and are devoured as quickly. Of those, the great majority are works of imagination; their excellence, if they have any, is an artistic excellence. We read them by the ton, and cry over them by the hour. We can't resist them, and have no wish to try. Yet there is a sort of shame in it; and when a book is merely beautiful, it almost needs to be excused. We feel much more comfortable if there is a moral in it. It is not the moral that we read it for. By no means. But then we have faith in morals, though not in beauty, and can imagine that it might be.

Look at our houses. Two rational principles there are on which houses may be built. They are to give shelter, warmth, and privacy, and may be so designed as to serve these purposes simply and solely. They are also to be continually before our eyes, and may be made, therefore, to a certain extent objects of artistic excellence. But we build on neither of these principles. We are not content to have our houses simply servicable, and are not resolved to make them really beautiful. So, having made the walls and the windows, covered in the roof and spoilt the chimneys, we paint and carve and pilaster. We think of Switzerland, and widen our oaves; of Athens, and enrich our capitals; of Queen Elizabeth, and put Tudor flowers on our mouldings. On the whole we make a mess of it, and establish what may be called the Macaronic style in architecture, or Modern English befoiled.

Consider our costume. The human shape is not altogether disgusting, nor quite the very worst thing in the world to hang garments on. We are not, in fact, without a decided notion that dress is to be looked at. But see how we treat it. Look at this fair damsel with warm cheeks and golden hair. She is dressed in blue, and you see at once that it becomes her. As far as colour goes, she looks her best in it; will never look so well in any thing else. Now her dear heart's desire is to look her best continually; but try, if you dare, to get her into that robe of blue two evenings together. Marry her, for example. Use the thunders of a husband armed with the bolts of law to compass this dreadful end. You will succeed, of course. For once in your life the blue dress will flutter through two consecutive evenings. But would any woman with a tongue in her head be asked to do the same thing a second time? We should think not. The warm cheeks and golden curls have no faith even in their own beauty. They will be set by turns in yellow, pink, green, crimson, and amethyst; and then, indeed, but not sooner, you may look for them again in blue. The case of man masculine is of course a little different. His vast design in dressing himself at all is to make himself as ugly as he can. We don't want Apollos now-a-days. We have a demand for scarecrows; and as Englishmen answer very well in this respect, there is nothing to complain of. But though this demand does not extend to the other sex, there is an increasing prospect of a supply from that side also; the last fair feminine work of supererogation. In point of fact, our ladies have already ceased to wear their dresses because they are beautiful; they wear them because they are the fashion, and they are the fashion because they are new. Now as a string of sausages round the waist would be a novelty, and may be suggested any day by a milliner at her wits' end, there is no telling how soon these intestinal delicacies may be found among

of modern toilets. There have been objects in the shop-windows that look uncommonly like them, though they have not yet assumed the mottled flesh-colour of savoury meats; and when a goddess passes in a round cloud of immeasurable haberdashery, we suppose she must have got them underneath.

There are, meanwhile, reasons as serious as they are conclusive for believing that among our chief solicitudes the desire after beauty and grandeur deserves a higher place than we have granted to it. The Maker of earth and heaven can hardly be supposed to have laid much stress upon indifferent things; and yet if there is one thing in heaven or earth more evident than another, it is that they are inconceivably grand and indescribably beautiful. Why are the depths of space so dark and awful, the rolling worlds so countless in such a silent sky? Why are their common aspects so grand and calm, their exceptional ones so strange and thrilling? The white moon, when her hour is come, drops into a blood-red shadow; and in the sun's eclipse his light turns ghastly as the grave. Why are those bold black masses given to the thunder-clouds; this terrible voice to the thunder? There are many sounds in nature, and it might have uttered any one of them. It might have sighed, it might have laughed; but instead of that, it thunders. How comes it that the chasms of the hills are grim bare precipices, marked with the lines and shadows of sublimity? that torrents break in fury and roar in the hollow tones of anger? that there is a shriek in the wild midnight wind, and a rush on stormy seas, as if more even than the waves went by?

And beneath the heavens, below the rocks, by placid waters, in sunshine and balmy air,—who has counted the world's wealth of beauty?

Behold the fair earth waking out of sleep. Her days are years; winter has gone past; her night is over; she rises with the spring morning, and dresses for another day. Her robe is green; it suits her, and she will have no other, though a hundred thousand worlds are looking on. Only in her ornaments she makes some change to suit the changing of the hours. See how beautiful they are! Fresh flowers for the morning, floating mists, young leaves, and rainbows. A richer toilet for the midsummer noon,—red roses and darker leaves, bright feathers, the wings of butterflies, and all about her the fragrance of the hay. Last, her evening triumph,—the pale and the ruddy gold, purple fruits, bright berries, and ears of corn. An Indian splendour, worn till, her day being over, nature, with a mother's hand, unclasps the jewels and takes her child to bed.

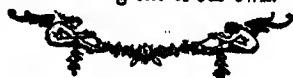
If grandeur so pierces the heavens and overhangs the world, can we think it matters little whether any thing is grand? If God so clothes the fields with beauty, are we to look at beauty with indifferent eyes, and ask what is the use of it? Yet if the utilitarian question should be put, it is very quickly answered. Grandeur and beauty are useful in the most technical and narrow sense of the word. Their use is to raise men above the dust they tread on; to fill them with thoughts and interests a little higher than their sandals. Half our vices, and all that coarseness of thought and habit which is the paved road down to them, are direct offences against the spirit of art; and in correcting these, we can bring no better aid to the still higher motives of religion than a habit of love and admiration for whatever is beautiful or grand. Rely upon it, it is no trifling loss to a human soul when in any form it grows content with ugliness or indifferent to beauty. To become so is to withdraw our sympathy from the plan and pattern of the universe, and to part with one of our best antidotes against the slow but mortal poison of material cares. Nor are we to listen instant to the adverse doctrine which is sometimes drawn from the lives and histories of artists themselves. It is not in poets or novelists, in painters or sculptors, that the influence of art on our common manhood can be seen. To have an intense love for all grandeur and all beauty is one of the best helps to human nature. To be a professional

"The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things"



THE BATHING POOL. BY H. GAVIN, A.R.S.A.
[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

artist of any kind is one of the severest trials. The strong and unavoidable tendency of artistic labour is to upset the balance of the mind by destroying its right proportions. It leads to narrowness, by demanding a fixed devotion to one single object of study; and to weakness, by the habit it engenders of considering solely what man is able to accomplish, instead of what he is able to aspire after. Happy is he who can moot this trial and overcome it. He, indeed, has reached one of the mountain-tops of life, and gained a new victory for his species. But the way is always through the wilderness; the tempter is for ever there, and perhaps while the world lasts his vanquishers will be fewer than his victims. From such perils mankind at large are free. With them the love of beauty leads only upwards towards its source; and what they have to do is to give it all the passion they can spare. To be of any value to our lives, it must become a habit and an instinct. An occasional rhapsody, a fit of taste once in a way,—this is no use at all. It is here that our want of faith in art tells with prodigious and most injurious power. Having no confidence in it as a thing of vital excellence, we miss and neglect the means by which alone a national habit can be acquired; and so it happens that, in this nineteenth century, when art should find among us, not patrons, but worshippers, not historians, but priests, we still stand gazing on the ruins of former temples, instead of building one of our own.



THE PIATTO DI POMPA.

A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES BY AN ARCHÆOLOGIST AND HIS FRIENDS."

In a certain "locanda" of Florence, from the front windows of which might be obtained a general view of the picturesque Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, were four guests. They were seated at three separate tables in the public room, near the windows that opened towards the piazza. The one nearest the corner-window was a young Englishman, who appeared devoured by the national onnui as he looked listlessly towards the "loggia" of Orcagna, with its bronzo Persous, the work of Cellini; and that noble group, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Donatello; and yet he was a sincere lover of art, and in the collection of a series of specimens in one of its most interesting departments was a real enthusiast. But he had been accustomed to gratify every wish with so little difficulty,—wealth is a wonderful facilitator,—that every pursuit had lost its zest. Nothing but an unforeseen accident or difficulty could rouse him from a kind of nonchalant lethargy which had become habitual to him.

At the corresponding window at the other side of the room sat an Italian,—a respectable citizen of Florence, who generally took his evening luxuries at that "locanda" in the form of a frugal cup of coffee and a single cigar. He was a dealer in works of art and articles of vertu; and had grown rich in the diligent practice of his craft. Indeed, the Signor Pietro Coltroni had become a personage of some importance

even as a critic, and was the appointed agent of the court of Russia for the purchase of pictures, antiquities, &c.

At another table, near the central window, were seated two French tourists, who had evidently just arrived, and were in the act of finishing a tolerably copious repast.

"We have steered our course pretty clear of the migratory flock of English in the wild country about Urbino."

"Fortunately; for they spoil the markets and ruin the inns. One cannot compete with their British ostentation."

"And yet there ought to have been an Englishman at St. Leo. I admit that. For he might have rescued from its unworthy interment that matchless plateau of Majolica."

The ears of the Signor Coltroni tingled with excited curiosity.

And here the speakers began to speak louder, and the second answered,

"Bah! I do not believe that even English gold could purchase it. The old marchese, though evidently as poor as a briefless advocate, did not mean selling at any price. The Mazzolari are a very ancient and illustrious family, the very poorest members of which are as proud of their descent as a Bourbon or a Hapsburgier."

"That may be; but the offer of an English price,—such a one as would serve to put his old *baraque* of a castle-villa into something like the appearance of external repair, or, at all events, set up the tumble-down gates, and scrape away the moss from the marble escutcheons of the family arms,—would have settled the matter. Why even your fifty louis, my dear Anguste, which you so politely offered, made the eyes of the old marchese twinkle with a strange expression of longing, though he refused them."

"Do you really imagine it to have been actually painted by the Duke Guidobaldi himself? It appeared to me more like the mezzo-Majolica of the earlier period, judging from the few colours employed; though, it is true, it had not that metallic lustre in the glaze, making the whites look like silver and the yellows like gold, which belongs to the earlier periods; nor the sacreous *quadre-perla* effects met with in earlier specimens; nor that iridescent ruby-tone in the reds, which is found in the works executed at Gubbio and Persaro, especially in those of the Maestro Georgio."

"It had certainly none of your last-named characteristics, because it is evident to me that it is a work of the court-manufactory at Urbino itself; and the breadth of character in the different subjects, which I know you were about to urge again as proof of its earlier origin, arises, in my opinion, from their being directly and closely copied from drawings by Raphael or some of his pupils, which may have been preserved in the ducal collection, and reproduced on the plateau by the hand of the dilettante prince. The work is, in short, in my opinion, as the marchese stated, one of the grand "Piatto di Pompa," or plateaux of ceremony, executed as presents to reigning princes, or native noble families who had rendered great services to the state, many of which, in the reign of the weak but accomplished Guidobaldi II., were painted wholly or in part by the hand of the prince himself, as we know by contemporary memoirs."

Here the Signor Pietro Coltroni threw the remnant of his cigar under the table, and precipitately quitted the room; and the Englishman, who was an enthusiastic collector of Majolica,—the only branch of his enthusiasm left,—greedily drank in every word of the dialogue, utterly regardless of the charge he was laying himself open to of being an uninvited listener.

The conversation, however, though still concerning the subject which had begun to interest him so strongly, did not again refer to the marquis, or to that special "Piatto di Pompa," but only to the subject of Majolica-ware and its history. They spoke of the art of the potter among the ancients, and how, except in its rudest applications, it had disappeared from Western Europe at the fall of the Western Roman Empire; and how in the beginning of the twelfth century the Pisans organised a crusade against a piratical Moorish sovereign of Majorca, and came back victorious

and loaded with treasure, among which were glazed plates of painted earthenware, such as had never been seen in modern Italy; and how they were venerated as sacred trophies in the churches of the Church of S. Apollonia and other venerated places; and how, after two centuries, imitations of these trophies were manufactured at Faenza,* first for the decoration of buildings, in a similar manner to the original trophies, and eventually for other uses, the latest of which, perhaps, was that of the table; and how the Dukes of Urbino encouraged the manufacture; and how the ware copied from the trophies of Majorca came to be called Majolica.

This and much more was discussed by the French travellers over their "orvièto," for they were well-informed connoisseurs, as most French tourists are; but the subject no longer interested the Englishman, who, as an exception to the general rule, was better informed on that especial matter than they were; and finding that the conversation was not likely to revert to the plateau of Guidobaldi II., or to the marchese, or to the whereabouts of his old castle-villa, he left the room.

Calling the "padrone" into the ante-room of the great courtyard of the "locanda," and looking round with an air that appeared somewhat mysterious before he spoke, in order to ascertain that no one was within hearing, he said in an undertone,—for his excitement was giving him the airs of an actor of melodrama:

"Padrone, I must have post-horses on the road to St. Leo."

"Benissimo, eccellenza," was the reply, with an involuntary low bow to the combined influence of the aristocratic bearing and plentiful scudi of his English guest. "They shall be ready the first thing in the morning."

"But I must have them immediately."

The "padrone" bowed again still lower, as he muttered to himself, "What in the name of the devil and all the saints can be in the wind about St. Leo? Another madman off to those mountain-hovels at this time of night!"

Then turning to the Englishman, he expressed his deep regret that the matter was simply impossible, as his last pair of post-horses had started within a quarter of an hour for the same place.

"The same place!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What can any one else want in that direction?"

"Per Bacco, that is more than I know, eccellenza," replied the "padrone," scratching his ear in considerable perplexity. "It was my respected neighbour, the good Signor Pietro Coltroni, who ordered the horses. He is the well-known dealer in pictures and antiquities over the way. Some great toe of a Venus has been dug up, I suppose; or a broken nose of Hercules; or some sort of thing which our cognoscenti buy up a *prezzo d'oro*; and friend Coltroni, maybe, wants to get there the first. It may be that, or it may be something else; what should I know?"

Here the Englishman interrupted this wandering loquacity with a proposition which produced its immediate effect, and secured the appearance of a calash and post-horses within two short hours from that time. In a few minutes afterwards, the horses were dragging the vehicle at a furious rate over the great irregular-shaped flagstones of the pavement of Florence; and in the first dark hours of the night our Englishman found himself rattling along the unfrequented and dreary mountain-road that led towards one of the wildest parts of the ancient duchy of Urbino. It was the first excitement that had varied the monotony of his ennui for many months; and as he urged the driver with continual bribes, inquiring at every stage whether another traveller had passed that way before him, he experienced the healthy effects of enorgotic action in a manner that had been long unknown to him.

When he learned, too, that the traveller he dreaded was indeed in advance of him, having passed full two hours before, his excitement knew no bounds, and the scudi pro-

* From which the modern French term *foyer*, for all kinds of earthenware, is derived.

mised to postillions for increase of speed came forth at every half-league; but horse-flesh has only certain limited capacities, and the distance between the Englishman and his precursor remained much the same as the night advanced. Still he gained a little; and eventually, about five in the morning, triumphantly passed his rival, while in the act of knocking up a slumbering postmaster for change of horses. At the next relay, the Englishman secured the only two horses belonging to the establishment, and his triumph seemed secure. St. Leo was but three leagues distant, and there was no sign of his pursuer, who must have either remained at the last "osteria" of the post, or have come on at a snail's pace with the already jaded horses of the previous relay.

But the road became exceedingly mountainous and rugged; and just as he considered his success certain, the calash gave a strange kind of a lurch. There was a crash; and in another instant the vehicle was lying on its side, irretrievably fixed in a muddy ditch at the side of the deeply-rutted road. An axle had broken; there was no sign of any kind of habitation near from which assistance could be obtained; and an hour passed in vain endeavours to repair the consequences of the catastrophe.

At last a sound of wheels was heard approaching; assistance was near; he should still be the first at St. Leo, and consequently certain of securing the grand "Piatto di Pompa;" for that was plainly the prize which lay at the goal of his sudden enterprise, as it was also that of the rival whom he had now left so far behind.

As the approaching vehicle neared them, however, all his rising hopes vanished. It was the carriage of the Signor Pietro Coltroni himself, drawn by two stout farm-horses, freshly taken from the fields. The sturdy animals passed the broken-down vehicle at a spanking trot, notwithstanding the fearful inequalities of the road; while the picture-merchant and dealer in Majolica to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia and Grand Duke of Warsaw made our discomfited Englishman a most polite and smiling bow from the window of his post-calash as he whisked by at a glorious pace.

The mountain village-town of St. Leo was reached on foot by the distanced competitor, heated and tired, soon after nine o'clock. And despite his fatigue and hunger, and many other impediments, he made his way by the aid of a guide to the half-dismantled residence of the marchese, which he reached about an hour later.

As he approached the ruined gates, and perceived the moss-grown esentechons that crowned the massive piers from which the heavy wooden gates had crumbled for want of timely care and paint,—the rusty hinges still clinging to the walls, from which they stood out like the arms of an iron skeleton,—he at once recognised the entrance described by the two French tourists. Secure now of the locality, he hoped that he might still be first, as it was with no little difficulty that he had found out the old mountain-villa; and there was just a shadow of chance that his rival might have lost his way or been otherwise delayed, as the last part of the road could only be traversed on foot or on horseback.

Such hopes were, however, suddenly dispelled as he perceived the figure of the Signor Pietro Coltroni emerging from the shadow of a group of gigantic and venerable cypresses that still screened the residence from view. As the figure approached, however, there was no sign of triumph in its step, which was of that slinking, almost sneaking, character that distinguishes the gait of humiliation and defeat. But he regained his coolness, and raising his hat, said: "It is of no use, eccellenza; if money could have managed the matter, my commissions from Russia, in the execution of which I do not regard price, would have settled it. I offered first a hundred gold florins of Florence for the 'piatto,' which is indeed neither more nor less than superb; and then, will you believe me, eccellenza, I named five hundred, for I was determined to have it; but the old dotard must be mad. At any rate, he is the first Italian

I ever met with who was foolish enough to refuse double its value for any thing whatsoever, even his honour! Per Bacco, there are not many of us such fools." And he passed on with another salutation, while the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders by way of reply, advanced silently towards the house.

The marchese, who was an Italian noble of the old régime, polished and courtly in every movement, even in the midst of sadly evident poverty, at once perceived, by the natural freemasonry of class, that he had to do with a "gentleman," and, receiving his second visitor with the greatest urbanity, inquired, with an elaborated smile worthy of a *petit-maitre* of the court of Louis XV., whether he was in his case also indebted to the talismanic qualities of his plateau of Raphael-ware for so early and unexpected a visit.

The explanation was brief; and the marchese presently introduced his visitor to his own sanctum, or private study; where among a few richly-bound volumes, some exquisitely chiselled urns, and a few pictures, principally family portraits, the only remains of the former importance of the family, stood the famous plateau, the "Piatto di Pompa," which had excited the artistic interest of the French tourists, the cupidity of the Florentine dealer, and the strong desire of immediate possession, at any cost, of the Englishman.

It formed the sole but magnificent ornament of an ancient console-table placed between two narrow semi-Gothic casements which pierced the wall of one of the most strongly-built towers of this once splendid residence. The Englishman stood amazed at the vast dimensions of the superb plateau—nearly three feet in diameter—and with the gorgeous richness of the design; and remained riveted to the spot where he had first caught a glimpse of that exquisite monument of the arts of the *Renaissance*; while the marchese took care not to disturb the ecstasy of his visitor, which seemed to excuse his own deep attachment to his almost solitary treasure.

The Englishman was the first to break the silence with an exclamation of delight, as he advanced to examine the noble piece more closely. The centre of the plateau was occupied by a magnificently designed quadriga; the elaborately-wrought ornaments of the car and the foreshortening of the galloping white horses, four abreast, bearing evidence at the first glance of the highest kind of art. It was indeed a noble group of objects, the crowning interest of which centred in the stern figure of Achilles in the chariot. The body attached to its rear, and trailing ignominiously behind it, though but faintly discernible in the veil of shadow, showed the subjects to be, Achilles dragging the body of the dead Hector round the walls of Troy, the nobly-designed battlements of which formed the background of this composition. Every detail was painted with the greatest accuracy and precision, yet boldness, denoting at once the work of a master-hand; while this partial concealment of the painful part of the subject in the shadow of the car indicated superiority of conception as well as skilful execution. The picture was enclosed by a rich architectural ornament of creamy white, shaded with orange, on a ground of ultramarine; and the broad flat margin of the plateau, with the exception of a deep edge of green, was adorned with festoons of flowers tied with white fillets, among which exquisitely-designed loves were sporting in many playful attitudes full of the highest graces of design,—here pursuing insects, there toying with arms or pieces of armour too large for them to lift, in other places affecting to alight each other with tragic or comic masks, and many other ingenious devices.

"You will perceive," said the marchese, as soon as his new visitor's surprise had partially subsided,—“you will perceive at once that the splendid subject and decorations are in the manner of Giulio Romano; but a little closer observation will show you that the touch of the actual execution is inferior in firmness and freedom and facility to the style of the composition. The fact is, it is a copy of the

great master by the hand of our ancestral benefactor, the good Duke Guidobaldi II. This is known by our family archives, among which the original letter of the duke's secretary still exists, in which the nature of the service, of which that munificent present was a gracious and magnificent recognition, is fully stated, with the addition that the execution of the painting was by the duke's own hand after original drawings by Giulio Romano in the Urbinian collection. An additional proof, if such were needed," continued the marchese, "is afforded by the signature at the back. You are aware that the different artists of the ducal manufactory placed their initials, sometimes their names in full, at the backs of the objects which they had decorated. Orazio Fontana, for instance, signing O. F. U. F. for Orazio Fontana Urbanite fecit. And here we have G. D. U. F.; Guidobaldi, a true lover of art, signing his work as another artist, simply—Guidobaldi, the Duke, &c. But I have other proofs," continued the speaker. "In the first place, works of such large dimensions, and such complication of ornament, were not executed at any previous period; and within the next reign, as you know, the independence of the Duchy of Urbino, and the existence of the manufactory of Majolica, ended together by the bequest of the last duke, Francesco Maria II., who willed away his patrimony to the Church; from which time the territory of Urbino became part of the papal dominions."

The young Englishman was almost as much delighted with his host as with his splendid plateau of Majolica.

But the contemplation of the plateau had its bitters as well as its sweets; for he scarcely hoped to secure it for any amount of mere lucre. Yet he could not tear himself away from the splendours of the coveted prize. What *moreau* in the Blenheim or even Soulagé collections, or even in the great enamel gallery of the Louvre itself, could compare with it? And so he lingered still in the old apartment, listening to the discourse of his host, who never seemed to tire of discussing the beauties and peculiarities of that noble family monument, and the connection of his ancestors with its donor the good Duke Guidobaldi II.

"Majolica and horses were his two passions, as you may perceive by the loving treatment of every outline, and the shade of every muscle in that noble group. And here is another document," cried the marchese, growing excited by his theme, "a copy of a letter to Rome after he became reigning duke, and which I have obtained from the records of the Vatican, in which he minutely describes various housings and caparisons which had been made for him in that city."

"Observe," he continued, "the delicate care with which those four noble horses of Giulio Romano have been harnessed with just such trappings—very peculiar in their character. Do you perceive the interlacing bands of azure, and the embroidery of the serpents, the badge of Urbino, and the depending tassels of mingled blue and gold, just as described in the letter? Is it not curious?"

And the Englishman agreed entirely with the views of the marchese; and the dialogue might have gone on much longer, had not an old housekeeper announced that the noon-meal was waiting the leisure of the signor marchese. And the Englishman took his leave, requesting permission to return, for further inspection of the plateau, on the following day; a permission that was at once courteously granted.

Our traveller found the day at the wretched "osteria" of St. Leo almost endless; but it passed at last, and the night too, and he was again at the mountain-villa of the marchese. The visit was a third and fourth time repeated, by the courteous permission of the marchese, and yet the young Englishman had not once found courage to openly propose the offer of the thousand guineas with which he had determined to secure the matchless work, from the neighbourhood of which he could not tear himself away.

And many other visits followed, till at last the daily meeting in the chamber of the gigantic plateau seemed growing as necessary to the marchese as to the Englishman.

In fact, after each parting, they both began to look forward, counting the hours, till their discussions upon the plateau and Majolica in general, and the romantic story of the Dukos of Urbino, could be renewed.

On a certain morning, after many weeks of this daily intercourse, the dialogue had become so fascinating to both,—for the Englishman, too, was well up in the subject,—that when dinner was announced, the marchese prayed his guest not to leave him, but stay and continue the discourse over what he truly described as his "frugal repast."

The meal was served in a scantily-furnished but spacious room, at the upper end of which was still the signorial canopy or throne,—an interesting relic of disused feudal customs often found in old Italian palazzi. At the table was placed a third chair, on the left of that of the marchese, and opposite to the one just placed on the right for himself. The marchese perceived the glance of his visitor towards the third seat, and said deprecatingly: "You must excuse the presence of my child,—a little girl, who ought to have been receiving her education in a convent, or at all events in retirement in a separate suite of apartments; but the fact is, I have not the requisite means for the one arrangement or the necessary attendants for the other; and so little Camilla always dines with her father. I had forgotten the inconvenience when I invited you to stay; but you will excuse it. She will not trouble or interrupt us, and we can continue our little dispute about the characteristics of *incazzo* Majolica previous to 1500, and concerning the letter of Raphael mentioned by Keyser, by means of which you seek to prove that the great painter actually adorned some of the Majolian ware with his own pencil."

Here the marchese was interrupted by the entrance of Camilla, who, though described as a child, looked more like a girl of eighteen or nineteen, being already in the full bloom of her glowing Italian beauty. She took her place silently, with a slight inclination to the stranger. And the marchese went on with the discussion, as the simple repast was served; but the young Englishman found himself less able than usual to cope with the ingenious arguments of his antagonist; and the quadriga and cupids of the famous "Piatto di Pompa" strangely confused themselves in his mind with the lustrous black hair and eyes of his *vis-à-vis*. But she left the room as silently as she came, at the moment the pretence for a dessert was placed upon the table; and then, the discussion went on more glibly, and more to the advantage of the visitor.

Neither the marchese nor the Englishman could now get through a single day without a "talk," to which the great plateau formed the invariable text; and several months passed in this way, during which the family of our English friend were much astonished to find all his letters dated from that obscure village among the Apennines—that strange St. Leo, which no one had ever heard of. At last, however, his perseverance was crowned with success, and he carried off his treasure; but that treasure was not the grand "piatto;" it was the beautiful dark-eyed Camilla,—the "little girl" of the marchese, who gave his paternal blessing as the young stranger carried off his lovely Italian bride from the chapel of the English embassy at Florence.

Thus was the young Italian flower of the ruined gardens of the old villa-castle of the Apennines transplanted to those of an Elizabethan mansion, embowered among the rich woods of south Devon.

But the "Piatto di Pompa," the other and almost equally cherished treasure of the old marchese, remained behind. It will never go to St. Petersburg; that is now certain, notwithstanding a second attempt to secure it at any cost by the worthy Signor Pietro Coltroni. No; when it leaves its present abode in the old turret-chamber, it will be to form the crowning glory of the already noble collection of Mainford Manor, whose youthful heir made so bold an attempt to secure it, but who is yet far from regretting the substitution of the treasure which he accepted in its place.

CHIEF CAUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FAILURE.

A GENERAL impression prevails that photographic pictures are accurate representations of the human face and form, provided the sitter has been steady, and the artist has known the resources of his art. The momentary flush which animates the cheek of youthful beauty even, it is generally believed, can be arrested, and fixed for ever. But whilst such impressions prevail, the hideous representations of humanity that too often issue from the studio of the photographer prove that they are any thing but correct. The victim who grumblingly surveys his caricature, or ventures to doubt the faithfulness of the likeness handed to him, is assured that *the art is perfect*, and the fault (if any) must be ascribed to his involuntary nervousness, or to his personal deficiencies.

It is disappointing, notwithstanding the multitude of amateur and professional photographers employed, to perceive so little real progress made in the direction in which the highest success is attainable, namely, a *mathematical accuracy* in the delineation of nature—a *perfect copying* of her exquisite beauties. Great progress is being made in the manipulatory and chemical departments of the art of photography. Almost every week some improvement of the existing processes is announced. New substances,—as in the case of Mr. Mayall's discovery—are being employed. The highest chemical and mechanical skill has been enlisted, and a perfection in those departments has been attained, which, without a method for fixing the colours of nature, we can hardly conceive of being surpassed. What we lament is, that the optical laws involved in the art have not been sufficiently studied; that the same amount of patient induction has not been applied to the perfecting of the photographic camera which has been expended on the arresting and preserving of the pictures it forms. How many engaged in photography have only a vague notion that the picture is painted *somehow or other* by the agency of light on the sensitised plate, without having any thing like a tangible conception of the rationale of the wonderful process! How many have no idea of the existence of the *actinic fluid*, on which the whole process depends, and without which the most sensitive surface might be exposed to the action of *light proper* for ever without being impressed! How many have never even thought of the solution of the problem, What form and size of lens will give the most faithful representation of nature? We do not assert that these subjects have not been examined, and considerable discoveries made in regard to them; but we assert that they have not received the attention to which they are entitled, and which, considering their importance, might have been expected. The consequence of this neglect of the study of the optical department of photography has been the adoption of instruments of an unscientific character, and the production of pictures destitute of the perfection which alone can entitle them to be regarded as works of high art.

What is aimed at by the photographic artist in his picture? It is a *faithful delineation* of the object, whether portrait or landscape; or, to speak optically, it is enabling us to see, when we survey the picture, what we would have seen had our eye been in the place of the *lens* with which the picture was taken. Such being the artist's aim, his first object ought unquestionably to be the obtaining of a perfect picture in his instrument before endeavouring to fix it. Until such is obtained, it is manifest the results cannot be satisfactory. It has been taken for granted that an achromatic lens of any size or form, in which the chromatic and spherical aberrations have been corrected, can give such a picture,—a most gratuitous and unfortunate assumption, since it has greatly retarded the right progress of the art. The impossibility of lenses of large aperture giving perfect photographic pictures has been repeatedly pointed out by Sir David Brewster in the different scientific journals, at the meetings of the learned associations, and more especially

in a recent Number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE; but, strange as it may appear, although several of these papers and addresses have been before the world for years, and their soundness has never been impugned, it is *only now* that prejudice and interest are beginning to yield, and the higher class of photographers are employing instruments which can be called scientific.

Photographers, ignorant of the optical principles involved in their art, when unsuccessful, naturally blame their lenses. They lay aside French sets, dreaming that Voightlander's or Ross's combinations will give the perfection desired. But although it is certain that some sets of lenses will perform much better than others, yet none of them, it is demonstrable, can give the perfection sought. The skill of the optician, or the wealth of the richest amateur will be alike inadequate to improve the present instrument, so as to represent nature as she is. The *principle* is *unsound*, and consequently the *performance* must be imperfect. That these remarks are true, any one will acknowledge who will follow the argument of Sir David Brewster. That philosopher set out in his investigation of this subject with the palpable fact, that we have been accustomed to see every object in nature through an aperture of about one-fourth of an inch in diameter—the average diameter of the pupil of the eye. The faces of our friends, the familiar features of the landscape, have been painted on the retina by the light flowing through such an aperture, and as perceived by the mind, have been impressed on the memory. Now it is obvious that a portrait or a landscape formed by a lens four, six, or twelve inches* in diameter is not the picture of our friend, or of the familiar scene which we have been accustomed to see; but such a picture as we would have seen with a monstrous eye of either of the above dimensions. Can any one wonder when such lenses are employed (and they actually are employed) that portraits are not recognised, and that landscapes are distorted and unnatural? By the employment of a lens only three inches in diameter, Sir David has shown that no less than 130 *dissimilar* pictures of the sitter are all huddled and jumbled together; while opaque objects of smaller diameter than itself are rendered virtually transparent. We do not intend to enter upon Sir David's elaborate and elegant investigation of this important subject, since it has already appeared in this Journal, from his own pen; but content ourselves with enforcing his conclusion, in the firm assurance that until it is adopted and acted upon, the triumph which photography is destined to accomplish cannot be achieved.

After the demonstrations to which we have referred, we might ask, What purpose is served by a lens of large aperture which is not better fulfilled by one of small? The only advantage which can possibly be alleged as gained by a large is, the formation of the picture by a greater amount of light, and consequently by a much shorter time of exposure. This is undoubtedly a great advantage for portraiture; but to obtain it, every thing like perfection must be sacrificed; and it is an advantage for which no such sacrifices ought to be made. In the present state of the art, surfaces of the highest sensibility can be prepared, so that, even with very small lenses, a very moderate exposure is sufficient. To illustrate the argument we would enforce, let us suppose that two gentlemen resolve to procure photographic cameras, which shall be suitable for landscapes or portraiture, and that to both the question of expense is of small consideration. The one individual procures from Lerebours, or Ross, or Voightlander, a double set of lenses, four inches aperture, and fifteen inches focus, which will cost from 25*l.* to 40*l.*, and has them fitted into a suitable box, with slides, &c. The other obtains from either of the above admirable artists a single achromatic lens, half-an-inch in diameter and fifteen inches focus, which will cost a few shillings, and which he also fits into a suitable camera, with the

* We lately saw a monstrous camera, mounted on wheels like an omnibus, with an object-lens thirteen inches in diameter, and which cost the magnificent sum of 800*l.*

requisite slides. They commence operations with the same collodion, developing and fixing solutions, &c. After a few experiments, what are the results? The gentleman with the large lenses can produce pictures after a few seconds of exposure,—pictures possessed of great sharpness and intensity; but his portraits will generally fail to be recognised, and his landscapes will contain the exaggerations we formerly pointed out. He will find, after repeated experiments, that it is only when his lenses are stopped down to half or three-quarters of an inch aperture that pictures of any thing like excellence can be procured. The other gentleman, with the small single lens, finds that from thirty seconds to a minute are necessary to obtain his portrait; but then, if the manipulation has been carefully conducted, his portraits are pleasing and lifelike; and when even the small aperture of his lens is reduced to three-tenths of an inch, the most rigid examination will not be able to discover the slightest exaggeration or distortion. We are aware that many practical photographers cling with the greatest pertinacity to the employment of large lenses, for no reason which they can assign unless their rapidity; while others imagine that because they are more expensive they must necessarily be more excellent. But that they are not only *unnecessary*, but even *injurious*, we can assert from repeated experiments. The other day we took a portrait of a nobleman with lenses of four inches stopped down to three inches aperture; and although the picture was in every way sharp, it was not recognised by a lady who had known his lordship for years. Out of a dozen portraits taken the same day, not one could be regarded as a really successful likeness. The above lenses were manufactured by Ross, London.

That large and expensive lenses are not necessary is illustrated by the fact, that a beautiful portrait of an illustrious savant was recently taken by an artist in Edinburgh, with a spectacle-eye of rock-crystal stopped down to half-an-inch, and for which the sum of *one shilling* would be charged. This portrait we had the pleasure of examining, and of comparing with another likeness of the same individual taken with large lenses by a first-rate artist, to which it was manifestly superior both in point of expression and resemblance.

We recently fitted up a binocular camera on the principle suggested by Sir David Brewster. The lenses were produced in the following simple way. A spectacle-eye, of rock-crystal, of six inches focus, was cut into quadrants; two of them were clipped into circles of about three-eighths of an inch diameter, mounted in short tubes, and fixed in the end of the camera, with their centres two inches and a half apart; and with these simple lenses we have taken a series of stereoscopic views and portraits, which we consider decidedly superior to those taken by one of Lerebours' quarter-plate combinations.

We regard, then, these facts as not only showing that large lenses are unnecessary, but as proving that no real progress in the beautiful art of photography can be made until suitable lenses are employed. No doubt there are prejudices and interests which must be got rid of ere a really philosophical apparatus come into general use. Some men have a great regard for appearances. In their eyes a beautifully-polished camera, of walnut or mahogany, with large horn and beautifully-lacquered brasswork, looks much more scientific than a plain box, with a small lens, hardly discernible, in the end of it. And we may expect that practical opticians will not approve of a change which lays aside lenses for which 20*l.* and 50*l.* are charged, and which brings into use those for which not more than a few shillings can be asked. But although a change in the construction of the instrument is imperatively demanded, and must speedily take place, there is ample field on which the scientific artist may expend his genius and his skill, in order that the perfection attainable may be reached:—the formation of the picture *on a curved* instead of a *flat* surface; the obtaining of *more sensitive plates*; and, above all, *the arresting of the colours of nature*, and thus making the picture the perfect

representation of that which we see with the eye. The field which has been recently opened up is ample and noble, and one in which the greatest triumphs may be confidently anticipated, so soon as high artistic art is united to a thorough acquaintance with the scientific laws involved in photographic manipulation. Such men as Reynolds and Raeburn and Watson, who could seize the *mind* of their sitters, and transfer it to their pictures, will arise in photography; and the miserable caricatures which disgrace the art will to a great extent disappear. At all times true genius will be able to seize upon those folicitous postures, and accessories, and expressions of character, which ordinary manipulators cannot even perceive, but upon which the chief excellence and value of the picture must ever depend; and photographic pictures will become valuable chiefly from the genius of the artist they discover.

But apart from the value of such pictures as works of art, they are associated with their originals by sensibilities peculiarly tender. It was the *very light* which radiated from the brow of the loved one, the *identical gleam* which lighted up the eye, which pencilled the cherished images, and fixed themselves for ever there.

The future of the art is hopeful in the highest degree; and the time is not far distant when the studios of our artists, our galleries, and our habitations, will be adorned with such works as the inimitable pencil of Nature can alone portray.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—Having once been one of your esteemed sisterhood myself, and having since that delightful period gained much practical experience, I propose to make you the recipients of my scraps of (what I consider) very useful knowledge; and I hope you will excuse me, if you should deem my communications worthless or uninteresting.

I shall begin with what very nearly concerns your sex and age, viz. the preservation of your youthful attractions. *Your sex and age, did I say?* What a mistake! When I firmly believe that from the days of Adam and Eve both men and women, old and young, have with some exceptions run a neck-and-neck race in the art of self-adornment. For who does not remember having seen a perfect lane of bottles and gallipots, with flaming labels, redolent of otto of roses, on the toilet of some revered old bachelor-uncle or relative, whose well-burnished and scant *chevelure* bore ample testimony to his unwearying efforts to increase the crop?

Be this spoken in all kindness and charity. We do not sneer and laugh at the harmless vanity; we only state it as a fact.

Now if our revered relative loves his well-kempt locks, there are certainly more reasons why you should; as any thing unpleasant and neglected in a woman may materially interfere with her prospects in life; while downright ugliness in the other sex really seems fraught with advantages, if one may judge from the fact, that "the plainest men obtain the handsomest wives."

And now let us come to the plain practical question: What is best to preserve the bloom of the complexion? I reply,—simply, but most certainly,—*cold water*, the purer, the colder, and the softer, the better.

I know that many young ladies are afflicted with the notion, that water in any shape is bad for the complexion; and so, between their native sense of cleanliness, and their great anxiety to preserve their complexion, they are sorely puzzled; and I have—yes, I have—seen the triumphs of the

latter notion in a very slight but palpable enamel of almost invisible—dirt! Faugh!

Now, my dear young friends, no beauty can be long maintained without health; and I leave to your natural shrewd senso to determine whether dirt in any shape can be either healthy or attractive.

No woman on record ever preserved her bloom longer than the famous, or infamous, Diana of Poitiers; and the secret of it was, a copious and thorough ablution in cold water night and morning, all through the year, with friction afterwards. Nothing, I repeat, is better, either for the skin, the eyes, or the general health, than a good wash in cold water after the fatigues of the day. In very cold weather, tepid water can be used, but it is best to rinse in cold; it prevents many evils. If the skin be dry and inclined to chap in frosty or windy weather, it is very easy to apply a little cold cream, of the simplest kind, well rubbed into the skin. If you should be tormented with pimples, I know of no better remedy than to bathe them with eau de Cologne and water, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the former to a wineglassful of the latter. But now, in the matter of pimples, they depend much on the general health; and the young lady who maintains a simple and regular diet, takes regular exercise, keeps regular hours, and totally eschews *night-lacing*, is very seldom, I should think *never*, afflicted thereby.

I believe there are instances on record of young ladies swallowing all sorts of deleterious articles with a view to making themselves thin, or white and delicate. I have heard of such things, nay, I am bound to confess that I have witnessed such proofs of temporary insanity. Shall I reveal such folly?—swallowing handfuls of raw rice to destroy the healthy appetite, vinegar to make them thin, and even small quantities of raw gin to give a sickly languor, &c.

I dare scarcely express my opinion of these things, because, as I consider good health one of the *greatest blessings* bestowed by the Giver of all good, I think that to tamper with it argues, not only a weak and silly, but also a wicked and ill-regulated mind.

And now I come to a very important portion of my subject—the hair.

Do you know, that if I were a hair-dresser, I believe I should quite make my fortune by publishing in a pamphlet my experiences in this highly ornamental appendage to beauty. I have had some thoughts of it without being a member of that highly honourable fraternity. Judge, then, of my generosity in bestowing thus freely on you, Misses Brown, Smith, and Jones, whom I have never seen in my life, the grand arcana, the very mystery of toilet mysteries.

The hair, like the skin, must be kept clean—must be washed. I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that washing injures it. Once a-week, or at any rate once in two weeks, the skin of the head should be washed. A strong decoction of rosemary is a capital thing, as it stimulates the roots of the hair, while it cleanses the skin, and forms, in fact, the basis of half the hair-washes. The yolk and white of an egg washes the hair beautifully, used as a soap: of course it must be perfectly rinsed out again. But if the hair be really oily and dirty, perhaps the very best thing in the world is, to wash the head entirely in a basin of water, in which about a teaspoonful of hartshorn has been mixed. After well rinsing and drying, nothing can be better than simple almond-oil, scented with plain otto of roses. The Italians use plain almond, or even olive oil; and they are renowned for their beautiful hair.

But the grand arcana of which I spoke is, the combing the hair for a few minutes every day with a common galvanised gutta-serena comb. The electricity therefrom communicated to the hair has a wonderful effect, in case of hair falling off or becoming discoloured. It gives great vigour to the roots; and I am convinced is a secret well worth the knowing.

For teeth, again, simple cleanliness is all-sufficient. There are many useful tooth-powders, composed of rhubarb, orris-root, &c., or plain camphor and chalk. I have faith in

the teeth being carefully brushed every night; for all the tooth-powder in the world cannot make up for habitual slovenliness. Whereas a careful brushing every night and morning, even without the aid of any auxiliary, will keep the teeth and gums in health.

And now, my young friends, I have only one word more to say before I close this epistle; it is a word of warning. Beware how you play foolish tricks with the health and beauty intrusted to you, and intended as the most precious of gifts; use them thankfully and well, as you will have to give account of them hereafter.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF BRITISH INSECTS.

THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (*Vanessa Atalanta*).

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "BRITISH MOTHS, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," "INSECT CHANGES," "OCEAN GARDENS," ETC.

A MORE intimate acquaintance with the humbler forms of animal creation would often fill our country-rambles with unexpected interest and attractions such as the initiated never dream of. To those accustomed only to the ordinary associations of town-life, the woods and fields have but little to offer when the charm of change and novelty is over. They are pronounced wearisome; "a tree is a tree, and a field is a field," is the verdict of the cockney; "they are all alike," he exclaims. But he is not aware that this seeming monotony is the result of his own blindness. A vast and closely-written page is spread before him, and he deems it blank because he cannot read it. He has not learnt to interpret, or even perceive, the characters—often exquisitely minute—in which many of the most delightful passages of the book of nature are written, and therefore neither sees nor understands them. But let him learn only to spell the few first words, and the story will at once assume a charm that will inevitably lure him on to learn and to read more; for he will discover that the seeming monotony is a beaming variety in a thousand novel forms, and that a single oak is a miniature universe in itself, swarming with above a hundred distinct forms of animated life, whose structure, habits, and instincts are full of interest.

I well remember the day when my own attention was first roused to the perception and study of insects and their singular transformations. I had been walking with a friend in a vineyard in the outskirts of Rome, and was rather vaguely admiring the general beauty of the scene, when I perceived my companion occupied in the close examination of a bed of stinging-nettles. With the azure blossoms of the alpine anemone and the rich crimson of the graceful flowers of the cyclamen scattered around, I could not conceive the nature of the attraction that was holding my friend over that tangled mass of stinging-nettles. My curiosity being excited, I bent forward, and he pointed to a caterpillar suspended by the tail to one of the leaves. "Well," I remarked, in answer to his indication,—"well, I only see a caterpillar—a common caterpillar—seemingly dead."

I was quickly informed that it was not dead; and though it was a common caterpillar, it was most probable that I did not know what insect form it would assume when in its perfect state. "It is the larva of the beautiful butterfly *Vanessa Atalanta*," replied my friend triumphantly, and I thought him a prodigy of learning.

My curiosity was fairly roused; and under his direction, I cut off the piece of nettle to which the caterpillar was suspended, and carrying it home, placed the lower portion of the stalk in a bottle of water; for there was another caterpillar of the same species feeding upon another leaf. I waited patiently the time named by my friend for the wonderful metamorphosis that was, as I was assured, to ensue. The caterpillar was that of the Red Admiral Butterfly; and the change I then observed—the interest of which at once made me an entomologist—were those which I am about to describe.

The caterpillar of the Red Admiral Butterfly, as I noticed in that,—the first specimen with which I ever became acquainted,—is of a dull and dark-green colour, covered with minute tubercles, the apex of each of which is of a brighter tone of the same colour. From each of the segments into which the body is divided, except the one next the head, issue curious black spines nearly a quarter of an inch high, from the sides of each of which project smaller and more delicate points of the same colour, — these branching thorns, as they may be termed, giving the creature a very singular appearance. (See No. 1 in Engraving.) When the second caterpillar was full-grown, which it was at the age of about five weeks, I had the pleasure to observe the method in which he suspended himself, by means of a secretion resembling the web of a spider. In this position the insect became rapidly torpid, which had caused me to believe the other specimen dead when first pointed out to me. I next observed the body shorten and thicken; and a few days from the first suspension, the skin opened up the back, and was cast off, leaving in place of the caterpillar a curiously angulated chrysalis. The metamorphosis, to a novice in natural history, was very surprising; every vestige and characteristic of the preceding form of existence had disappeared; the pulpy body, the soft fleshy skin, the curious spines,—all were gone; the crisp horny shell of the chrysalis forming to all those features the most opposite contrast. It was of a deep-brown colour, spotted here and there with bright metallic markings resembling specks of gold; from which circumstance chrysalides have been termed "aurelians," and the collectors of them "aurelians." These shining spots were early perceived by the alchemists, who imagined them to be gold, and deemed them a singular proof of their favourite theory concerning what they termed the transmutation of metals. (See No. 2 in Engraving.)

When the necessary time had elapsed for the final metamorphosis, the secret preparations for which had been taking place within the horny shell of the chrysalis, the back of that case, or envelope, was rent asunder by the efforts of the imprisoned creature, instinct with the energies of a new form of existence, and a winged butterfly issued from the opening. At first its wings were soft and limp as delicate linen, curiously folded, and not more than half-an-inch long, though all their exquisitely-painted markings were quite perfect. They rapidly expanded, however, to their full size; their growth, conspicuously perceptible, being a most surprising example of rapid animal development. Still they were unfit for the purposes of flight; but as the new-born creature lifted and expanded them,—at first with effort and difficulty, and then with a more rapid motion,—they became quickly hardened, and wafted him forth,—I was going to add, to his banquet of nectar among the flowers and sunshine; but I feel somewhat ashamed to state that such was not the case, and that, under the instructions of my friend



the naturalist, his existence was cut short, and he was duly "set out" and "prepared," and formed the first beautiful specimen of my now extensive collection.

Vanessa Atalanta is also an English species, and is one of the most finely marked of the beautiful genus to which it belongs. (See No. 3 in Engraving.)

The upper side of the wings are magnificent with red, purple, blue, and flakes of snowy white; and the under surface most exquisitely marked with many tones of silky brown, as shown in the Engraving, No. 4.

The colouring of many of our native butterflies is as varied in the different sexes as the plumage of male and female birds, the small scales which form the clothing of the transparent membrane of their wings being frequently much brighter in the males than the females, as we shall have opportunities of showing in other examples. In *Vanessa Atalanta*, however, the sexes appear to be clothed in array of equal and identical brightness, and are therefore indistinguishable to the ordinary observer. There is nevertheless a small white spot near the hinder extremity of the red band in the fore-wings, which Mr. Haworth considers peculiar to the females, though this distinction has not been admitted by other lepidopterists.

The Red Admiral, commencing his existence towards autumn, survives the winter; the female depositing her eggs early in the spring. This beautiful insect is often seen boldly on the wing on sunny days even in December, settling on a gravel path and expanding its gorgeous pinions in evident enjoyment of the genial rays of the bright morning sunshine, or busy upon some late autumnal flower—that of the ivy, for instance—where the berries are not already formed. It is very curious to watch it unfold and insert its trunk deeply into the nectaries of the flowers to seek its delicate repast. In this action its movements would induce the observer to suppose that the sense of sight was not used, as it appears to feel about with the trunk for the opening of the flower, as though guided by the sense of touch alone. This may under some modification be the case, being a result of the singular hairy covering of the eyes,—a characteristic of the entire genus to which it belongs,—and which may possibly restrict the range of the sight to an upward direction.

The genus *Vanessa* is very widely distributed, being found both in Asia and America, as well as in most parts of Europe; but none of the exotic species surpass our own in brilliancy, especially those species popularly known as the Tortoiseshell Nettle, the Camberwell Beauty, or the well-known Peacock, which we may have occasion to allude to hereafter.

I may add, in conclusion, that the collecting of caterpillars and the furnishing them with proper food till the epoch of their metamorphosis, if nicely managed, forms a most delightful pursuit for leisure-hours,—one full of instruction and agreeable surprises.



Edw D. Balwer Lybster

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

If a stranger to our national literature, but not to letters, were set to read for the first time (without any information about their origin or their author) the half-hundred works which we owe to Edward Bulwer Lytton, he would probably say at the end of that "curriculum" that he had not conceived it possible that one country, in one generation, should be able to boast the possession of fifty contemporary writers endowed with powers so strikingly original, so often nearly equal in degree, and at the same time so varied in style and kind,—so contrasted, indeed, in their respective idiosyncrasies.

"Now name me these men," he would add; "recount me their several histories; let me meditate on the singular diversities of their personal antecedents; and deduce lessons from methods of education and plans of study so multifarious in their difference, and yet so similar in their success."

Those various writers, he would then be told, are Edward Bulwer Lytton; unquestionably his name is Many. Nay, he has made several distinct reputations, recommencing anonymously over and over again,—like the same knight re-entering the arena in new armour and visor closed.

Our readers are not in the assumed position of this learned foreigner; and, for that reason, it would be a mere loss of time to prelude the remarks we have to make with any thrice-familiar biographical details; these have been recounted of late in every direction with incessant iteration. It is, at the same time, equally impossible, within the space we can command, to undertake a minute critical analysis of the holograph library which has thus issued from a single hand. We must content ourselves, in short, with the design (and even this upon a smaller scale) expressed by Tully in his *Optimo Genere Oratorum*; where he tells us that, in the rules, lessons, artifices, and means of high oratorical and literary success which he is about to deduce from the examples of the mighty, the multiplicity of them "despairs" him; and that, not being able to count down for us the infinite particulars, he will just weigh them, instead: "*Non enim ea me annumerare lectori putavi oportere, sed tanquam attendere.*"

They will do the same for you at your banker's, if your account with him is good. Half the day would go in "telling" the bright *rouleaux*, which a turn of the scales can as well announce.

First, then, a single glance at what Bulwer Lytton, as an author, is; then a word or two about how he became what he is.

There is hardly one of his works in which a page or two, nay, a sentence or two, cannot be found, out of which most ordinary writers would be able to make a biggish volume. Gold is very ductile; beat the ingot, and it will cover a field with its sheet, or engirdle the earth with its filaments. Thought, to drop the metaphor, original thought, is lavished throughout his works. Some of his observations are virtually books; some of his books are virtually libraries; and there is, notwithstanding, a large actual library of them. That library would be no bad education of itself; and it has, in fact, very considerably entered into the education and contributed to the development of many able minds, both in our own and in other countries. This is not all; in more extent, so great is what he has produced, that to read it would seem to ask for good part of a life; and yet he who has written it has but attained about the age at which Sir Walter Scott began to labour, and is not only in the full vigour of his puissant faculties, but, to judge by his last efforts in comparison with his earlier, he is in the impetus, the mid-career of evident and very high progress. And while the plane of thought which he commands, and the sphere of scholarship to which he has lifted a whole world of familiar things, render his intellectual companionship profitable to the most cultivated minds, he has had the art of interesting the many with a spell scarcely less enthralling.

The most *obvious* literary characteristic of Bulwer Lytton is that which we implied at starting,—his versatility, or rather his comprehensiveness, the prodigious range of his labours, and the diversity of those enterprises which have all but one report to make, one account to give, of the labourer "who passed that way," viz. the uniformity of his ultimate success.

Here, in this word *ultimate*, however, lies a deeper secret, and a far more precious, as well as interesting lesson. A few years ago an ingenious critic, in one of our periodicals, said something to this effect, that if a foreigner were to ask us who were our most eminent men in specific departments of literature, we might cite various names; such a one as the greatest poet, such another as the greatest historian, such and such as the chief orators, critics; and thus the rest,—each noted in some particular species of liberal toil, and indeed the more noted for having never dared to quit it. But if the same foreigner were to say, "True; yet besides these literary *specialties*, so to speak, have you any one man who has made all literature his own in your language and generation, and who represents you collectively in the states-general of letters?"—if the foreigner, we say, thus framed his inquiry, would not one name occur in answer to every body's mind,—the name of Bulwer Lytton?

Such, or to this purport, was the observation of the ingenious critic to whom we allude. Years have since elapsed; and if the sentence of honour was true then, it is far truer now. But while it is a very striking, and certainly not an unwarranted criticism, it leaves much unsaid altogether.

Bulwer Lytton, who on the whole has achieved this omnigenic, *ultimate* success, has by no means either prospered in every individual attempt which his life has known, nor exhibited in each of his productions an equal merit. In certain instances he has experienced what it is to fail signally.

Here, then, we begin to feel the latent existence of a truly valuable moral in Bulwer Lytton's very career itself. Let us note the actual facts as they stand, and compare them with the materials out of which they have been wrought,—wrought as the steel watch-spring, *more precious in market overt than its own weight of the purest gold*, is wrought out of pig-iron at so many pence a-pound.

First, then, the facts: how stands the actual case? Were Bulwer Lytton nothing but a novelist, still even in his novels alone there would be found that sustained variety, that comprehensive range both of manner and of matter, which would have fully entitled their author to the remark we just now quoted. But he is far from being such a novelist. There is literally not one department of literature, and not one kind of writing, which he has not tried, and in which he has not acquired additions of reputation. Always thus ending with success, he has almost always begun with failure. That one fact would of itself stamp the character. Such thorough-bred pluck is never found alone. But a more curious thing still is this, that Sir Bulwer Lytton has not only almost invariably failed at first in the undertakings in which he triumphed afterwards, but that his greatest triumphs have been achieved precisely where his greatest difficulties originally lay—precisely in the departments to which all his natural bias gave him the greatest disinclination.

If ever there was an example calculated to cheer the despondent courage and revive the fainting energies of struggling, defeated, baffled genius, it is this before us. Buffon used to say, *Le génie c'est la patience*; 'tis but half the truth. Had Buffon said, that genius was patient, not a word of denial, question, or even doubt, could be breathed by any person of the slightest intelligence. Genius is patient, "and something more." Patience is not genius; patience is an inextinguishable passive quality, but genius is a working quality. Buffon spoke of the buckler, not of that sword whose strokes flashed from behind it.

No; the grand quality of Bulwer Lytton's intellect is its instinctive regard for the practicable above every thing else.

An enemy's judgment sits in his own head to pass sentence for him on every design which he has most loved and cherished; and the award is without appeal.

Thus, for instance, his taste, his inclination, his ambition, his passion, is poetry. This passion, which never quitted him, came early. The first literary attempts of his childhood were in verse. They gained him the praises he most valued and earliest earned—those of his mother; and then his first public honour. Had he consulted the strong prepossessions of his natural taste, which, despite of him, subsequently coloured the style, the spirit of his prose, he would never have written prose at all. He did not like it, he had no facility for it; on the contrary, he felt the walking foot as much encumbered as the wing seemed free. He could not write prose without singular trouble and exertion; it cost him no such pain to indulge his passion for writing poetry, and, above all, for reading, and for thinking it. But there was no career open for a poet, no fair hearing amidst the rapture with which the public greeted the strains of Byron. In the blaze of that meridian glory, no other light seemed then able to shine with effect. Bulwer Lytton resigned at once that kind of literature for which he had naturally a violent passion, and embraced that for which he felt a positive distaste, and no heaven-born facility. This was practical. Here was the first signal exercise of that intellectual peculiarity which more than any other distinguishes his mind, and which, in truth, has uninterruptedly governed its movements. Perhaps, however, what we are accustomed, for convenience, to term judgment, is not so much a distinct faculty as it is the equipoise of all the faculties.

Be this as it may, what accounts for the whole career of Bulwer Lytton, which twice his genius would not otherwise account for, is this predominating and governing regard for the practicable. There are two sorts of failure: failure, because the work accomplished is not in demand; and failure, because the work itself is not duly accomplished. The former kind Bulwer has always held in horror, and has never suffered it, for he would never risk it. A very clever man, who is now dead, when asked his opinion about Bulwer, replied: "*He is one who knows how things should be done, and what things to do.*"

This is the very soul of practicality; of business, whether public or private; of statesmanship, and of what Lord Bacon quaintly terms "wisdom for a man's self." And thus a man of vivid temperament, of "bright and transitory" imagination, of ardent and enthusiastic genius, has shown himself a very personification of steadfast, well-calculated, plodding, unswerving, indomitably executed action. It is, in truth, the character for action, and that character pre-eminently. The strange old fact (proved by many a striking example), that, in circumstances of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, where a man knows not how to advise himself, he will get the best counsel, not from the most cunning or pettifogging, but from the most genuinely poetic mind among his acquaintance, is a fact peculiarly appertaining to the history of those poets whose genius bears the apparently incongruous impress to which we are now adverting.

So much for this author's power to do; yet where is the success, if, after triumphing in the accomplishment of a thing, the thing accomplished will not itself be allowed to succeed?

Such has been the question almost always, indeed with but one exception, present to Bulwer Lytton in his intellectual undertakings. A practical, a pre-eminently practical mind, we repeat. Dread of the first kind of failure, just now described, has always deterred Bulwer; dread of the second, never. To risk the first is to war against influences stronger than man; to risk the other is but to test one's own powers.

On no occasion has Bulwer (who invariably has declined attempting to do that which, when well done, is not wanted) found his powers unequal ultimately to that which he has attempted. But his final success has generally been a ladder, the steps of which seemed to be all so many defeats.

A first check often repels and disheartens for ever a mind intellectually deficient in the requisite faculty, if morally wanting in some that are essential. It is here that the gallant, the all-daring, all-enduring, all-accomplishing spirit of the thorough-bred must show itself. Here occur those immortal exertions, here flash out those inextinguishable ardours, which made Buffon (not waiting long enough for the right word) term patience genius. And here it is that Bulwer surpasses nearly all writers—former or contemporary; here it is that he will leave the most precious and the most inspiring of the lessons to be hereafter bequeathed in his imperishable example.

It would not be in nature that a mind psychologically such as we have described should not be able well to counsel others, having counselled itself so well and wisely, having lived, as it were, a very existence of masculine logic reduced instinctively to action. Thus his books abound in the practical wisdom of private life and of every-day intercourse.

But they are themselves,—with the speeches and addresses which form altogether but one great career,—a still better lesson than any which their pages contain or their eloquence conveys.

"*He will never be a speaker,*" it was said when he first entered the House of Commons. He shortly afterwards decided the House on a memorable occasion, and on a vital question, by a speech which electrified all who heard it, elicited from a great orator, and one of the best oratorical critics that ever lived, enthusiastic encomiums, and still rings in the memory of Parliament. He has not belied the promise of that brilliant day; and Edinburgh will not easily forget that in 1854, nor Glasgow that in 1857, it was he whose accents made their crowded academic halls vibrate—wondrous combination!—to eloquence at once the most ornate and the most impassioned with which they had ever echoed.

"*He will never be a dramatist,*" said they, when his first play was produced. It had cost him a far longer period of toil than that fortnight which sufficed to begin and finish the most skilful and pathetic of all modern sentimental comedies—the *Lady of Lyons*. Money surpassed even Sheridan's *School for Scandal* in its first "run." In fine, there is only Shakspeare who more frequently commands occupancy of the acting stage. The more esoteric merits were all along conceded to Bulwer's dramatic compositions; it was popularity which the prophets denied him. His popularity presently eclipsed every precedent.

Poetry, as we have said, he always loved; to poetry he would, by choice, have devoted all his time. Public speaking he, on the other hand, always abhorred. Yet we doubt whether the public would not set in far higher respect and proportionate rank many a passage which we could cite from his political and academical discourses, than they would the choicest satire of the *New Timon*, or the sweetest effusions of *King Arthur*.

"*He will never figure as a politician,*" men exclaimed, when he first hazarded himself in that capacity. Yet he soon played a distinguished part in the House of Commons; and at this very moment occupies a conspicuous position among the foremost political thinkers and actual chiefs of the grand palæstra. Only the gentleman still reigns over the politician, the knight over the more warrior; witness the chivalrous tenderness to the fallen leader, never shown to the Lord John Russell of prouder and more palmy times.

To the subject of this paper a predominant sleepless common sense has never ceased to whisper amid the transports of genius, and no false "heading away" has ever led him far. The brilliant soporific of *Pelham* has dissolved into the mellow and radiant philosophy of the greatest of quiet fictions. Here we would briefly mark what we could, but for our limits, copiously illustrate—the self-purifying force of his genius. He appeared with, not indeed personal, but mental egotism, colouring all the views of life,—sometimes effervescingly, as in *Pelham*; sometimes with a less volatile and a darker tincture of morbid and inadmissible sentiment,

as in *Maltravers*. All this has worked itself pure and bright into the genial sympathies of *My Novel*, where the author as an individual is utterly lost, absorbed in the wide and permanent human interests which he evokes, and to which all his thoughts address themselves.

No labour has deterred him. Were it necessary, for the perfection of some minor but essential passage in some minor but incumbent work, to learn Hebrew and Cyro-Chaldaic (assuming that he knows nothing of the former), he would stop the press—or we do not else understand the man—till he had mastered the requisite preliminary.

He has what the French call *la conscience du travail*, and this kills personal vanity. Often has he been told that he possessed not the genius necessary for various enterprises which he had undertaken. "Very likely," has he said; "but I have at least the talent of labour, and I must make what I have serve for what I have not." It was like telling a digger that he had not the right tool, when the digger with the tool in his hand was fairly accomplishing his work. If say the would answer, he would contrive to dispense with the more orthodox sickle, need compelling.

From this main quality, as from a trunk-railway, many other qualities flowed,—inflexible performance of promises, words kept like bonds, courage unconquerable.

And with all these high characteristics are combined pride in his "order,"—that "order" of literature in which men earn, not inherit distinction,—sympathy for its less fortunate members, genial and cordial encouragement for its younger aspirants, a gentleman's courtesy in antagonism, and a true man's sincerity in friendship.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH.

THERE are some men's lives that might be written in a single page, so even has been the tenor of their career, so unchecked the course of their existence. Take for example old Gilliflower and his friend Bardsley. I knew Gilliflower and Bardsley when they first set up in business in Toocum Street; the one as a grocer, and the other in the ironmongery line. They came into the street about the same time, and opened shop next door to one another. They were not then personally acquainted; and like many other next-door neighbours in a large city, they passed years in sight of each other without contracting any closer acquaintanceship than that of neighbourly civility. They would say, "A fine day, sir," as they took down their shutters of a morning; or, "A fine evening, sir," as they put them up again at night. If these morning and evening civilities were ever varied, it was simply by a change of the adjective. Toocum Street being an English street, the variation was doubtless frequent.

But Gilliflower and Bardsley were destined to become fast friends; indeed, friends till death. There was nothing romantic in the way in which this friendship was contracted. It was not through Gilliflower's house catching fire, and Bardsley making superhuman efforts to rescue Gilliflower from the flames. Nor *vice versa*. Nor did Bardsley plunge into any river after Gilliflower; nor did Gilliflower plunge in after Bardsley. It arose, I am bound to say, entirely out of a question of beer. Both shopkeepers were unmarried and without incumbance. When the labours of the day were over, Bardsley was wont to adjourn to the Green Dragon, to smoke his pipe and drink his flagon of ale. Gilliflower patronised another house—the Bear. A great point in the character of both men was constancy, or what in politics would be called conservatism. A practice once adopted was never, or rarely, departed from. Once having established a corner in the parlour of the Green Dragon, Bardsley would as soon have thought of changing his wholesale dealer as of going to the Lion or the King's Head. Gilliflower, on his part, was as closely attached to his corner at the Bear. It happened, however, some three or four years after his first visit to the Bear, that the landlord of that

establishment was induced to change his brewer. Gilliflower was one of the first to be served with the new tap. He didn't like it. It might have been very good beer; it might have been better beer than that formerly supplied; but it was not the kind of beer he had been accustomed to. Gilliflower was a patient man, and he bore it as long as he could; but there was a limit even to Gilliflower's patience; and with something of a pang at parting from his old corner and particular Windsor chair, the worthy grocer at length transferred his patronage to the Dragon. On his first visit to that establishment, he found his neighbour Bardsley ensconced by the chimney-corner, smoking his pipe.

"Good evening, sir," said Gilliflower.

"Good evening, sir," returned Bardsley.

"Coldish to-night, sir," said Gilliflower, taking a chair.

"Coldish, indeed, sir," said Bardsley.

Here there was a pause of some duration. It was at length broken by Gilliflower ringing for the waiter.

"I think," said Gilliflower, half to himself and half to Bardsley, "I'll try a drop of their ale."

"You'll find it to your taste, sir, I think," said Bardsley.

The ale was placed on the table, flanked by a pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Your good health, sir," said Gilliflower, eyeing the liquor knowingly.

"The same to you, sir," said Bardsley.

"Body there, sir?"

"And hops, sir!"

"And hops, sir!"

Bardsley and Gilliflower puffed in silence for the next ten minutes. At length Bardsley said:

"Seasonable weather."

Gilliflower said, "Very seasonable."

Another long silence, broken only by puffs. Then Gilliflower:

"How do you find business, sir?"

"Well, I can't complain. How do *you* find it, sir?"

"Pretty tidyish, as things go: no reason to complain neither," said Gilliflower.

"Will you take a glass with me, sir?" said Bardsley.

"Well, thank you sir, I will."

"Will you take a glass with me?" said Gilliflower by and by.

"Most happy, sir, I am sure," replied Bardsley.

That night, as Gilliflower retired to his bachelor-conoh, he expressed (to himself) an opinion highly favourable of Bardsley: "A very agreeable man is that Bardsley—very agreeable man."

About the same moment, Bardsley was tying on his nightcap, and saying: "An uncommon nice man, that Gilliflower."

Thirty years after, it was said by Bardsley himself, that he had never missed passing an evening in Gilliflower's company until that evening. But on that evening Gilliflower's chair was empty. The sight of it touched poor Bardsley's heart. The friend of his bosom was not there. "And why?" said Bardsley to himself, as he gazed at the empty chair with misty eyes. "Because he is ill a-bed, and is not able to toddle so far. Shall I sit here, then," said Bardsley, "a-drinking and a-smoking and enjoying of myself, while Gilliflower is ill a-bed?" Bardsley answered the question by pushing away his pipe and pot with a reproachful air, and going to see his friend.

Thirty years had made Bardsley and Gilliflower fast friends. From the evening of their first meeting in the parlour of the Dragon, their attachment grew day by day and increased with every pipe and pot, until in feeling, in tastes, and in habits, they became as one man. Such was the identity of all spirituality in the two men, that the same body might have served for both. Knowing and reading those two minds, it might have occurred to an observer that nature had displayed a sad want of economy in making Bardsley and Gilliflower various. There was no corner of Bardsley's mind that was not known to Gilliflower; nor was there a

cranny of Gilliflower's that was not revealed to Bardsley. Nor is this ascribing any great amount of acuteness to either party. Bardsley had taken as many bad shillings as any man, and Gilliflower's name was enrolled on the list of more than one begging-letter writer. It was not, then, the acuteness of Gilliflower's perception that discovered the profound depths of Bardsley's mind; but it was Bardsley's single and simple mind that displayed itself like a proclamation in large letters to Gilliflower's modest vision. And *vice versa*. Innocence, honesty, kindness of heart, and the most charming stupidity, distinguished them both. They were just children, who could smoke a pipe and drink a glass, and help each other on in the world, and sympathise with each other, without outgrowing either their clothes or their mutual attachment. In the first week of their acquaintance they had seen and known as much of each other as they ever saw and knew till death; because in that week all that was to be seen and known of both was fully laid open. And it was a very child's lesson, all in the easiest words of one syllable.

Business prospered moderately with both men. They had their struggles, as most people have. But Bardsley and Gilliflower were both wont to say, "I have always a friend." I may tell the reader privately, that Bardsley's friend was Gilliflower, and that Gilliflower's friend was Bardsley. By a strange but happy coincidence, when Bardsley wanted ten pounds to make up a bill, Gilliflower always had it to lend him; and when Gilliflower wanted ten pounds, Bardsley could always help Gilliflower. Fate had mortified their exigencies to a nicety in every respect. Their troubles and joys were so exactly alternated, that the one was always in a position to console or rejoice with the other. Did any mischance in business befall Gilliflower, would he go to his lawyer? Not he. He would say, "Send for Bardsley." Did Bardsley fall ill, would he send for the doctor? By no means. He sent for Gilliflower. And so they lived from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. I had the honour to be on pretty friendly terms with both of them (though much their junior), and I may say I grew old in their company. But I was never to Bardsley what Gilliflower was, nor to Gilliflower what Bardsley was. Far from it. I think I spoilt my claim to their full confidence by letting out early in our acquaintance that I knew something of Greek. I have wished from the bottom of my heart that Greece and Greek had never existed, or been known, rather than I should have been deprived of the honour of sitting in the upper and inner chamber of two such hearts. I would have given all history to be Bardsley, all the glory of antiquity to be Gilliflower.

Both men remained bachelors to the end of their days. People often wondered that they did not marry, they being both ardent though respectful admirers of the other sex, and strongly attached to children. Many a time have I seen Bardsley sitting at his own door, on a fine summer's evening, playing with some curly-headed boy or rosy-cheeked girl. He could repeat all the stories and rhymes that they delighted in; and Bardsley's knee was the cockhorse of many and many a journey to the famed cross of Baubury. Nor was that journey ever made in vain; for at the end of it there was always a halfpenny or a penny forthcoming from Bardsley's capacious pocket to reward the youthful rider. And then Bardsley would say, "Now run away to Gilliflower's, my dear, and buy yourself some barley-sugar." And Gilliflower was known to the rising generation thereabouts to give the largest halfpennyworth of barley-sugar of any grocer far or near. And so fond were the children of the two old men,—I am speaking of their latter days now,—that they called them by the name of "nucle." Many a child of that neighbourhood grew up to man's estate, still calling them Uncle Bardsley and Uncle Gilliflower,—never doubting but that the two old men were as much their uncles in relationship as they were in kindness and affection.

The reader may wonder, therefore, as the neighbours did,

why two men so well adapted for the holy state of matrimony had never entered that state. I think I know why they did not. When Bardsley and Gilliflower first became acquainted (as the reader knows how), the latter was beginning to have "serious thoughts" about a certain Jessy Ward, the niece of a well-to-do wax-chandler in Toocum Street. He had seen Jessy at church on several occasions, and once he had walked home with her and her uncle. Old Ward asked him to tea, and he went and feasted upon Jessy's good looks and winning ways—having no appetite for the muffins—until, on coming away, he felt as if his heart was too big for his bosom. He could not sleep for several nights afterwards; and what seemed to keep him wakeful was, the image of sweet Jessy Ward, and that strange bigness about the heart. But shortly after this, Jessy went away to reside with an invalid aunt in the country, and did not come back for nearly a year. In the mean time Bardsley had got acquainted, and become friendly, with Gilliflower. When Jessy returned, he thought of going to call at old Ward's, and he mentioned his intention to Gilliflower. What Gilliflower said I don't know; but at any rate he didn't go. I am sure that Gilliflower did not discourage him in any way; but my opinion is, that Bardsley conceived the idea that Gilliflower was not an advocate for matrimony, so he gave up all thoughts of Jessy Ward. Bardsley, however, was for once mistaken in his estimate of Gilliflower's views. I have reason to know that Gilliflower meditated matrimony at the same time that Bardsley did, but that he gave up the idea, fearful, lest by taking a wife he should lose his friend.

And so they remained bachelors for each other's sake to the end. Alas that the end should ever come to such friendship as theirs! But it did come. The winter of life overtook them together as they wandered onward hand in hand. Its snows fell upon them equally yet gently. No longer able to walk to their nightly resort, they now passed the evening at home, Bardsley going next door to Gilliflower, or Gilliflower going to Bardsley; or of a summer's evening they sat side by side at their doors, faithful to the last to the pipe and the flagon of ale. There, as they smoked and chatted as of old time, the children played round them, like flowerets twinkling about the roots of withered and decaying oaks. But an evening came when Gilliflower was no longer able to toddle out to meet his friend. Bardsley sat awaiting him, but he came not. Gilliflower's old housekeeper came to tell Bardsley that her master was very ill, and that she had helped him up to bed. The flagon of ale remained on the bench untasted, the pipes unsmoked, the two chairs empty. Gilliflower had smoked his last pipe and drunk his last pint. He grew feebler day by day, and at last his mind wandered. He raved about Bardsley: "Where is Bardsley? O, will some one send for Bardsley?" Bardsley was there by his side almost day and night; but his friend no longer knew him. I went in by Bardsley's request to do what I could for his poor old friend, and I tried to make him understand that Bardsley was sitting by him, that it was Bardsley who was holding his hand.

"Go away, go away," he said; "you are not Bardsley. What use are you to me? It is Bardsley I want. O, if you will only send for him, I know he will come."

Then he raved about a bill that was coming due to-morrow, and for which he was not prepared.

"I must go to Bardsley," he said. "Bardsley will help me out, I know he will. Give me my hat and stick."

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "Bardsley is here. Speak to him, Bardsley; let him hear your voice."

The old man called his friend by name. "Gilliflower, Gilliflower, it's me, Gilliflower; it's Bardsley, your old friend."

"Eh? are you Bardsley?" he said at length. "Give me your hand. Ah, yes it is Bardsley, my old friend, my good friend." He sank for a short time into a slumber; but when he awoke he still called for Bardsley. He was with him again, in thought, at the Dragon.

"The pot is empty, Bardsley," he said; "shall we have

another; or shall we go home? I'll take a light, if you please—no, no, I won't trouble you, my pipe is out; we'll go home. Good night, Bardsley, good night; I shall see you again to-morrow."

As these words were uttered, the hands of the two friends were clasped upon the bed. It was the clasp of death! "I shall see you again to-morrow." That to-morrow soon came. Poor Bardsley went on his earthly pilgrimage for a little while, seeking up and down for his friend Gilliflower. And one winter's night he made a long journey, and found him—where there was no more parting.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As the earliest to open of all the London art-exhibitions of the year, artists, amateurs, and critics, rush to the British Institution with much the same feeling as a man takes his first spring walk in the fields. Its rank as an exhibition of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Royal Academy, is, as a rule, next immediately beneath it; besides which, it is generally looked forward to with interest, because many popular artists continue to send the most remarkable of their pictures to be hung upon its walls.

Prompted by such considerations as these, we proceeded to Pall Mall on the opening day, and looked round, as of old, for the ancient *habitués* of the place. Sadly disappointing was the search. What, no Roberts, no Creswick, no Lee; and Sant missing from his accustomed corner; Frank Dillon (not unworthily) in the place of honour! There are the usual imitations of the artists we have named, and others in the same relation to Millais, Frith, Egg, Eastlake, and the whole round of well-known names. The picture that first arrested us was, "A Florentine Holiday," by Wingfield; and examination showed it to be one of the best works of this artist, who has frequently a truer feeling for his subject than many men of greater name. But call you this a holiday? That group seated at the foot of the steps are not happy, nor those who (as before) descend from the terrace, and point to the wrangling dogs; that expression cannot be joy which is upon their faces, surely. We turn from the picture, convinced that it is intended for a lament over the hollowness of human happiness. Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi" is not more sad; and muttering, *Vanitas, vanitas!* we pass forward.

Mr. Frank Dillon's picture, No. 1, "The Colossal Pair, Thebes," shows those colossi whom the Arabs call "Shamy and Dany," the nearest being the vocal Memnon, also named "Salamat" (the saluter). We see these great statues, which have sat facing the stream of time for so many centuries, with the sun just sunk below the horizon behind them, while the light of the moon is slowly covering their fronts, and great mixed shadows from both lights clustering about their feet; over the lurid horizon a blush of purple mist-like cloud is hanging. The idea of impressiveness, which Mr. Dillon has certainly succeeded in rendering, might have been enhanced if he had chosen a more novel effect; the statues would have gained, we think, in this quality, if they had been shown sitting black and opaque against a firmament full of stars, or in broad sun or moon light, with their gigantic shadows on the ground. Should Mr. Dillon go to Egypt again, we recommend to his study Holman Hunt's "Back of the Sphinx" (a sunlight of intensest glare), exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, as an example of what may be produced by strict adherence to nature only. The statues here stand against the darkening sky, and an appearance of height is much assisted by placing a star in a line below their shoulders; but this is not new, and if the star were Canopus himself, the effect would not be worth while repeating twice.

Nos. 272 and 347, "A Midsummer Afternoon," and "An Autumn Afternoon," by J. Raven, are not more in contrast in point of excellence than are the phases of nature they

represent. The first is very admirable,—a modest truthful little sketch, with the dreamy softness of the reality,—just the crest of a verdant hill, with a windmill on the top against the sky; the latter is violent, coarse, and opaque to such a degree, that one is surprised to find that two such pictures could come from the same hand.

Incomparably the best landscape in the rooms is No. 547, "Caerhün. Low-water," by J. W. Oakes. A mountain-scene, with a river just reaching the lowlands, and a weir in front, and the rocky base of the hills coming into the foreground; the whole of this is clear, true, fresh, and rich, and more powerful than most of its competitors. The arrangement of clouds is extremely fine; their fault, however, being a certain want of depth, yet they show a whole cloud-land. The observer should notice the care and knowledge with which the nearer side of the weir is painted; the misty cloud which lies high up in the hollows of the hill-tops is a very poetical passage. In short, this is almost the only scientifically-painted landscape in the exhibition; and in scale of merit can only be compared with No. 255, "The Covey," J. Wolf: a number of partridges clustering under a dwarf-evergreen shrub, with snow over the whole scene. It hangs on the branches, again frozen where it had half congealed. The birds are huddled close together, and look snug and cosy in spite of the cold, having that knowing kind of expression about the eye which the artist so frequently gives to his birds; the texture of their feathers is admirable. Some goldfinches are perched on a bough behind, the wings of one who has just alighted spreading out; a very pretty idea, which is spoilt by the clumsy way in which the wings are drawn. Close by him is a little Falstaff of a goldfinch, who is excessively funny. The frosty glare of the sunlight is perfectly represented.

Mr. Jutsum's pictures, Nos. 3 and 197, "The Devonshire Coast," and "The Hay-field," have the ordinary qualities of his work, but are extremely weak, and very unlike nature. It is to be regretted that so skilful an exponent should so neglect faithful representation. The same may be said of W. T. Danby, whose pictures, Nos. 65, 164, and 364, exhibit his usual choice of one phase of nature, and his peculiarly excellent skies. More thought is, however, required to maintain him in that place which he has held so long. No. 173, "A tranquil Stream in Autumn, North Wales," by C. Branwhite, is a more palpable example of the effect of carelessness in producing manner. All who remember his exquisite frost-scenes of a few years back will regret that his talent should be so lost in the insincerity which this example shows. Not a single portion of the whole picture can be said to resemble nature; the trees look like moss under the microscope; the scene might be in dream-land, but is certainly not in North Wales. In "Rain clearing off," H. Dawson, No. 82, it will be well to notice an excellent point of truth in the gray sheen of the trees which stand on the river's bank. This alone will elevate the picture above its pendant, No. 65, T. Danby, though in execution it is far inferior to the latter. Mr. E. W. Cooke's marine pieces are apparently a return to an earlier style, lower in key, and more carefully executed than his works have been of late. No. 181, "Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice," is an especially agreeable little picture. No. 116, "Venice, the Porto," has some excellent points of tender colour about it. "The Banks of the Machno," by J. Dearle, No. 491,—some trees on the banks of a full still stream in sunlight,—is by an artist who suddenly rose into fame on Mr. Ruskin's notice of an exquisite little picture in the Royal Academy. That was indeed admirable; but from the fact of habit becoming manner, the present is by no means so; the trees here are woolly, and the waters like glass. Mr. Dearle must not expect to maintain a reputation by repeating a single effect of nature: these walls are thronged with such examples. Let him consider their number, and endeavour to avoid like results.

If Mr. Lance, when painting his "Beautiful in Death," a peacock dead at the foot of a tree, had shown us how such a bird really would lie just after the death-agony, with

his crest broken, and argus-tail disarranged and dust-besmirched, he might not only have had an opportunity of displaying his exquisite skill, but also something more valuable than is presented by this very orderly-looking bird, who appears as if laid out for his funeral, evidently having died in the most genteel manner, and without a struggle. As more lay-figure painting the bird himself is a marvellous triumph; so much so that we regret such transcendent skill should have no other object than (like the peacock) to display itself.

Of the figure-pictures which this exhibition contains, there are few which can come up to the avorage of a year's display. Mr. Frost's "Boy's Head" No. 315, has a delightful truth of character which we seldom see in his greater works, being more solidly and truthfully painted than usual. "The Plant Hour," W. P. Frith, R.A., is the well-known subject of Othello stating his love to Desdemona,—"Upon this hint I spake." There appears to be a mistake in the physical characters of both figures; Desdemona here is a somewhat riant-looking young lady, whose head, as painted, would stand well as a portrait, but by no means represents Shakspeare's sweet creation. The picture shows so much brilliant execution, that we must lament that more consideration was not given to the just representation of the characters chosen. "Molière reading to his Housekeeper," No. 458, by T. P. Hall, is another stock-subject (when will painters extend their roading in the search for new ones?), but we have seldom seen it better treated. The head of the laughing housekeeper, who has abandoned herself to her mirth, is peculiarly successful; indeed, one of the best things in the exhibition. The figure of Molière himself shows a capital reading of character, although looking, from some fault in the execution, rather distorted. We look upon this work as one of high promise, and hope much from the painter, if he will but avoid even the suspicion of imitating Frith, &c. W. Maw Egley's picture, "The Talking Oak," No. 499, from Tenyson, is a piece of false Pre-Raffaellism, an utter mistake in the nature of his models, the P.R.B.; an error which the more surprises us who remember his very excellent picture of "Charles V. in the Cloister," at the Royal Academy the year before last. The painter's "Taming of the Shrew," No. 318, a sketch for a picture, is very brilliant. We hoped a better thing from Mr. Cavo Thomas than No. 539, "A Letter requiring an Answer,"—a very unpleasant-looking lady, who is lost in reverie, while at her feet lies an open letter. The picture looks as if it had been painted from a photograph, and the lady is really ugly.

J. Gilbert's picture, "A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry at the Battle of Edgehill," No. 76, is full of life and motion; the figures seem to swerve about in a disorderly wave; they are as fine a collection of swaggering troopers as we should wish to see. In front some officers have dismounted to look over a map; the black horse of one of them, held by a page, is capitally introduced and most skilfully painted. This is a subject which suits Mr. Gilbert most perfectly, and altogether we have never seen a picture of his which pleased us more. Mr. G. Smith's "Spending a Ha'penny," No. 296, is a capital subject, and the picture most cleverly painted in some respects. It shows a boy, who has found El Dorado, making an investment in sweets at a dame's shop; through the window a crowd of children look in anxious hope of a share. The hesitating action of the boy, puzzled in the choice of dainties, is excellent. We should have liked to have seen more variety in the expressions of the other children, and a very great deal more solid painting throughout. We commend to the visitor's notice Mr. Frank Wyburd's "Janet Foster," from *Kenilworth*, No. 407, as a capital little sketch, which will improve upon acquaintance. The same may be said of No. 423, "Say, Thank you," by J. E. Hodgson, showing a child who has gained admittance to her home by the courtesy of a woman passing by. The door is open, and the child's elder sister bids her to say, "Thank you." The sister's head is really

very beautiful indeed; and the whole of the little picture (though deficient in brilliancy) shows much promise. "The Old Cavalier," No. 457, by T. Morten, an uproarious-looking old gentleman drinking, is capital; so skilfully done, that it might almost be taken for a Frith. The textures of the dress, &c. are well rendered. No. 226, "The Dead Rabbit," by J. Clark, will be found to be a vigorous transcript of boy-emotion under exciting circumstances.

We must give a word of sincere commendation to Mr. Wingfield's "Cottage Interior," No. 9, wishing he would always paint with so much affection for humble nature.

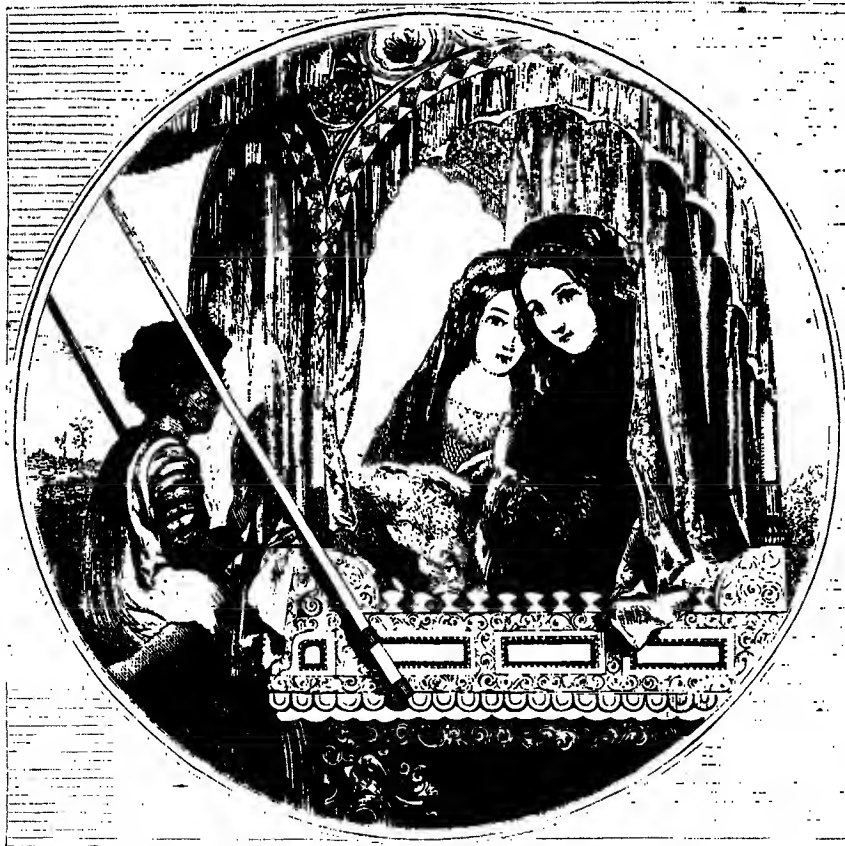
We do not pretend to have noticed all the excellent pictures which are here exhibited; it is rather our aim to comment upon those which have attracted our attention in a manner that shall put the spectator into a way of examining for himself; that is, by trying them with the touchstone of a comparison with nature. In conclusion, we may say, that in executing the duty of criticism we have never found fault with an artist's work unless it appeared to exhibit the power of doing better things. Of the vast mass of crudities which these walls support we have said nothing. The chief cause for regret which we observe is, that the landscape-painters appear to have formed themselves into a company ("limited"), for the purpose of imitating one another, and so to amalgamate their several styles into one manner, that in a few years unfortunate critics will have to receive a special education to enable them to distinguish one man's work from that of another.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

COMMENCING at the Commencement, we Commence to say that language is as old as Adam. Like Adam, it has had a very numerous progeny; and following still the fortunes of that luckless sponse, there are divers of its offspring of whom it has every reason to be ashamed. Not among these is the brave old language of England,—the great family of Anglo-Saxon words. Born beside Persian rivers and hardened on Gothic coasts, these children of noble tongues combine, in this latter day, an Indian passion with the strong simplicity of the north. Long ages of intercourse with the whole world of human speech have added grace, filled up defects, and worn away blemishes, till the tribe has reached a point of dignity and just supremacy unknown to any other tongue since the great hubbub in the Tower of Babel.

But to get a particularly good name for any thing is forthwith to become one of those precious pegs for which the whole race of hangers-on lie praying. Such a peg is our English tongue; such parasites are at its heels, and if it did not turn now and then like a bulldog, with a shako and a growl, the very marrow would be sucked out of it in a generation or two by a set of snoaking discreditable vagrants from every other language under heaven, who catch at its skirts, tumble in its way, and are ready to sell their souls and cut off their foreign noses for the sake of its adoption and patronage. Some of those lingual Bohemians, too bold and forward for success, get taken by the shoulders pretty quickly and turned out of the language. But others are far too clever; they manage matters with an admirable tact, and a very different result. These begin, perhaps, by making themselves generally useful to some highly respectable booby, who introduces them to society as pleasant foreigners in their native costume. By and by the dress is changed for a British one, the rogue still retaining his foreign accent for a while. Then the accent itself is dropped. He sounds like English, swears himself the son of a Smith, carries favour with an author hard up for another word, and finally gets into the dictionary. Many of these poor



FROM "LALLA BOOKH." BY F. WYBIRD.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils. *Lalla Bookh.*

vagrants may be passed by in silent contempt. Expressing some feeble thing which a true Briton never cares to think of, they do little harm, and may be left to those who like them; but there are others on whom all the wrath in all the vials of indignation and fury deserves to be poured. We speak of those bold usurpers who, finding a place in our language well and nobly filled by a word of true native breeding, take upon themselves to oust him out of it, succeed foully in their design, set their own foreign gristle in the place of Anglo-Saxon bones, turn British blood to milk-and-water, and do our speech a mischief which it may need another Shakspeare to repair. This pest increases. The time for indifference is past. We call up one of these varlets for summary justice. Let the rest take warning.

Time was when things *BEGAN* in England, as they did in the Beginning. The word is a thorough native one; a strong sounding word, with a B and a G in it. Was it not good enough for us? Was there any better word for the purpose any where under the sun? There was not. But there was a worse one beyond comparison, and we have taken him to our lips, if not to our bosoms; to our finger-ends, if not to our arms. Things *BEGIN* with us no longer; they *COMMENCE* instead. "*Commence*" is the precious poodle that is to turn our home-bred mastiff out of doors. *Commence*, forsooth! What do we want in England with this tip-toe dandy of a word? Look at him, Britons; mouth him, and see what you can make of him. A French-Spanish-Italian mongrel; an illegitimate mouthful of effeminate letters; a word without an ancestry, descended from nothing, found wandering

on the Continent without father, mother, or native home. Two Latin words have indeed been accused of his bad parentage; but there is nothing to show that they ever came together for such a purpose; if they did, they ought to have been ashamed of themselves; and, in point of fact, they are both far too respectable for the idea to be entertained. "*Commence*," indeed! A mincing mealy-mouthed rascal; a fellow without a bone in his body, made up of three liquids and three vowels, with a double-tongued unnecessary letter for the crown of his head and the joint of his tail. When he first put his soppy little foot in England would be hard to say. It was doubtless in the blackest of dark ages, when slimy and sneaking things could move about unseen. Wherever it was, he found two fitting hiding-places,—in the courts of law and under the forms of colleges. There he lay for ages, snug and simpering; venturing now and then into the good-natured unsuspecting Anglo-Saxon world; tripping into good society; making fine acquaintances, but getting nothing from them beyond the privilege of doing an errand or two. The little scoundrel was hatching mischief all the time. He watched and waited; caught us in the Castle of Indolence at last; set his pretty pasty cheeks by the brown ones of his natural enemy; vowed they were the comelier; and in an evil day got us to believe him.

Here is an old English play-bill; the date is June 4, without the year; but the year was about 1770: "A comedy called *Much Ado about Nothing*, written by Shakspeare, will be performed. It will *BEGIN* exactly at seven."

Here is another, no farther back than 1812; "Mr. Kemble will appear in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus*, and the performance will begin at seven o'clock." There was some stuff in us then. We were fighting the French, and had a respect for our Bs and our Gs. We knew we were Britons, and felt we were Great; we had to talk of Bullets and Bayonets, of Guns and Gashes, of Badajoz and Gibraltar, of Grape-shot and Battles, of Banners, Breezes, the Bay of Biscay, and St. George. We had Grappled with Gaul; we were Beating Bonoy; we were marching through Bloody Breaches to the Gates of Glory. That was no time to put a slight on the two most stalwart letters in the alphabet—the very initials of Great Britain's name. But peace came, with soft narcotics and luxurious joys. The tired sinews yielded; the tongue forgot its grand old battle-songs, and began to babble of mild music and vider-down. Alas, not so! Beginnings had grown too hard and strong for it. It Began no longer—it COMMENCED.

We owe this precious word immediately to France; and it established its present usurpation by something of a *coup d'état*. On the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of March, 1820, the following announcement appeared at the head of the leading column in the *Times*:

"As we have received several complaints respecting the publication of the *Times* from the Secretary of the Society of News-venders, we shall for the future, in order to exculpate him and ourselves, publish every morning the hour at which the journal of the preceding day was delivered. We shall BEGIN to-morrow."

They never Began. On the following day this fatal sentence was read:

"The publication of the *Times* Commenced yesterday at six o'clock, and was finished by nine."

The blow was struck. The brave old Saxon word had been elbowed out. He turned nevertheless astonished and expostulating, and even held his ground for the space of eight-and-forty hours. On the next day and the next, the publication of the *Times* "Began" according to the official paragraph. Then all was over. On Monday, April 3, it was once more announced that "the publication of the *Times* Commenced at six o'clock on Saturday morning." Now Saturday was the 1st of April.

As far as we know, with the exception of one single day, about a week afterwards, the base intruder has kept his place above the leading article of the first journal in the world ever since that Festival of Fools; and under cover of this distinguished patronage, he has wormed his way into general society. We meet him every where, plump and smirking, polished and prim. He is likely enough to lord it over our entire literature, from our Bibles to our nursery-rhymes. A few years longer, and our children's children may learn in wonderment, that when the pie was opened the birds commenced to sing, and that the little old woman on the king's highway commenced to shiver and commenced to shake, while her little dog he commenced to bark. They may be taught to sing, "Commence, my soul," at morning service; and, as a climax of horrors, to read at last in the Book of Genesis, that in the commencement God created the heavens and the earth.

Out upon these finikin soft syllables—this mollusk of a word! Rely upon it, any thing that Commences has some rascally affectation about it. Operas Commence, and so do modern dramas—*Peter Wilkins*, or the *Flying Indians*, for example. Fashionable schools always Commence; fashionable services do the same. But think of a British oak Commencing to grow. It might grow into a fiddlestick perhaps, but never into the wooden walls of England. Let France take back her own and keep him. A Frenchman, *parbleu!* may Commence an affair with a good conscience; John Bull can do nothing of the kind. He Commences no affairs, not he. He Begins his business like an Anglo-Saxon, and in the same likeness brings it to an end. Let it not even be said, that John Bull forgets his origin in his oaths, and swears after all in Latin. He swears in Indo-European; and though

he had better not swear any more, his national bad word, with little difference in sound or sense, may have been heard on the plains of Iran before Romulus was born.

Let us look to it betimes, or this foreign usurpation will not stop here or any where till it has gagged every manly word in our native language. We mean no disrespect to the tongues of other lands. They are well enough for their own purposes, but they were never made for ours. French for France, and English for ourselves. They are like a man and his sister, Kiss and be two they may; marry and be one they never can. We took what we wanted from our neighbours centuries ago. We may still be beholden to them for a new word where we lack an old one; but to bring words across the Channel for the mere supplanting of our own better ones, is to have a second Norman conquest, another battle of Hastings, and Edith once more seeking Harold among the slain.

Wake up, sons and daughters of old England; rid yourselves of this pitiful weak word! "Words," said Bacon, "as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding." When the words are feeble, their imbecility returns upon your thoughts themselves. Never think you can go on Commencing with the vigour with which your forefathers Began; you may as soon do a day's work on a frog and an omelette. Renounce this pet picaninny of modern speech; or, if you must needs have a last word with him, why then Commence at once to say that henceforth you are going to BEGIN.

AN EPISODE FROM NORWEGIAN PEASANT-LIFE.

By FREDERICA ROWAN.

I HAD spent the day on one of the beautiful fjords that indent the coast of Norway, "thrusting their many-fingered arms into the very heart of the country." Towards evening, the breeze, which, coming from the open sea, had tempered the previous heat, fell; and as the sultriness of the atmosphere now seemed to weigh with double heaviness on my Norwegian boatmen, who had plied their oars lustily during the whole day, I determined to give them a rest. We put to land at the nearest point, a little promontory projecting into the bay, close to where a mountain-stream, or *elva*, leaped into its bosom. The promontory was covered with a soft and verdant carpet of moss, which offered a welcome couch to our cramped limbs; and a mighty oak, overspreading a little thicket of dwarfed hazel-bushes, brier-roses, and gigantic crimson-belled foxgloves, afforded pleasant protection against the rays of the sun, which was still high in the heavens, notwithstanding the advanced hour. The dark dome of the oak stood out in fine relief against the brighter verdure of the hanging birches, the wild apple-trees, and the alders that covered the hill-sides which closed in around us, and which, rising ridge above ridge further inland, ended in snow-capped fjelds. While two of my men were engaged in bringing up from the boat such things as we might require, and others busied themselves in lighting a fire to boil the coffee, which is the favourite beverage of the Norwegian *bonde*, or peasant, and which they had been looking forward to with much pleasure, I stretched myself on the soft moss-carpet, and contemplated the beautiful landscape that surrounded me. In front, far as my eye could reach, the waters of the fjord lay extended like a mirror, reflecting on its polished surface the colours and outlines of the mighty fjelds and the clear blue of the heavens. The rush of the *elva* as they came foaming down from the high ridges sounded louder in the deep stillness of the evening, broken by their voices only, and by the short sharp bark of a dog that was driving a flock of sheep up one of the slopes. In a little while the sun went down behind the snowy crests, leaving only a remembrance of himself in the golden clouds that hung above them, and in the rosy hues that tinged the

glaciers. The voice of the dog was now lost in the distance; but a faint echo of it still came down to us with the stronger and deeper murmur of the *elvs*, which, together with the gathering clouds and the increasing sultriness of the air, announced a coming storm.

The "brown nectar" had been made and partaken of; and the men, gathered in a circle round the fire, which exercised its powers of attraction over them in spite of the summer-heat, were fixing expectant looks on one of their number, whose natural superiority was recognised by his comrades in the leadership they had tacitly assigned to him. Björn Halvorsen,—such was the name of this fine specimen of a Norwegian, half-peasant, half-fisherman, who was as experienced in combating the dangers of the deep, as in tracking the bear on the mountain-slopes and felling the rein-deer on the snowy peaks,—was a tall broad-shouldered fellow, with a prominent nose, bushy eyebrows, hair like a shaggy mane, and a pair of open clear blue eyes that seemed to let you look into the depths of his honest heart. Björn had travelled far and wide in his native land, was acquainted with the folk-lore of the coast-dwellers as well as of the mountaineers, and could not only tell a tale of the *nikke** of every creek, turn, or *elv*; and the *lundref*† of every mountain-valley, but knew the private history of the inmates of every cottage under whose roof he had passed a night. During the period we had spent together, visiting all the inlets of the beautiful fjord, he was welcomed as a friend wherever we landed; and hardly a boat passed us that he could not name every man of the crew, and give a sketch of his character and history. When I say, that to this universal knowledge was joined a voice unusually sonorous and flexible, great volubility of speech, and a lively temperament, with a goodly admixture of humour, no one will be surprised that Björn should be the favourite storyteller wherever he appeared, and that he was not loth to exhibit his talent. The locality in which we were taking our present siesta was as well known to him as every other point on the fjord; and pointing to a farm that lay some way up the valley, or rather ravine, on the bank of the *elv* that I have mentioned, he informed his listeners that it belonged to Helge Halvorsen; adding, "But for all that it looks so snug and so cheery amid the cornfields, there is gloom enough within, I trow; for a dead bride brings no sunshine into a man's house."

"A dead bride, Björn! what do you mean?" asked I, hoping that his answer might afford me some further insight into the life and character of the hardy Norwegian race, who, like their forefathers, whose history is recorded in the ancient Scandinavian Sagas, conceal deep and fiery passions under an appearance of calm and self-possession almost amounting to phlegm.

My inquiry evidently pleased Björn, for it gave him an opportunity of indulging his love for narrative. Having filled his pipe, and lighted it with a brand from the fire, which was still burning, he took a long whiff, and then began as follows, with an unction which plainly indicated that he meant to spare us no details:

"This is how it came about. Do you see, some mile or so further up the *elv* lives Sigrid Olaf's daughter, from Guldbrandsdal. Sigrid belongs to one of those peasant-families who say that they descend from our ancient kings, and who are ever too proud to cross their blood with any less noble. Now, therefore, she came to marry Björn Embretsen is more than I can tell; for I never heard that Björn had other than common peasant-blood in his veins. Mayhap, however, when Sigrid was young she thought more of a comely face and a loving heart than of a long pedigree, and didn't ask her parents what they thought; but certain it is, that after she was left a widow in sole possession of a good farm, and a handsome penny besides, she held up her head as high as if she had been only one generation removed from King Harald

Haarfager (the Fairhaired), her ancestor, and was ever telling people of what kin she came. This was probably the reason why she was so long in deciding among the many suitors who used to dangle about her pretty daughter Ragnhild, on the Saturday eve, when the young people come together for pastime,—in winter at the different farmhouses, in summer outside the *saters** in the mountain-pastures. But though Sigrid would not decide for any of the young men, there was one against whom she had all along made up her mind, and this was the very one Ragnhild had let into her young heart. Eysten Arnesen and she had been playfellows in childhood; and when they grew up they did not learn to like each other's company less. When it was Ragnhild's turn to be at the *sater* in summer to milk the cows and attend to the churning of butter and making of cheese, Eysten was always the first of the young men on the spot on the Saturday evening; and he would help her to scour the wooden milk-bowls and arrange them neatly on the shelves, to drive in the cattlet† from the evening bite, to light the smouldering smoky fires to scare away the gnats that would otherwise leave the poor brutes no peace, and to wreathe the window of the *sater* with flowers from the mountain-glens, and to strew the floor with fragrant sprigs of pine against the coming Sunday. And when all the young men and maidens assembled on the grassy dikes outside the *saters* after sunset, to amuse themselves with singing and playing on the Jews'-harp, it was always observed that Ragnhild and Eysten's voices blended more sweetly than any others. Then, at new year, Ragnhild always took care that Eysten should be her *rokman*‡ and he never would buy himself off with a spinning-wheel, though the skeins§ of yarn Ragnhild presented him with at Christmas were always thicker and more artfully plaited than those she gave the other boys; but then the wooden bowls and spoons he gave in return for these were so beautifully carved round the borders and on the handles, and all by his own hand, that it excited the envy of the other maidens of the *bygd*||.

"Though, in addition to his powers of pleasing, Eysten was a good son to his aged mother, and a more industrious worker than any other young man in the *bygd*, yet Sigrid set her face against him because his father had left his farm in debt, and until this debt was paid, hard work and small cheer must be the lot of Eysten and his belongings; and when she found that, in spite of her remonstrances, the two young people sought each other's company as much as ever, she at last forbid Ragnhild to speak to Eysten, and led the poor girl a sad life. On one occasion, even when some of Björn's kin, touched by Ragnhild's pale cheeks and Eysten's dejected looks, and the hopeless way he went about his work, put in a good word for them, saying, that where there was youth and strength, and industry and love, and honest hearts and a right good-will, greater difficulties might be overcome than those that beset Eysten, old Sigrid was so incensed, that she swore in anger that rather would she know her daughter at the bottom of the *elv* than she would see her married to that beggarly fellow, and to the son of a man who knew not how to take care of his own.

"Thus stood matters when Helge Halvorsen came forward as a suitor. Helge is a good-looking fellow enough; and having no sisters or brothers to share with him, he fol-

* *Châlets*.

† It is the women exclusively who tend the cattle in the mountain-pastures, and attend to the dairy-work; and the women of a household generally take it by turns to be there. The cows are brought into the enclosure round the *sater* three times a day to be milked, and remain there at night. The three periods of the day with reference to the cattle are distinguished as the morning, the midday, and the evening bite.

‡ The first young man who sees a maiden at her spinning-wheel on New Year's Day is called her *rokman*, and is believed to be destined to marry her, if he do not buy himself off with the present of a spinning-wheel.

§ It is customary for the maidens to give the young men, as a Christmas-gift, skeins of woollen and linen thread, with which "the boys" mend their own clothes.

|| The rural population in Norway is not gathered in villages; but people living within a certain distance of each other are said to belong to the same *bygd*, or populated tract, form a kind of community, and cultivate much kindly intercourse.

* Water-sprite.

† Mountain-spirit, bearing the appearance of a woman with a cow's tail.

lowed his father in the farm without having to pay out a farthing,* and few young men in the *bygd* could be considered his equal in wealth. But what, above all things, found him favour in Sigrid's eyes was, that Helgo was descended from one of the families of the ancient *jarls* (earls), that were as good as kings in the olden times Sigrid loved so much to dwell upon; and it was as if she thought that, in compelling Ragnhild to marry him, she would make good again what she had done amiss when she married Björn Enbretsen; and so, though Ragnhild wept and wrung her hands, and Eysten spoke words of sorrow that would have melted a stone, the wedding was fixed for last Whitsuntide.

"When the day came round, the sun shone brightly, and the earth looked as joyous in its fresh green spring-dress as if it were itself a happy bride; but not so looked poor Ragnhild. In Sigrid's house every thing had been made clean and bright for the festive occasion. Round the fireplace were wreathed branches of fresh-blown birch; bunches of wild flowers stood in jars on a large chest of drawers richly decorated with brass,—one of those heirlooms which we Norwegian peasants prize so highly, and hand down from generation to generation with so much pride. Outside the door stood the two slender silver-stemmed birches, indispensable at weddings; and within the floor was strewn with pine-twigs, and a white sheet was spread as a baldachin above the seat to be occupied by the bride at the festive meal, which is always partaken of before starting for church. And there sat Ragnhild already decked out in the bridal-gear. Her stomacher was spangled with silver and gold; her waist encircled by a silver belt; her glossy brown hair, usually braided smoothly over her forehead and tucked up behind under the close-fitting hood, was frizzled in front, and hedizened with tinsel-flowers, and tied up behind with silver and red ribbons that streamed down her back, as the women will have it on these occasions; and on the top of all was the virgin-coronet, which virtuous brides only may wear. But all this finery could not restore to Ragnhild the fresh roses on her cheeks, the merry flash in her eye, and the bright smile round her little mouth, that had made her the pride of the *bygd*; these had withered and fled with her hopes, and now she sat there drooping and pale, like the flowers in the mountain-glens when a sudden frost has nipped them; and though the house was full of guests, who had come early to bring their wedding-offerings of thick cream, new cheese, and sweet cake and bread, to help towards the feast, and the tables were spread with good cheer, we all walked about as quietly and stealthily as if we had come to a funeral instead of to a wedding, hardly venturing to speak above our breath. Each time the sound of a horse's hoofs were heard outside Ragnhild started as if from a dream. She did not weep, but she did not speak, and would take no part in the packing of the large wooden chest which generally accompanies a bride to her new home; and when she was asked any question about it, she would say: 'O never mind; do as you like.' Once, however, when one of the bridesmaids showed her a piece of finery, and asked where it was to go, she caught her friend round the arm, and bursting into tears, said: 'O, don't ask me, don't; I shall never, never wear it.' No one knew what to make of her; for latterly she had seemed so resigned, that every one thought she had made up her mind to put a good face upon what could not be helped; yet now that the moment had come, it seemed as if all life had been crushed out of her. Mother Sigrid, who was bustling in and out of the kitchen, as if her only care was about the meat and drink, said that Ragnhild had caught cold and had a pain in her head; but one of the women whispered to me that Eysten had been there the night before, and she dare say that was the reason Ragnhild hung her head so.

"Every thing was ready, and we were only waiting for

* The Norwegian peasant-farmers are all proprietors; and, as the right of primogeniture does not prevail in the country, to prevent the subdivision of land, it is usual for the eldest son to follow his father in possession of this, on condition of paying his brothers and sisters their share in cash.

the bridgroom. It was in the flood-time; and as the current in the *elv* runs very high at this period, and it was hard work to row up against it, it was decided that Helgo should ride up along the horse-track that makes a considerable circuit; but that the young couple should go home down the river in Sigrid's boat. At length the young men who were on the look-out gave notice that the bridegroom was coming; and Helge and his bridesman soon made their appearance in proper style, the forelocks of their horses tied up with red and green ribbons. When Helgo entered, the guests had already taken their seats on the narrow wooden benches around the tables, and his eye fell at once on Ragnhild, who sat pale, like a corpse, in the high seat. He had known full well all the time that she was not willing to marry him; but he had thought, as so many a man has thought before him, that when once she was his wife she would make up her mind to like him, and all would go on well. But now, when he saw her sitting there more like one ready to be borne to the grave than like one going to the altar, and remarked that when he gave her his hand and greeted her with a few kind words, her lips seemed to cleave together, and she could bring out no word in return, a sharp pain seemed to shoot through him, and no doubt he began to repent that he had not taken more account of the girl's feelings; for after standing a little while as if in deep thought, he asked Sigrid to go into the next room with him, and probably spoke to her on the subject,—for their voices grew louder and louder, and Sigrid was heard to say, that it was too late now, and that they could not be making themselves the talk and the laughing-stock of the *bygd*. Most likely Helge felt that he had not the courage to do so, even though poor Ragnhild's happiness was at stake; for when he came back with Sigrid, both took their seats at the table, and no more was said about the matter. But a gloom had settled upon us all, and hardly a word was spoken at the beginning of the festive repast. Presently, however, the draughts of beer and brandy with which the rich cream-porridge was washed down began to loosen the tongues of the guests, and something like the usual mirthful chat of a wedding-feast buzzed round the table; though Ragnhild still sat stiff and cold like a stone statue, raising her spoon mechanically to her mouth, in obedience to her mother's winks and nudges, but without ever letting the food pass her lips. At length the foreman (chairman), an important personage at our wedding-feasts, rapped his spoon against his wooden platter,—the usual signal for silence. Then followed the customary speech, inviting the guests to contribute a gift towards the future housekeeping of the young couple, and each guest proclaimed aloud what he or she intended to give. Some gave money, one a goat, another a pig, and so on. When this was over, grace was said; and after the so-called dinner-hymn and farewell-hymn were sung, the whole assembly put itself in motion to proceed to the church, which stands on a hill at some distance from Sigrid's house.

"While we were waiting outside for the parson, who had not yet arrived, I saw Ragnhild make her way into the churchyard and up to her father's grave, where she stood some time with her hands folded over her prayer-book. The kerchief that covered her head concealed her face from prying eyes; and what may have been her thoughts while she stood there, no one knows. Maybe she sent up a prayer to Him who is the master of life and death, to grant to her also soon a quiet resting-place under that simple stone, and maybe a feeling told her that her prayer was heard; for when, roused by the rumbling of the pastor's old chaise that was drawing nigh, she joined us again, we all remarked that her step was firmer, and that a slight colour tinged her cheek.

"You have seen some of the new churches in our country, sir, which I think ugly enough,—all gray slate, roof and walls; but the church of yonder *bygd* is one of the old-fashioned ones that seem to be part and parcel of the land,—for they are built entirely of the pine-trees that cover our

high mountain-slopes; the pillars that uphold the galleries within are some of the tallest and straightest stems that have ever been cut in our forests. The ornaments round the tops of the pillars are of the cones of these same pine-trees; and the angels' heads and other carved ornaments are the handywork of the lads of each tract: for the Norwegians were over clever carvers in wood. The little windows, high up under the caves, let in the daylight so sparingly, that a mysterious twilight always reigns within; and somehow or other, to me, the psalms never sound half so hearty and solemn in the large stone-churches, with their grand organs, as they do in those little log-churches in the mountains, where each man and woman sings to the best of the voice God has given them, and never mind how much it may grate on the ear here below so that it reaches on high the One for whom it is intended. But to come back to Ragnhild's wedding.

"The church seemed dismal-like with the candles burning on the altar, and the air struck cold against us as we entered from the bright sunlight and the scorching heat outside. But the ceremony proceeded as usual; and nothing remarkable happened until the parson pronounced the words, 'And thus I proclaim you, before God and man, united in the bonds of holy wedlock'—when a deep groan sounded through the church. To me it seemed to come from a part of the gallery which lay in deep shade, but others said afterwards that they were sure it came from the vaults below. On Ragnhild it made a fearful impression; she had to be carried out of church half-fainting, and when she was put into the saddle again, she was hardly able to keep her seat.

"The usual dancing and merrymaking after the wedding was given up on this occasion, for Ragnhild had begged so hard not to be forced to dance when her heart was so heavy; but the 'singing the black hood on,' as it is called, was to be gone through. The marriage-rite would hardly have been deemed complete without it. In general this ceremony does not take place until towards the end of the evening's dance; when the report of a rifle gives the signal for the guests, headed by bridesmaids and bridesmen, to enter in procession the room where the bride, having taken off her bridal gear, stands ready to have the dark hood, worn by married women alone, put on her head by the bridegroom, while the bystanders, forming a circle around them, sing an appropriate song. But at Ragnhild's wedding we had neither procession nor song, every thing seemed to be done in a tremble and a flutter; and to Mother Sigrid, with her pride of ancestry and her constant talk about the royal state that used to reign in her family, it must have been a dire disappointment to see even our usual time-honoured customs partly set aside at her daughter's wedding. Perhaps it may have made her reflect how she was sacrificing the reality to a dream; for she seemed anxious at last to get the young couple off as soon as might be; and while Helge was lingering at the refreshment-tables with his friends, she hurried Ragnhild down to the river-side, where the boat lay ready loaded with the maiden's large chest, and the numberless wooden bowls and platters and pails and churns that belong to a Norwegian *gjente's* dowry. The tears were running down Sigrid's cheeks by this time; but Ragnhild seemed in a kind of stupor. She took her seat in the boat without even noticing the people assembled on the high banks, who were waving a farewell with hats and kerchiefs. Among the rest was a knot of young men who had not been among the invited guests; and amid whom, to the astonishment of all, Eysten had been observed for some time giving way to explosions of wild and boisterous mirth. Mother Sigrid had left the landing-place, and was standing on the bank with the rest, and Helge was just seen coming from the house to join Ragnhild, when Eysten darted from the group that surrounded him. In one bound he was down on a level with the boat; an energetic push with his foot set it afloat, and vaulting into it and seizing the oars, he was in the middle of the current before the bystanders had time to recover from their surprise. 'No need to hurry; it is my turn now;

I'll take the bride home,' cried he, with a wild laugh, to the amazed Helge; and in a few minutes the boat shot round a bend in the river and was lost sight of.

"The young folks seemed inclined to laugh at the bewildered Helge; the old ones shook their heads, and said it was a silly joke; for no one thought it was any thing but that, except perhaps Mother Sigrid, on whose face gathered a dark cloud as of a dreadful foreboding. As for Helge, there was nothing for him to do but to get to horse and ride home as he had come; and many of us followed him to see the end, never doubting but that we should find Ragnhild at the farmhouse by the time we got thoro. And there indeed we found her; but, God help us, it was only her corpse. Some hundred yards above Helge's place, a tongue of land, on which stands one of those Bauta stones, with runic inscriptions that keep alive the memories of olden times, juts out into the river, and round it runs a fearful current. Here the boat lay, keel upwards; and further down, in the rushes, close to Helge's landing-place, were the bodies of the lovers locked in each other's arms. Whether it was accident, or whether it was made up between them, is only known to Him to whom there are no secrets in heaven or on earth."

THE THEATRES

It is not in these columns that the pretensions of Mr. Westland Marston's new play at the Lyceum can be discussed. The production of the work and its results have been amply dealt with by the general press, and to its testimony we refer our readers.

Still the obvious motives which enforce silence as to the author must not prejudice the claims of the actors to our full and fair recognition. The proof furnished of Mr. Dillon's capacity to carry to a successful issue a character perfectly distinct from any that he has yet attempted, shows an extent of range in the performer of the highest interest to all who are concerned in the maintenance of a national drama. The part confided to him is that of one whose pride and passion in the earlier scenes have to be subsequently expiated by intense suffering and self-immolation; and so to render the character as at once plainly to set forth its error, and yet to elicit the full sympathy of the audience for its struggles, is a task which demands, not only the fire and pathos so often commended in Mr. Dillon, but a fine discrimination, which is amongst the last graces of the accomplished artist. The wild energy with which the scorn of a proud and impetuous spirit was developed by Mr. Dillon; the sudden transition from rage at his supposed enemy to scorn of the tempter who counsels his betrayal; the terrible earnestness with which the victim's escape is urged; the cry of heartbroken agony with which the erring man falls when his friend and sister are arrested; his torpor changing to the might of despair when he seizes the arch-machinator; his touching parting with those whom he rescues, and the grand exultation with which he surrenders himself to their former doom, must be ranked amongst the most brilliant of this actor's achievements. Mrs. Dillon, who on the first night had to struggle with severe indisposition, converted her very difficulties into a foil that brought out more vividly her genuine feeling and passion. She took the house by surprise, and proved that for the performance of the emotional drama the Lyceum could boast of an actress worthy to share with her husband those honours which have been awarded to him by the unanimous voice of criticism.

Mr. Stuart, by the judgment and vigour with which he interpreted a repulsive character; Mr. Barrett, by his genial heartiness and unrestrained humour—worthy of a far more important part; and Mr. McLoon, as the young lover, contributed materially to the common result. The way in which the piece was put upon the stage merits the highest praise. We would particularly instance, among the scenic effects, the hall of Revesdale Castle, with its gallery, its massive staircase, and those ancestral figures, amidst which the

daughter of the house takes her stand at the close of the fourth act, spiritualised, as it were, by the moonlight into another family-picture amongst those of her line. The concluding scene, representing the landing of William III. and the fleet in the bay, was a masterpiece of scenic art. It need scarcely be observed, that some of the most striking proofs of histrionic power have at times been displayed in very faulty plays, and that the admitted merits of the performers in the present one leave those of the dramatist fully open to question.

We must not conclude our notice of this theatre without stating, that *Othello* has been successively repeated to crowded houses; a fact the more gratifying, because the scenery, though adequate, presents no special attraction, and leaves the poet's genius to the only aid on which it can rightfully depend—that of the actor.

At the Haymarket a most effective little *drame*, entitled *A Wicked Wife*, an adaptation from a posthumous work of Madame Girardin, has been produced with deserved success. The heroine, to protect her husband from suspicion during the Reign of Terror, assumes the character of a fierce republican, and feigns to trample on all the instincts that endear and consecrate woman in favour of those heartless abstractions which were in vogue during the first French Revolution. The interest is derived from the contrast between the feminine devotion of the wife in her real character, and her counterfeited adoption of those principles which scoff at all social bonds and domestic ties, and which, if generally embraced, would have eminently entitled her to the designation "a wicked wife." The little drama is of the best class, relying as it does upon the development of human emotion rather than upon forced incidents and mere stage-coutrivances. The personation of the heroine by Miss Reynolds was distinguished by a true dramatic feeling of the contrasts which the character presents. Her acting was at once simple and striking. Mr. Howe and Mr. Rogers were more than usually individual in their respective parts, and Mr. Compton, by his droll terror at the possibility of accidentally committing treason against the ruling powers, capably relieved the serious interest.

Before these remarks are printed, another version of Madame Girardin's work will probably have been produced at the Lyceum.

An original farce, entitled *A Splendid Investment*, has been produced at the Olympic. The author is Mr. Bayle Bernard, one of the few undebated English writers for the stage who still remain to us. His latest work is full of event and interest, and gives capital opportunities of a new kind to Robson, who avails himself of them to exhibit in its utmost force that extraordinary blending of the humorous and tragic elements peculiar to himself. Still later, a new adaptation from the drama of Madame Girardin has been put upon the boards of this popular little theatre. The English version is from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor. The word *version*, indeed, must be accepted in its widest sense; for the work is so thoroughly Anglicised, and bears so plain a stamp of Mr. Taylor's power to blend the more intellectual qualities of his art with stage-effect, that we think we might attribute to him personally much that is excellent in dialogue and in the working-up of situation. The mainspring of the interest here is the successful endeavour of a wife in the period of the Monmouth Insurrection to save her husband by diplomatising with Kirke, whom her beauty has captivated. The part of the wife, very dramatic in itself, is rendered by Mrs. Stirling with admirable tact and power.

Mr. Phelps may refer with honest pride to the production, at Sadler's Wells, of his thirtieth Shaksperian play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This charming exposition of Shakspeare's mind in its youth is mounted with great beauty, and acted with all that equality of talent which insures the fit representation of even the smallest character.

At the Princess's there is no change to chronicle; the most satisfactory record of all, we should apprehend, to a management. No pages of Mr. Keon's "Pictorial Shak-

spere" have been found more attractive than those which illustrate the *Midsommer Night's Dream*. Richard II., we hear, is to be the next of the gorgeous and tasteful pageants for which this house is celebrated.

Our present chronicle looks more eulogistic than critical; but as the facts it narrates happen to be true, we must be content simply to say so.



PHILANTHROPY AD CRUMENAM.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

DEAR MRS. HOME,—In reading the amusing record of a "Flitting," in No. XVI. of your noble NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I came upon a passage concerning the relations of rich and poor, which, from its plausible appearance, is sure to be so acceptable to the foibles of some readers, the ignorance of others, and the ill-balanced constitutions of that great majority of us, who are neither so good nor so bad as to escape the reproofs of conscience, and in whom therefore the continual business of the intellect is to find excuse for the misbehaviours of the heart, that I cannot refrain from a few words of commentary.

And as the "Home" is precisely that department of life, and of the Magazine, in which the great principles of social intercourse may most fitly be considered, to you, madam, these few words shall be addressed.

The passage I have alluded to is, the declaration of the heroine of the "Flitting" with regard to a certain suburban milkboy, who had, with great patience, good humour, and intelligence, been, several times in the course of one morning, of important service to two "ladies" who were hunting for lodgings in his neighbourhood. It runs thus: "Heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe, ONLY thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milkboy."

Neither authoress nor heroine gives us the milkboy's *sotto voce* as the "ladies" turned their smiling faces homeward. I happened to be by at the time, and am sorry to testify that it was as follows:

"Vell, if them ain't the hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"

Now in justice, madam, to those of the more fortunate classes who are sincerely desirous to assist in the moral and mental amelioration of society, and in justice also to *amigo mi*, the milkboy, who is, I assure you, at heart quite as good-natured, kindly, and honest-blooded a fellow as the "ladies" supposed, let me offer my small contribution towards that right conduct of the intercourse between rich and poor which must result from just notions, not of their possible and ideal, but of their positive and real relations. An eminent modern writer has called those great mutual debtors "the two nations." That they should be "two" is indeed a grievous fact, and their fusion into a great whole is among the noblest of ambitions; but meanwhile our success in making them in future one depends on our perception that they are at present two. Having recognised this twoness (duality is not the word), we must place ourselves by turns in each nation, and contemplate the other from without, before we can understand the action and reaction between them. For when separate nationalities turn their eyes upon each other there is always a certain moral perspective at any difference of elevation by which the true features of each are foreshortened and unbalanced; and wherever interaction is regulated by mutual necessities, the

wants of either party will value in the other only those qualities which minister supply, and will magnify the presence or absence of such qualities to the rank of characteristic virtues and vices. Consequently it often happens in alliances of all kinds, that the evils in the contractors which are the greatest obstructions to union are by no means those which are most serious *per se*; and in any attempt to bring about a coalition, your success, my benevolent friend, will depend, not on your perception of the absolute truth respecting them, but upon your knowledge of the shape in which each appears to the other, and of the feelings, on either side resulting from that appearance.

"We English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light."

To us, standing outside, their lightness is the quality which circumstances have made most obvious. The French look across the Channel with as little chance of getting at the sum-total of England. The French may not be "light;" but a wise France wishing to ally with England would take care not to show the suspected foible; and what should we say of that statesman of "*perfidie Albion*" who began his negotiations for a French alliance with any thing that looked like a breach of faith? A really cordial union must always be preceded by mutual confidence, and mutual confidence can only follow mutual respect. And respect in the popular mind is accorded more to negative than to positive virtue: it is useless to display your good qualities, if you have not first removed suspicion of your bad. Probably no modern man has been so much respected as the late Duke of Wellington; but we respected him, not because no man possessed more talents, but because no man made so few mistakes.

Let France show that she is steadfast, and we will learn her other virtues; let England prove that she is sincere, and France is prepared to see the remainder of her goodness. What is true of the two nations on opposite shores of the Channel is true also of the two nations which from generation to generation have been divided by the sea of worldly circumstances,

"and all that roar."

The rich never speak of the poor, nor the poor of the rich, as the rich of the rich and the poor of the poor. Each class sees the other from without instead of from within; and relative vices and relative virtues have shaped the whole idiom of social language. "A good servant" is one who is obedient, honest, and respectful: we do not ask if he be pure, benevolent, or devout, and only inquire if he is religious, because religion is in some indefinite way supposed to be connected with honesty. The habitual phrases of the poor regarding the rich are similarly special and inconprehensive; and on both sides, as might be expected, these peculiarities of language are the outcomes of thoughts and feelings equally partial selfish and unjust which have become to the "two nations," in the lapse of hereditary ages, native and involuntary attitudes of mind. It is precisely because the opinions, fears, and suspicions of the two parties have become thus innate and involuntary that no calculation concerning them can be successful which does not begin with assuming these as fixed quantities. You must neutralise your crude chemicals before you can hold them in common and peaceful solution. You must "rectify the globe" to the given meridian, if you expect your theory to accord with nature's practice. Your instruments must be brought to concert-pitch before you commence your concerto. You must restore the balance of your unequal scales before you can expect your pound-weight to answer for a pound.

Now in that creed concerning the rich, with which experience has indoctrinated the poor, there is one clause, fundamental and ocumenical, from which nearly all others are the mere logical conclusions. It is this: that the money-holding is naturally and legitimately the money-

paying "nation"—a kind of Providential mechanism for the dispensation of gold and silver. The first result of this clause is, that the acceptance of benefits by one party from the other is accompanied by no sense of degradation in the recipient. Don't hold up your hands, Mrs. Home,—do you feel any humiliation in taking your daily sunshine? nay, in getting crops from the earth, or fruit from the trees? nay, in drawing your prize in the Art-Union, or digging your thumb out of a twelfth-cake? Once let there be unquestioning belief that any thing is in the inevitable order of nature, and we lose the sense of humiliation in submitting to it. How far such a belief in the present instance is admirable is not the question. It is an existing fact, and a fact which you can only remove, if you wish to remove it, by means which must begin by an accommodation to its existence and a recognition of its results.

The next consequence of that fundamental clause is the division of the rich by the eyes of the poor into two great classes of very unequal size; those who exact one-half of the social contract, Work, without a full performance of the other, Pay, and those who in such matters are just or generous; in other words (the poor man's words), into the "mean" and the "freelanded."

And because of those peculiarities of all judgments *ab extra*, which I alluded to at the beginning of these remarks, "meanness" has come with the poor to be typical of all vice, and liberality to be representative of all virtue.

Why, you yourself, *mon cher* (I'm not speaking to you, of course, dear Mrs. Home, but to young Braundlands here, who had got as far as "curse their—" before I could remind him you are an editress), you yourself act on the same principle every day. If you suspect your groom of dishonesty, are you relieved by learning that he is an expert fiddle-player? And when you find a lad of the right pluck and inches, orthodox in horseflesh and scrupulous in oats, does it trouble you to know he hasn't an ear for psalmody, and is somewhat behind in Lindley Murray? You tell me your James is a good fellow, and I know you mean primarily that he is honest; you spoke of Tom as a bad one, and I understood him to be a knave. Don't blame honest James, then, if when he calls you a good master he is chiefly thinking of your generosity; and that his notion of a bad one would be, "mean, sir, mean—that's what he is."

Therefore, in every attempt of the stranger rich—believed to be superabundant and suspected to be "mean"—to gain the confidence of the stranger poor—conscious of deficiency, and fearful of polite extortion—the first preliminary must be some unquestionable evidence of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. All the kindness and courtesy of the most radiant and "fraternising" face and manner are useless, my fair Signora Spilorcia, while there is the possibility of a selfish interest, or any thing which the quickness of inherited ingenuity may twist into an intention of substituting smiles for cash. And this not because the poor prefer cash to smiles, and loaves and fishes to fraternity. First "butter the parsnips," and then be sure that your "fino words" are infinitely more precious than your "butter."

Put your character beyond doubt,—as I'm sure you always do, dear Mrs. Home,—by those plain practical evidences which they understand, and nowhere may you feel more certainly of your friendship that it is "twice blessed" than with those whose daily toil it will dignify and sweeten; and who—you being you, and beyond suspicion—would not exchange one of your sympathising looks and words for a thousand times the sum that originally certified your sincerity. But till this sincerity is established, you may as well go to stroke a horse at grass with a whip in your hand as enter a cottage with your insignia of ladyhood, and expect the confidence of the "poor bodies" within; who may justly doubt your desire to extend to them the highest benefits when they find that out of your superfluity you grudge them sixpence's worth of the lowest.

It is vain to say, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace;

to cry, "Brother, brother," where there is no genuine reciprocity. It is mere outrage for King Bomba to thuck Poo-rio under the chin; and when Czar Nicholas kissed the patriot he was sending to Siberia, the philosopher standing by might see the theoretical virtue of the action, but to the miserable exile it seemed adding insult to injury. The lady who requests her men-servants and maid-servants to call her by her Christian name, who invites the peasantry of her neighbourhood to the equality of her evening-parties, who expects the cottager's wife to return her domiciliary visits and reciprocate her household and other advice, may afterwards, if she pleases, make gratuitous use of the time and knowledge of the poor, and allow a delicate and economical avoidance of any thing that might suggest inequality of fortune to save at once her conscience and—her pocket.

Till then the sufferers by one portion of social custom have a right to claim such benefits as result from an adherence to the other; and I shall never hear the fine-drawn sophistry of such canny philanthropists as the "fitting" "lady" without mentally repeating—in *variazioni* more or less civilised—the frank aside of my friend the milkboy—"Vell, if them ain't tho hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"—I remain, &c. S. D.

GARDEN NOVELTIES.

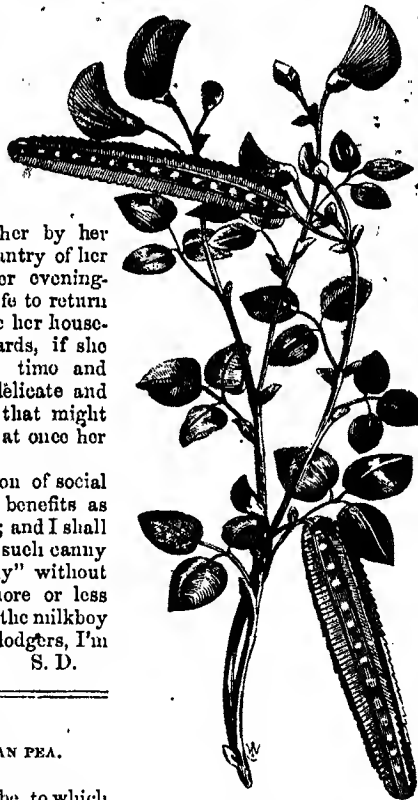
THE WINGED PEA AND THE EGYPTIAN PEA.

HERE are two curiosities of the pea-tribe, to which we call the attention of every lover of a garden. The first is a pretty ornament of very curious growth, the second a valuable addition to our list of esculents, the history of which is truly wonderful.

The Winged Pea is known to botanists as *Tetragonolobus purpurea*; it is an annual of low shrubby habit, does not require sticking or training, and is destitute of tendrils. It is very hardy, and may be sown at any time from November to May. In its early stages of growth, it is of a pleasant glaucous green; but as soon as its season of blooming arrives, it becomes literally covered with butterfly-blossoms of the richest tints of crimson and maroon, the wings having a soft velvety look, similar to the petals of a well-grown pansy. It continues to bloom profusely for about four months; and if the pods are removed as fast as they appear, it will continue gay till the frost of autumn cuts it off. But to remove the pods would be to sacrifice one of its most interesting features; for these, unlike other peas, are winged; that is, each pod has four membranous fringes extending its whole length, and though the true pericarp is tubular in shape, the wings give the seed-vessel while it remains green the appearance of being four-sided. We grew a large patch of this last summer, and it was admired by all who saw it for its gay profusion of richly-coloured flowers, no less than for its very curiously-formed seed-vessel.

It thrives in any ordinary soil, but prefers a generous depth of well-manured loam; like other peas, a moist climate brings it to greatest perfection. It should be sown in a four-inch trench drawn with a hoe, the seeds at least four inches apart alternately, thus: As it gets above the trench, the earth should be drawn to its stems, and the trench filled up by degrees. It has some characteristics which seem favourable to its use as a bedding-plant; but as we have never used it in masses, we cannot speak positively on that head. As a border-ornament and curiosity it deserves to be better known.

The Egyptian Pea is an instance of vegetable resurrection, or at least resuscitation. It is a fragment of the old



THE WINGED PEA.

life of Egypt,—a true type of the luxurious fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any esculent we possess. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies, and inhabitants of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant itself, is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the explorations of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy-pit; the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum; Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain its contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke it in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust, and a few grains of wheat and vetches, and on examining further a few peas were found, entirely shrivelled, of a resin-yellow colour, and as hard as stone. It was known that mummy-wheat had been resuscitated after an interment of five thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy-vase should be subjected to the experiment of revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed amongst his learned friends these desiccated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities. Those who tried to grow the peas failed, and no

more was thought about them, till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjected them to heat and moisture, and after thirty days, one miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened, and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian Pea.

Botanists were as much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a new variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the wings of a butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them, each pod containing from five to ten peas, which when cooked are deliciously flavoured, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact there is no pea to equal it; so that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us through those few shrivelled seeds a palatial benediction.

We should add, that the Egyptian Pea is amazingly prolific, quite hardy, and may be sown in succession from February to June, and should be treated in the same way as described for the culture of the Winged Pea. Genuine seed can be obtained only of Mr. Grimstone. As far as we are aware, seed of the Winged Pea is not obtainable from any ordinary source; it seems to be unknown to florists, and is not entered in any catalogue that we are acquainted with. As we have about half-a-peck saved from last season, we shall gladly distribute it amongst any readers of the "NATIONAL" who may like to forward to the office a stamped and directed envelope, and an additional stamp to cover the postage of the envelope to us. We will put twenty seeds into every envelope, as far as it will go, reserving twenty for ourselves.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. IV.

PAINTED BY COUTURE.

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

By COUTURE. (FRANCE.)

THE pictorial method of telling a story has frequently this great advantage over a written or spoken narration of it, that not only does it bring before us the thing itself, but also presents to our view many, if not all the circumstances by which the result has been brought about. The picture we engrave is an example of the superiority which painting thus possesses. The decadence of Italy resulted, as every one knows, from the corruption and licentious indolence of the descendants of those men who built up her greatness. Of all the countries of the earth, Italy presents the only example known to us wherein two periods of greatness have been vouchsafed to the same land—in the martial glories of the Romans, and in the more permanent intellectual achievements of the Italians of the middle ages. Both of these were lost from the same causes,—indolence and consequent corruption.

Couture's picture illustrates both, though dealing only with the latter period. A change of costume and physical character would, however, adapt this painting to the former subject as perfectly as it is fitted to the one which the artist has chosen to set before us.

The indolent Italian noble of the fifteenth century, who occupies the principal position in the engraving, seems to have been meant for a higher fate than that of languid debauchery, which has become the habit of his life. The heavy eyelids and relaxed mouth show how long this habit has been his master; yet still the long, refined face, and broad forehead, relate that such was not his original destiny. How utterly lost and sunk he is now, let the nerveless right hand tell, which is too feeble and purposeless to grasp even the empty wine-cup unless by dividing its weight upon his knee. The very effeminacy of his robes is part of him, falling as they do into flat and hollow folds. His dreaming, listless, hopeless eyes, without soul and without spirit; his wasted and sunken face, over which the locks of his hair are falling—nay, the very hair itself, relaxed and clammy as it is, as though heavy with wine-dews,—are all parts of the same tale. The feeble half-recumbent attitude in which he sits enhances the general expression.

This man has crowned himself with broad leaves of the vine; his fellow-debauchee behind wears ivy upon his hair; both being typical plants, indicative of their several pursuits. Look at the eyes of the latter, and see how vague they are; for that embrace is without passion, pallid from use, and impure. The graceful back, and the whole tournure of the lady, are in excellent keeping with the elegant dressing of her hair.

The wing of the building at the side of the picture shows an example of the cinque-cento style of Italian villas. The landscape is a vineyard-crowned land, rich in oil and wine.

An idea of the general merits of the picture in carrying out its subject, may be gathered from the foregoing remarks. As a work of art, technically speaking, it may be considered as an excellent specimen of a certain class of the French school, where considerable dramatic force is arrived at by the use of such detail as we have pointed out. It exhibits much of that peculiar character of drawing for which the school is so famous, resulting from severe early training of the artist in this part of the practice of art, which, being afterwards allowed to set itself free from the rule of exact imitation, results at last in a skilful generalisation of conventional form; gaining less, we think, than it loses by the consequent neglect of individuality of character. In colour, this picture is as deficient as most others of its class, so much so, that it is perceptible the artist has not even attempted to produce any signal excellence in that direction.

The picture is at present in the gallery of the Crystal Palace.
L. L.

A FRENCH LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

EVERY body knows what charming things, in the main, are French letters and French memoirs. By this time, too, we are willing to admit, with a passably good grace, how much our lively neighbours have the advantage of us in this fascinating class of productions. All the grand epochs in French history have their gallery of illustration in contemporary memoirs of great men, witty men, or small men, who usually make names for themselves by writing about those who have names of their own. The seventeenth century has its full share of such contributions to the mosaic work of national history; and we will not be so wanting in politeness as to suppose that our readers do not already know all about the best of them. They are stories of court-intrigues and Paris mobs, with their attendant incidents. Madame de la Guette gives us a vivid picture of life in the provinces, in social quiet, or under military despotism. We find it a pleasure, real as it is rare, to meet with an autobiography so little disfigured by egotism. Madame de la Guette is, moreover, incapable of any digression. She will not even go out of her way to give you facts or fictions concerning great people, as is the manner of many perpetrators of memoirs, however little they may in reality have had to do with any such elevated personages. Her simple and vivacious descriptions deal with occurrences in which she took part, and persons with whom she veritably came in contact. Every thing is real and lifelike; no reflections, no laborious introspections, after our nineteenth-century-novel fashion—in fact, no prose.

Under her maiden-name of Catherine Meurdrac, our heroine led a pleasant country-life, not very far from Paris. Her mother early initiated her into the great mysteries of housekeeping,—mysteries which in those days far transcended any encountered in our times, even by the enterprising pupils of Mrs. Ellis. M. Meurdrac experiences much paternal solicitude respecting the settlement of this his second daughter, laying before her various proposals, all equally distasteful to the fair lady concerned; and the old gentleman is fain at length to promise silence on the unwelcome subject of marriage for some time to come. One fine and fateful morning, Catherine accompanies her mother on a visit to the Duchess d'Angoulême. In the room is a tall handsome man, whose eyes turn repeatedly towards the young lady; and she also is sufficiently interested in him to ask his name for her sister, who resides in the chateau. M. de la Guette is a gentleman of the Duke d'Angoulême's household, and held by him in much estimation. After this silent interview, he procures the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Mourdrac's brother-in-law and also of her father. The house of the latter he visits frequently; and the silent looks are followed by passionate words. The young lady expresses herself not altogether averse to the suit,—a concession received by her impulsive lover with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. This hero has now two deities, Love as well as Mars; the one calling him to the army in Lorraine, the other whispering to him the direst of possibilities, that M. Meurdrac might marry his daughter to some upstart snitor before his return. Mars gains the day; and the brave damsel commends the decision, rightly judging that a man must be little worth who cannot face any danger or disappointment in obedience to his sense of duty.

The cavalier on his return seeks an interview with M. de Mourdrac, and the following scene is the result:

"My father listened attentively, and at length thanked him in the politest manner; said he was very sorry to be unable to accept him, but he had pledged his word elsewhere; begged him not to give the matter another thought. He was under infinite obligation; it was more, indeed, than I deserved. The *Sieur de la Guette*, being one of the most passionate men in the world, received this refusal in an extraordinary manner. He began to storm and swear horribly, saying he would soon find a way to release my father from his word. My father, not in the

* *Mémoires de Madame de la Guette*. Nouvelle édition, revue, annotée et précédée d'une Notice par M. MONTEAU. Paris, 1853.

mood to hear these paroxysms, declared that nothing should change his resolution. This uproar lasted for more than an hour in my father's cabinet, the one expressing his feelings, the other repeating his refusal. My mother and I were in the adjoining room, when the cavalier entered in the greatest fury, saying my father had refused him, but that he would have satisfaction; that he was resolved to kill, even to the seventh generation, and to begin with me. These flowers of speech might not have been altogether agreeable to a person of timid disposition; they only made me think the more of him, because I thought he loved me to such an extraordinary degree, that it was the excess of his affection which made him speak thus." (p. 19.)

The discomfited suitor rode off in great indignation, and for a time contented himself with talking over his troubles to a patient widow, and writing volumes of letters. One day, however, in spite of all the precautions taken for his exclusion, he forced his way into the cabinet of M. Meurdrac, presented a pistol, and throw himself at his feet, demanding the daughter's hand or the father's life.

This relentless parent nevertheless remains invincible, for what reason we do not at all see, except that sort of destiny which seems to compel so many other amiable parents to fulfil the dictum of Shakspeare about "true love,"—so hackneyed a verdict now-a-days that one ought almost to apologise for referring to it.

Our heroine now tries what can be done by a pretended submission, and appears to have forgotten her cavalier, who is again absent. Her mother saves her from a forced marriage with a very rich nobody. La Guette returns. A private marriage is resolved upon, and effected with her mother's permission. Her mother-in-law is present at the ceremony, which takes place two hours after midnight in the neighbouring church. All return separately to their homes; Catherine calm and collected, cheering the waiting-maid, who seems to have been far more terrified at the step than her mistress. The Duke d'Angoulême befriends La Guette, and himself tells the enraged father of the private marriage. The bride is successfully carried off to her husband's home at Sussy; but it is some time before a complete reconciliation is effected, through the interposition of the good Duchess d'Angoulême.

"I was very happy," writes Madame de la Guette, "in my husband's home. We amused ourselves most agreeably: we rode out every day, either to hunt or to visit among the neighbouring nobility, all of whom received us in the most obliging manner. But this happiness did not last long; for my husband was obliged to return to the army. It was the campaign of the siege of Spiros, in Germany. Our separation was hard; for I can say truly that he loved me to an extraordinary degree, and that I idolised him. For this first time I had leisure to shed tears at my ease, and to play the woman in contradiction to my nobler inclinations, and the firmness of soul which was natural to me, and which made me feel something like aversion for those of my sex who had too much of such weakness. In fact, I have always had a tendency rather towards war than the keeping of obloquies and the use of my distaff; though that is all which it is considered proper for a woman to know."

The next campaign, in 1635, is in the Low Countries, against the Spaniards. M. de la Guette forbids tears, and if one is shed, threatens never to come back. His wife, therefore, wisely makes up her mind once for all to take these partings cheerfully; and as some thirty of them had to be faced, it was decidedly the right plan. On his return, M. de la Guette is introduced to the first of his ten children, who subsequently distinguished himself in Holland, and died early.

Madame de la Guette first took part in the civil wars of the Fronde during the blockade of Paris. Condé posted a few of his guards at Alfort, near the bridge of Charenton, to intercept supplies. A convoy on its way to Lagny, where the Marquis de Persan was commanding for the king, had to pass through Sussy, where Madame de la Guette lived. The villagers, with the mayor at their head, attacked them, and took possession of the castle. Our heroine, not at all approving of this proceeding, went in person to remonstrate with one of the leaders, who then made some effort to restrain the people; but they only shouted,

"*Madame de la Guette est Mazarin; il ne faut pas la croire!*"

At last, however, they consented to let them pass on showing their order, and moreover hospitably regaled them with a few bottles of wine outside the gates. Meantime an energetic owner of some of the cattle had set off to the Duke d'Elbeuf, at Paris, for assistance; and the convivial party was broken in upon by the arrival of sixty or eighty *parlementaires*, as the king's enemies were called. The villagers hurried away behind their walls, leaving outside the seven unfortunate guards. They shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" and were answered by "*Vive le Parlement!*" so the peasants thought it prudent to shout with the majority; and Madame de la Guette's indignation reached its highest pitch at the sound of a general "*Vive le Parlement!*" The new-comers fired a few awkward shots, and the guards entreated to be taken within the walls. Four were admitted, and three, mixing adroitly in the crowd without, made their escape. The villagers then fell valiantly upon the four defenceless guards, attacking them with every variety of weapon, until two escaped into the house of Madame de la Guette's nurse, whither she herself hurried. The *parlementaires* entered Paris in triumph with abundance of veal and pork. This achievement, Madame de la Guette quietly remarks, was about the greatest in the history of the Fronde, since its tangible result to the Parisians appeared in the form of good dinners.

These troubles over, others come, disturbing, if not shaking, the brave soul of Madame de la Guette. She bears unmoved all injury, suffering, or loss; indeed, her indifference respecting property of any sort amounts almost to contempt; these things do not touch her heart. The death of those dear to her,—of her father and a beautiful boy of seven years old,—is her first great trial. But her whole temperament is of that enviable elasticity which soon recovers lost vigour, and bravely stands erect again to face new sorrows. Such unconquerable cheerfulness is Heaven's own gift: it is neither stoicism nor fortitude; for they meet the shocks of this mortal life as the immovable phalanx of a disciplined army will withstand the onslaught of an enemy; but this cheerful faith stands in God's sunlight, like a mountain-brow, unharmed, whilst below it drifts the storm, and the avalancho falls among the precipices.

Passing over several incidents, and among them a deliberate case of match-making on the part of Madame de la Guette (though, to do her justice, we ought to say, she was promoted to the office by the bridegroom-prospective), we come to the most strong-minded and masculine undertaking in her whole story. We do not profess clearly to understand which of the nine hundred and ninety-nine disputes between the King of France and the Duke of Lorraine brought the army of the latter into the neighbourhood, indeed into the very house, of our heroine. A battle is about to take place; and a certain Major Grosbois invites Madame de la Guette to accompany him to a spot from whence they can overlook the discomfiture of the royal forces, which he predicts as inevitable. Against about seven thousand royalists under Turenne are eighteen thousand under Lorraine. Madame de la Guette, seeing it to be a desperate case, instantly fabricates a few ingenious statements concerning the peculiar position of certain cannon, of ten thousand armed peasantry in the park, and a perfectly apocryphal band of infantry in a wood. The major flies with this information to the Duke of Lorraine, who sends word to Turenne and Condé that he shall not meet them on that day. To Madame de la Guette he sends most courteous messages of gratitude and obligation, begging also one more favour of her. The high esteem in which she is held will doubtless enable her to find a suitable cavalier willing to go into the camp of the royalists, and report the state of matters there, for the benefit of his highness of Lorraine. A staunch royalist is chosen and despatched. But in reply to the questions put on his return, he merely says: "I was not in the humour for being hung, so I thought the matter well over, and—did nothing."

The time gained by this stratagem proves of great service to the royalists; and after the danger is over, M. Philippe, *maître d'hôtel* to the king, reports the affair to the queen. Madame de la Guette is then at Paris, and takes a three-days' journey to Val de Grâce for the honour of an interview with her Majesty. The result is a mysterious commission to Bordeaux; and it is not easy now-a-days to understand all the hardships implied in a long journey in those times. She returned with her husband, who then retires from the army; and this quaint and affectionate couple lead a very calm and happy life, until the dark day on which the brave wife receives the sentence of widowhood. Their eldest son is in the service of the Prince of Orange; and the widow joins him in Holland, where he loses his life not long afterwards. Left thus doubly desolate, the old lady cheers her lonely hours by giving to posterity this lively *naïve* story of her adventurous life. It is impossible to read it without admiring and coveting her courage, her devotion, her patriotism, her patience. There is an invigorating freshness about the book which seems to come upon the reader like a pleasant sea-breeze; so that for a time we confidently held the belief that we too were wonderfully energetic people, destined for some grand achievements in an extremely hazy future. This charming hallucination was rudely dissipated by the ontrance of a domestic, of very aged and crusty fidelity, with "her warning." We were crushed, and then felt instinctively that life was one too many for us. From all we know of the manners and the morality of the seventeenth century, the strong mutual attachment and confidence which existed between Madame de la Guette and her husband must have been a much more extraordinary thing than we should now consider it. Doubtless such affection was then looked upon by many as a monotonous and commonplace state of affairs, if not positively vulgar, yet decidedly provincial. But they were the last people in the world to be troubled at the opinions others held about them. They were as well matched as Petruchio and Katherine; and in some points are not unlike them. He is just as violent, and the lady almost as spirited, and makes quite as good a wife as any Petruchio ever ought to have. What does a man deserve who one day sent a servant up to his wife among some friends, mildly requesting her to come down-stairs, as he wished to shoot her? The lady descends without a tremor, to find her husband mounted in the courtyard with a loaded pistol, surrounded by people vainly endeavouring to calm him. Madame walks quietly up to him, saying: "Mon cavalier, dismount; I have a word to say to you; and about the pistol we will talk another time." Petruchio obeys, receives the mysterious whisper, and springs again into the saddle with the best humour in the world. His motive for this peculiar, and not altogether agreeable, line of conduct we do not clearly perceive. There are one or two amiable eccentricities of the same sort which we might quote; but we have said enough to prove Madame de la Guette a heroine of domestic as well as military life; and we trust our readers will have imbibed some of the hearty liking with which we cannot but regard a character so original, so unselfish, and so true.

A DAY IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

DR. MACKAY told us some time ago that it was unwise to think that there was no poetry in railways. If there is not poetry in them, there is occasionally on them; and if there is a poetical railway any where, verily it is that of the Taff Vale in Wales. Why, it takes its name from the river Taff, and the beautiful valley through which that river flows; and for almost its entire length it runs side by side with the gentle Taff, as if it were a lover of hers, and would follow her closely wherever she went. It may be that he appears an unfit suitor, that he is too burly and hard, too much of a big bully, in fact, and she a timid, soft, and beau-

tiful being; but "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight," and Ingomar falls in love with Parthenia, and is happy with her, moreover. If the river and the rail are lovers in this instance, the former is a coquette; and though rail sticks pretty closely and jealously to her, she, in a wild merry way, ovades him now and then, and loses herself among thick bushes and beautiful green trees that spread their rich arms over her, as though they understood the fun, and would humour her.

On your way from Cardiff to Pontypridd you pass towns and villages besides—Llandaff, Pentyrch, Taff's Well, Tre-forest. You run at the foot of high wild-looking hills, with cottages midway up them, standing there without falling in some unaccountable manner, and looking down upon droary iron-works below, at which their occupants are employed. You pass by little whitewashed cottages with red-trees at the door, and a little garden that has steps leading down to the edge of the river. You get buried among thick bushes and avenues of trees that shut out every thing else till you get clearly away from them; when a wide expanse of scenery, really natural,—though not uncultivated, be it understood,—breaks upon you. You catch a glimpse anon of some ruined tower that has a history of its own, and is now overhung with wild foliage; or on the brow of a lofty hill, that you might be pardoned for calling a mountain, you see an ancient pile of stones erected, whereby hangs a tale, which perchance some fellow-passenger can tell you. During the minute or two that you are detained at the various stations, you see little groups of very Welsh faces, especially as regards the women, with bodies attired in Welsh fashion, and with mouths that speak a language which is not English, and which makes you feel yourself abroad.

But while I am thus admiring the scenery and enjoying the ride, do not let me forget that my mission is not one of pleasure, and that I am likely soon to be made sad enough, if I have a spark of thought or feeling in me. But there is little chance of my forgetting whither or why I am journeying. My fellow-passengers have been talking upon what at present occupies all minds hereabouts. During the short time we have stopped at a station, I have heard the words "Cymmer," "terrible colliery explosion," and "killed," uttered by people on the platform. Last night, at the inn at Cardiff where I staid, the people in the bar, among whom I dropped for an hour or two, talked about little else than the accident, and it has formed the staple of conversation among the railway-passengers.

The train stopped at Pontypridd, and I got out. On proceeding into the town, the signs of mourning lay very thick. Cymmer is but three miles off; and it was the day of the funerals. Nearly all the shops in Pontypridd were closed, and the streets were deserted excepting at certain points, where you saw numbers of working-people, with sad earnest faces, preceeding towards Cymmer. From the windows of several of the public-houses I saw a black flag suspended, and waving heavily in the breeze; and this, when one saw the dreariness of the town, and remembered that within half an hour's walk lay one hundred and fourteen men who had in one moment been snatched into eternity, had an effect wonderfully appalling for so simple a thing. On inquiry I found that at these houses clubs, such as Foresters' or Odd Fellows', were held, and that the flags were hung out as a token of mourning and respect for some of the order who had perished in the colliery; and that it was an old and ordinary custom.

Cymmer is situated in the Rhondda Valley, about three miles from Pontypridd, as I have said before; and is almost entirely surrounded by lofty hills, abounding with winding and rugged paths, and exhibiting much of the general wildness of Welsh scenery. From Pontypridd to Cymmer, besides the ordinary road, which is rather circuitous, there is a tramway along which coal is conveyed from the Cymmer colliery to the railway-station at Pontypridd. This tramway, being the directest cut, is generally chosen by the people for walking upon, in preference to the highway; and

along it all day on that Thursday, coffins, at sadly quick intervals, were passing—still passing, being conveyed for burial at Pontypridd or the little villages in the way. When I reached the village, a short distance from the last-named town, and where the Great Western pit, as it is called, is situated, I met the first funeral procession slowly winding its way, among some of the loveliest scenery the eye ever beheld, to the little church that nestles at the foot of the hill there. There were two coffins, one containing the body of a father, the other that of his son; and they were accompanied by certainly not less than two hundred people, principally colliers and their wives, most of whom preceded the coffins, which were carried shoulder-height each by four men. Another little procession followed close upon this one, bearing one body; and all the way dark moving masses kept constantly revealing themselves to us as we turned some corner in the road, or ascended some steep that gave us a view of the way beyond us. At the scattered cottages or little clusters of cottages that hung by the wayside, it was evident here and there, from the sorrowful groups around the doors, that death was there, and that they were only waiting to form processions such as those we were meeting; whilst we kept overtaking hosts of passengers on foot, colliers and their wives mostly, who were going to Cymmer to attend the burial of an acquaintance or a friend.

Every body knows what a picture of dreariness and desolation the vicinity of the mouth of a coal-pit is; and the colliery at Cymmer must at any time be a sad and miserable place to look at. I was glad to get away from it. It was not deserted; neither were its frequenters curiosity-seekers alone. A couple of days before all its workers had been killed; but above ground there was yet a crowd of busy workmen, who covered that black and weary spot, and who were making coffins by dozens and by scores for the dead. Here, in those two days, coffins almost to the number of the killed had been made; and such coffins! but any thing to be buried in: four deal boards, four brass handles, a little ornamental work to look like silver-braid and go round the edges, and a tin-plate to scribble the name and age of the deceased upon, and it was quite sufficient.

During that day the funerals never ceased. The large numbers that attended each procession, which generally conveyed two or three bodies, were very striking, and gave one a pretty good idea of the vast numbers employed as colliers in and about the Rhondda Valley. I saw a very great number of funerals, and on the average each body could not be accompanied by less than forty persons. The character of the procession spoke plainly of sudden death and a quick burial, in no respect more so than in the absence of black apparel, particularly as regards the females, in the relatives of the deceased who followed. It was sad indeed to see some of the young women following the body of a father or a brother in attire that betrayed a simple and rude attempt at finery and fashion, and spoke of happier days not long gone by. Many of the funerals left Cymmer to travel some miles to another churchyard; and in these instances I observed that the mourners proper generally rode on horseback, in the pillion-fashion, a man and a woman being on the same animal. I in no instance saw a vehicle of any kind. The old-fashioned custom of singing hymns as the funeral-procession travelled towards the churchyard seemed very prevalent; and from all sides some simple sacred melody kept falling upon the ear, chanted by some scores of voices that resounded along the hills. Every hour during the day each burial-ground in or about the village had its two or three separate groups clustered in it, each bespeaking so many funerals; and unceasingly the long black masses were moving slowly up the hills or along the roads in the valley.

Surely not the least sad of the sights was the appearance of the cottages at Cymmer. There were entire rows of them, not one of which, it appeared, but had been visited by death. Nearly all the doors stood open, and in some, as you passed, you could see the joiners fastening up the coffins; in others

the friends of the deceased were gathered ready for starting with their load; and in others again, a bed was visible, and you could see, notwithstanding the white sheet thrown over it, that more than one dead body rested upon it.

Here I will pause. Before I left Cymmer I imagined the poverty and desolation in the village that would follow, and the change that must speedily occur in the population. The place was then filled with widows and young fatherless children. I saw all these swept away, many of them into workhouses and unions; whilst an entirely new class of people came and inhabited their homes. And I also thought, if some men, with greater power to do good and to remedy evil than I, had seen what I saw that day, that when they read of 114 lives "lost in the pit," they would not regard them as so many dry numerals, but as so many men with living blood and souls, snatched with cruel suddenness from life to eternity, and act accordingly.

J. N. ALLEN.

TO MY FOURTH SON

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1857.

Once Autumn rose from out his golden vale,
And, on a cloud of heavenly vision, saw
(Beyond the glittering mount where Summer stood)
Young Spring advancing up the budding slope.
No even course was his, yet on he came;
No summer radiance to gild his path,
Or strength mature for sultry toil, had he;
Nor had he clustering vines or fruitful bowers,
In which, like Autumn, he could pause and rest;
Yet on he came, and gain'd new strength by toil.
To-day bright beams of hope would cheer his way,
Then clouds would disappoint; yet on he came,—
For God had made him fitted for his work.
And Autumn smiled with love, and hailed young Spring.

J. D.

NEW BOOKS.

HASSALL ON ADULTERATIONS.*

WHEN the *Lancet*, a few years since, established a so-called commission to inquire into the adulterations of food and drink, publishing the composition of articles, and the names of those who sold them, there was an end to the gustatory and digestive peace of many of us. The headaches, and heartburns, and vague fallings-away,—symptoms for which we had consulted our doctors, and lightened our purses by some guineas, besides inflicting on ourselves the annoyance of pills, draughts, and other pharmaceutical tortures,—were traced, mentally at least, to dietetic sources. Our green-pickles were imbued with copper; so were our green bottled fruits. Our bread was aluminised, if not worse; our beer a narcotic mixture of liquorice, quassia, and cocculus indicus; our gin was first weakened by addition of water, then brought up to the mark again by oil-of-vitriol and Cayenne-pepper. Even the snuff-taker, according to Dr. Hassall, could not solace himself with the probability of coming off scotfree; the titillating powder, besides minor contaminations, being mixed with lead oxide, from which, absorbed in this way, some dangerous cases of paralysis have arisen. The régime of most civilised countries furnishes methods of preventing fraud in articles of food and drink. The laws and regulations of this country only affords protection partially and collaterally. As regards the major number of

* *Adulterations Detected.* By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. London: Longmans.

articles of food and drink, *caveat emptor* is the watchword; and when the law does interfere, this is not so often in behalf of hygiene as of the inland revenue.

To Dr. Hassall must be awarded the merit of applying the microscope to systematic detection of extraneous bodies of certain kinds, when present where they ought not to be. He was the first to develop a system of microscopic as contradistinguished to chemical analysis, and in this he has done good service. We fear, however, that there is a tendency prevalent to set up the microscope in antagonism to chemistry, rather than to consider them in the sense of mutual aids. Unquestionably the weak part of analytical chemistry is, that which concerns the discovery of animal and vegetable bodies; and here, provided tissues, or crystals, or other characteristic form be present, the microscope is strong. Dr Hassall's book contains the most valuable record which exists, in our own or any other language, of microscopic characteristics in one particular department. As a guide to future microscopic analysts, Dr. Hassall's book will be invaluable; but his chemistry is not to be commended. In proof of this, we need only say, that Dr. Hassall, under the head of the discovery of antimony, recommends it to be sublimed from the sulphide in a test-tube. Now, though this *can* be done partially and with difficulty, as a sort of feat, every practical chemist is aware of the extreme difficulty of accomplishing it, and has recourse in preference to the decomposition of sulphide of antimony by heating it in a glass-tube, and transmitting hydrogen over it when thus heated.

It seems a matter of regret that Dr. Hassall limited his inquiries to the discovery of adulterations; having previously defined adulteration to signify the addition of a body purposely and in a fraudulent sense. Circumscribed by this limiting definition, to which perhaps, as a definition, no valid exception can be taken, the author excludes from his category such a case as the accidental presence of arsenic in unfermented bread. Surely, whether arsenic exist in bread accidentally or by design, the public is equally interested in being aware of its presence. The ground taken by Dr. Hassall is needlessly circumscribed, and his efficiency as a scientific expositor is lessened by importing as he does the idea of a motive into cases where the public want fact. Surely a scientific analyst would do well to speak to the existence or nonexistence of things sought for in the first instance. He might then subsequently, but rather as an enlightened member of society than in his scientific capacity, try to discover motives, and refer the irregular things he might have discovered to the category of contaminations or adulterations according to the evidence before him. When Parliament legislates on this matter, we trust a normal standard will be laid down for articles of food, drink, and still more of medicine; every deviation from such standard, whether by accident or design, to be considered a deterioration. This is absolutely necessary for the Act of Parliament to be efficacious. Nothing is more common than to meet with people who speak of "purity" and "impurity" as though these were terms of fixed meaning and self-evident application. Are we to understand by "purity" chemical purity? In that case how few articles of food, drink, and medicine, are not impure! There is no such thing as pure water, for example, in all nature. Are we to understand by "purity" "conventional purity"? If so, the Act of Parliament will be rendered nugatory at once; for nothing can be more arbitrary than popular appreciation in this matter. Frequently the term purity is considered synonymous with strength, as in the case of alcoholic liquors; but how would it fare with a patient who should swallow pure prussic acid, instead of the two-per-cent prussic acid legalised by our pharmacopœia? These examples will serve to explain our meaning as to the necessity which exists for the Legislature to define a standard of purity for each kind of food, drink, and medicine, to be enumerated in any Act of Parliament which may spring from Dr. Hassall's labours and Mr. Scholfield's committee.

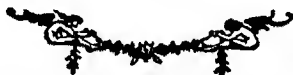
The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

HAPPILY for mankind, the true spirit of chivalry is indestructible. Chivalry, as the principle of honour and compassion, redressing wrong and protecting helplessness, was never perhaps more benignly active than in the present time. It has passed from land to land, from age to age, surviving every possible change, disdaining no imaginable costume. It was not the ideal of knight-errantry which Cervantes slew; it was a fantastic counterfeits—a false Messia. True knighthood, with its courage and its mercy, is still the same when the casque has been exchanged for a broad-brim, and the gorget for a perpendicular collar. The gas-light and clasp of drawing-rooms cannot transmute its essence. It doth not merely live, but triumph, in the lecture-room of a Mechanics' Institute, beside a water-bottle, and behind a table covered with green baize. So far back as the twelfth century, we hear old Peter of Blois complaining that the knights of his day were burdened, "not with weapons but with wine, with cheeses instead of javelins, bottles instead of bludgeons, spits instead of spears." Utilitarian, truly. But suppose the utilitarianism to be of the unselfish kind. Let the wine be for a sick labourer; let the cheese be set on a poor man's table; and let the spit turn something savoury for a distressed workman's dinner. Now something like this has come to pass in our nineteenth century. With a scheme for baths and washhouses, one knight of high degree rides forth to slay the pestilence-breathing dragon of dirt, scaly with accumulated filth. Another sallies out in quest of Giant Ignorance, whose dungeons are filled with all manner of dolour; while a third winds his horn, and would fain hunt down the "blatant beast" of Drink. It is a good thing when separated classes of society are brought nearer by community of danger. Such an approach has been effected abroad, upon the heights of Alma, in the trenches before Sebastopol. It is a still better thing when a higher order and a lower are approximated by community of thought. Such a link of common sympathy and aim is being fashioned at home, on platforms and in lecture-rooms. A worthier firmer bond this, surely, than that one famous in the good old times,—the touching for the King's Evil, which some enthusiasts for the middle age have sighed after, as a graceful superstition, linking the summit of society with its base. It is goodly to see the man of rank, of wealth, of leisure, vanquishing the seductive temptations of his estate, and toiling with the busiest to reform, instruct, or recreate the people. The man of the middle class, who has looked forward from boyhood to hard work as his necessary heritage, can but imperfectly compute how much his high-born brother must have resisted before such philanthropy could be thoroughly transformed within him from a wish into a work. A society in which such self-sacrifice and such fellowship is both possible and frequent must be sound at heart. With the stilt-walking peasants who inhabit the marshes of the Landes, it is considered a sign of full confidence when a man takes off his stilts and gets into his neighbour's boat. When aristocracy has, in like manner, laid aside its stilts, it has laid aside fear with thorn, disarmed jealousy, invited love. How impossible such association to a corrupt despotism like that of the later Roman empire, like that of modern Austria! There statecraft has but one rule—*panem et circenses*. Let the people be lulled in a pleasurable dream, while their energies are drained,—as the vampire-bat is said to fan its victim to slumber with its wings while sucking his heart's blood. How impossible also, to ancient feudalism, where the peasant reckoned the seasons by the exactions of the seigneur, somewhat as the natives of South America calcu-

late the hour by the particular species of mosquito whose turn it is to occupy, with its work of torment, the earlier or the later portions of the night! So frequent of late has become the appearance of our statesmen and men of rank as lecturers, that it would seem as though a long pent-up utterance were welling forth, abundant in proportion to the duration of the silence. It makes us think of those northern people, of whom Mandeville is said to report, that their speech, frozen up at times by the severity of the cold, will occasionally, on a relaxation of the weather, come pouring forth from their loosened lips with an uncontrollable volubility.

But now another kind of aristocracy is pressing also into the field. Our foremost men of letters are every where addressing the masses by word of mouth. Mr. Dickens has read his *Christmas Carol* to large and delighted audiences. Sir James Stephen has not confined his wise thoughts and exquisite style to the lecture-halls of Cambridge. And, most lately, Mr. Thackeray has been repeating to an audience of not less than a thousand persons his lectures on the *Four Georges*. The success of these lectures speaks well for the taste of the day. The applause which followed many of the lecturer's remarks attests not less a certain elevation and liberality of principle yet more important. Never was our loyalty more ardent than at present, never more reasonable and more enlightened. It is by the lustre of that virtue and that goodness which adorn the throne of to-day that we discern so clearly some traits less favourable in the *memorabilia* of courts now passed away. We acquiesce no longer so readily as did our grandfathers in the severance between public and private virtue. We feel more than ever that we may fairly demand, in those of public station and exalted rank, that kind of excellence which makes the safeguard of home and the happiness of the fireside. We feel that the sentiment of loyalty should be elevated, by involving the respect which is due to character as well as the homage which is due to rank. What we feel we can without hesitation say, for the ideal has become a reality. It is a pleasant consciousness to know we live in a land where to pass candid moral judgment on the royalties of the past is accounted the fair exercise of freedom, not its licentious abuse. The Egyptians hold solemn tribunal over the body of their dead kings, before they were laid beside their fathers, in the heart of the pyramid. The phantom ceremonial of an ancient despotism has reappeared in a new form, as a part of the popular speech and common life of modern liberty. We leave it, now-a-days, to the Tartar dynasty of China to make it high treason to paint the portrait of a monarch. Our governors are not afraid when the foibles of a government have filled the eyes of the governed with tears of laughter, and not its fury with tears of rage. When Adrian VI. was much annoyed by pasquinados, he proposed to throw into the Tiber the statue of Pasquin, to which the irritating documents were secretly affixed. "Let your holiness beware," said a sagacious cardinal; "for Pasquin would turn to frogs at the bottom of the river, and their croaking would be worse than all." "Let them hate, so they fear," was the maxim of a despot. May our British sovereigns ever say, "Let them laugh, so they love."



THE POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE DEGREES OF WRONGHEADEDNESS.

THE Spanish caricaturists, to give an idea of the obstinacy of the Biscayans, represent a man knocking a nail into a wall by butting at it with his forehead; but when they want to express the extent to which perverseness is carried by the Arragonese, they sketch a person in the same attitude, but with the head of the nail against the wall, and the point turned to the performer's forehead. E. S. D.

THE ROMAIC BALLADS.—No. II.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

WE have said the brigands in the Greek ballads were rather respectable characters, of a much higher grade certainly than he who sang

"In a box of the stono-jug I was born,
Of a hompon widow the kid forlorn,"

or however the thievish ditties may run, with which a popular novelist some dozen years ago caused the general ear in this country to ring. But it must not be supposed that the profession of robbery could be carried on, even among Greek mountains and on the banks of the lonely Achelous, without causing considerable discomfort to some parties, and those often the most innocent and the most worthy of poetical sympathy. While, therefore, as we would naturally expect, the praise of the adventurous brigand in his capacity of Turk-hater and Turk-killer forms the main staple of the strictly "klepthic ballad," we shall not be surprised to find that a voice from the poor Greek shepherd, who sometimes suffered from the rapacity of a Turk-hating κλεφτης, was occasionally heard. Here are a few very characteristic utterances from that quarter.

THE KLEPHTS.*

From the hills the Klephts came down,
Seeking horses to their mind,
Horses none when they could find,
All my pretty lambs they stole.
Lambs and kids, they took the whole.
And away, away they go!
O woo's me! woo's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woo's me, wo!

And the pail in which I pour
The creaming milk, away they boro;
And the pipe on which I sing
Rudely from my hands they wring.
And away, away they go!
O woo's me! woo's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woo's me, wo!

And they took away outright,
With its horns of silver white,
My brave bell-wether, that outrolled
Its shaggy fleece of flowing gold.
And away, away they go!
O woo's me! woo's me, waly wo!
My lambs and my wether
They stole together,
O woo's me, wo!

Would to God some vengeful hand
Might seize the lawless robber-band
In their dens, and sheer undo
Thorn, and all their thievish crew!
That I might see my brave bell-wether
And my lambs again together
In the fold. O waly woo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woo's me, wo!

If the Allholy in the skies†
The ruthless robbers will chastise,
I will roast a lamb till it
Fall in pieces from the spit.
Mid flowers that tell of coming May,
On holy George's festal day,
I'll feast, and bless the Queen Allholy
That laid the ruthless robbers lowly.
O woo's me! woo's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they!
O woo's me, wo!

But pieces of this description are rare; the present, taken from Kind's collection,‡ is perhaps a solitary instance; and

* This song is reprinted from an article in the *North British Review*, No. XXXIX., by the present writer.
† That is, the Virgin Mary, or *panagia*, as she is always called by the Greeks.

‡ *Neugriechische Anthologie*. Von THEODOR KIND. Leipzig, 1847.

And sweep the brave Roumeliotis like hawks upon the foe.
Thus thought Giorgaki to himself; but while he thinketh so
A little bird with golden wings thus whispered to him low:
"Have patience, brave Giorgaki; if for Arab blood thou thirst,
Enough thou'lt find to butcher hore of Moslem race accurst,
Soast thou those lines of Turkish ships for floating on the sea?
Destruction's anchored where they ride, and ashes they shall be."
"Thou little bird, how dost thou know the things thou say'st to me?"

"No bird am I, although I seem a little bird to thee.
There is an island in the sea, by Navarino; there
I bravely fought, and breathed my last for kin and country there.
The name of Tsamados thou knowest: from heaven, where now
I dwell,

I came the things that soon shall be to sons of earth to tell.
Here on the earth to watch your doods, in sooth it likes me well."
"Here on the earth what wouldst thou see? In heaven didst
thou not know

How all Moroa groans beneath a cloud of murky woe?"
"Look cheerly up, Giorgaki mine, and dark despair eschew;
Though now Moroa's weak and faint, the light she'll soon renew,
And like a wild-bent tear the foe that looked so proud before;
And black-burnt bones shall scattered lie on Messolonghi's shore,
And Souli's lions shall be there with triumph in their eye."
Thus spake the bird, and flew away, and mingled with the sky.

The event here celebrated belongs to the month of April 1825, when Ibrahim Pasha was rapidly recovering from the Greeks of the Morea all the ground they had so bravely won at the commencement of the war. Tsamados was a Hydriote ship-captain, who, along with other patriots, had taken up a position in the island of Sphacteria, famous in the history of the Peloponnesian war, and in the old castle of Navarino on the Messenian coast; but the strength of their position proved vain against the superior numbers of the foe; and Tsamados, with other illustrious champions of Greek nationality, was slain. The appearance of the shade of the great naval commander in the form of a bird is a characteristic trait of the Romic ballads; and learned men will no doubt be eager to trace the imagery back to Homer, in whose pages the gods often appear and disappear in certain winged incarnations. But in what age or country were birds and flowers not a favourite instrument of poetic presentation?

We conclude the present Number with the translation of a short but striking ballad, where the picture glares with a fine Rembrandtesque effect through the darkness, entitled

THE VOICE OF THE TOMB.

On Saturday we quaffed the wine, and drained the cup on Sunday,

And drank the liquor to the dregs till none remained on Monday.

Our jovial captain, when he saw that we had drained the whole,
Cried, "Haste thee to the khan, brave youth, bring fuel to our bowl."

The place was strange, the night was dark; I wandered from the way,

Through many a footpath lone and drear my wildered foot did stray,

Till to a ruined church I came, a church and churchyard lone,
Where there was many a holy cross, and many an old gray stone.

One grave there was from all the rest apart,—with hasty tread
Unwitting through the gloomy night I trampled on its head;

And from the inmost grave I heard a groan beneath the stone.
"What ails thee, grave; and through the night what means that dismal moan?"

Say, doth the green sod press thee sore, or the old and heavy stone?

"Not the green sod doth press me sore, nor the old and heavy stone;

Say, hast thou lack of room above, no road where thou may'st trend,

That from thy hole I heft must feel such trespass on my head?
Was I not young as thou art now, a lusty Pallicari,

That loved in bright and breezy night beneath the moon to carry
A glancing blade six spans in length, and six feet long a gun?

Was I not seen among the first where the battle's spears were dun?

Thrice ten doughty foes I slew in one night and a day,
And forty more with wounds from me sunk from the field away,

Till my good blade in sunder broke, and fell in pieces twain.
This saw a Turk, a faithless dog; and spurring o'er the plain,

Drew forth his shining yatagan, and waved it o'er my head.

With sudden clutch I seized the blade before it reached my head;

Then from his belt the pistol flew, and aimed the dog so well,
He stretched me low and lifeless here, where 'neath the turf I dwell,

Weep, stranger, weep for me!"

HOW MR. LAMBKIN WAS GAROTTED—AND LIKED IT.

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

IN these days—and nights—of insecurity to person and property, when respectable old gentlemen cannot walk from the City to St. John's Wood without having their neck-cloths disarranged and their pockets emptied by ill-looking ruffians with broken noses and fur-caps,—when equally respectable old ladies cannot do their little shopping in Oxford Street without being rumbled and robbed under a gas-lamp in a most audacious manner,—when the daily papers are filled with letters signed by all sorts of deadly weapons, recommending us what to do when we feel a bunch of muscular fingers compressing our windpipes,—when decent and peaceably disposed passengers, meeting in the parks after dusk, give each other a wide berth, and glance suspiciously over their respective shoulders like a couple of lions in the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time,—when, in fact, a universal panic appears to prevail in society, and the nervous system of the British public is in a very shaky and unsatisfactory state, it behoves every good citizen to raise his voice as loud as his lungs will permit him, if, by so doing, he imagines he can in any way contribute towards the general good, or benefit the interests of suffering humanity.

Inspired by sentiments of the purest philanthropy, and knowing that publicity is now-a-days the great redresser of evils, I have thought it my duty as a man and a bachelor to come forward, and make known through the columns of this periodical the circumstances connected with one of the most determined cases of garotting it has ever been my lot to become acquainted with. When an innocent and amiable little gentleman cannot pursue his meditations on the hearth-rug of a private dwelling-house without—But I am anticipating matters; perhaps I had better begin my story at the beginning.

Mr. Nicholas Lambkin was a young gentleman from the country, who, after the manner of young gentlemen in general, whether rustic or otherwise, had fallen deeply in love. In his case, however, there appeared to be no earthly reason why the course of his love should not run as smooth as a macadamised road. He was descended in a direct line from Reginald de Lambkynne, who, it is very well known, came over with the Conqueror. He was the proprietor of Lambkin Hall and a snug estate in Yorkshire; he was good-looking, affectionate, and domestic. What could the most aspiring mamma or fastidious young lady require more? And yet, to all appearance, Mr. Lambkin was the victim of an unrequited attachment. His love was a blank, because he had not the courage to tell it. The silver-spoon with which he had been born seemed in some measure to have entered into his nature. His bashfulness, however, was not so much constitutional as the result of education. Being an only child, and having lost his father when very young, he had been brought up entirely by his mother; and his character, though exemplary to a degree, exhibited in some points the mollifying influence of the maternal apron-string.

Mrs. Lambkin was a proud and reserved woman, who, since her husband's death, had lived entirely in the country, caring for no society but that of her son, and only anxious, like Norval's father, that he should remain at home, and be contented with the life of a quiet country-gentleman. Up till very lately Nicholas had dutifully indulged his mother's wish; but it suddenly occurred to him, on reaching his twenty-sixth birthday, that he could not perform the character of an English squire to perfection without the assist

ance of a wife. This desirable commodity not being obtainable in the neighbourhood, and as Mrs. Lambkin looked upon London as a grand emporium where a choice assortment of wives were kept constantly on view, she had taken a house in Berkeley Square with a view of giving her son a better opportunity for a selection. On this important point, however, Nicholas and his mother, for the first time in their lives, had a difference of opinion. Mrs. Lambkin, who was constructed, both mentally and physically, on the most diminutive scale, was smitten with the majestic person and intellectual attainments of a Miss Virginia Crabtree; while Nicholas had tumbled helplessly, hopelessly, speechlessly in love with a wicked, bright-eyed, golden-haired little cousin, named Amy Carlton.

The first-mentioned young lady, who was six feet high and wore spectacles, had condescended to look with an eye of favour on Mr. Lambkin; and having satisfactorily ascertained the amount of his income, and holding peculiar opinions on the subject of the rights of women, she did not scruple to take the initiative in making known her admiration both by word and deed. Amy, on the contrary,—a provoking, satirical, bewitching little puss,—though perfectly aware of the effects her charms had wrought on the unsophisticated heart of her country-cousin, pretended, in the hypocritical way common to wicked young ladies, totally to misunderstand his bashful attempts to inform her of the havoc she was causing in the susceptible organ that palpitated beneath his waistcoat.

Since his arrival in town, Mr. Lambkin had managed to rub off much of his rustic shyness. At clubs and other profane places of resort in the metropolis he had picked up a considerable amount of confidence, and in the society of men he was sufficiently self-possessed. Even with a number of ladies he felt tolerably safe, and did not altogether lose his presence of mind; but if by any unfortunate chance he found himself alone, in a room, with the door shut, *tête-à-tête* with a marriageable member of the fair sex, and if, more particularly, that member happened to be his cousin Amy, then did poor Mr. Lambkin blush, stutter, perform extraordinary evolutions with his arms and legs, and get himself generally into such an inextricable state of confusion, as to render an ignominious flight his only means of recovery.

After a three-months' residence in London, affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition; when, one afternoon last November, Mr. Lambkin,—driven to desperation by the attentions of Miss Crabtree, whose demonstrations of affection were becoming every day more alarming,—determined to put an end to them, and his own suspense at the same time, by concentrating his very limited brazen capabilities for one grand effort, and making an offer of his hand and fortune to the aforesaid wicked little cousin who had already taken possession of his heart.

And now, having given the reader as much of Mr. Lambkin's antecedental biography as is necessary to the development of my tragical story, I will let that gentleman speak for himself; merely premising that, with the exception of the interesting weakness I have mentioned, you would not find a warmer-hearted, better-humoured, more thoroughly good and honourable little fellow, if you were to search all over Epsom Downs on a Derby-day, which is, I fancy, giving you the largest assemblage in England to pick from.

"Good-bye, mother," cried Mr. Lambkin, on the afternoon in question, as he put his head in at the drawing-room door, and nodded to a sedate-looking little lady in a widow's cap, who was sitting by the fire, reading a newspaper. "Wish me success; I'm going to Kensington, to see my cousin Amy."

"My dearest Nicholas," answered Mrs. Lambkin, whose life was embittered by the presence of imaginary burglars, and who lived in hourly expectation of being garrotted as she sat in her arm-chair, "let me implore you not to think of going out so late. The evenings are very dark, and the accounts of people being robbed and murdered in the streets are becoming every day more dreadful. Do, my love, put off your visit till to-morrow before luncheon."

"No, mother," said Mr. Lambkin, entering the room. "You want to get home again; so I've screwed my courage up to the sticking-point, and have determined to speak out like a man to-day; if I wait till to-morrow, all my resolution may have evaporated."

"Ah, Nicholas," returned Mrs. Lambkin, "I fear your cousin is too volatile to make a good wife. She is not worthy of you, my dear. I wish I could persuade you to think more of Miss Crabtree."

"I wish I could persuade Miss Crabtree to think less of me," cried Nicholas in disgust. "Why surely, mother," he added, assuming the favourite argumentative position of an Englishman, viz. with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and a coat-tail under each arm,—“surely you would not have me marry a woman who shaves her forehead and writes letters to the *Times* about the income-tax?"

"I should wish your wife, my dear, to possess some firmness of character, which I fear is not the case with your cousin Amy."

"She's a little darling," exclaimed Nicholas parenthetically.

"Now Miss Crabtree," continued Mrs. Lambkin, "is a young lady with a powerful intellect—"

"O, if you want a strong-minded woman for a daughter-in-law, I grant you, mother, you can't have a more perfect specimen than Virginia Crabtree. But as for being young, why, she's double my age, and wears moustache."

"Miss Crabtree, my dear, was only thirty-two last birthday," said Mrs. Lambkin, not condescending to notice her son's insinuation concerning the military appendage that graced her favourite's upper lip.

"Thirty-two!" cried Nicholas; "she's forty, if she's a day. I wish she'd shave her chin as well as her forehead. I declare, she's quite a Crimean hero."

"Nicholas, I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Lambkin with severity. "Miss Crabtree is a very superior young lady, and has twenty thousand pounds entirely under her own control. I beg you'll speak of her with respect, if it's only as my friend."

"O, as your friend, I respect her immensely. Besides, it's due to her age,—I beg your pardon, mother, I mean her money. But as for any thing else, it's quite out of the question. Why, I'm not twenty-seven yet."

"Five years, my dear, is no such great difference."

"But you must admit, mother, that if there be any disparity of age, the gentleman ought to have the benefit of it, in right of his sex,—and Amy's only twenty-two."

"I was older than your father, Nicholas; and our happiness was never affected by the circumstance."

"Ah, but then I don't love Miss Crabtree," returned Mr. Lambkin.

"Esteem, my dear, would ripen into a warmer sentiment."

"I'm afraid it would take a long time to ripen, mother. Besides, I love Amy already."

"But has your cousin given you any reason to suppose that she returns your affection?" asked Mrs. Lambkin.

"No, mother, because she doesn't know of it. I've tried to tell her half-a-dozen times; but I've always got ridiculously nervous, and ended by making some silly remark about its being a fine day."

"I never observed your being nervous with Miss Crabtree," said Mrs. Lambkin.

"No; because I never tried to tell her I loved her. She's a good deal more likely to tell me that. She was very near it yesterday. I was never so frightened in my life. So I resolved to propose to Amy to-day; and, if she'll have me, we'll get married at once, and be back at Lambkin Hall in less than a month."

"And if she refuses you?" inquired Mrs. Lambkin.

"Why then," replied Nicholas with a sigh, "it's a matter of indifference to me whom I marry; and to please you, mother, I'll try and like Virginia Crabtree. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my dear; but if you must go to-day, let me

beg of you to take some weapon with you. I have just been reading a very sensible letter in the paper, written by an eccentric person who signs himself 'Knuckledustor,' recommending every one to walk about armed."

"Well, mother, if it will afford you the slightest gratification, I'll put a life-preserver in my pocket. But don't be alarmed. When I first came up from the country there might have been some danger; but now," said Mr. Lambkin, who thought himself quite a knowing man about town,— "now, I'm a great deal too wide-awake to let myself be garrotted. Good-bye."

While my small hero is speeding to Kensington,—figuratively, on the wings of love, but literally, on a pair of exceedingly well-made little legs,—I might improve the occasion by making several profound observations on the uncertainty of human affairs, as exemplified in Mr. Lambkin's closing speech; but as I do not wish to lose sight of that gentleman for a moment, I shall accompany him on his expedition, and leave the moral I have hinted at to point itself.

When the hall-door in Borkeloy Square closed behind him, Mr. Lambkin felt as bold as a lion. Pressing his hat firmly on his head, and shouldering his umbrella with a conquering-hero kind of air, he started off at the rate of about five miles an hour. At the turning into Piccadilly, he nearly ran over a gigantic policeman who imprudently got in his way. He determined that when he saw his cousin he would speak out manfully as became a Lambkin, and composed a short, sharp, and decisive address to be delivered on the momentous occasion. His proposal should be none of your sentimental, down-on-one-knee kind of declarations, but a straightforward come-to-the-point yes-or-no sort of speech that would settle the question. The idea of feeling nervous at such a moment was really quite preposterous; and Mr. Lambkin laughed so heartily, that an irreproachably got-up individual, with a miraculous collar, supposing himself to be the object of the little gentleman's mirth, turned round and scowled frightfully after him for the space of two minutes. Mr. Lambkin, happily unconscious of his offence, and the indignant glances that were following him, went on his way rejoicing.

By the time, however, that he arrived at the entrance to Hyde Park, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream. As he remembered his cousin's mocking face and laughing eyes, he began to think that there were other batteries than those of cannon which required a considerable amount of courage to face. The distance that had lent onchancement to his view was rapidly diminishing, and the ordeal that he had to undergo appeared every moment more formidable. As he proceeded westward, an acute observer might have detected a gradual abatement in the length of his pace and the confidence of his manner. Not the ghost of a smile remained on his features; and his umbrella, instead of being carried truculently over his shoulder, reposed peaceably under his arm. As he strolled through Knightsbridge, he became conscious of an uncomfortable sensation that, like Acres, his valour was rapidly oozing out of the tips of his fingers. In proportion as his stride grew less, a corresponding elongation took place in his visage; and as he slowly approached Kensington, with his umbrella now used as a walking-stick to support his tottering steps, no one would have recognised him for the confident and exulting little gentleman who came into such violent collision with the unfortunate policeman a short time before. As he passed through the turnpike his pace had slackened into an absolute crawl; and his umbrella, which appeared entirely to sympathise with its nervous proprietor, trailed irresolutely behind him. His uncle's house stood in a large garden not far from that venerable toll-bar; and when at length he had dragged himself to the door, his first impulse was to run away again as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily at that moment the colossal image of Miss Crabtree rose up before him, and in a fit of desperation he seized the knocker.

"Is any one at home?" he asked in a faltering tone of a

giant in plush-breeches, who responded to the feeble concussion.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carlton are engaged, sir," said the giant, looking down from a tremendous height at the small visitor; "but Miss Carlton is in the drawing-room."

"Alone?" gasped Mr. Lambkin.

"Alone, sir," affably returned the gentleman in plush.

The door was shut, and retreat impossible. Mr. Lambkin experienced a choking sensation in his throat. He had never felt so nervous as on that particular occasion. All his old symptoms had returned in an aggravated form. Though the roads were perfectly clean, and there was not a speck of dust upon his highly-polished little Balmorals, he performed a lengthened *pas de seul* on the door-mat, and took as long to mount the staircase as if he had been climbing the Great Pyramid.

"Mister Laamkin!" shouted the giant, in a tone for which Nicholas would have liked to have knocked him down—if he could. Amy was sitting at a table with a box of water-colours before her; and in the opinion of her love-stricken cousin, looked more charming and saucy than ever. She rose to meet him.

"Why, Nick," she exclaimed, adopting the irreverent abbreviation of his name in use among the younger branches of the family, "you're quite a stranger. You haven't been to see us for nearly a week."

"I—I've not been very well," stammered Mr. Lambkin, blushing like a peony, and not knowing exactly what he said in his confusion.

"Ah, you may well blush at telling such a dreadful fib. You were well enough yesterday to walk about, with Miss Crabtree. I saw you; but you were too much engrossed with your fair companion to take any notice of your cousin. I was just making a sketch of you going into a shop in Bond Street together. Look!"

"I assure you, Amy, I did not see you," said Mr. Lambkin, sitting down at the further end of the room, and not feeling at all reassured by the exhibition of a clover caricature of himself as a dwarf escorting a female grenadier that bore an absurd resemblance to Miss Crabtree.

"She would take me into Savory and Moore's to give me something for my cough."

"What a wonderful genius she is!" said Amy. "Nothing comes amiss to her. Her mind is like an elephant's trunk. She can lecture on the steam-engine or prescribe a cough-mixture with equal ease. I suspect, Nick, you have rather a *penchant* in that quarter. She was looking very affectionately at you through her spectacles."

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Lambkin energetically. "She's my mother's friend, not mine."

"Ah, you gentlemen always deny those things."

"I assure you, Amy," cried Nicholas, roused by the accusation, "I hate Miss Crabtree; and," he added, fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and reducing his hat to a shapeless mass in his agitation, "I—I—I!"

"Why, Nick," said Amy, wickedly enjoying his confusion, "what's the matter with you? You are utterly ruining a perfectly new hat. Do put it down."

"I want," gasped Nicholas convulsively, "to speak—to you—on a subject—of the greatest importance."

"Well, Nick, if our conversation is to be confidential, don't sit all the way out there."

Mr. Lambkin, who felt much more comfortable at a distance, moved two or three chairs nearer.

"No, no; come and sit here." And she pointed to an ottoman at her side.

Mr. Lambkin mechanically obeyed, and sat himself down on Amy's workbox, that was lying open upon it.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, in an agony of distress, and trying to repair the damage he had done; "I didn't see—"

"O, never mind, Nick; I hate a tidy workbox. Bring a chair here; and while you talk you can hold a skein of silk for me."

Poor Mr. Lambkin! If there is a position calculated more than another to discompose a nervous man on the point of making an offer of his hand and heart to the lady of his affections, it is the ridiculous one of holding a skein of silk for her to wind. In the first place, the attitude is the very reverse of graceful. If he be in a chair, he has to sit bolt upright on the extreme edge, with his arms sticking out at right angles to his body like the arms of a direction-post, and his fingers fixed and rigid as a glove-tree. When the silk gets into a "tangle," which it invariably does, the gentleman can do nothing to assist the fair winder, but must remain stiff and immovable as a trussed fowl, or the "difficulty" becomes more complicated; and when, as in the present case, the lady is perfectly self-possessed, and the gentleman proportionately shy, it is not easy to imagine less favourable circumstances for the performance of that favourite comedietta called "popping the question."

"And now, Nick," said Amy demurely, when Mr. Lambkin had assumed the position of a sedentary finger-post, and she had found the "end" and commenced winding, "what is this very important matter you have to communicate? Any thing about the weather?"

"No," answered Mr. Lambkin, trying to recollect his speech; "nothing about the weather."

"Or the crops?" asked Amy. "No bad news from the Hall, I hope, about the mangel-wurzel?"

"No," answered Nicholas, who felt his forehead getting unpleasantly hot; "it's nothing about mangel-wurzel."

"Swedes coming up as you could wish, I trust?" pursued Amy.

"I didn't come to talk about turnips," cried Mr. Lambkin in a piteous tone, making an insane attempt to get at his pocket-handkerchief.

"O, keep your hands up, please," cried Amy; "my silk will be ruined."

"I beg your pardon," said Nicholas, raising his hands as high as his nose, and proceeding: "I want to say—that is—to ask you, Amy, if—if—"

"Go on, Nick."

"To ask you—if—you could—I mean, if you would try, —to—Dear me, it's very warm to-day."

"I knew it was something about the weather," cried Amy triumphantly.

"No, no; I didn't mean that."

"A little higher, please."

"I beg pardon. I meant to say," said Mr. Lambkin in despair, "that for the last three months—ever since I came to London, in fact—I have been in—in—in—"

"In what?"

"In love,—there!" said Mr. Lambkin drawing a long breath; "that's what I came to say, Amy."

"O, Nick, how shy of you to have been in love for three months and to have said nothing about it!"

"I tried to tell you several times," said Nicholas, feeling more at his ease now the Rubicon was passed, as he thought; "but I hadn't the courage to speak out."

"And who is the lady?" asked Amy.

"Who?" said Mr. Lambkin in surprise. "Don't you know?"

"No, of course not; you didn't tell me."

"But can't you guess?" asked Nicholas, trying to look as insinuating as his absurd position would allow him.

"A little higher, please."

"O, bother the silk!" cried Mr. Lambkin impatiently. "Can't you guess, Amy?"

"I think I can," she replied laughing.

"Well, Amy?"

"Well, Nicholas?"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Lambkin anxiously.

"O, I'm delighted to hear it. I think you ought to get married, and that you'll make a very good little husband."

"Do you?" exclaimed Nicholas joyfully. "Then nothing remains but to fix the day."

"The day! What day?"

"The wedding-day."

"O, that you must leave to her."

"Her?" said Mr. Lambkin, dropping his hands in consternation.

"O," cried Amy, picking up the silk, "what have you done! What a dreadful tangle!"

"But, Amy," said Nicholas, who felt *himself* getting into a dreadful tangle, "what *her* do you mean? My mother?"

"No; the lady you're in love with, of course."

"The lady I'm in love with," stammered Mr. Lambkin, getting very pale. "And who do you suppose that is?"

"Miss Crabtree, of course," said Amy.

The shock was too much for Mr. Lambkin; his head reeled, his eyes swam, every thing appeared to be whirling round; and after staring vacantly at his cousin for some time, he rushed from the room with an anti-macassar that had become entangled in the back buttons of his coat streaming wildly behind him.

"Nicholas—dear Nicholas!" cried Amy, following him to the door, "come back."

But he was gone; and as the wicked little cousin returned to her seat, her face wore a penitent look, and something very like a tear trickled down her cheek.

As Mr. Lambkin was flying down-stairs, taking a dozen steps at a time, Mrs. Carlton was just leaving the library.

"Why, Nicholas, you appear in a great hurry. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the little gentleman, making a very poor attempt to look perfectly at his case; "I generally come down-stairs that way."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Carlton, who was rather a determined character, "you're quite in a fever. Come into the library, and tell me what has annoyed you."

The unhappy Mr. Lambkin followed his aunt into her sanctum with much the same feeling he would have taken his seat in a dentist's operating-chair. His nerves were a good deal shaken; and Mrs. Carlton, by a skilful cross-examination, arrived at the cause of his woo with as much dexterity as the aforesaid professor of odontology would have extracted a refractory grinder. Like the sufferer from toothache, Nicholas felt much better after the operation, especially as his aunt took a favourable view of his case, and undertook to complete his cure by informing the wilful young lady upstairs of his desperate condition.

"I know Amy likes you very much," said Mrs. Carlton, as she proceeded on her embassy; "and your uncle, I am sure, will be delighted to receive you as a son-in-law."

"Bless you, my dear aunt, for saying so!" fervently ejaculated Mr. Lambkin.

And now I come to the painful part of my story—the catastrophe.

It had grown quite dusk, and the trembling lover was anxiously awaiting the return of his envoy. He was gazing intently at the fire, with his right elbow reposing on the mantelpiece and his left foot resting on the fender,—one cannot be too circumstantial in these melancholy cases,—when a figure noiselessly entered the room, glided swiftly behind him, put its arms round his neck, and before he could defend himself, closed his mouth in such a way that for a few moments he was unable to breathe.

"Nicholas," said the audacious garottee, releasing her hold when the unfortunate gentleman appeared totally incapable of resistance, "you're a dear good little fellow, and I love you very much. Forgive me for my cruel conduct this afternoon."

"Forgive you!" cried the enraptured Mr. Lambkin. "I'll—"

Here the garotte-process was repeated, Nicholas this time being the performer, and Amy the unresisting victim.

"I knew all the time what you wanted to say," said the latter, when the operation had been satisfactorily performed; "and it would have served me right if you had gone straight from here and proposed to Miss Crabtree."

"Miss Crabtree be—"

Fortunately the sentence was never finished. The mode of interruption has been already hinted at. Amy has since stated in explanation, that it became absolutely necessary to stop Nicholas's mouth in some way or other, to prevent the utterance of a word relative to Miss Crabtree in a state of suspension, or some other equally unpleasant predicament.

I have nothing more to record, except that the perpetrator of the above-mentioned outrage was, I am happy to say, speedily brought to justice. Being arraigned before a family-court, and having nothing to say in her defence, except that it was Leap Year, and that the plaintiff was her cousin, she was sentenced to go in chains—hymeneal ones—for the rest of her natural life.

The day that the sentence was carried into effect, Mr. Lambkin was, as a matter of course, transported. Miss Crabtree is still unmarried, and likely to remain so. The young couple have just returned from their wedding-tour; and, strange to say, Mr. Lambkin has lost all his shyness. He ascribes it entirely to his having been garrotted. J. H. L.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

ALL IS NOT AT HAND THAT HELPS.—We cannot foresee whence help may come to us, nor always trace back to their sources the advantages we actually enjoy. *De longe vem aqua a o moinho* (Portug.);—Water comes to the mill from afar.

GOD SENDS FOOLS FORTUNE.—It is to this version of the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis*, "Fortune favours fools," that Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques:

"No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

The Spaniards express this popular belief by a striking figure: "The mother of God appears to fools,"—*A los bobos se les aparece la madre de Dios*. The Germans say, "Fortune and women are fond of fools,"—*Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb*; and the converse of this holds good likewise, since "Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favours,"—*Fortuna nimium quem favet stultum facit*—and so do women sometimes. When we consider how much what is called success in life depends on getting into one of "the main grooves of human affairs," we can account for the common remark, that blockheads thrive better in the world than clever people. "It is all the difference of going by railway and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses or set up one for yourself" (which is more likely to be done by people of superior abilities than by others). "You will see . . . most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well, with very little original motive-power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or other professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence." (*Companions of my Solitude*.) With this explanation, we are prepared to admit that there is some reason in the Spanish adage, "God send you luck, my son; so that a little wit will serve your turn,"—*Ventura te dé Dios, que poco saber te basta*.

WHEN TWO ORDER THE SAME HORSE, ONE MUST RIDE BEHIND.—Another proverb settles the question of precedence by ruling that, "He that hires the horse must ride before." The other must of course be content to journey as the foremost man pleases. "He who rides behind another, does not saddle when he will" (Span.);—*Quien tous otro cabulga, no ensilla quando quiere*.

ALL COVERT, ALL LOW.—"Covetousness brings nothing home." "It bursts the bag," say the Italians,—*La codicia rompe il sacco*. "He who embraces too much, keeps a bad hold" (French);—*Qui trop embrasse, mal étirent*.—A statue

was erected to Buffon in his lifetime, with the inscription: *Naturum amplectitus omnem*,—"He embraces all nature." Some one remarked as he read it, *Qui trop embrasse, mal étirent*. Buffon heard of this, and had the inscription removed.

THEY MAY LAUGH THAT WIN.—"A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him perceiving it, said, 'Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you.' 'Hold thy peace, boy,' said the fiddler; 'we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.'" (*Selden's Table-Talk*.) "He laughs best who has the last laugh" (French);—*Ilira bien qui rira le dernier*. "Better is the last smile than the first laughter."



THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

IV.

From the tile-manufactory we directed our steps towards Mr. Minton's show-rooms, where are exhibited various specimens of what we suppose must be called pottery, though many of the articles might well have proceeded from the studio of the statuary or the easel of the painter. That there were to be seen there cups, plates, dishes, and jugs, in numbers not to be told, and in endless variety, will be expected; but that from materials so rude as flint and clay statuettes are fabricated, clothed in drapery which rivals the finest muslin in delicacy, and with features so exquisitely moulded as to express the tenderest emotions of the mind, we could not help inferring that the potter's art has here attained the highest point of perfection. Owing to the comparatively low price of the raw material, and, we presume, the facility with which, when once the mould is formed, copies may be multiplied, the price even of the most exquisite specimens is wonderfully small; while the cost of articles of domestic furniture of symmetrical and tasteful shape and perfect workmanship is scarcely beyond that at which, a few years since, the most ungainly forms were sold. All honour to the capitalists who have placed within the reach of the humblest classes models to elevate their taste, and create or foster their love of the beautiful.

From the showrooms we descended to the workshops where these charming things are made. And here we think it only just to state, that we received from all the artist-labourers the same refined courtesy which characterised the tile-manufactory. It may be that manual dexterity, artistic skill, and familiarity with fine forms, may have a reflex influence on the mind, and generate there a politeness generally supposed to belong only to a higher rank than that of the artisan; but however this may be, we were certainly as well pleased with the modellers as with the models.

In the first room which we entered, a man stood at a side-table, employed in putting the last finishing-touch to a mass of clay about to be wrought into form. Had we entered a baker's-shop, we should have supposed that he was throwing aloft, thumping, and kneading a lump of peculiarly white dough; and that the subject of his labour was to be converted, not into plates and dishes, but into the more delicate bread. In a corner of the room, seated on the edge of a kind of trough, in the centre of which revolved a horizontal wheel of about the size of a dinner-plate, was a man pursuing his vocation of a "thrower,"—a veritable potter, having by the impulse of his will and hand "power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and

another unto dishonour." It is strange that with all the applications of modern science, and although aided by the refinements of high art, the potter still sits at his wheel,—a wheel the same in form and operation as in remote antiquity,—using his hand to model his workmanship, and a string to sever it from its base when completed.

This little table is made to revolve by a strap connected with a large vertical wheel, which is turned by a young woman a few yards off; to her he intimates by words or signs whether he requires a rapid movement or otherwise. Another woman stands near him, whose business is twofold: first to divide into equal pieces, by weight, the clay on which he is to operate, and to place them ready to his hand; and secondly, to arrange in a double row, on a board placed near her, the finished vessels as he "throws" them off. But let us watch him closely; for he is evidently a practised hand, and gets through his work with wondrous expedition. He is making preserve-pots: see, there stands a row of them which he has just made, all of exactly the same height, diameter, and thickness, as if all made (as indeed they are) in the same mould, namely, his fingers and thumbs. He places a lump of clay in the centre of his wheel, and the first jar is finished while we are realising to our own minds the fact that his hands are his sole implements. A pointer projects from the side of the trough opposite him to very near the middle of the wheel. This serves him to indicate the height of his jar, and by his side is a piece of string (wire it turns out to be, when we look more closely) with which he severs it from the wheel. The attendant leaves off weighing for an instant, and removes his workmanship out of his way. A second lump succeeds the first; he thrusts his hand into it; the plastic material seems endowed with a self-forming power; it sinks into the middle; its circumference rises under his magic touch, and in far less time than we can describe the operation, the pot is finished and added to the company of its fellows. A dozen are made in an incredibly short space of time. He signs to his assistants, and he proceeds,—though we are ignorant of the fact until he has finished,—to exhibit to us a specimen of his skill in fabricating other articles. A fresh lump is placed on the wheel; with a touch it assumes the form of a cup; it widens and becomes flatter; the wheel stops, the wire is applied, and behold! a well-shaped saucer. Again the magic wheel revolves, and a teacup is the result. Another and somewhat larger lump is laid on the wheel, which rises like its predecessors; it bulges out below, contracts above, a rim shoots out, and we have the body of a teapot; for which a smaller lump is instantaneously whirled into a lid, fitting as accurately as if measured by rule and compass, and not simply by the potter's eye. A slop-basin follows; and, last of all, another vessel is, by a trick of legerdemain, converted into a milk-jug. The impromptu set of tea-things are allowed to stand for a few seconds on the side-board; when the attendant seizes them, and before we have had time to recover from our astonishment, ruthlessly crushes them to a mass of ignoble clay. The fabrication of jam-pots is resumed, we express our acknowledgments, and withdraw. We next peeped into a low and very hot room, filled with frames, on which were placed some hundreds of vessels undergoing the operation of drying. The next workshop was filled with turning-lathes. At each of these stood a workman, who placed a basin on a revolving mould accurately fitting its concavity. With a tool of simple structure he first hollowed out the base so as to form the rim on which it stands; a few revolutions produced the contraction above the rim; and the tool, slowly moved along the outside, reduced the basin itself to a uniform thickness.

The articles we have hitherto seen were perfectly round and symmetrical. In another workshop are made vessels of irregular shape, such as ewers and vegetable dishes, for which a mould is requisite. A potter's mould consists of two solid pieces, which when fitted together form a concavity similar in shape to the outside of the vessel required. The workman takes a lump of clay, and having rolled it

out into a flat thin cake, places it as a cook would the cover of a pie on one of the halves of a mould; the other being similarly treated, the two are brought together, and the line of junction effected by laying between the two, on the inside, a strip of the same clay, which is patted and coaxed into shape with wondrous dexterity. Handles of teacups, spouts of teapots, feet of tureens, and whatever other members articles in pottery are furnished with, are made for the most part by children, each in a separate mould, and are afterwards stuck on to the main body with a composition called slag. A series of rooms on the upper story was occupied by a number of women and girls, employed in painting plates, &c. which had been already fired. We observed little here worthy of notice, except that the outline was in all cases printed on the article, and that the true division of labour was observed, one girl laying on with an ordinary camel's hair brush all the red, and another all the blue, &c. We must not, however, omit to mention that the decorum which reigned here was not instead of, but subjoined to, the same civility which had awaited us elsewhere. Patterns of landscape, flowers, and fruit, are printed on the porous clay by a very ingenious device. An impression from a copper-plate is first taken in the required colour on silver-paper; the sheet is then dipped in water, and spread lightly and evenly over the surface of the plate, rubbed on the back with a roll of wet flannel, and finally washed off with a sponge till the colouring-matter alone remains. This operation is performed after the articles have been once fired, in which condition they are technically called "biscuit." The process of glazing consists in covering the ware with a thin coat of mineral composition. Into this they are dipped one by one, and quickly withdrawn; and when sufficiently dry, are again consigned to the saggers, and replaced in the furnace, which is heated to the degree necessary to vitrify the glazing.

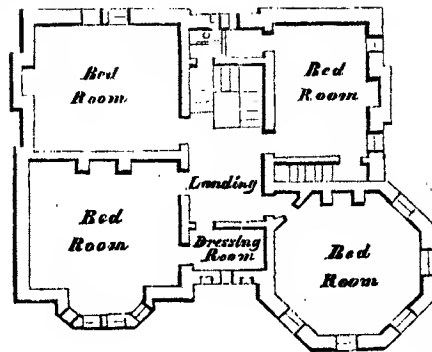
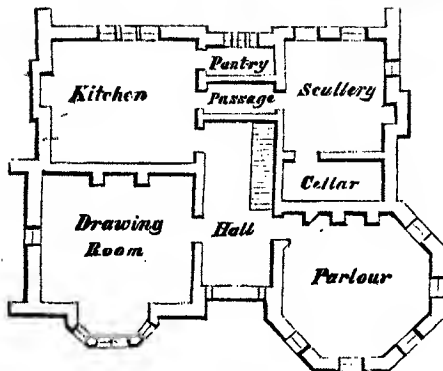
The operation of gilding is performed by painting the ware with an amalgam of gold and quicksilver. Placed in the furnace, the quicksilver evaporates, and the gold returns to its solid state, but comes out with a dull surface; so that, in order to restore its lustre and brilliancy, it is necessary to burnish it with bloodstones and other polishing substances.

C. A. J.

DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE-RESIDENCE.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

THERE are ten rooms, besides offices, in the accompanying design, and the cost of erection will average about 800*l*. Stone or brick should be used; no cement externally. To the use of the latter material may probably be referred much of the tiresome sameness, prostration of natural thought, and disregard for truth, which characterise our street-architecture. It is so easy and so cheap to stick up details from the same model, that the temptation has been irresistible. We have heard people blame a certain millionaire who had some elaborate plaster ornaments designed for the interior of his house, and afterwards caused the models to be destroyed, that none else might have similar decorations. A little more of this selfishness in architecture is sadly wanted; for good was done in thus discouraging repetition, and impelling once more the exercise of individual thought. Otherwise the forms would have been repeated all over London, and the architect soon have lost the credit due for his peculiar skill and taste, in the plagiarisms which have become so common, but are so perfectly inexcusable. Our design is plain; and therefore there will be but little excuse for tawdry cement-work. Indeed, it will not do now to give much external ornamentation. One of the strange features of our civilisation is, how little appropriate decoration is cared for in domestic habitations, and how niggardly money is doled out on this object. And yet we are richer far than the men of olden time,—far richer than those old burghers of Bruges, of Ghent, and of Antwerp, who lavished nearly as much



money on the outsides as they did on the interiors of their houses. Look again at Venice. Commerce there did not crush the spirit which, not content with gazing on beautiful public buildings and pictures in galleries, still wished to have, surrounding the domestic hearth and outside, where the passengers might gaze, what would tell that the possessor did not content himself with paying taxes for the stately palace and the noble hall, but did something in his own way, and in his own house, to signify his feeling for art. Turn from these buildings to our stuccoed houses, and note how all comes from the same ugly models. We stick up the so-called *ornaments* without regard to beauty, meaning, and truth, instead of boldly carving them in the stone, and, on all occasions, *designing* that which is expressly and peculiarly suited to the site and the purpose, to the age and the people.

Decoration, indeed, there often is in superabundance; but whence come the ideas and forms? Plagiarisms nearly always in architecture from the ancient tangible thoughts. We do more *apparent* work than the old men, but not nearly so much *real* work. We hurry along at a railroad-pace; but it is too fast a pace for any thing but steam. Art requires time, labour, diligent and thoughtful care; and perfection is not to be attained in a hurry. Every thing now must be done quickly; every body is impatient; and every body is at last disappointed with the result. All in the olden time

was done slowly, calmly, and deliberately. Cathedrals progressed during ages; scarcely one abroad is now quite finished, but what is completed is done *well*,—so well, that it is a precious and undying legacy to future times. Then there was harmony between the works of man and those of nature,—for the latter naturally dictate the former; and a building seen in the vastitude of an extensive landscape is a sort of connecting-link between the two:

“And the clear region where ’twas born
Round in itself encloses.”

The penalty of our hot-headed rushing to and fro, of our foolish impatience, of our thoughtfulness of nothing but the money's worth, without regard to intrinsic value, will surely visit us some day. We said before, that the love of home is lost in the changefulness of our abode in the frail things called houses, so hastily run up. In a few years men have forgotten where they settled with the blushing bride, where the first-born calmly slept, where the friends who have departed so often came; the fireside where their parents sat, the spot which domestic affection and friendship should have hallowed. And we shall find out at last that, if this changefulness continues, as it bids fair to do,—that settledness of abode which so powerfully contributes to the prosperity and happiness of the members of a nation being destroyed,—we shall not have long to wait for more portentous changes.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. X.

NEWBY LINTON Esq.

PAINTED BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.
"A DREAM OF ANNESLEY HALL."

By E. M. WARD, R.A.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting."

If the painting here engraved had been no better than the verses which supply its motto, our task of comment and criticism might indeed be brief. A few words in explanation of the lines will be serviceable, however, in elucidating the subject of the picture; which are the more necessary, as most of the glare and all the smoke having cleared away from Byron's reputation, the present generation is comparatively ignorant of the stormy passions through which he passed, and contentedly rests its judgment of him upon his works as a poet.

After many a boyish love-freak, Lord Byron seems to have experienced the reality of the passion in its highest manifestations for the beautiful Mary Chaworth. She, however, by no means reciprocated his feeling, and in the dignity of her eighteen years treated the peer of sixteen as a boy, not appearing to have even disguised from him her regard for the gentleman she afterwards married,—a Mr. Musters. Byron's affection for the lady was undoubtedly deep-seated and sincere; for the effect of her indifference told greatly upon his after-life, and is expressed in the "fatal remembrance" to which he alludes in the verses.

The subject of the picture is Byron moodily contemplating Miss Chaworth while dancing at a ball in her father's house at Annesley. Of its execution we may say, that it exhibits the usual qualities of Mr. E. M. Ward's works, and may also remark the skill with which he has designed the action of the left hand of Byron himself, holding, as he does, the skirt of his cloak as a screen before his lame foot. If this be intended as a subtle hint at the tyrannising vanity of the poet's character, which led him to make this personal defect the chief misery of his life, it is a very excellent point skilfully introduced. The figure of Byron appears to be somewhat mainly for that of a youth of sixteen. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and has been engraved in the illustrated edition of Moore's *Irish Melodies*. We are indebted to Messrs. Longman, the publishers of that work, for permission to re-engage the subject for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

L. L.

AN EVENING AT THE — INSTITUTE.

It was evening, in a certain manufacturing-town in the eastern part of Lancashire; a hard, dry, bitter cold was abroad; casual drops of water on the pavement froze into hard knobs of ice; and where the carts passed the ground was strewn with powder of earth and ice. In one of the principal streets, where gas-jets were flaring in all directions, people were busily hurrying to and fro, and the hard struggle for life was carried on with more than ordinary activity, at the entrance of a large hall were fixed two lamps of a special brilliance, from which were suspended huge placards, on which were printed, in letters of notable size, "Go and see Captain H—'s demonstrations." In the interior of this hall were assembled about 1500 people. The gallery was chiefly filled with artisans, weavers, mechanics, railway-porters, and an indefinite number of youths. There were likewise visible in the front seats (they had hard fighting for them, too) numerous mothers of families, supporting their infants with one hand and holding the house-key in the other. In the body of the building were the upper class of operatives; and in front was a sprinkling of wealthier people, and a satisfactory number of Quakers. Five performers were playing furiously some fashionable music. One of these men had such a round red and white face, great black eyes and whiskers, such well-defined eyebrows and imperial, in fact, possessed

such a peculiar and noticeable stylo of beauty, that he was deservedly regarded by the female sex there gathered together as one of the most attractive features of the place. Wit and repartee, disguised in the provincial dialect of the place, were audible enough. In fact, the gallery-people were on the best of terms with themselves and the musicians, and held colloquial discourse freely with the latter. On the appearance of the lecturer, the shouting, yelling, and applause, rose to a terrible height. He was a large, heavy, powerfully-built man, and with that swinging step which smacks of sailor-life, and that easy play of limb which indicates an almost indefinite amount of strength. He was a man of the O'Connell type. Phlegmatic-bilious temperament, a well-developed massive head, a powerful eye, and an expression of benevolence, humour, and self-reliance, were obviously his characteristics. What if he were rather roughly attired, if his letter "h" was occasionally missing, his verbs sometimes oddly conjugated, and their agreement with their nominative wholly disregarded? He was perhaps a rough specimen, but he held his own well. Mr. Jonas Stubbs was seated in the front row. He was a most respectable stout young gentleman; he appreciated to the utmost extent two things—his own person and his own wealth. Moreover, he was engaged, and on the point of marriage, with a young lady of the most genteel sort. He had come prepared to disabuse the public mind of several misconceptions, and to unmask and upset the system of the lecturer completely; in fact, to deal one heavy blow at mesmerism, so that it should never raise its head again in Mr. Stubbs' natal town. He considered very justly, and with unanswerable logic, first, that it was all humbug; and secondly, that if not, it was something much worse. In this frame of mind he listened to the opening address. What there was of it was certainly not very much to the point. It was something in this style: "The British people have always been celebrated for fair play. The Americans are not any thing like us in that respect. (Cries of 'That's true.') They call themselves a go-ahead people; but so are we; we not only go at it, but we go always at it, and we go all of us at it." (Immense applause.) Here a girl, with a very abstracted expression of countenance, and a gait as though she were slightly deformed, walked across the lecture-hall, and disappeared into a little room, where comfort and refreshment in the way of a fire and looking-glass were provided, as appeared from the glimpse which the opening of the door afforded. (Audible whispers of "That's her.") Mr. Jonas Stubbs, not to lose an opportunity, remarked loudly to those who were near him, "That, I suppose, is one of the paid victims." By this artful remark, you perceive, he had included both sides of the case. Pay denoted humbug; and the word victim contemplated the darker supposition. The lecturer continued: "When I was at Cronstadt there was a ship commanded by an American, many years ago. And the Emperor Nicholas went aboard of it; and all the flags of the different nations were hoisted in honour of his visit. Above them all waved the stars and stripes. (Murmurs of, "Shame," perhaps rather unreasonably.) And when the emperor ascended the ladder (here he enacted the part with much effect), what did he see but the Union-Jack spread as a carpet for his feet. (Perfect uproar of yells and catcalls.) What did he do? (Here Captain H—, in his character of emperor, made suitable demonstrations of horror.) He ordered it to be raised up and hoisted aloft, saying, 'I will never tread on the ensign of that noble nation.'" (Hurricane of applause; cries of "Well done, old Nick—Union-Jack for ever.") We will now proceed to our demonstrations. "Any lady or gentleman,"—here he was interrupted by a tumultuous rush of at least thirty men and boys on to the stage. He arranged them all on benches in a semicircle; three young ladies from the little room had already seated themselves. A paralysed woman, two cripples, and a blind boy completed the lot. Every one was silent as Captain H— passed among them, laying his hand on the forehead of each in succession. Some half-dozen closed their eyes at once; these he placed apart. The rest

he made stand up one by one, and made passes behind them. Some staggered back towards him; others reeled after him; these again were grouped together. A few showed no sign of any sort; these he patted affectionately on the back, and dismissed them to resume their seats among the audience. Finally he arranged some ten in a semicircle; they regarded the spectators with a peculiarly imbecile and stolid air. The musicians struck up "Bebbing around." All those that were standing commenced such indescribable writhing and contortion, that they appeared to imitate lively innagots in cheese. He then touched their heads; and while the girls continued writhing the lads fought imaginary enemies with fury. One was in his own imagination a sheep, and bleated piteously; another was a monkey, and favoured the audience with all the absurd chatter and gestures of that unclean animal. After a meal of green leaves, he ascended a pole, and perched himself in such a position as his sober senses would hardly have suggested. Another swam vigorously on the floor, to the intense delight of his comrades in the gallery. Captain H— brought forward the sheep.

"I never saw this young man before; does any one know him?"

"He works for Astow's Mill; he lives hard by."

Another was presented; and he was proclaimed to be "Adam Hope, a stone-mason;" and so forth; they were all challenged by their respective friends and acquaintances. At length Captain H— pointed to the interesting animal aloft:

"Does any one know this lad?" he demanded.

"He be my son," screamed a woman; "and he has eat twice as much sin' he wor mesmerised."

They were then awakened. The monkey descended with every appearance of uncomfortable terror; the sheep ceased to bleat; the people in the gallery took on themselves the continuation of that performance; and the subjects seated themselves, looking puzzled and hot, on the benches facing the audience. The lecturer placed them again in a row, and connected them one with another by means of a small brass-chain, the extremity of which was placed in a pitcher of water, in which he had previously been, to all appearance, washing his hands. The result seemed extraordinary; the lads presented the same symptoms as it is well known those do who receive a strong shock from an ordinary electric machine. And presently the platform was a mass of prostrate lads, struggling furiously to free themselves from each other, and yet apparently obliged to retain their hold. "Talk of table-turning," exclaimed Captain H—, "look here;" and springing upon a chair, he began to wave his hands in a circle round him, at first slowly, but gradually increasing in velocity. The lads rose, and ran round and round the chair. When he changed the current, they turned and commenced running the other way. Those who did not change quickly enough were pushed over, and trampled on; they seemed invulnerable, or possessed, for they got up and followed the others. Then there was a lull. Jonas Stubbs gave an audible groan, and Captain H— regarded his subjects with a benevolent air. Now Mr. Stubbs had been for some time boiling with indignation; and at this moment his good genius prompted him to active measures, and to a personal exhibition. So when the lecturer demanded again, "Any lady or gentleman," he rose from his seat with that deliberation which at once indicated his respectability, and ascended the steps on the right of the platform. It so happened that a black man present was at that instant seized also with an inclination to appear in public, so that he rose on one side of the stage precisely as Mr. Jonas Stubbs appeared on the other; and the sable man and the white gentleman faced each other suddenly. This circumstance was in itself enough to create amusement in an audience prepared for joking. For an instant Mr. Jonas regretted his determination; he could have wished to have been in less remarkable companionship—but there was no help for it. Captain H— asked the customary question: "Does any one know this young man?"

"I am Mr. Jonas Stubbs," returned the latter, with a stern air, which might have disconcerted any impostor; "and this," pointing to the black, "I don't know him; I never saw him before." (Black man grins.)

Solemn voice from the gallery: "I know he; he be Cookey Sam." (Ories of friendly recognition.)

"You'll find," said Jonas, "you have no power over me; I'm not a wretched dupe or a paid emissary."

"Ah, no, very likely," said Captain H— smiling; "permit me to try. No; you are a very difficult person, I see." He passed his hands caressingly over their heads and down their spines. "No; you are very difficult," he continued; "determined not to be taken in. Eh, Mr. Stubbs?"

Mr. Stubbs did not answer; but his eyes looked very lack-lustro and sleepy, and the ebony man ceased to grin.

"Now," said Captain H— sharply, "you can't tell me your name, Mr. Stubbs."

Stubbs opened his jaws, and made great demonstrations of eloquence, but not a sound or whisper came forth; he glared in impotent fury at H—.

"Try," said the latter encouragingly; "you'll only stammer."

"Jo—Jo—Jo—Jonas!" gasped the unhappy Stubbs, and then stepped short.

"Now you will perceive," continued Captain H—, handling Stubbs as if he were a child, "he is a negative, *this* black gentleman is a positive." He placed them back to back, and so they remained; Stubbs advanced, black man ditto; he stepped the other way, black man still firmly pinned on to his back; Stubbs shook himself, black man grinned from one ear to the other, leering frightfully over Stubbs' shoulder; Stubbs walked in circle, still the same; whenever he turned his head he only saw the whites of the black man's eyes. Captain H— touched some part of his head, and Mr. Jonas exhibited the most extreme terror. No wonder; his dark friend hissed, chattered, and grinned, like some hideous ape, twisting his head into the unhappy man's face. Stubbs shrieked, implored, and at length burst into a paroxysm of noisy grief, which produced the remark from aloft, "Now he do cut up dirty." Sinbad's old man of the mountain was nothing to it: the more he ran about the greater was the agility displayed by his tormentor in holding on to him. To behold any man in such a plight was fun, but to see a gentleman of such prickly respectability and defiant demeanour so victimised was charming; and the exhibition was keenly appreciated. At length they were permitted to separate. Jonas Stubbs gave one look of profound disgust at the spectators, one glance of inextinguishable hate at Captain H—, and amidst roars of laughter, he rushed down the steps and out of the hall. People do affirm, that the match of Mr. Stubbs with that most genteel young lady was completely broken off by the unfortunate "demonstration" of that evening.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailing Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It is pleasant to find a severe politician and stern realist like Mr. Roebuck inaugurating a new School of Art at Sheffield, and instructive to mark the feelings and views with which he does so. He seeks to confirm the opinion of those who hold the need of art to be universal, and who rank the effort to train and gratify it amongst the most promising movements of the time. Little as Mr. Roebuck himself may imagine it, little as many of our readers may be disposed to admit the statement, in opening this new school for the town he represents, he put his hand to a far greater national work than in supporting the Financial Reform Association at Liverpool. And why?

Because these meetings represent respectively the two great classes of agency into which most of the social and political activity of the day is divided—the mechanical and vital; the one seeking to mend the national machinery, the other to purify and enrich the national life. Of these, the influence of the former is obviously limited and temporary, in comparison to the permanent and growing power of the latter, which acts directly on the very springs of political strength by invigorating the life-blood of the people. The one is at best but a question touching the better keeping of accounts in the national household; the other relates to the training and highest welfare of the children. An association like the Financial Reform, for instance, relates at most to a little food or raiment more or less; but agencies like the schools of art affect the national life, which is more than food, and the body-politic, which is more than raiment. Not, of course, that the bread-and-cheese question is an unimportant one; on the contrary, it is in a sense the most important, as lying at the foundation of every thing else. But just because it is thus a first necessity, it secures the first attention, and is in no danger of being neglected; while the higher wants of the people,—their need of knowledge, intelligence, rational enjoyment, and self-control,—because less obtrusive, are more likely to be lost sight of, and remain without any adequate provision. In a country like our own, however, the gratification of these necessities becomes an indispensable condition of growing national prosperity; material success being, in fact, a curse instead of a blessing, apart from the manly sense, freedom, and intelligence which turn it to noble uses.

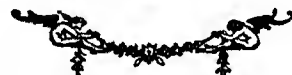
It is cheering, therefore, to observe that these higher national wants, though by no means yet sufficiently considered, are daily rising into fuller recognition. The abstract question of national education, for instance, may be considered quite settled. Thirty years ago, peer and prelate, squire and parson, would have raised their hands in unaffected horror at the thought of teaching the rustics around,—the common people, the lower orders, as they are called,—to read and write. Now all that has passed away never to return. Men of all sects and parties equally admit the right of the people to be educated; and all agree that such education is indispensable to the national welfare. But while it is thus universally admitted that all, even the humblest, have faculties of knowledge that ought to be trained, the equally important fact, that they have imaginations to be exercised, and capacities of enjoyment to be gratified, is still too much neglected. To this neglect, which runs through our whole system of education and social life, may be traced many, if not most of the social evils that press so heavily upon us. Its working may be clearly seen in the brutal violence of the lowest, and the shameful swindling and corruption so prevalent amongst a better class, cropping out, on the one hand, in a Marley and a Sykes, and in a Robson and Redpath, on the other. No doubt it may be true of a few conspicuous criminals that, like poets, they are born, not made; but the great majority are produced by the defects of the system in which they have been reared. Of many a one now wasting in the convict-prisons of the country powers that, with a wise and liberal training, might have turned to good account, what Michael Zetra says of Lord Dunley holds true:

"He was restrained, they say,
Austerely when a boy. I've known such cases,
Where, the curb suddenly withdrawn, the youth,
Defrauded hitherto of due delights,
And losing self-respect from daring once
To taste some lighter joy,—unwisely classed,
In teaching him, with things forbidden justly,—
And knowing no gradation, has at once,
With a ferocity of liquorish relish
Unknown to those of looser bringing-up,
Plunged into pleasure."

There is too much of this austere bringing-up in our whole national system; the children of the poor, as Charles Lamb truly said, being in many cases not brought up at all, but "dragged up." The systematic suppression or neglect

of some of the noblest powers and strongest sympathies of our nature is by no means, however, confined to the treatment of the poor. It is too much forgotten, in dealing with children and young people generally, that they must have their seasons of relaxation, their leisure-moments, their chosen recreations and delights; and that, if no provision is made for these, one of the most important parts of education is neglected. The education of the playground, it has been suggested, is as important as that of the school-room; but it would not be too much to say, that it is often far more influential in determining future character. For the education of leisure-hours is chiefly of the kind to which we have referred—of the imagination and the affections; while school-work for the most part addresses only our intellect; and if you make no attempt to train and occupy the former, it matters comparatively little what is done with the latter; effective influence will soon be lost altogether. What Fletcher of Saltoun said of the most popular kind of amusement—"Let me write the people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws"—is universally true, applies equally to the nation and the individual. The character of a people is far more determined by their chosen pleasures, their voluntary habits and recreations, than by the laws under which they live. And with regard to ourselves, it is not so much what we know,—not even what we do in our ordinary occupations,—as what we voluntarily choose and love, that makes us what we really are. So, where children are trained to delight in the works of nature and the creations of art, their imagination is opened and their affections directed to what is pure and healthful, and their leisure-moments filled with occupations, not only innocent, but refined and elevating. By thus implanting a taste for higher and purer pleasures, a most effective barrier is erected against low excitement and vulgar dissipation; for refinement of mind, if not absolutely virtue, is certainly a strong protection against some of the most common and seductive forms of vice.

This view of the matter, though not yet fully adopted in theory, is, we rejoice to assure our readers, partially recognised in practice. The schools of art connected with the Central Department of Science and Art at Marlborough House, which are rapidly springing up in most large towns through the country, aim at meeting, at least in part, this great national want. They are, in the widest and truest sense, popular, designed and adapted for the people, bringing sound art-education to their very doors, and placing it within the reach of all. These schools are, moreover, eminently successful; and the value of the work they are doing amongst the rising youth of our populous towns can scarcely be overrated. We shall have an opportunity of showing this more at length hereafter. Meanwhile we commend to the attention of our readers the following instructive facts. There are at present nearly seventy of these art-schools in various parts of the country, having an aggregate of twelve thousand pupils; and, through the lessons given by the masters in the national and other public schools, extending art-education to twenty thousand more. So that at the present moment upwards of thirty thousand pupils, chiefly of the humblest class, are in these schools receiving a thorough art-education.



PRUSSIAN POLICE. By DR. SCOFFERN.

LEAST any untravell'd Briton should innocently surmise, that policeman 146 of the metropolitan division A is the type or eidolon of the police-force all over the world,—modified perhaps by dress and general get-up, even to the minutiae of a truncheon somewhat longer, shorter, heavier, or lighter, than the regulation-staff of one of Sir Richard Mayne's pre-

torian guards,—I beg to undeceive him. Reader, feign to yourself whatever living symbolisation of departed power and blighted onorgy you please—an adnor without her poison-fangs, a lion without his claws, a soldier without his arms; a trunkless elephant, a toothless dog,—picture to yourself each and every one of these creatures in the two respective conditions of energy present, and energy departed, then you shall have, on the faith and honour of one who has seen both, the true leading or characteristic idea of a British and a foreign policeman.

Let us look deliberately at policeman 146 A as he salutes forth with his companions to take up his beat. Does A 146 give you the idea of being a warrior? is he decked out in clothes trimmed with gold or silver braid? has he a sword, a pistol, a carbine, Minié, or bayonet? Except he be engaged on peculiar service he has none of these; and even in neighbourhoods where the use of a sword has been conceded to him, the English policeman treats it as a thing which he would rather be without, an appendage which he is somewhat ashamed of. A 146 is essentially a civilian; he is taught to consider that his major duty shall consist in keeping the peace; that his sphere of life affords him no scope for the display of brilliant valour; and so little is the peppery excitability of the warrior instilled into policeman 146, that if by chance he ventures to use the only weapon of offence he is permitted to carry,—the staff,—he had better be prepared to explain the reason why, at the next police-court sitting, or it may go hard with him. Thrice happy may policeman 146 consider himself if his broken arm, or mutilated hand, justify to society the use of the redoubtable truncheon. Even to the gait and movement of his limbs, policeman 146 A is a civilian. Like a soldier, the policeman undergoes a drill; but it is rather a drill of mental than corporeal faculties. He is taught not goose-steps, and marches quick and slow; nor do his superiors care much whether his toes turn in or out. A straight-backed, up-nosed policeman is no phoenix in the eyes of inspector X. Whatever rpute 146 is hereafter destined to achieve must be achieved on other more intellectual grounds than these. Accordingly, you will not marvel that A 146 is never addicted to the outward quips and cranks of military dandyism. He is, however, a fop in his way; but his foppiness takes a civilian turn, belonging to the class to which appertains the foppiness of those who affect a slouching gait and slovenly make-up, to show how devoid they are of—what? that which these very outward demonstrations prove them to have—*affectation*. If I may be permitted to set forth one striking affectation which 146 possesses, it is the affectation of stooping; just, I suppose, to show his thorough civilian bent, his freedom from all military compulsion in such minor matters.

Let no ill-natured person (good-natured ones need no admonition),—let no ill-natured person, I say, accuse me of laughing at our police-force, turning them to ridicule, or impugning the system which tends to make them civilians rather than soldiers. I desire no such thing, but only aim at sketching an extreme illustration of the English system of police, that we may the better perceive by comparison the distinctive features of a Continental and a British policeman. Continental—but I must not be vague. I have seen a little of the police-force of many foreign states: but I have lived in Prussia; his gracious majesty Frederick William having conceded to me the privilege of being a Prussian householder; so I know something about the ways of Prussian police. Just as 146 A is every inch of him a civilian, so is his Prussian representative—by name, and by name alone—every inch of him a soldier. To such extremes, indeed, is the military type affected, that but for the circumstance of his not being armed with the redoubtable “Zündnadelgewehr,” or needle-gun, I should not perhaps even now, with all my experience, be aware that the man with spiked helmet and glittering peak, sword and belt, trousers striped down the leg, frogged tunic, and prim turn-out, was not an individual member of some particular regiment of Prus-

sian infantry. You are desirous of becoming intimate with the duties of the Prussian Polizei? Very well, then; follow me into the dominions of his gracious majesty Frederick William, and you shall soon be made acquainted. You first sit down at an hotel of course; and there, if you are only a bird of passage, a mere travelling Briton—here to-day, tomorrow away—you are likely to come very little in contact with the Prussian Polizei. They know more about you, however, than you think. Personally, the police *bureau* and yourself are strangers to each other; but the chief of local police knows a good deal more about you, your antecedents, and your movements, than you are disposed to imagine. Your passport, which Meinherr of the Gasthof has politely taken charge of, has gone to the police-office; your complexion has been duly noted; your linear dimensions translated from English feet and inches into Gorman measure; your personal beauties and defects, along with your ago, or the statement of it, which in the case of a lady passes for the same,—all mercilessly recorded in the Polizei register.

Supposing you to be only a casual traveller, all this will be done so quietly, so unostentatiously, that were it not for the existence on your passport of certain impressions in black ink and blue, and certain grains of sand still clinging to a miserable attempt at a likeness of the king of birds, you would never be made aware that your passport had been out of Meinherr the landlord's possession. If, however, you desire to become a housekeeper, then you and the Polizei will become much better acquainted. You must apply at the police-office personally to answer any questions which may be propounded, amongst which will certainly be the object of your desiring to live in Prussia. All this is very foreign to your inborn British notions of free agency, and so forth. The police-officers of his Prussian majesty give you the impression of being troublesome enough; but, I must say the truth; they execute their numerous and conflicting duties like gentlemen; and if you are an honest man, not given to talk politics, or smuggle *Punch* (our literary friend, Mr. Punch, be it understood), I don't think you will have much trouble. I write now of Rhenish Prussia, the paradise of the king's dominions; and this being premised, let me do Rheinlanders the justice to observe, that whoever smuggles any other punch into that region of good eating and drinking, will not only do a very unnecessary thing, but a very foolish one. The Rheinlanders have their own punch; and such punch! The best English concoction under that name is no more to be compared to it than gin to Maraschino.

Well, you at length obtain your license or permit. It may be awarded for any time that seems fit, all things considered, to the police-authorities. Perhaps for weeks, or a quarter, or half-a-year, seldom longer; but when expired, you will have no difficulty in renewing it. Indeed, I have known some easy-going harmless British individuals who treat their renewal of license very much as I treat the renewal of my British Museum reading-ticket—that is to say, I *never* renew it; but in that case one had better mind his Ps and Qs, take off his hat unflinching to the most unimportant member of the genus *Polizei*, and in other respects be pre-eminently civil; else he will discover to his cost that certain cumulative fines attach to each omission of non-renewal. So long as you remain in any one Prussian town your passport is boarded at the police-office, and you cannot reclaim it without giving due notice. It will be ordinarily impossible, therefore, for you to leave a Prussian town without cognisance of the police; and, lest the police should give you your passport inadvertently before all your local debts are paid, a creditor has the power of attaching the passport. This desire on the part of the police authorities to get hold of your passport is not peculiar to Prussia, but prevails more or less in every country which grants passports. Nevertheless, I cannot say that the police authorities of either Franco or Prussia are very stringent in the matter. I once knew an Englishman who determined on taking up his residence in Prussia, and who did as every

sensible person who has a passport will try to do—keep it. Not having delivered up the passport to the police, though for some days he had taken possession of his domicile, a functionary of the *Polizei* called upon him for the document. All that the Englishman could say in German was "Ja" and "Nein," though he could understand a great deal more. The policeman touched his hat: "Your passport, sir."

My little friend pulled off his hat, shook his head violently, and ejaculated, "Nein."

"Do you understand?"

"Nein."

"Your passport?"

"Nein."

"I must have it."

"Nein."

"Where is it?"

"Nein."

"Ach der tolle Engländer!"

"Nein."

The policeman was at first inclined to be annoyed; but he finished by laughing outright, and walking away. My friend gained his point; he never lost sight of his passport.

Well, your residence-licence is granted; you take possession, and will want servants. You need not wait long. Remark that each girl who comes to offer her services brings with her a book and a basket. I will explain the use of that basket by and by; meantime remember, please, it is called the excuse-basket—the *excuse Körbchen*. She opens her book. What is written there? You shall see. It is a register-book, endorsed by the police, of her birth, parentage, and character; the places she has occupied hitherto, the duration of residence in each place, when she left the last place, and why she left. A servant's character so well accredited as this is something like a character. You may trust to it implicitly. And now about the *excuse Körbchen*. Its origin is referable, like many other ingenuities, to the suggestiveness of woman's brain. To speak plainly, it is a machine for deluding his majesty of Prussia's police, and turning them to scorn. A German servant-girl must sometimes go out of the house of course; she must go to market, and go a-shopping; for the shopkeepers of Rhenish Prussia, of which I write, don't at all understand our London tradesmen's notions of sending things home. In either case she will require a basket; and so it comes to pass that a basket, the inevitable basket, is regarded as indicative of her being out on duty, just as the policeman's sword proclaims that fact for him. Well then, just as a policeman will expect to roam about without let or hindrance so long as the shining Elberfeld blade dangles from his belt,—every body making room for him, nobody daring to question whither he goes, or to what end,—so the servant-girls expect an equal amount of free locomotion when from the arm of each dangles the *excuse Körbchen*. Strangely enough the policemen don't see through the trick. Ah, that wicked *excuse Körbchen*!

As you intend to reside some considerable time in the Prussian dominions, you will perhaps set about papering your rooms. Take care in doing this you do not give the police cause to pounce down upon you. What on earth of vice can there be, you will perhaps say, in the papering of a room? Learn, then, for your instruction, that the Prussian police are, amongst other things, sanitary officers. Each nest or squad of them—excuse the German names—has its own *Polizei physicus*, or police sanitary physician; whose duty it is to see that nothing be done to the prejudice of the laws of public health. An Englishman whom I know took it into his head to hang his sitting-room with paper of a certain green tint. To be in a chamber whilst the paper-hanging operation is going on is not agreeable. The Englishman absented himself until the time when he thought the hanging would be complete. He then came back; and was surprised to find the chamber, not merely hung, but unhung. The police had sent people there to strip the paper off. The green pigment, which the English-

man had so much admired, was a preparation of arsenic—*Scheele's Green*; and for this reason it was considered to imperil the public health. A rather far-fetched notion was this;* but I know the event to be true.

Are you in good health and of sound constitution? If not, don't think of falling in love with a German lady. Though she, dear creature, may have drawn up to her own mind a creditor and debtor account of the evil and the good, and decided on incurring the hazard; the *Polizei physicus* may not prove exactly of that train of mind. He may be inexorable; if both the lady and yourself are poor I have no doubt he would be. Nor are Pandora's legacies the only sufficient cause for putting Hymen in fetters, according to the sentiments of a Prussian *Polizei physicus*. He goes into the delicate question of appropriate age. Should your innamorata be older than seems to him fit, or the bridegroom elect too young, or both too young or too old, he again interposes his cruel authority. To do him justice, the *Polizei physicus* does not consider it a part of his duty to learn the state of your or the lady's banking accounts, your chance of legacies, revenues, post-obits, your funded or landed wealth, or any other form the good things of Plutus may for you or the lady assume; but other functionaries do this for you—bad luck to them: so all things considered, it is no joke to get married in Prussia. You fret and chafe and threaten self-destruction. Well, of that you are the best judge; but take my advice—if you would avoid being made a scarecrow of, a warning and example to all future suicidal consumptive lovers, be consumptive to the end. Don't hang yourself, or blow out your brains; as for poison, you can't get it:—(a) yourself, and set fire to it; jump into the nearest glass-furnace; or, Mokanna-like, plunge into a carboy of oil-of-vitriol. Lastly, if all these resources are wanting, hire a boat, tie a stone to your feet, row out into the middle of a river, scuttle your boat, and go down. That abominable *Polizei physicus*, he has positive orders to dissect every suicide; to record the exact cause of death, and to send any malformed or abnormal organ to the nearest anatomical museum. This he would infallibly do; and soon in your case, travellers would see, preserved in *fusel schnaps* a shapeless mass, which a legible German label would set forth to be

"DAS GEBROCKENE HERZ EINES ENGLÄNDERS."

But why do I linger thus over disagreeable things? You are neither poor, nor consumptive, nor decrepit, nor a boy. You may renew your license of domicile at pleasure, give parties, drink Rheinwein and Maitrank and Bavarian beer. You are also free to fall in love; but, mind me, do not, as you hope to crown your aspirations with hymeneal bliss—don't commit the solecism in German propriety of asking the lady's consent first. I doubt whether the correctest antecedents, or the fullest banker's account, would ever set that matter right. You would be looked upon as an improper person at once, and for ever. You will think love-making on these terms insipid: so do I; but you are in Germany, not at Rome; and when in Germany—in short, you know the rest. Notwithstanding the strictness wherewith his Prussian majesty and his delegates, the police, take cognisance of preliminaries matrimonial, yet, to be just, they are not so troublesome as their Scandinavian neighbours, a little farther north. It has become the practice of late for Englishmen desirous of marrying deceased wife's sisters to flee to Denmark, and there tie the hymeneal bond. But the sanitary police-law of Denmark will have it that a certificate of vaccination shall be the inevitable prelude to the marriage ceremony; and if the expatriated lovers do not bring each a certificate of that kind they must be vaccinated on the spot!

* Whilst the above was still in type uncorrected, a fact has transpired proving that the Prussian sanitary officers were right, and that my surmise of the idea being far-fetched was wrong. A medical gentleman of Birmingham writes to the editor of a journal to state that he had suffered from sitting in a room papered with arsenical green hangings. The heat of a gas flame evaporated the pigment, and filled the room with deleterious fumes.

From a bridegroom elect to a chimney-sweep the transition is abrupt. I nevertheless shall make it, in order to mention the next phase which presents itself to my mind of Prussian police-interference. What would an Englishman, brought up in the full conviction that his house was his castle,—what would he say, if a chimney-sweep some fine morning were to invade that castle, bag and brush and scraper in hand, without being sent for, and the furniture placed aside out of his sooty presence? What if the kitchen-chimney were the one in question, with preparations for dinner going on? There is a proverb which sets forth the issue of fighting and conquering a chimney-sweeper. Perhaps no domestic would summon courage to lay hold of "sootie," and thrust him out; but assuredly he would be made to go out by setting a dog at him, poking him with a spit, or by, in short, one kind or other of physical force; and what is more, sootie would know better than to complain. I should like to see the man who would dare, knowing the consequences, to use physical force for chasing away out of his house a Prussian chimney-sweep. It would not be a sweep—a mere sweep—the ejector had to deal with, but the offended Nemesis who waits on the Prussian police. Chimney-sweeping in Prussia at regular intervals is a matter which belongs to the duties of the police; not that the tight-pantalooned, small-waisted, helmeted, sword-begirted Polizei are in their own persons the gerents of the business which *Oliver Twist* doated upon. These gentry are far too neat and trim, too fond of perfumed handkerchiefs and yellow kid-gloves to cover themselves with soot. Nevertheless they are chimney-sweeps, in the same sense that sheriffs are hangmen. They don't do the thing themselves; but they are responsible for getting it done. A Prussian chimney-sweeper, then, is *somebody*; he might without much violation of truth consider himself to be a sort of state-messenger employed on peculiar service.

Apropos of the Prussian Polizei chimney-sweeper, I have now an anecdote to tell. A little English friend of mine having taken up his residence as a licensed householder in a Prussian town, did as most English householders are in the habit of doing when their means permit,—gave dinner-parties. It was on the occasion of a dinner-party to be given by him of more than ordinary style, that the intention of the whole was marred by the police chimney-sweeper. My little English friend was a puffy, stumpy, florid man, fonder of Rheinwein than of pump-water, and solicitous in the matter of good eating. He was what Gorman servant-girls call an "Erbsen zähler," which freely translated into English, may stand for "Molly-caudle." He not only liked good-eating, but good-smelling meats; for which reason he occasionally committed the solecism of going into the kitchen, to inhale the savoury odours which arise from a German cooking-stove.

Thus engaged on the day of the feast was my little friend; and his guests, less ceremonious and restrained by convention than they would have been in England, went to the kitchen too. It was a cold day, and the dinner smelt nice. All were hungry. The ladies even—always less epicurean than men—did not hesitate to say they should enjoy it. But suddenly and mysteriously appeared an implike thing in black, which the native Germans present recognised to be the chimney-sweeper, but which the English men and women present might take for whom they pleased.

Amidst a peal of laughter from a saucy German girl, who knew what was coming, the black creature announced that he was the chimney-sweeper; that my friend's chimney was down on the register for sweeping, and swept it must be. So away went *Suppe* and *Braten* from the stove; and off went the pipes. His excellency Meinherr Polizei Kaminfeger set to work in earnest. From his back he took a curious machine, having an iron-ball at the end of it and circular brushes strung on a rope at intervals. Climbing to the chimney-top, he lowered the iron-ball into the chimney; and the ball falling pulled after it the brushes, and the brushes pulled down the soot. The process was

agreeable to look at, but somewhat trying to hope-deluded stomachs.

And these, O sword-belted Polizei, are some of your goings-on in strict-schooled Prussia. Do I hate you? No; you never did me wrong. I have ever found you polite. Don't, then, make me alter my good opinion of you by getting the better of woman's wit in the matter of the *excuse Körbchen*. But why should I be thus solicitous? As if a woman were not a match for detective Prussian policemen.

THE STORY OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE ALCHEMIST.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS."

ONE fine summer evening, in the year 1357, Nicholas Flamel was sitting in his stall, which occupied the corner of one of the dirtiest streets in dirty Paris. His little house stood in the shadow of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Bouhcrie, whose towers overlooked a network of narrow alleys, inhabited by butchers, tanners, and money-lenders. Very unsavoury was this parish of St. Jacques; but nevertheless very rich. For the trades-corporations who ruled the quarter were thrifty and formidable folk. At a moment's notice, they could turn out a host of burly fellows to maintain their privileges; and when princes wanted money, to whom should they go but to the Lombards of St. Jacques? The stately church owed many a decoration without, and many a monument within, to the piety and the wealth of the dyers, the armourers, and the butchers, who had passed their lives under the sound of its bells, and coveted, when dead, a place within its precincts. Flamel, the scrivener, has but to raise his eyes from the Latin deed which he is transcribing, to look across the street, and they rest on the Marivaux gateway of the church. His gaze is directed thither at this moment. His hand, with its busy pen, lies idle on the bench, as he contemplates in a day-dream the mouldings of the arch, and thinks, "If ever I am rich, there shall be carvings of mine, too, on those walls. Yes, mine; poor Notary Flamel's. And why not, some day? Ah, if I could only make them out!"

At this point he was startled in the midst of a deep sigh by perceiving that his wife, Pernelle, had approached him unobserved, and was watching his face with a sorrowful sympathising expression. She did not avert her eyes as he looked up at her: it was he who looked down, and began to examine his pen, as if about to resume his task. Pernelle laid her hand gently on his, and sat down beside him.

"Put it away," said she. "Let me speak to you."

"Well?"

"Nicholas, what is it? To-morrow we shall have been three years married; and you have never given me an unkind word or look. But for the last two months you have not been the same man. Your heart is no longer in your work. You don't sing. You go about sometimes as if you were in a dream. What do you do so often now shut up in the room upstairs? There is some trouble or some scheme that occupies you. What is it that a wife should not know? Why not tell me? Have I ever betrayed a secret of yours? I tell you plainly, I have been miserable since this change in you."

Nicholas was silent. He seemed to be considering what she said: so Pernelle, like a wise woman, added not another word, and waited patiently. After a silence, which seemed very long, Nicholas suddenly rose, like a man who has made up his mind. He took both her hands in his, looked her gravely and affectionately in the face, and said:

"Pernelle, you have been prudent; now be doubly so. You shall see that I can trust you. Come upstairs."

Climbing up a steep dark staircase, they entered their little dormitory—a miserable hole we should call it,—in fact, a decent room for those days. Nicholas unlocked a safe in which he used to keep the law-papers sent him to copy, and



SPENDING A HA'PENNY. BY G. SMITH. (SEE PAGE 376.)

drew therefrom a huge book of great age, bound in brass, which he laid carefully on the little table.

"There," said he. "Now you can look at the cause of your trouble, little tender-heart. About two months since, I bought this book of an old pedlar for a couple of florins. Look at these mysterious characters engraved on the cover. And see here, the inside."

Pernelle uttered a little cry of astonishment. Never had she seen such strange and beautiful figures, or such brilliant colours; though Nicholas had frequently in the house the most costly illuminated manuscripts. On the page at which he had opened the volume was represented a young man, with wings at his ankles, holding in his hand a rod, about which were entwined two serpents; and an old man, with huge extended wings, was flying towards him with a scythe, as if to cut off his feet.

Nicholas turned over the leaf.

On the other side was painted a fair flower on the top of a mountain, bent and fluttering under the blast of the north wind. The stalk of the flower was blue, its petals white and red, and its leaves shining with fine gold. Round about, in the sides of the mountain, were caverns in which dragons lay; and gryphons and gryphons' nests were seen among the black matted boughs of pine-trees.

"These," observed Nicholas, "are the two sides of the fourth leaf. Now look at the next."

On the right-hand page Pernelle saw a rose-tree growing against a hollow oak, from the foot of which ran headlong a silver-clear stream of water, which many people were trying in vain to catch in vessels. Then, on the other side, was a fierce king, with a falchion, causing his soldiers to slay a multitude of infants, while their mothers were entreating and weeping, and struggling with the murderers. In the next compartment soldiers were collecting the blood

of the infants in a great vessel, wherein *Sol* and *Luna* came to bathe themselves.

"And all this writing," asked Pernelle, after admiring these and other pictures dispersed throughout the book,— "what language is it?"

"Latin," answered Nicholas, turning back to the first page, on which were large capital letters exquisitely coloured. "Those words mean 'Abraham the Jow, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer, and Philosopher to the Nation of the Jews, dispersed by the wrath of God, wisheth health.' I suspect the book has been stolen from some Rabbi. Then the writer goes on to warn them against idolatry; exhorts them to wait patiently for the Messiah; and at last begins to teach them the art of transmuting metals, that they may be able to pay their great tributes to the Roman emperors, and yet be rich as ever."

"And is it here?" cried Pernelle joyfully. "The great secret? And you will make gold?"

"Ah no, not yet—perhaps never," said Nicholas; "though the book brings me almost into the heart of the mystery. Here you see are the processes detailed one after the other. Those little figures in the margin represent the shape of the proper vessels and the colours that will appear in the course of the work; but the *materia prima*, the elementary substance (and without that the rest is waste paper), is not revealed in words. It is indicated, the text says, in these pictures on the fourth and fifth leaves. They are secret symbols. Unless I can meet with some learned Jow, or find a scholar who knows the cabala well, I shall never find out their meaning. I think that young man with the winged feet means Mercury. Perhaps the old man with his scythe is some metal that is to fix it. But these 'perhapses' and 'I thinks' are good for nothing, you know. I must be sure. And as to the other symbols, I cannot so much as conjec-

ture. But they are before my eyes day and night. I dream of them. I see the colours in the clouds. Every garden and every rose-tree sets me to work afresh, trying all sorts of meanings. I keep inserting bits of the pictures in my ornamented capitals. You know how often I have visited the Church of the Holy Innocents lately. The sun and moon seem to me now only alchemic signs, and the sky is just the fifth leaf of this blessed tormenting book."

"Sol and Luna bathing in the blood of the innocents," said Pernelle, very slowly, with a perplexed air.

"I have read," said Nicholas, "that, in the language of alchemy, blood signifies the mineral spirit which is in the metals, chiefly Sol, Luna, and Mercury; but how to get at this—or, if I could separate it,—how this process is connected with the others, so as to become the serpents on the seventh leaf; and how then, by drying or digesting these, to produce the fine ruddy powder which is the stone,—all this is utterly beyond me."

"Well, keep a good heart, dear Nicholas," said cheerful Pernelle. "Doubtless Providence hath sent us the book, and the key may follow some day. Rich or poor, we shall be happy while we love and trust each other fully."

"I too feel all the lighter now that I have let you into my secret. I can at least talk over my hopes and perplexities with you."

And talk they did very often together over their mysterious treasure. Nicholas kept to his account-books and his scrivening, lest he should drop the substance in pursuit of a shadow. But often, far into the night, he was busy with experiments in a secret laboratory, or poring, for the thousandth time, over the figures on the papyrus-leaves of his book, or the mystic characters engraved on its brazen cover. It was all in vain.

At last a bright thought struck Pernelle. If Nicholas were to paint, as exactly as possible, on the walls of their chamber the symbols of those fourth and fifth leaves, and invite some of the learned men of Paris to come and try to interpret them? This plan was speedily put in execution. There came doctors of divinity, jurists and physicians,—for what scholar in those days had not dabbled at least in the hermetic art? Most of them, finding they could make nothing of the signs, ridiculed the notary and his pictures. Others looked wise and talked learnedly, but had no information to give. Pharaoh's magicians were not more nonplussed than these sages by the shapes of Flamel's dream.

One Anselm came repeatedly—expressed much interest—was eager to see the book itself. This request Flamel always refused, but he told him all he could himself explain of its method. On these data Anselm proceeded to give sundry interpretations and counsels for procedure in the great work. It would occupy six years, he said, to go through the whole process. Flamel believed him; and while pursuing his daily vocation, wrought at intervals for three times six years to no purpose. He and his Pernelle were growing staid middle-aged folk; but within those brass-covers lay the romance of their life, and they would not let it go.

At length it occurred to Nicholas that some one of the Jews in Spain, whose reputation as adepts in the cabalistic mysteries stood so high, might be able to afford him the desired information. The thought once entertained, he knew no peace till it was acted on. He made a copy of the figures to take with him; vowed a pilgrimage to Santiago; took pilgrim staff and scrip; and with a "God speed" from Pernelle, is on his way to Spain. There he duly accomplished his vow; and was made acquainted, at Leon, with a certain physician, named Canches, a converted Jew. The Spaniard testified the utmost delight at the symbols which Flamel showed him; interpreted many of them, and instructed him in the secret meanings and the potent mysteries which (according to the cabalists) lay concealed in the Hebrew letters and the vowel-points. He accompanied Flamel on his way back to France, that he might see the wonderful book; of the existence whereof he said he was aware, but (with the learned men of his nation generally) had supposed it lost.

But the voyage brought on an illness of which the unfortunate Canches died at Orleans. Flamel, reduced in purse but rich in knowledge, buried his friend as well as he could, and reached Paris in safety alone. Two paintings on the door of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, just opposite his house, representing himself kneeling on one side and his wife on the other, long remained to attest the gratitude of the pious couple.

And now Flamel has his long-wished-for *materia prima*; but not, even now, the preliminary preparation therefor. To arrive at this demands yet three years more of study and experiment. Then he has but to follow the directions of his book, and the work is done. He has left it on record that in the year of our Lord 1382, January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in his own house, Pernelle only being present, he, for the first time, made projection. The transmutation was effected on mercury; a pound and a half whereof, or thereabouts, he turned into pure silver, better than that of the mine, as was proved on the assaying of the same, both by himself and others.

On the 25th of April in the same year, at five in the afternoon, he effected projection of the red stone, this time producing gold of surpassing quality. And the way in which the final process of "the magistry" was accomplished was as follows.

There were three furnaces, each with its crucible, wherein the "green lion," and the "virgin's milk," and the "sophical mercury" had been duly mingled, with their kindred compounds, for many successive days, under the *regimina* of Mercury, Saturn, Luna, Venus, and Sol. There was, moreover, a circular glass-vessel of great thickness, filled from time to time out of the alembic. And to see "the operations of nature" within these vessels was indeed a wondrous and lovely sight. How the drops stood upon the brow of Nicholas as he regulated his fires, and compared the forms and colours that showed themselves in the liquids with the marginal diagrams in his book! How Pernelle stood by, helping, and muttering prayers and vows, and drawing now and then a great sigh of relief, as each regimen was successfully passed through, and the dangers escaped which might have marred all in a moment!

"Now," cried Nicholas, reading from the book, "after the citrine vapours, thou shalt observe a tincture of a violet colour; and after reiterate solution and coagulation, a gold colour changing into green; and then,—through certain cloudy hues, coming and passing, right pleasant to behold,—into a red which for its transcendent redness shall show blackish like unto congealed blood."

"Glory be to Saint Jacques!" interrupted Pernelle, clasping her hands and looking up, "all these we have seen in right order."

Nicholas went on. "Then wilt thou behold in the glass the floating islands and the tree of silver."

"See, see," cried Pernelle, "there they are!"

And sure enough, as they watched the glass, they saw, circulating in the hyacinthine liquid, first one and then another bright flake, like a fragment of silver tissue; and these shot out tiny sprays and argent buds, and gathered about them bubbles of a green colour, like beads of emerald, which presently detached themselves, and floating to the surface, spread out there, changing into browns and reds, so that the liquid appeared covered with a fleet of autumn leaves.

At the end of two hours, the islands sank to the bottom; and out of the sparkling sediment there began to grow a shoot of silver, putting forth threadlike branches, which again divided themselves into finer filaments, till the lustrous arborescence filled the vessel with its network of glistening needle-points. Then, where the branching was thickest, there seemed to come a dimness, and these denser hazy spots began to flush faintly, and became like balls of crimson, and finally unfolded into fairy-roses. At the third hour the silver was dissolved; and the liquid, having absorbed it, changed from hyacinth to the yellow of sulphur.

Afterwards, out of each rose there came a spark of almost intolerable brightness, like an atom of the sun. The rose-leaves fell apart, and the vessel was filled with the floating leaves and the dazzling particles, rising and falling, passing and repassing each other, as the currents in the working fluid carried them.

"Now," read Nicholas, "take of the blood of the green lion (which is the red wine of Lully), and adding in proportion to the argent vive taken at thy first imbibition, and the hardened centre of the residuum will be thy red stone."

"You, Pernelle, must go to bed now," said Nicholas, taking down a vial containing the precious red liquor. "How you tremble!" and his own hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the bottle.

"And can you think I could close an eye at such a time?" answered she, almost reproachfully.

So they waited and watched with feverish eager eyes the final process. A strange conflict seemed to be going on within the vessel, as the ruddy liquor began to suffuse the primrose-coloured. A tiny glacier of crystals began to form itself on the sides of the glass. In the spiny recesses of this frost-work appeared minute forms, lizard-like,—salamanders, it seemed,—that crept about, and were most numerous where the red colour was deepest. Were they the vivified molecules of the mystic lion's blood? Soon they began to sport and leap among their crags of crystal, and to glide in and out among the bays and reefs and caverns of the rockwork. But what is going on at the surface? At the top of the vessel there is a bubbling and a knocking against the sealed lid. Then a growing thickness, like a honeycomb, over-spreads it, from which there shoot downward, like roots, a multitude of waving arms, as of white cord; and at the end of each arm grow five white ends, or points,—as it were the hand of a skeleton,—exceeding small. Presently all the upper half of the vessel is alive with the undulating and waving to and fro of these lithe pendent arms. As the descending hands sweep the liquid lower and lower, there is alarm among the salamanders. Some dart at once into the crannies of the crystals, others swim wildly about, looking for a hiding-place; but most, shooting upwards, are seen trying to bite in under the diving arms. It is a deadly conflict. Whenever one of the skeleton-hands has grasped a salamander,—and they feel about and pursue them through every winding as though in every finger there were an eye,—that moment the salamander drops lifeless to the bottom. Whenever a salamander has bitten through the white filament on which the hand depends, the fingers are withered, or the severed extremity of the arm floats about powerless. Is this the final struggle between the alchemic potencies of pallid Luna and fiery Mars? Long does the fight remain undecided. At one time not a salamander seems left; but the next moment numbers dart from their hiding-places, and, eluding the deadly hands, have fastened their teeth in the cordage of the arms. The salamanders are gaining the day. Under large portions of the surface, as he peeps beneath the lid, Nicholas sees that the arms have all been bitten off by the nimble creatures, and the stumps stand stiff and short like stubble. But in a moment a plunge is heard; a thick cloud seems to fill the glass, as though the coagulated surface had fallen in, and diffused its particles throughout the liquor. They can discern nothing. There is a hissing seething noise; a muffled sound, too, as of pressing and crying; and then all is still.

After due time, hearing no more indication of movement, and finding the glass quite cool, Flamel ventured carefully to unfasten the lid; and there at the bottom lay what seemed a fragment of rock, in the midst of a rust-coloured powder.

It was the Red Stone!

And now it were vain to attempt to describe the embraces, the tears of joy, the ecstatic thanksgivings and vows of the worthy pair. With this red stone they could "tinge" huge masses of common metal, and transmute them into finest gold. It was, moreover, to its possessor a kind of

sacrament. To discover it was never granted to the profane man or the sordid slave of gold. The search after it was a religious work. To possess it was to have received a sign of the Divine favour. Nay more, the stone itself was, as it were, a new channel of grace, whereby the soul was nourished, and man's fallen nature transformed and purified. As baser metals were redeemed into the supreme estate of gold, or Sol, so must the finder of the great secret be himself a redeemed man, assimilated to the Sun of Spirits—Deity. Such being the faith of the highest-minded genuine seekers of the philosopher's stone in those days, imagine with what zeal our Nicholas and his Pernelle would employ their new and inexhaustible resources in secret works of mercy; in charities to the widow and the orphan; in the foundation of hospitals and churches; in the endowment and decoration of holy places. And what an amazing scope for their beneficence was opened, as they called to mind another wondrous property of their stone! By drinking from time to time of water in which it had been immersed, life was prolonged and youth renewed. It was endowed with a virtue that removed the shadow of the curse, and restored the life of its possessor to the length allotted man before he fell.

Well was it for Nicholas that his Pernelle was so cautious and so reserved. For they ran great risks. The mere suspicion that they possessed the secret had cost many men their lives. Their inability to make gold was interpreted as a refusal to communicate their knowledge; and death was the punishment of an imaginary contumacy. With all their care, the benefactions of the Flamels could not altogether escape notice, as disproportionate to the known means even of a notary in what would be called a flourishing way of business. Poor mad Charles VI. was prompted to send no less a person than Monsieur Cramoisy, his Master of Requests, to the scrivener of the Boucherie, to see whether he were really so rich as report said, and whether an extravagant court could not turn him somehow into gold. But the quick ears of Pernelle caught tidings of the danger, and precautions were duly taken. So when M. Cramoisy, in splendid trappings, suddenly darkened their door one morning, he saw Nicholas and his wife, surrounded by every evidence of the humblest means, sitting one on each side of a stool, on which stood a beechen platter full of boiled greens. They were safe; but still it might happen that another time they would not escape so easily. So Flamel resolved to take warning in time; and made preparations for quitting a city where so many powerful men in want of money were apt to become distressingly attentive. Great was the lamentation among the poor of the neighbourhood when they heard that the good Pernelle was sick nigh unto death; great the concourse which soon afterwards attended her obsequies, and inconsolable her bereaved husband. But the real Pernelle, disguised in the habit of a charitable order, was meanwhile on the road to Switzerland, whither she arrived in health and safety. Some months afterwards, it was reported that Nicholas Flamel lay ill of an infectious disorder. Inquiries were many, but visitors few. At dead of night, Nicholas, disguised as his own undertaker, assisted at his own interment. Soon he too reaches the place of rendezvous, and embraces his Pernelle once more. From Switzerland they travelled to the East, lived many years at Broussa, and journeyed thence to the Indies.

More than two hundred years after the reputed death of Flamel, a certain *sayan*, named Paul Lucas, who travelled in the East by order of Louis XIV., became acquainted, at Broussa, with a learned dervise from Usbec Tartary. Lucas tells us, in his book of travels dedicated to the *Grand Monarque*, that the said dervise (who talked an incredible number of languages with the greatest fluency) was, in appearance, about thirty years of age, but, from his conversation, at least a hundred. He told the Frenchman that he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met in a place previously agreed on. Four of them had already arrived at Broussa. The conver-

sation fell on the cabala, alchemy, and the philosopher's stone. This last, remarked Lucas, was regarded by all men of sense as a mere fiction.

"The sage," replied the dervise, "is not shocked when he hears the ignorant speak thus. He lives serene and patient in the higher world of true science. He possesses riches beyond that of the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above the power of events."

"With all these fine maxims," interrupted Lucas, "your sage dies like other folk."

"Alas, I perceive you have never had so much as a glimpse of the true wisdom. The sage must die at last—for he is human; but, by the use of the true medicine, he can ward off whatever might hinder or impair the animal functions for a thousand years."

"Do you mean to tell me that all who have discovered the stone have lived for a thousand years?"

"They might have done so, certainly, with proper care."

"You have heard, doubtless," said Lucas, "of an adept named Nicholas Flamel, who lived long ago in Paris, and founded several churches and charities. The arch he built in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, with the figure of himself reading, and a number of hieroglyphic figures, remains to this day; and so do other sculptures and erections of his. Is not he dead, then?"

"Dead!" said the dervise, with a grave smile. "He, and his wife too, are alive at this hour. It is not above three years since I left both the one and the other in the Indies. He is one of my best friends."

And the dervise then proceeded to relate to his astonished auditor the substance of the narrative given above.

Nicholas Flamel and his wife are historical personages. The sculptures on the churches, to which allusion has been made, were to be seen in 1742, according to the testimony of Langlet Dufresnoy. Certain books, too, have come down, bearing his name: a *Summary of Philosophy*, in French verse, after the manner of the *Romance of the Rose*; a comment on the hieroglyphics he erected; also an account of his wonderful book, and his success in projection three several times. Some of our readers may feel curious to know what is the probable substratum of fact underlying that investiture of the marvellous which has rendered him almost mythical.

For the satisfaction of such, we quote the following passage from a note in Michelet's *History of France* (vol. ii. p. 15, G. H. Smith's *Trans.*): "This church (Saint Jacques) lying between Notre Dame and St. Martin's, which both laid claim to it, was exceedingly independent, and constituted a redoubtable asylum, not to be violated with impunity. It was this induced the crafty Flamel, who exercised his profession of writer, or copyist, without belonging to, or authority from, the university, to sit down under the shadow of St. Jacques, where he could be protected by the curé of that day,—a man of consideration, clerk (*greffier*) to the parliament, and who enjoyed the cure, though not a priest. Flamel squatted there for thirty years, in a stall five feet long and three wide; and thrived so well by his labour, ready ingenuity, and underhand practices, that at his death it took a chest larger than his stall to hold the title-deeds of his property. Beginning with his pen and a fine handwriting as his sole capital, he married an old woman with some money. Under cover of one trade, he drove on many. Whilst copying out the beautiful manuscripts which we still admire, it is probable that in this quarter, inhabited by rich ignorant butchers, Lombards, and Jews, he contrived to get many other documents written. Work, too, would be brought him by a curé who was *greffier* to the parliament. The value of instruction beginning to be felt, the lords to whom he sold his beautiful manuscripts employed him to teach their children. He bought a few houses. At first, worth little, on account of the flight of the Jews and the general misery, those houses gradually rise in value. The tide setting in from the country to Paris, Flamel turned the times to account. He converted these houses into lodging-

houses (*hospitia*, hospices), letting them out at moderate rents. The gains which then came into him from so many sources gave rise to the saying, that he could make gold. He let them say so, and perhaps favoured the report, in order to increase the sale of his books. However, occult arts were not without their danger; and hence Flamel's unceasing anxiety to placard his piety on the doors of churches, where he was ever seen carved in basso-relievo, kneeling, together with his wife Pernelle, before the cross. And in this he found a double advantage; he sanctified his fortune, and increased it by giving publicity to his name. See the learned and ingenious Abbé Vilain's *Histoire de Saint-Jacques la Boucherie*, 1758; and his *Histoire de Nicolas Flamel*, 1761."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE past month, February, is one of especial interest to scientific men, in consequence of the award of prizes by the Paris Academy of Sciences. The astronomical prize, founded by Lalande, has this year been divided between three competitors,—MM. Chacornac, Goldschmid, and Pogson,—for the discovery of five new planets made by them during the past year. To our astronomical readers it may be no longer "news" to state, that the planets in question are, Leda, Lætitia, Harmonia, Daphne, and Iris,—names of small prettiness, corresponding well with the minor attributes of the five little worlds recognised as belonging to our own system. Of these, Leda and Lætitia were discovered by M. Chacornac, on January 12 and February 8 respectively; Harmonia and Daphne, first revealed to mortal eye at Paris, on the 31st of March and 22d of May, by M. Goldschmid; and Iris, discovered at Oxford, on May 23, by Mr. Pogson. Not a little extraordinary does it seem that the prize for mechanical discovery was not awarded. Utilitarian branches of investigation might have been supposed to lack no worthy competitors in this utilitarian age; but the lovers of science can hardly be displeased at the result. The great mathematical prize was not awarded; nevertheless the money-value of it has been given to M. Kummer, for his researches on the laws of complex numbers composed of roots of unity and whole quantities. In the department of statistics, M. Husson, *chef de division* of the prefecture of the Seine, has obtained the prize for the valuable information conveyed in his treatise entitled *Les Consommations de Paris*. The grand prize of the department of physical sciences appears to have gone begging longer than the popular nature of the subject would have led one to anticipate. Originally proposed in 1847 for 1849, it was again postponed for completion until 1853; then again for 1856. It has now been finally awarded to M. Lebourlet, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at Strasburg. A second prize, belonging to the same department, originally proposed in 1850 for 1853, and postponed to 1856, has been finally adjudicated to M. G. Bronn, of Heidelberg. MM. Waller and Davaine have respectively obtained prizes for their researches in experimental philosophy. Under the head of discoveries tending to the amelioration of noxious avocations, the successful competitor has been Herr Schrötter, of Vienna, the discoverer of allotropic, amorphous, or red, phosphorus; which curious substance was first brought before the notice of British philosophers in the year 1849, when the discoverer read a paper upon it in the chemical section of the British Association, convened at Birmingham that year. No person acquainted with the nature of Professor Schrötter's discovery in all its bearings can doubt the justice of the award here recorded. Independently of its sanitary bearings, which we shall explain presently, amorphous phosphorus illustrates more remarkably, perhaps, than any discovery made before or since, the mysterious function of allotropism, or duality of existence. When compound bodies are concerned, the philosophic speculator is at no loss to invent a plausible explanation of matter, identical as to chemical composition,

assuming two or more distinct physical appearances. It is easy to imagine that the compound particles of which it is built up are capable of varying arrangements amongst themselves. When simple bodies, however, like phosphorus or sulphur are in question, the hypothesis fails, and the function of duality of existence remains a mystery. Nothing can be more marked than the distinction between phosphorus in its ordinary and its allotropic condition. Ordinary phosphorus is a soft, wax-like, somitranslucent substance, melting at 108°F ., and taking fire when the temperature is slightly augmented. It is, moreover, poisonous in an extreme degree; so that in the manufacture of lucifer-matches, containing phosphorus, all concerned in it are exposed to dire peril. Danger from the ready inflammability of phosphorus can easily be guarded against; not so the insidious danger resulting from the absorption of its fumes, giving rise to disease of the jaws and facial bones. Soon after lucifer-matches became articles of commerce, the fact was discovered, that no person could be engaged in it, with reasonable hope of impunity, if his teeth were not perfectly sound; and even then grave results occasionally supervened. Insidious extension of caries is the first evidence of this form of poisoning by phosphorus. Almost unnoticed at first, the disease extends until the jaw-bones are involved in its ravages, and the patient either dies or is horribly deformed for life. Such are the effects of ordinary phosphorus, or rather, phosphorus in its ordinary condition. Allotropic, or amorphous, phosphorus is devoid of all these qualities. It has no odour; it does not spontaneously inflame; it is not poisonous, even when swallowed; and not being volatile, of course no apprehension need be entertained of poisoning by phosphorus vapour. Its chemical properties are also different: allotropic phosphorus, as the term amorphous, also applied to it, indicates, is not susceptible of assuming crystalline form; neither is it soluble, like ordinary phosphorus, in bisulphide of carbon. These distinctions are profound; nevertheless, ordinary is converted into extraordinary phosphorus by simple heating, at a temperature between 440°F . and 482°F ., in an atmosphere of carbonic acid or nitrogen; and when allotropic phosphorus is heated, either by friction or otherwise, above 482° , it assumes the condition of ordinary phosphorus, with all the peculiarities of the latter.

Professor Schrötter, however, is not alone in the category of prizemen for ameliorating the condition of artisans following noxious avocations. M. Chaumont divides the honour with him for an invention to effect the separation of long and useless hair of rabbits' skins from the short silky hair employed in the hat-manufacture. This operation, hitherto performed by hand, has proved most insalubrious, on account of the particles of dust and fragments of hair taken into the lungs of the operators. A machine, the discovery of M. Chaumont, so far remedies this state of things, that a prize of 2000*f*. has been awarded to him, with the explanation that the award would have been greater, had the idea not seemed probable that he would speedily improve the construction of the machine already so well inaugurated. Our own countryman, Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, comes in for one of the 2000*f*. prizes allocated to the department of medicine and surgery, for his discovery of the anæsthetic effects of chloroform. Such, then, is an outline of the prize-awards made by the Paris Academy of Sciences,—homage rendered to philosophy by philosophers. Nor have two great potentates amongst the rulers of the earth failed to profit by so good an example. The Emperor of Austria has forwarded to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden, a gold medal in testimony of his appreciation of the beautiful series of stereoscopic views executed by these artists on objects in the Crystal Palace; and his majesty of Bavaria has caused another gold medal to be forwarded to M. Schönbein of Bale, the philosopher of gun-cotton celebrity, and still better known amongst chemists for his researches on ozone, or oxygen in an allotropic form. M. Henri St. Claire Deville, the producer of aluminium in

its full metallic condition, has been devoting his attention of late, conjointly with Wöhler, to the production of boron and silicon, and to a full investigation of the properties of these remarkable bodies. The same investigators had on a former occasion announced the fact of their having obtained boron under two distinct forms, *graphite-like* and crystalline. They now announce that several varieties of boron-crystal exist, all having a sort of metallic splendour as well as great hardness, and some varieties being nearly translucent. Extreme hardness is the leading characteristic of crystallised boron; all its crystalline varieties abrade the diamond, and some may turn out to be practically applicable to diamond-polishing. M. Quillot, a Parisian lapidary, has submitted boron-dust to a practical test in the diamond-polishing operation, and finds that certain varieties of it, when microscopically examined after considerable use, still display the original crystalline form; a test, it would appear, of the goodness of diamond-dust as a lapidary material. Hereafter it may turn out that some peculiarities in the appearance of crystallised boron may be due to the combination with it of carbon or aluminium, or both. The specific gravity of the crystalline or adamantine form of boron is 2.68; little more, it will be seen, than the specific gravity of silicon; greater, too, than the specific gravity of boracic acid. The points are worthy of remembrance, that the specific gravity of the diamond is greater than that of liquid carbonic acid, though the density of aluminium is barely two-thirds that of alumina.

Still more interesting are the labours of these philosophers in respect of silicon, or, as they prefer to term it, silicium, the material which constitutes about one-half of every variety of flint, siliceous, or siliceous acid,—one of the most widely-spread materials of the globe. Like carbon, silicon occurs under three distinct physical forms, which MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler propose to designate by the terms of amorphous, graphitoid, and octahedral. Each variety is prepared by a different modification of a process, which in general terms may be said to consist in decomposing chloride of silicon, or double fluoride of potassium and silicon, by sodium and aluminium. MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler call attention to the fact, which the reader of these notes may perhaps have deduced already, namely, that the strongest possible analogy exists between the chemical relations of boron, silicon, and carbon. The two former can be readily produced crystalline. Is it not likely that chemists are on the verge of manufacturing diamonds? Dealers in precious stones, and ladies proud of their diamonds, had better keep this possibility in mind.

A somewhat animated discussion has been going on at the Pharmaceutical Society relative to the possibility of manufacturing sweet spirits of nitro, unexceptionable as to quality, from methylated spirit. Mr. Macfarlane, at a recent meeting of that society, laid before the members a specimen of sweet spirits of nitro, which he considered to be equally good with that procured from ordinary unmethylated spirit of wine. On this point some difference of opinion was expressed, and Mr. Redwood was led to deprecate the use of methylated spirit for the purpose in question altogether; this gentleman's proposition being to the effect, that the manufacture, if imperfect, will be the means of sending into the market a noxious medicinal agent; if perfect, that it will furnish a means of defeating the objects had in view by the Legislature, and obliging the Government to repeal the Act of Parliament by which the manufacture and sale of methylated spirit was legalised for certain uses. To produce alcohol from sweet spirit of nitro is no difficult matter, Mr. Redwood argues; if, therefore, the former can be obtained pure, it will only open the field to an illicit production of alcohol. Amongst the extraordinary discoveries of chemistry recently made, we must not forget to chronicle that of the presence of four organic acids,—butyric, propionic, acetic, and formic,—in the mineral waters of Brückenau, in Bavaria, nor the action of ozone on certain mushrooms, by that great coryphæus of ozone and all relating to it, M. Schönbein. He attributes to the agency of ozone the blue-

ness which certain mushrooms assume when their tops are broken off, and the fractured portion is exposed to the air. Alcoholic tinctures of the *Boletus turidus* and the *Agaricus sanguineus* both contain a colourless matter which changes to blue under the influence of ozone; and conversely, the juice of the same fungi contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone.

M. Taupenot contributes to the records of physics his investigations relative to the construction of barometers and the boiling of mercury in vacuo. It is well known that no barometer can be correct, the mercury of which has not been subjected to ebullition; a process of extreme peril, involving the rupture of the tube so frequently, that a barometer holding boiled mercury is an expensive instrument. The operation of boiling is ordinarily performed on successive portions of mercury, the source of heat being gradually moved from the closed to the open part of the tube. M. Taupenot obviates these difficulties in great measure by effecting the ebullition in vacuo. M. Taupenot finds that the boiling-point of mercury in vacuo is about 192° F. lower than the boiling-point under ordinary atmospheric pressure. In conducting the operation, the following arrangements are made. The barometer-tube being taken about fifteen inches longer than usual, it is charged with the full quantity of mercury at once, and then contracted in two places above the level of the mercury by the blowpipe-flame. This is done with the object of preventing a tumultuous and unmanageable boiling of the mercury. The remaining steps of the process are obvious. The open end of the tube being placed in communication with the air-pump by means of an elastic tube, exhaustion is effected, and heat applied until air-bubbles cease to escape. The process of boiling is usually finished at the end of about twenty-five minutes.

In microscopic science, the Rev. J. P. Dennis has proved, to his own satisfaction, by an examination of fossil-bones, that birds existed on our planet at the period when the Stonesfield slates were in the condition of soft mud. He affirms, that the microscopic distinction between the bones of birds and those of mammalia is no less great than between the bones of the latter and those of saurians.

THE 'OMETER NUISANCE.

'OMETERS in general are displeasing to the popular mind. Gasometers blow up; barometers foretell bad weather and tempests, which come quite soon enough without being foretold. Electrometers, anemometers, saccharometers, and hygrometers, are standing puzzles to plain-spoken folk. A galactometer has recently had the effect of frightening a whole army of cowkeepers, in this wise.

The French authorities profess to be very severe in punishing adulterations of every kind, which "every" of course includes the adulteration of milk. Every now and then the police make an onslaught on the falsifiers, and the galactometer is the offensive weapon.

One morning lately, the housewives of Douai were not a little surprised to find that not a single milkwoman arrived with the daily supply for breakfast. The explanation of their absence was, that for two days previously the pitiless police had declared war, without quarter, against the milk-dealers, male and female. The grand question for the historian to ponder is, Was the war of the milk-pails a just war, or an unjust one? The following details may help to solve the difficulty.

A couple of milk-women were politely accosted, and requested to lift the lids of their cans. The galactometer was successively plunged in the vessels; and the indiscreet little instrument declared that the first can contained one-fourth of water, the second can one-third of the same. *Procès-verbaux*, or informations which involve costs and fines, were the consequence of this opening experiment.

Next day, the galactometer presented itself at the gate of the city which is called the Porte de Valenciennes. It

tosted the first can that attempted to enter, and proved an advancement in yesterday's sophistications. This time the telltale betrayed the presence of water in the modest proportion of just one-half. Really the temperance movement had gone a little too far.

Meanwhile several persons who were going out of town, and who had watched the proceedings, were instigated by a sentiment of humanity to warn all the milkwomen whom they met coming in from the country. The ladies came to a standstill; their halt was significative; it was a simple confession that they, innocent lambs, were in no hurry to throw themselves into the jaws of the wolf.

But no crime, we are told, goes unpunished, not even the petty offence of adulterating milk. Other travellers, who were coming from the country into the town, remarked the sudden stoppage of the milk-folk, and informed the police of the circumstance. Finding that they awaited their victims in vain, the officials rushed out of the city-gates, to give battle to the delinquents. But their uniform was instantly recognised, and the alarm was given in the enemy's camp. A sudden panic seized the crowd, resulting in a general flight: the carts were twisted right-about face; horses, asses, and mules, received showers of unmerciful whippings and cudgellings; there was a universal rout, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, the result of which was a grand *tableau-vivant*, resembling a battle-piece in every thing but its sublimity.

A milkman, who had nothing but his legs to aid his escape, was arrested; of course his wares were more than doubtful. The contents of his cans were poured out on the ground, and by way of recompense he got a *procès-verbal*. And this is how it happened that *café-au-lait* was scarce at Douai that sorrowful morning. As a consolation, next day the citizens were regaled with what appeared to them as the richest of cream.

E. S. D.



DOMESTIC UTILITIES.

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

Will any of your intelligent correspondents kindly give me some practical information about the Vinegar Plant? I have heard, but can hardly believe it until further confirmed, that the vinegar produced from it is of first-rate quality, cheap, and very wholesome. If it really be so, and producible at a reasonable cost, it is well to make the fact extensively popular, particularly at a time when adulteration seems to be the rule, rather than the exception, among dealers in household stores. What is the plant like? And how is it reared?

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

[The Vinegar Plant is a gelatinous body, greatly resembling in appearance a lump of tough leather that has been steeped in water for a length of time. It is most unsightly to look upon; and, when handled, it feels very much like boiled tripe. It possesses, however, the wonderful property of changing syrup into good and wholesome vinegar, which, the longer it is kept, the better and stronger it becomes.]

The history of the plant is involved in some obscurity. Some say that it was originally brought over from South America; others, that the West Indies gave it birth. Both parties may be right as regards individual specimens; but the plant in general use among us is a native of Britain, and is described by Greville as *Penicillium glaucum*.

Every body must have observed, that when a little stale vinegar is left exposed to the air for a few days in summer,

certain sedimentary bodies are produced in it; and these, gradually attracting each other, soon become a gelatinous conglomerated mass. This is the Vinegar Plant. If a little sugar be added to the stale vinegar, the plant will be all the more perfectly formed, and of fuller proportions.

We will now proceed to unfold the mystery of making acetic acid, or vinegar, from this unlikely-looking fungus; merely promising that we have manufactured our own vinegar from it on a large scale for many years, and found it excellent, both for pickling and for general use. In many country-villages no other vinegar is used.

Having provided a plant, procure a large deep jug or covered jar (the top must be covered over to exclude dust). Place in it half-a-pound of treacle, and half-a-pound of coarse brown sugar. Add to these, two quarts of spring-water, nearly boiling; then stir the whole well together. When almost cold, introduce the Vinegar Plant (which will float on the top); cover up the jug or jar, and put it carefully away for six weeks.

The reproductive powers of these fungi are positively wonderful. Ere the new plant is one day old,—that is to say, disengaged from the parent stem,—it goes immediately to work; and in six weeks' time has given birth to another progeny, prolific as itself. The original parent, be it observed, never ceases its fertility, but continues to produce a new offspring at the end of every six weeks throughout the year.

At the end of six weeks, you may uncover the jar, and you will find its contents to have become strong excellent vinegar. Having removed this, withdraw the plant. Adhering to it, you will find an excrescence or under-layer. Insert your finger carefully between it and the upper layer, and it will divide; leaving you two Vinegar-Plants, one as vigorous as the other.

Again, make a mixture as before; only let the quantities be doubled. Throw in the two plants. These will, in a few months, so multiply as to enable you to supply, not only yourself, but all your friends. Strain the vinegar several times through chemical blotting-paper; then bottle it, and cork it down. The older it is, the more palatable and serviceable you will find it.

The best place to keep the jars, when the plants are at work, is in a warm cupboard in the kitchen. The fermentation then soon commences, and the plant proceeds to develop itself, dividing into two distinct layers. Some people cut the layers into separate pieces, to make them propagate more freely.

Let us, in conclusion, observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the Vinegar Plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of laminae, is quite in accordance with the incriminate division which many of the lower *algae* propagate.

The more we examine into its nature, the more pleased we shall be with the powers it possesses of longevity and usefulness.

WILLIAM KIDD.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make you both healthy, wealthy, and wise."

A few lines in advocacy of the first of the benefits to be derived from early rising may prove interesting to some at least of your junior readers.

It is a well-established fact, from statistics, that the early riser, *ceteris paribus*, lives longer than the person who remains in bed many hours after sunrise, or who turns night into day. But the reason may not generally be known, except to the professional or scientific.

In the first place, it must be understood, that the atmosphere we breathe is composed of certain fixed gases, viz., oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic-acid gas, and ammonia,—the two last in very small quantity,—and that these exist in certain proportions of admixture. That the gas oxygen is the great

stimulating principle, or supporter, of all animal life; whereas carbonic-acid gas is detrimental to it, being a narcotic, i. e. induces sleep.

That the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in an especial and peculiar manner, help to regulate and establish a certain relation between the quantities of these gases during night and day in the following manner. Vegetables, by means chiefly of the surface of their leaves, buds, and stems, give off carbonic-acid gas by night, but oxygen during the day; whereas animals in health, principally through the medium of the lungs and skin, part with carbonic-acid gas, and absorb oxygen by inspiration from the atmosphere.

That, during sleep, the principal functions of the animal body are suspended, it requiring neither fuel or food, but merely positive rest. And therefore a highly oxygenated state of the atmosphere is not only unnecessary, but would prove pernicious if long continued. Consequently night, the period when the air contains its greatest amount of carbonic acid gas, is most adapted by nature for repose; and, on the other hand, day, being the period when the wear and tear of the body is greatest, is just that in which it can receive its greatest amount of that supporter of animal life, oxygen.

Thus the relative strength of the atmosphere is beautifully regulated by the interchange of the gaseous elements eliminated from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And hence it follows, that the active period of animal life should commence at sunrise and cease shortly after sunset, in order to receive the greatest amount of pure atmospheric air, which is as essential to health as wholesome food is. And to break these natural laws must sooner or later be followed by loss of health.

DRAMATIC CONVERSAZIONI.

MADAM,—As a proof,—though I admit a rather slender one,—that I take an interest in that department of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE designated "The Home," I will contribute the following outline of an amusement for winter evenings, which for a number of years has obtained in the social circle of which it has long been my lot and my benefit to be a member.

The social circle of which I write consists of a large number of ladies, married and single; gentlemen ditto. The single of both sexes preponderate. There is also a full complement of children, making a grand total of about as many as would constitute a complete dramatic company.

From amongst the gentlemen, on the first Tuesday of every month, from November till May, a president is nominated and elected by vote; each individual having the privilege of voting or not as he or she pleases. Should the gentleman nominated not receive votes equivalent in number to three-fourths of the parties present, he is rejected and another is nominated, who must pass through a similar ordeal before he is elected to the high dignity of president.

For a month the president continues in office, and his business is to rule over the meetings; decide on the play to be read on the next night of meeting; appoint the readers for the next night, and also their parts; inform the company when and where they shall next meet, which last information is of the utmost importance, as it is an invariable rule amongst the members that, unless particularly requested, more than one reading shall not take place in the same drawing-room during the dramatic session.

And now for a sketch of the amusement itself. At the place and hour, which is usually half-past seven o'clock, the company assemble; the orchestra, a piano and what other instruments we have, striking up the while a lively overture, which it continues for a quarter of an hour or so. During this part of the proceedings, the *dramatis personae* take their respective places; the readers round a table; the *corps de ballet*, which I may here remark is usually, though not always, composed of children, at one end of the room,

cleared for their convenience; and the audience wherever they can.

As soon as all have occupied their proper positions, the president rings a bell, which is a signal for the orchestra to cease, and the reading to commence. Each character then reads his or her part as it occurs; and if the reader is a singer, sings whatever songs or poetry may happen to be in the part assigned him; or if he really cannot sing, a substitute must be provided; but at all events there is no shying off allowed: and in this manner the reading is continued to the end of an act. At the conclusion of an act, a breathing time is allowed the readers, during which respite the members of the *corps de ballet* perform a dance to the music of the orchestra; which finished, the bell again rings; the next act of the play is proceeded with, and so on we go until the whole piece is concluded; when the orchestra and *corps de ballet* are again called forth on duty.

Afterwards comes the cream of the evening. As it is an established practice among the readers and the entire company (the children, of course, excepted) to study, not only their respective parts, but the whole play, and mark the passages which strike most forcibly by their brilliancy of expression or any other quality, the members come prepared for the conversation which follows the reading; and a most animated and entertaining conversation, I can assure you, madam, it is; and fully justifies me in giving to each of our dramatic meetings the high-sounding title of a *Dramatic Conversazione*.

The proceedings terminate at eleven o'clock. I must add in conclusion, that it is to a young lady we are indebted for introducing this pleasant recreation among us.

JAMES.

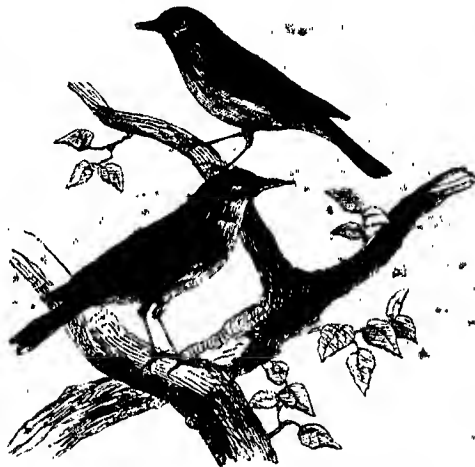
DOMESTIC PETS.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE form and *personnel* of Nightingales are by no means attractive. They are plain-looking birds; but they have a very intelligent eye. There are two species of this bird,—the Lesser and the Greater Nightingale. The former regularly visits this country; the latter is a rarity. Bewick acknowledges to have heard of one, but not to have met with one. I have been more fortunate.

The birds figured on this page will enable our readers to mark the contrast between the two species. Both specimens have been kindly lent me by their owner, Hugh Hanly, Esq. Their plumage and carriage are alike deserving of notice. The Greater Nightingale sings; but his note is far inferior to that of the Lesser. It has no poetry in it, and would excite comparatively little remark when listened to. These birds seldom visit our country. By making themselves scarce, they are the more highly thought of.

The time that this King of Birds is "due" in England is about April 8. I usually see him, and hear him, about that day; if not in my own garden, in some copse not far distant. He loves the county of Middlesex dearly; and there, every season, he and I hold loving converse. It is worthy of note, that the same birds, if living, return to their old haunts every year. They remember hospitality received, and never forget the spots where they reared their young families in security.

As the male birds invariably arrive some ten days before the females, it is desirable to make your purchases early in the month of April; but never buy any bird that is not "meated off;" that is, until he is used to his change of food,



THE GREATER AND LESSER NIGHTINGALES.

and able to feed himself. The bird-dealers are clever in their management of these noble fellows, who are usually "sulky" after they have been made prisoners. They tempt them to eat by pegging down live mealworms in their raw beef and egg. Whilst vainly pecking at, and attempting to swallow the former, they taste the latter; and finding it palatable, they devour it greedily. Many, however, die before they can be thus "meated off." Poor innocent songsters!

Never purchase any bird without first hearing it sing. This is peculiarly necessary as regards Nightingales. Do not, however, then be surprised if their song suddenly ceases. Unless they get an affectionate master or mistress,

and are lovingly waited on, their voices are quickly silenced,—their hearts soon broken. I have had so many proofs of this, from long experience, that I can speak oracularly as to the fact. These are, of all birds, the most tender-hearted. They are constant in life, and die (generally) singing a love-song to their mistress. To slight them is as impolitic as it is cruel.

As Nightingales are generally shy birds, it is usual to place them in large cages made of mahogany; the front only being open, and the bars of wood instead of wire. The top, back, and sides, must be close. If your pets are familiar and happy, it will then be desirable to have the sides open as well as the front. Feed in vessels of glass, not tin; and supply them with plenty of fresh water. Also provide a bath, in summer, for them to show off in.

The food of a Nightingale in confinement should be *raw* rump-steak, perfectly sweet and free from fibre. This must be placed on a marble slab, and held down by a silver teaspoon, while scraped fine with a sharp knife. Do not let the hand touch it, or it will speedily become tainted. With this, mix some hard-boiled yolk of egg, dropping a little cold water on it to assist in making it into a paste. Do not let the substance be too thick, nor too soft,—shapely moistened so that the bird can swallow it readily. In summer, this must be made fresh *twice* daily. The flies soon find it out, and poison it; then, farewell to the bird.

Nightingales dearly love ants'-eggs, flies, mealworms, scraped carrot, and elderberries. Also, now and then, a little (under-done) cooked mutton, minced. Hang them in one regular place when indoors, and do the same when out of doors. Any change disconcerts them. Carefully guard against cats, and never let your birds even see them, if you can prevent it; it is fatal to their song.

More than a thousand Nightingales are sold, every Spring, in London alone. Of these, owing to the ignorance prevailing as to their proper treatment, at least seven-eighths perish.

WILLIAM KIDD.

No. 27, commencing the *Second Volume*, will contain the first Chapter of a continuous Story by the Author of "The Head of the Family," "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., entitled

LORD ERLISTOUN. A LOVE STORY.

This will extend through many Numbers of the Magazine.

Weekly Subscribers are requested to see that the Label is always furnished to them with the Number, as Notices to Correspondents and the Public, &c., will henceforth appear regularly—and, except on rare occasions—exclusively there.



Palmerston

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.